

Poetry Series

TUNDE DADA
- poems -

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TUNDE DADA(8TH JULY,1986.)

DADA DARE BABATUNDE(pen name, Tunde Dada) is a Nigerian writer, literary critic and an educationist with obsessive knack for creative writing, most especially poetry and prose. He has been teaching English language, literature-in- English and creative writing for more than a decade. His works include Echoes at the Crack of Dawn,2016, The King's Nightmare, already off the shelf for publication., and has a number of poems published in magazines and poetry forums.

Africa Of Ages Past

Oh, Africa of ages past
The queen motherland of the ebony caste
Who all alone crusaded for moral values
And made her monument a colossal statue

The richest in the royal glamour
That was my Africa of unparalleled valour
That housed the peaceful peasants
And the kindred of the noblest pedants

Oh Africa, the ebony skin of beauty
The fairest queen on royal duty
Your breath was the sweetest fragrance
And your shiny skin like an ebony radiance

The sweetest home of the wildest fauna
The richest land of the greenest flora
Endowed with the most alluring savannas
 The plantation of the green and yellow bananas

The cattle longed to graze but your pasture
That was you, Africa of magnanimous stature
Who drank alone from the purest fountain
On the peak of kilimanjaro, her tallest mountain

Alas, their boats sailed down to your coast
Those men in their hats and their coats
They came, bearing a long chain of slavery
And with it broke your wings of bravery

There fell your arrows, bows, swords and shields
And your feet trembled upon your own fields
Slowly and slowly, you fell at the middle of the battle
Watched the aliens beat your sons like the cattle

Burnt were your gods, they call them dead
The little lamb, we follow in their stead
Deep, deep, deep, we have gone deep in alien rites

Our skin is black but our names turn white

Buuba had long gone but shirts have come
Iroo had lost but skimpy skirts have won
No longer do your sons eat from your pans
They consume the alien dishes from their cans

Your own goods, your sons neglect
But their goods, your sons respect
changing and changing, your colours fade
And silence kills those songs you played

No more echoes of virtues but the noise of vices
Long have gone your antiques from their eyes
Gone are those days
That is what every mouth says

Do wake up this day, you have slumbered
Your old treasures have been plundered
Do rise, oh Africa, strive now for your glory
And my mouth shall tell another story.

TUNDE DADA

Any Way She Comes

She comes in any day
She comes at any night
She comes in any way
She comes at any time
All she does is come
She comes again, again and again.

She had come as disobedience
And I fell like Adam,
and as Eve and as Jonah

She had come as money
And I fell like Annanias
and as Saphirra

She had come as wine
And I fell like Noah in his tent

She had come as bread
And I fell like Esau for a morsel

She had come as a woman
And I fell like Samson,
and as well as David

She had come as power
And I fell like Nebuchadnezzar
and as Herod

She had come as envy
And I fell like Cain

She had come as anger
And I fell like Moses

She had come as unbelief
And I fell like Serah

She had come as betrayal

And I fell like Judas

She had come as denial
And I fell like Peter

Come these days again and again,
I shall not fall but stand like Mount Zion
Come as a woman,
I shall stand like Joseph

Come as power,
I shall stand like Solomon

Come as denial,
I shall stand like Shadrach
and as Meshach and as Abednego

Come as disobedience
I shall stand like Samuel

Come as unbelieve,
I shall stand like Abraham

Come as betrayal
I shall stand like Jonathan

Above all, come as bread and as anger,
I shall stand like the lamb
Oh, temptation!

An excerpt from Echoes at the Crack of Dawn
By Tunde Dada

TUNDE DADA

But Why?

But why knock on heaven's door
When it wasn't in your heart to born?
But why rob me of my right to come
When whom I'd be was known to none?

But why flush me away
When many would have wished I stayed?
But why call me unwanted like a curse
When many yet look for one to nurse?

But why cause my death and not my birth
When I was sent to replenish the earth?
But why have a hand in my doom

When I'd loved to be a fruit of your womb?
For you never did me well
I shall wait for you between heaven and hell.

...An excerpt from ECHOES AT THE CRACK OF DAWN
BY TUNDE DADA 2017

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