

Poetry Series

Adebayo Akande
Smartfingers
- poems -

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Adebayo Akande Smartfingers()

Adieu!

Covenants are better kept; not twisted or broken
Sacred words like 'i love you' unsaid than spoken
These days, words have betrayed the intents of my heart
But the ink that resides in my pen shall flow in smooth rhythm
To the shooting pulse of my aggrieved heart
Even as my broken voice can't chorus a subtle requiem
To your fading spirit, a sober dirge my pen shall sing

O sweet angel, safe transit, my heart bids you
Once more, death has been defeated
For where you'll dwell, he wouldn't dream of
Heavenly orchestra upon melodic tunes awaits you
At heaven's gate, the cherubs and seraphs await you;
Impatiently they long for a sojourned angel's homecoming

Tunefully you taught the nightingale to approach melody with style and grace
You taught the cat to saunter in enchanting, beautiful gaits
And the stallion to trot the field with charming elegance
Now that you're gone, who will teach the sun to rise in the east?
And to fade away into the cocoons of the west
My angel, if the sun refuse to rise on tomorrows morning
I'll understand, for she bows to you in deep mourning
Adieu! Precious spirit of noble reminiscence
Dwell in His welcoming bosom and pave way in my heart
Please, fade away and ride on the wings of the cloud,
Fade away, as I quench the flame of my pen.
Adieu! Sweet angel

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Alagemo

Under the burning sky we toiled that day

Night embraced day and the sky grew gray

We've worked all day but we didn't halt

For if stumps are not cleared by first light

Our taskmasters will not pay.

Yea, if heaps are not raised by cockcrow

Our daylong labour will be in vain

Then, from a nearby shrub, something flashed by

Startled! Yeeee, we screamed in unison;

Paramole! Paramole! Paramole1!

In sheer mayhem, folks scrambled, I stood put

Armed with machete, I invoked my torch

Scrutinized the rustling of leaves nearby

Alas! Its no paramole! It's an aged Alagemo2

Bellowed on my folks and together we chanted in folksongs

"Oh Agemo, man of many colours"

On the shrubs, you are green

On the earth, you are brown

Oh Agemo, man of many colours

The rainbow clad itself in seven colours

Will you lend it one more? Will you?

The zebra, stripes itself with two, just two

Will you lend it one more? Will you?

Me too! I have one black skin

Will you lend me one, and make me yellow
Yea, make me yellow, turn me to an eebo3

We sang till the night wore thick black coats

Folks left for home, I refrained

Then I probed Alagemo;

Oh Alagemo why do you switch colours?

Is that a ruse to stray oluode's fiery shots?

Or to domineer haunting claws of death?

Please indulge me Alagemo

Iya Agba said you have zillions of colours

Is it true?

Or you are just a skilful magician;

Amusing the wild with colour tricks?

Mounting Questions upon questions I was
when he answered in rhetorics

"Don't you pity an old thing? "

"For fortnights now, i haven't fed"

"I lay here in ambush for straying millipedes"

"And you juveniles killed my muse"

"Why ask what I don't know? "

"Why do you wear multicoloured aso-oke4 to nuptials? "

"And clad in black ofi to funerals? "

"Counts of colours I have in me, only Osa-Oke⁵ knows

"Am just a colourful omnivore of Eledua's⁶ artistry"

"Ask no more and leave me with my misery"!

1 Paramole: Snake

2 Alagemo: Chameleon

3 Eebo: Whiteman

3 Oluode: Chief Hunter

4 Aso-Oke: Woven attires, worn on special functions

5 Osa - Oke: Deity in Heaven, literally; God

5. Eledua: God

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Arrangee

It's everywhere;
Tabloids, websites,
TVs and radios, on the air
"NDLEA denies arresting Babasuwe"
Hmm, we've heard you
But should we believe you?
Paint a red lie white
A lie remains a lie
The truth is like the sun
You can shut it out,
Still, it'll pierce your window
Pardon my audacious musings, NDLEA
Because I smell a foul play in your words
A whiff of lie meanders in it!
In what I heard today;
"He sues NDLEA for 15 million"
And perhaps, in what I'll see tomorrow
"He pardons NDLEA for their unethical conducts"
"For the embarrassment against his human dignity'
Hey! , save me the law's mumbo-jumbo
Coz, as blind as the bat, so is the law
We are in Nigeria,
Where mystery lives
We folks know the silly trick
of lodging pound of meat in the mouth
and enshroud such from questioning eyes
A man drench in heavy rain
May urinate in his pant
Who'll know, who'll ask?

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Beaurriful!

Milady, when thou ask of me
About thy beauty
I'll tread a clean path
Not the hackneyed of his
Or other assuming poets
Who doth compare thee to the half-blind moon
The poor sun or some miserable stars
For thou art no equal in beauty
In grace and charm; thou share no glory
No seeming semblance or vivid likeness.
So when ask me thou of you
I'll just say thou art beaurriful
Period!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Beauty Personified

Portraying in true light, the grandeur of your matchless beauty

Is a quest that tends to the impossible

But, if valour be the worthy trait of word-knighthood

Then, the frail shadow of the seeming impossible shall I trail

Truly, the peacock has been adjudged "beautiful" by mortals

At the splendour of your majesty, it can only get uglier

To all that was, is, and would be, you gave inspiration

With a brilliant radiance, the sun illuminates the earth

And with a peaceful glow, the moon keeps the night awake

Without your tutor, of what sort a feat can they make?

You're the compelling urge that once crossed Da Vinci's savvy mind

To paint in colours and convey on canvass; The Last Supper

Alas! You're the smooth, serendipitous inspiration

Whose clue never traveled the secular path of diva's mind

But you chose to grace my ink and note

Favoured, then should I be called

Darling, please come sail the oceans of life with me

Honey, come make my heart your eternal abode

For with you, I would carve ageless monuments in lyrics

Yes, I'd scribble stunning magnum-opus with artful lines

And when my noble readers laud my strides with sweet accolades

I'd channel them all to your benevolence

To the bedrock of my inspiration

The turbo-power that jumpstarts my artistic drive

Jehova Shalom, Jehova Ralpa

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Dark Tuesday

If the sallah cow wanted a revenge
A payback for spilling its blood
For savouring its salty meat
It should've sought subtler ways
Not my own flesh
Olounmaje, Not my life!

Adekunle! Adekunle! Adekunle!
The red-eyed conductor beckoned
At adekunle- bound commuters
Calling them to their doom;
Their untimely grave
Adekunle waso!
Adekule waso!

On the move,
not speeding,
just moving

The locomotive idiot proved itself to be
The hind tire gave up its job
Went its own way
Frenzied, the driver tried to pin it down
But like a stubborn dog
It won't yield his call
Like a mad cow
It went outta control

On the move,
not speeding,
now haphazardly moving

Hear the commuter's scream:
Yeeee mo gbe ooo
Eleda ooo
Jesu ooo
Ogun ooo
Obatala ooo

Allahu
Ori iya mi ooo
Everybody seeking his messiah for a bleaky miracle

On the move,
not speeding,
now spinning
Somersaulting up up high

Gbam,
It landed by the rails
So near to the waters
On the third mainland bridge
It was on Tuesday
A dark Tuesday, the eight day of November
Two thousand and eleven

His clavicle is fractured
Like a death sentence
The doc announced
And placed me on 5 week house arrest
Sorry Adebayo,
Sorry me no sorry
For this too shall pass!

Death O Death
The ultimate avenger
Am aware
you'll come someday
But not this soon
Am just twenty something
Why the haste?

Don't come now, O ripper
Lemme build mama and papa a house
A very big one
Buy them a locomotive giant
A very fine one

Lemme invent great technologies
Build Yoruba language software
Just like steve, the son of Jobs

I'll name mine; local fruits

Wander the earth, o death

Go overseas

over the mountains

the oceans

All over the earth

Kill all 'killables'

Come not near O Death!

Lend me more time

To bear offsprings

See them bring up their own

Live a fulfilled life

A contented one

Then wield your blade

Come bare your fangs!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Delay Is No Denial

Delay is no denial
Amid sturdy desire
Rooted within steep
Deep, leap'd emotions you
beep'd me, freaked, I
creep'd across 'Oceans'
Ring! Ring! Ring!
Peep'd at my phone, its you again!

the uncertain tone in your voice caus'd
a slight creak in my bone

Coz the stick of passion fell lame

With no fuel to feed its flame
Knowing its insane
This whole love thing
Will always flow to your 'gain'
That's the name of the game; your sole aim
That's why you are anxious
and silly me is so oblivious
of the fact that i will go gaga
when my eager eyeball behold your mouthwatering 'adder'
And your sappy mouth will say 'haba', we can always wait
This my fretful ear so much hate
Then my crazy drive will get shatter'd
But, ... delay....is....not.....denial!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Femme-Fatale

Some invest in silver, gold and all that shimmers
Some in their allies, folks and progenies
Some in thrifts and assets that knows no wither
And every wealth is an offspring of well spent monies
And every savings births a long, commensurate yield
For when the farmer till and sow in due season
He sits back and delights in the pleasure of great harvests

Alas! Ours never fits all the pictures I've seen
"What thou sow, thou shall reap" so they say
Mine gainsays that, for I reap weeds for wheat
On the sweet nectar of the flower, the bee relish
And in turn, she dole out pollens thereupon to cherish

After a filling, delightful graze on the earth's greens
The cattle bless the soil! Big, big dung to cherish; a token!
O paramour! Only in frowns, bemoan are yours golden
Tell me, when the landlord is locked out in solitude
How better is he than a fate-forsaken destitute?

Go on! Siphon me more with potent sycophancies
When sanity visits beguiled faculty of my being
I shall walk the long road to where I belong
I'll kiss my children, embrace my allies and plead her pardon
For in their investment, great returns beckons!
Amusa Tenibegiloju Smartfingers ...The Redefinition!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Foul Or Fair?

Foul or fair?

Flinching fake and flaking forces

Fleeing from farm for fast fame

Fiery & fierce famish flame

Fusing & fraying for fools and Flaring freaks

fond of fake faces in the 'frame'

Flashing free & foul fame

Foul or fair? ...

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Friend

In the archery age, arrows are most dreaded
Ravenous Swords and jackknives too
Of ghastly fear and shock in man they render
In this jet age, bombs and missile are most revered
Just a shot; life shakes deaths horrible hand
But none of these perturbs my heart
None I say, do I dread than your distrust

O friend, your distrust do I revere most
More than my worst nightmare
More than the witch's empty threat
O friend, when prophets and prophetesses
Of falsehood beckon at your visage;
When they visit the abode of your heart with true lies
When grapevines fly hither and thither in the county
For sole sake our friendship, be ye wary of them.

Swim thee not with them in oceans of unreason
Ne'er dwell with them in their island of foolishness
Tarry hither and wait for me in the desert of wisdom
In the dusty path of truth, will I meet you with love
Love, so sweet and pure
Purer than crystal
Sweeter than honey
There shall we feast, nurture and 'mend our bond
That same bond that made us acquaintance
And transformed us to inseparable lovebirds

Good things they say, liveth not forever
But verily I say unto you,
Ours shall transcend time and space
And the frailest of truth can't be killed by legions of lies
Pay no mind to the chattering of the market
Lavish your attention on me; your worthy commodity
For I dread your distrust oh friend
Even more than the ripper's fang
And this alliance of ours, hath more valuable
to me than the finest of golds!

Memories Of A Wonderful Brother

Cursed be that day
Yea, woe betide that gloomy day
When the ram-rod straight, oven-hot carbide missile
Targeted no-one but you
And demanded from you your legs
"I-kun-le abi-ya-mo oooo".....

Some say 'private' is beta
Some, government or whatever
Many zeros of naira was spent
But...in the end, water surpassed our garri;
Futility reared a bald head at the docs
In spite of their 'professional' pledges, you became legless
To walk on wheels, not of automobiles'

How I cried
When the news caught me in the boarding school
Wastefully I bathed in hot tears like rain water
And I wept my black eyes out of its socket
Even, the junky dishes I relished, galled my throat as a bile
When other dormitory-mates slept peacefully
Me too slept, but in sheer agony of unspeakable pains
Flashes upon flashes invaded my sleep and
Nightmares stole my rest and my all

But, how come?
How come a flawless, honourable persona like you
traverse earth from the loin of a woeful father
Who was engaging in nuptial madness
When his very kid groans on a sick bed?
Skullduggery negligence of responsibility
I would say.
Not even a kobo dropped from his meager pocket
Daddy paid, it all.

Bro. Seun, you are so faraway now
How many miles, I cease to know
But I heard you dwell in Oluyole
The big heart of Ibadan city

Heed me, bro. Seun
You don't live there
In my heart is where you live

Those snow-white teeth in your uneven dentition
The calm smiles that radiated from your innocent visage
The funny gait your once-straight leg commanded
All reminds me of how much i've missed you

May the fate that made our acquaintance
And the destiny that wrote our life's decree
Write yours for good, and mine for no evil
When the storms of life blows you eastward
Or myself, Hitherward
Yet again, shall I see you, and
Embrace you..

Call you 'Elume-poly'
The moniker I 'christened' you
Buy you chili-peppered asun
Like you used to do me at Itafaji
And plead you a favour...
Never to leave again
Grant me the honour to share in your pain
Like I did in your bliss and folly

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Mr. Politrickcian*

"Vote for CREDIBILITY"

"Free food for all"

Free education;

Free this, free that!

Free pregnancy;

Free children;

Free liars like you!

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My Cure

I'm Ailing...
My heartbeat is failing
Call not the physician

My cure is not in his pin
'tis not encapsulated in his pill
Thou art my cure

And thy sweet kiss and silly tease
art the best prescription!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

My Lil' Bad

Verbal missiles

Running

Wild

Unguarded,

Uncontrolled,

Rending

Hearts

Apart.

Burning,

piercing,

&

traumatizing.

Save

Me

O

Lord

From this

Trap,

So

Sharp,

So

Blunt,

That's

All

I

...Want...

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

No More! ! !

Flaunt no more your 'weapons'

In them, my picky eyes takes no delight

Like a false advert plaguing clients with blights

They are just shiny roses amid deadly thorns

Woe-man, weep not if futility results from your frantic strides

in trapping my heart, for hand-in-hand with failure, love rides

Am not blind, am much aware of the eye signals

Am not deaf, my ears grasp the desperate pulses of your heart

Insensitivity, you say you hate in a man 'abi'?

(Sighs) What of insincerity?

What of insecurity?

Of a truth, you deserve no heartache

No doubts! with me, that be your sourly fate

Rome, they say never become in a day

My heinous love 'tools'? forged long ago, by a lady of flay

As speedy seconds transformed to wearied minutes

Lonely Minutes to frustrated hours

Cumbersome Hours to routine-ridden days

Love-hunting days to love-hoping weeks

Love-battered Weeks to recuperating months

Recuperating Months to vengeful years

In the eyes of woe-men I have caus'd hot streams to flow

Take heed Woe-man! Be no victim! Steer clear!

Drop your weapons and flaunt them no more! ...

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Omolewa, Oreekelewa!

Omoolewa, omodara odejo
Thou beauteous of beauties
Thy gait of feline grace
and spotless charming face
hath enough to get man drunken
Drunkenness above Oguro's doing
Such drunkenness, folks tag, madness
Verily, Madness doth seems profane
But madness for thy love pose sane
Bolatito eyes glow in great luminescence
And Ibadi-aran's waist sways charmingly
but thy beauty gave rob theirs off meaning
Truly, It shames them all!
In every step thou take
Others doth imitate
And whatsoever thou doest
Every maiden taketh interest
Thou smile...
Oh thou smile!
The morning sun doth envy
Even the new moon won't boast of such glow
Let the night come with its darkness
I will lit no lamp, the rays of thy eye will do
Let winter come with its chilliness
Thy bodily warmth hath good a cover
Thy father call me lazy, thy mother too,
Maybe, maybe I say, maybe its true
But even the lazy do have some pride
My father is a productive farmer,
Me, your unrepentant lover!
Thou art my profession, my day and night busyness
A bag of cowries for dowry, I have not
My lady, vain spoils doth rot
I'd kept all treasures in my chest
Tucked away in my heart, they rest
For fleeing treasures of life are weaklings
They stand frailty to the monster, time
Though, thousands of suitors swamp thy hut
I won't waver,

Nay, I won't bother
In the market square of life
thousand buyers doth hover on a good
But only one, buyer doth take it home
I stand the one, the very sweetness in thy honeycomb!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Pull My Strings, Oh Muse!

PULL MY STRINGS

Pull my strings oh Muse,
And my smart fingers will
Dance to your melodic tunes
Of sturdy emotional 'skills'
And appalling witty cores
Table me a choice, Oh muse
Either road I choose,
Still pull my strings
For my audience are starving;
Their tongues of praise is parched
Buy my thoughts Oh Muse
Not with a meager penny
But with inspirations so many
many than the birds that board the sky
Let's drench their burnt tongue
And fill their empty bowel
With stacks of poetic manna;
Oceans of rhythmical wines
Lest they doubt my finesse
And I curse your worthiness!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Smallville

Like the ever eluding ebb of tide;
The gradual graying of the once yellow sun
The plot is cheating my notions
'Tis is beating my imagination
Who knew Chloe will fall for Greenarrow, her cousin's ex?
And Lois having eyes for nerd Clark Kent - her ex's best
Lana becomes the superhuman she fantasized
Not knowing a huge prize tag's stealthily attached;
Never to be with him, save in her dreams & thoughts
As though it's true that one's worse enemy could turn a fond ally
Ominously-machinated Brainiac turns a new leaf
He teleports to the future of Clark Kent/Kal-el
The brain-sucking thing joins the Legend sect
And returned to the present from the said future
Lessoned him to tame his fears and murder his doubts
To realize man's the architect of his fate
That Lois wouldn't deter, even if she knows
He is some freaky alien;
A cosmos traveler feigning farmboy
The clock chimes 1:00am, this is the last episode of the season
Next season, on my mind!
Shall I go borrowing? From where at such an hour?
My next-door neighbor only consume 'igbwood' films
And Uche doesn't run 24-hours service?
Omilord! Hope is standing aloof
To my bed, then, I must go
This phase of the story hits an end
But another erupts in my mind
There is a thing about heroes
Smartfingers, Merlin, Kyle-XY, Seeker, jumong
And all legends that graced my laptop's screen
They do it for the most altruistic of reasons
Not for fame,
Egotistic motives
or personal glory
So stoic and selfless they are!
Alas! Even at that,
Forever, an unfinished project; they remain
Some sort of work-in-progress!

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Societal Injustice!

Today, Yaba market shares the sourly fate
Of the once-famous Oshodi and Tejuosho's
Stalls and shops, wrecked by the KAI men
Ordered by the 'government' of Lagos State
Like heroine-maddened bull dogs
They perpetrated their evil boisterously
Oh Yes, I know the government has plans
They always have.
But the unrealistic and fail-bound ones!
Plans! Plans! Plans!
Non-sense plans!
Like THE ARENA in Oshodi.
Where no poor dare go for a lot
Bombarded by the affluent of all sort

Today, I walked by the bend-down-select 'boutiques' at Yaba
All my eyes could capture
Were heaps of woods and banana-yellow gravels
The canvassing red-eyed boys went M.I.A.
And my ever-joyful brothers from the east went AWOL

Which 'government' would deprive the poor
Of his meagerly daily bread?
No certificate to tender in companies
No handiwork to fetch their manna
Yet, 'government' withheld their last resort,
their God-sent haven!

Oh 'government'! Now that you 'stole' their jobs
They will avail themselves one
Masked with black bandannas
Armed with heavy steels
And 'Atamatasecious' 'Jagamus'
They'll storm your 'yeye' homes
Ravage your family
Gangbang your daughters
And kill your sons
From the first to the little last
Their blood will flow like a river

And you shall swim in its torrent
And every of your avaricious possessions
Shall come to ashes before your own eyes
For if the chicken don't wink at night
What right has the duck to snore?

Shamefully, you'll beg for mercy
None, you showed `em
Nada, shall they give you
But a one-way visa to hell
Your rightful abode

Who's the government?
The hawking child on the street
The homeless man under the bridge
The fatherless, penniless and nameless
The jobless, faceless and voiceless
They are! ! !

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers

Stillbirth

Somewhere in the silent recess of my mind
A forgotten memory is re-born
Memory of a miracle that never happened
On that gloomy day, darkness hunted our hopes
And we groaned in the abyss of defeated bliss
Our joy, grew wings and flew away into skies of oblivion
Though, the heavens roared aloud
It poured no showers from its towers
Not even a dropp to revive a dying leaf
From the taunting grip of death
Grandpa would have called such, fate!
And in my head paint the picture of a three-headed monster
Who shakes the very foundation of all mortal's faith
Fate O Fate! You villain that carts away grand treasures
The old witch that spares none, even a day old!
You ended a life before it could begin
Fate, destiny or whatever you bear
Wherever you are, lend me your hears
Stand not so tall, this is no feat
In no time, your maestro shall fall
With the golden pen, the one who resides above
Shall re-write this memory, pleasingly in my heart
This birth will be Still not more
And a miracle shall be carved in timeless memories!

Dedicated To Kikelomo!

 

Adebayo Akande Smartfingers