

Poetry Series

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Abdulhafeez Oyewole()

I am a Young benign man born twins to the royal family... I take to test and never stop pursuing what I know is best.

A Bid For Change

We wish to make a wish,
And our wish for now is change,
Our sons and daughters are dying,
Our kith and kin are suffering,
Including our awaiting rain
That is about to fall.

In the womb of her mother
You can hear her call,
A call which is for us all
Not only have midwives fathomed it
We amateurs can as well see through
As she will not stop until her victory is sustained.

Since hands still exist
And the tongue never gets sick
They are to work for a purpose
Assigned to them by divine nature

If to the manifold to be beheld,
We will not be sick to make a move;
If to a level of meeting our end
We will win,
We wouldn't hesitate
To take a bold step

For we are Nigerian future leaders
And want nothing but a better Nigeria.
We only have a unique manifesto,
It is a bid of change for a better nation.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

A True Friend To Me

A true friend isn't a daydreamer and won't daydream for you.
He isn't a bad wisher and will wish luck for you.

A true friend is a painkiller, he exist to heal your wound.
He is a consultant, there to help you grab and stand your ground.

A true friend is rare to find in a vacuum.
He is always at a wait by your door room.

True friendship beauty never fades.
Day by day, its beauty tree grows shades.

A friend who is always there whenever we need
Him most, is a true friend you and I need.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Actual Evaluation Time

Diamond worth of gold
Appraisal perhaps I should praise
If forsaken, then who am I in this den?
I ask if there will be a murmur.

Who declares "I am the forsaken! "
Then watch your mouth and account for it
Who then worth praise or raise
Is it your darkness or your brightness?

Behold and admire your admirer
I proffer "can you create your naira"?
If yes, then claim mountain
Poor perplex night soil man.

If at most you posses a naira
Count this: a prerogative
For you is not anything
In the hands of your Maker

In God hands we are made
In His hands we are a fake
He gives and takes
In absent of no one
He is there as cake.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Ask The Wise

Ask the Wise

Ask the morning that birthed Wise
He will tell he does not know
Ask him soaps and water that bathed his arts
He will still tell he does not know

Ask him the physical strength of man
He will tell is better in stadium
Ask him the spiritual strength of man
He will tell is better in decorum

Ask him about the century
And will tell it begins when he's born
Ask him why it is so
And will tell his born is a century

Ask him to relate tales
He will tell more than you can tell
Ask him to tell you how he knows
He will lack coherence in what to tell

Ask him, the wise, to make you, like him
He will question the day that named him wise
Ask him to make you icon like him
He will debrief that moment world acclaimed him wise

Ask him about the future and the past
He will feel the cripple while he stresses
Ask him about the present time
He won't speak all he cares to buttress

Ask him the nature of man
He will map out and strive to tell
Ask him of his position in the world beyond
The one he may not be able to tell
Ask him to tell you all about God
This one with clue he will tell
Ask him about his position before God

This one he will admit no man can tell.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

At You

Let me at first sight split in your eyes
To see the look you will wear on your face.
Let me seize foods and fruits from your gullet
For three morning and night
To see your mood in this condition
Let me empty your purse to water and sands
To look up to your disdain temper of insatiable.
Let me pressurize you under the sun
To see how vengeance discomfort your heart will beat
Let me knife you a wound in your body
To witness your impatient state.
Let me axed your wound
To hear what your mouth will pronounce.
Will it upon this torture and treatment
Withstand to sonorously call her name?
Or will it renounce her name to a worthless measurement?
Endless is a love that never resist all odd;
Fall-out is a weakling love
Which waits only in all good accord.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

De Andy Lee

De Andy Lee (part one)

Talks about the little Lady Lee and me,
It all started at the first flight
Our adventure had an origin- -
From Off-ego was where we met
So dazzling was her beauty that
Caught my eyes at first sight
And unresisting, my passion wooed along
Believe me, my eyes contended and my heart clamored
Though my lips stuttered
Deep down inside me was stamina within
Whispering "You can do it, yes, you can"

As I opened my eyes, unknowingly, I'd reached for Lee's hands
"Hi pretty damsel... as anyone ever told... you...'re charming"
Perhaps this was a poor pick up line
But she smiled anyway and then freed herself away
Like a butterfly hovered from my hands.

Not so long, Terry, a neighbor from Long-town
Knocked at my door, walked himself in as I consented
And handed me a postal, "thank you Terry", I said
While I thought through who might mail me this
Piece on my palm which I was about to cut exposed
Alas a nightmare-like knocks from the dark
I (already) left my door ajar
"You help yourself in please" I utter'd as expected
"Good day sir, I'm Dandy. There is a lady waiting for you outside
She said are name is Lee De Lee"
Agape! "It must have been that lady from Off-ego,
Yes she'd seized my throat already. I think, my previous
Chat with her there was not bad after all"
Walked myself out with one of my finest attires
Dandy took me to that spot she picked him for me and left
Me, only me wandering and wallowing nervously in the chilly clouds

"Hail Mary, hope I guess right... and where is little Lee De Lee? "
I soliloquized... and as Heaven helped me,

She appeared and approached
"My apology for keeping you waiting Mr Handsome,
May be you did wow me like you did other ladies or not
But my question is this... Will you love me like
You never have loved any other lady in this city? "
Though puzzled me but "I must top this chat" I assured
"Not only love will I give, but all for our short courtship
And the thereafter long and everlasting wedlock"
I could see from her face, expressions said to say
'Another clever words from your sweet mouth'
But lo she opted for most sensitive part of me,
Which could be very vulnerable sometimes
"What did you say that your sweet name is... Handsome? "
There I unveiled my name, which is Agape-
"A-G-A-P-E, yes, pronounced Aa-gaa-pey from On-town" I said....

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Flawless You

Flawless you? Then you must be the zeal God
That bequeaths fourteen: saves seven above
And seven below for plow by world's lords.
Lots God drops, and keeps loads up for world's love;
Despite folklore raise on legendary glove
You keep pouring bliss, the bounteous you-
The God of man, dove, sea and all that's true.

Flawless you, must be the celestial God-
The ray of hope that dazzles cuts above
And the never frazzled in the storm clouds.
Sonorous you descend from heavens of love
Are gift every wish ever have, and drove,
Every wish should bow and bequeath as due
Whence lots live though believe less in you.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Forget Naught

So soon after supper, you've forgotten
Those ones you called your alter egos.
Said adieu and you did not stay o!
So soon you forgot those ones? □

The one you met and greeted in clan,
During moon, storm, wind, rain and sun.
When did you see such last o!
Have you forgotten that one?

The day you laughed, soul solo,
The day you wined and dined with time.
The day you saw what meant not see o!
Have you forgotten that one?

(Look) lad and lass, you're right about your proof,
You hailed from the noble city.
But useless you to the piss poor, when yet yearning for more o!
Have you forgotten that one?

You're known before your canker-worm,
You're (now) renowned of being perilous.
In addition is your notorious nature o!
For God's sake, did you forget that one?

It's you that's spotted in the red road,
Caught red handed and still didn't repent.
Wake up and have a rethink of your ways o!
Be pure heart and build a better unforgettable one.

It isn't right when you rolled late in rock n' rule,
It's lovely then to have discovered you've inborn.
The loveliest of all is mastering one at a time o!
Let's hope you wouldn't forget that one.

Tis terrible there you mounted upon
Would you mind stepping down from there?
Saying wisely, you are the master of your ships o!
But stay grown, before you decide that one?

Wanderer (like yourself) wouldn't warn you youth.
That is your life you're playing apart.
Stay put so as to not cross your luck in the vain search o!
Let's hope you wouldn't forget that one.

Having a slot in the scorching sunny days,
Pitter-patter you're yet there.
Should no vacancy, don't let longing for home hook you o!
Work (more) harder, and there you get a better one.

Thinking about joy to come without working towards joy,
Hoping that that will bring forth the fortune you crave.
Joy won't near you until you dare joy o!
Never forget that one.

Often, you're inspired by rich men virtues
These call for emulations, they're what you lip.
The outer- ordinary you see but careless about digging o!
And what would you call that one?

There you're when you suddenly spoke,
And found your blurred lids exposed to transient.
Deeply lost when you lock in lack of exposure o!
To knowledge, you dare not forget that one.

You know what; I think you're right,
That wrong rag-tag rule is the reigning rule.
But that got nothing doing in your personal dreams o!
Let's hope you're aware of that one.

You met your kinds in the region seemingly round.
Or have you forgotten that one?
Soils and skies make sphere most suitable for soul o!
Don't say that, you forgot that one.

For you to assure me you note those terms
Show me what you've taken down.
About war, perhaps fun, or on allies and foes o!
Let me hear you on those ones.

Always remember you lived zero worlds,

Always remember you toured the middle worlds.
Since the last worlds, is still obscured o!
Live those ones you know as one.

So soon at first light, you've forgotten
The one you proclaimed your alter ego.
Said farewell and you did not save o!
So soon you forgot that one.

Let's hope in the struggle through life,
You wouldn't forget someone.
That perfected you in the most appealing beauty o!
Let's hope you wouldn't forget that Worthy One.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Gooseberry

It's a ripe hour under shield
And tranquil carefree splendid of the day
Quoting the splendour combination of beauty
It's the time on the lovers on board.
A butterfly pretty and pigeon beauty
Both are true and are mine
When duos redeemed, I was there
A babel of noise to must bubble
Won't I be backbitten as a backbencher?
I am an ally of the lovebirds
Background temptation must let go here
I am a friend and a best man to be
So, so and so thought should excuse my tract
And let me remain a matchmaker under zephyr.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Have A Say

Knock wolf, I want you to lend me an ear.
I know, you are right there watching my side.
My temper you want, but it, I won't tear.

Unlike you, I have learnt more than a slide.
All of which are not meant to ambush you,
But to strengthen me swims against the tide.

I am real, and I live on what is true.
The why, I can't call black, purple or white.
And don't stand, thinking I haven't a clue.

I am among souls begot by the Light.
Soul, when climb and fall, would double and rise.
Soul, that in the dark, would summon and bright.

Have you any hands with this soul, the bricks,
To build a wall, void of falsehoods and tricks.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Journalist On His Source

Loyalty is the parlance journalist undergoes
Brevity is the wit of his confessors
Giant standing on the truth is his call
Brilliant role is the course he is groomed to play
He is not permitted to jail, at any cost
Even, of his life and property.
Engineer of his pen are people
Without them, he has no ink
Though, he is tutored to the course
But at many cost, they are is top
They are the embryo for his tummy
Without them, he cannot deliver
They are the meaning to his cheery and provocative beats.
For the truth, sounds of his lips
For the truth, shakes of his hands
And for the truth, moves of his body
Lies the embodiments he dares not play with.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Like Gold Dust

Pile up treasures; rise and fall.
And want the lake and not the land fall,
Hold the bizarre beast, I wish wife.
My life is abandoned to the Life.

Behold an ideal idol of a wife:
The down fall will soon be late,
Whilst the crescent lake will wait;
This day will emerge another life.

Now bread and butter set on the table,
But miss the compassionate ring of able,
And call for the lonely wandering widower,
This moment can't afford losing her.

Should I accept the defeat of livelihood,
And immortalize the spirit of widowhood?

My life is given to the Light.
These episodes of testing I can't face:
I plant prayer for its erase,
And wind for a save and safe alight.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Love Is

Love is unpredictable-
The way things are or seems now
Do not guarantee that
That's the way things
Would be or seems forever.

Love is being emotionally jealous-
Something is wrong when your 'to be'
Lapped or being lapped by outsider
And you do not seek the crowd
Through staging a hearty show.
No shame in reacting
To that which you treasure.

Love is trust-
If you can't confide in
That which you have,
Perhaps the memories
You share is in doubt.
And Affection means none
But equals zero
Or less than that.

Love is complicated-
You mayn't find it out yet
Until you find out
You can't let it go.

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Of Rhythm

Musing the amusing truth in rhythm of verse,
In life there's one focal of all efforts: success.
Plainly remarkable stems of rhythm grow;
Mesmerizing and clasping and grasping wonders.
There are many worthwhile wonders buried beneath.
The topsoil, the cloud due dig deep, down miles and wide;
For lot's hidden beyond men on the horizon.
Musing amusingly, rhythm in silhouette:
When first creations know not what's real and what's odd.
The rhythm- messages the night believes are vague,
While the day strives, trips, slips and sleeps off in between.
No man blames the sky for descending darkness.
It seeks none from men, not even of livelihood.
For ascending light in the days, men toil through too.
Amazing rhythms are gifts from Mother Nature.
The little born receives, foretells the more unborn,
In the kingdom of the sky, the land and the sea.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Once Upon A Time

In the faraway cloud
Where listening lies,
Where river smiles,
When words speak
And meant to be,
Where wants and needs
Aren't misconstrue,
Where lizards and gizzards
Wet, calm, hunt and meet and prey.
Tis by this extreme realm
That this goal is set.

One dream
One night
In all nights
Is what's in need,
That the mission
And vision
World awaits
Will emerge.

Sacred, odd
And silence
Are night themes.
This one night
Comes a fright-
Fire outbreaks,
Catches homes
And fences.
And the news
Reaches the Mighty helm.
"I'm your lord
And is my duty
To protect,
While your right
Is to serve, me- lord".

This leader leads
The fire extinguishers

To bring an end
To the inferno-
Where canopies
Are eating
And where sapiens
Are sentenced to death
By abrupt blaze.
Canon night meets morning
When the darkness runs
And leaves the heavens
With puffs of smoke
And burn- to-ash
Artifacts
In the arena
Of both half and fully
Baked human skins
And open skulls
And myriad of
Closed facial identities.

The King sobs,
For the Kingdom.
Calming by his chiefs
And calmly walk
To the palace;
Where his ancestors
Roam and home.
And there
He speaks and pleads
With his ancestors
On the causal of this
Unforgotten night visitor.
Then and there they
Weep while saying
For this they do not know.

Silence the king,
Paces and shivers.
At this moment
His ancestors
Turn phantoms
And stay hidden

Behind the walls.

His mother,
Thanks destiny,
Is alive-
Hale and healthy
"Do see my mother
To my Chamber now".
For his mother
She comes and
The mother he tells.
Her one reply is
'For this, my son
I honestly don't know'.....

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Once Upon A Time II

In a separate realm
Where cloud rains
Where dreams
Are dream
And due
To come true,
Where lives and lots
Are valued
Where chattels
And acreage
Are own
Love, fuddle,
Pamper, behold
And hold.

The most
Incredible deal
In this hectare
At this epoch
Is the way
Of their
Stewardship-
Ancestors are
Alive and
Still rule
The living
Land and humans.

Another bond
Is that of
To bide
Dumb and deaf.
No ruler;
Hail Kings.
And most
Essentially
The beauty
Armed queens
Are to

Be eulogized.
They are
Milestones of
These kindred
Kingdoms.

Food for thought
"This realm is majestic"
The news reaches
The Mighty helm-
The leader
Of the faraway cloud
And his ready
To journey and seek
Elsewhere like this realm
He just heard of.
"May you tell my mother
And my true people
That I, their lord...
Ready to cruise
Away and
To return
With answers
And panaceas
To the seemingly
Unruly
State of
Our land"

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Sans Servile- Tanka

In sang-froid, sass cords:
Sangoma dashes siren,
Thunder crashes trunk;
Sarky banters with lippy.
Spim for Santa maidenhead.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Singing Song

The song that wakes my heart today,
Was song that blew my mind away.
Long before now I must say,
That's song; I've long for days.
But I've never been propitious
To storm a solo so auspicious
Like this very one source
Which by thought, he's success.

This song is an inspiration of its own.
That the composer and performers,
Were not, in their looks and steps,
Very easy with this stunning stunner.
Avalanche of exaltation and extolment
Of the Divine, the Architect and the Seer,
Were in whole, parts of this cadence,
That raised roofs by sparks of thunder.

This song, oh, is beautiful,
That the angels heard and came to town.
For the creator I learnt was heal,
When he penned this enchanting down.
True to God who made me,
Have never found handsome lyrics as his.
For no matter realm the originator was,
Would love a tete-a-tete with him or his.

For the blessings his ink had dropped,
Is a hold of more than thousand years
Oh, you the faithful, this drop;
Embedded verses that dry plenteous tears.

The song that wakes my heart today,
Was song that blew my mind away.
Long before now I must say,
That's song; I've long for days.
But I've never been propitious
To storm a solo so auspicious
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Oh, you the faithful!
This hold more than thousand years:
Avalanche of exaltation and enrollment
Of the Divine, the Architect and the Seer.
True to God who made me,
Have never found handsome lyrics as his.
For no matter realm the originator was,
Would love a tete-a-tete with him or his.

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So Be It

Beauty! Though black, but not black in the heart
And wide like a noon sun, her name shall grow
Like a pretty wind, her name shall roll
While like an ocean, her name shall flow
And come foes shall turn to vulture's meat
Like a wood termites descend on its ply.

Queen! Like a town train, her name shall rail
While like a siren ship, her name shall sail
Like a brilliant bird, her name shall fly
And top like a mountain, her name shall rise
For the sake of her name, dear drum shall beat
Like a flux cloud of ice, light and dark.

Africa! Black and beauty brain the earth
Like a lightning coal that leave in the dark.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Spin Of Time

The season is here
On this typical Maiden morn
Of week days
It's by this hour
Though slightly late
I rose to take my bath

The ointment was done and gone
What's more was to
Nestle on the well placed
Soft sofa by the corner
Of my reading room
And to await my breakfast
To be served.

Well has been done to the belly
What's needed (from me) was
After settling on the round
To dress up and find my way
To the lecture room

Alas an indignation
Though a natural inclination
That crept into the scene
When I was about stepping
Out of the room

Here I picked up the cast
Of the rolling sound
Escorted by the heavy gale
At the fore
Of my chamber door

The cloud I glimpsed
Beckoned on these
Natural commotions

The rumbled
Of this morn thunderstorm

Took me by surprise
As I felt the tremble of my abode
As though the roof and the wall would cave in

How heavy this morning rush would be?
Certainly it's heavy and took charge closely
Three hours of the entire day

Blessing showery hours
Wasn't it?
That would best be related
In the meantime
By the soaking swamp
The well wet weed
The saturated sea pool
And the colorful field
Of bloom cherries and roses

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Threshold(S) Hail Thee

The path that delivers I will elevate;
For the life that lives deserves whole eternal,
In the place of rest that saints will dominate.

The many battles fought to safeguard a trait,
To let a brood with no lore of nominal.
The path that delivers I must elevate.

Not she rests assured by nature's salvage date.
This life yet renders bosoms for cardinal:
To nourish..., enrich this trait to dominate.

From 'yes' I breathe to still 'no' I defecate.
These, I owe house of notional tribunal.
For that life's deliverance I will elevate.

Progenies I, owe this life that promulgate
News of me to flora and fauna's astral.
I owe this life for those gifts to dominate.

Nerve not she got, to stand tests to procreate
Won't my lines have been thrown in lone nocturnal?
This path that delivers I will elevate,
To the place of rest that saints will dominate.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Thy Say

Let give thanks to a beloved wisdom
The sea in the seeds in our gardens

~~~~~

Let embrace words from the brains.

~~~~~

The law that officiates his piece is falling
Day by day
Like a bridge failing its lane.

~~~~~

Eyes said there would be wind  
In weeds not of sands  
And out of the cold and frosting storm.

~~~~~

Would there be rain in a barren sky?

~~~~~

Mouths said and boast hostly  
About their cargoes,  
Stadias... and flights.

Won't the mountain stop them  
From bowing their shrouded shoulder?

~~~~~

Let there be Light in here.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Tit''Tle

Byword

(I)

Tittle tattle tales rattle.

Cabalistic cabals in cans:

Malicious mélange of melees.

Mummers murmur, mumchance mumble.

Mummichog: the perfidious Fundulus heteroclitus-

For this parlance is pestilence:

For your words, for their words,

For your walls, for their walls.

But for their worlds, for your worth.

(II)

Malicious mischief shrouds in mesmerism,

Whilst her malignity molds she forgot unfold.

But the morbid medalled she, instead to merge,

Maintains calumnies, which not calmative in anyway.

Mummichog: the perfidious Fundulus heteroclitus-

For this parlance is pestilence:

For your words, for their words,

For your walls, for their walls.

But for their worlds, for your worth.

(III)

A candid parley and caring suits...

Indeed better parallel match -no losers, all winners-

For cases in conformity and un-confound.

That's peace, that's reign, to just justice of the peace.

Mummichog: the perfidious Fundulus heteroclitus-

For this parlance is pestilence:

For your words, for their words,

For your walls, for their walls.

But for their worlds, for your worth.

Abdulhafeez Oyewole

Who Said Can'T- In Constanza

Who said can't breathe air of freedom?
That's what you make your self-belief.
Your portion from life you won't thief.

Breath to life bears many kingdoms:
For you and your treasures' relief;
Except should your choosing are grief's.

Life and death are ways to end-doom.
Should you want comfort midst brief,
And both to court and live you chief.

Wedlock is beyond bride and groom.
Expand life in pairs: man and beef...
Lo, your turn over a new leaf.

Warrants meek and mild on seldom.
Too humble soul, the disbelief;
But frankly, bequeaths no mischief.

Who said can't breathe air of freedom?
Breath to life bears many kingdoms:
Life and death are ways to end-doom.
Wedlock is beyond bride and groom.
Warrants meek and mild on seldom.

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