

Poetry Series

David Ayo Olowoeyo
- poems -

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David Ayo Olowoeyo(30/10/1996)

David Ayo Olowoeyo is a talented writer, whose passion for human and enviromental affair has lead him to write above one hundred poems so far. He is a native of Yagba, Kogi state Nigeria.

Hungry Man

Walking on the road,
Hungrily sighing like a fool,
Tracing some attractive wine,
Blinking as if it should be mine,

Stopped by a gleeful friend,
With on his hand a little bread,
Ashame to ask for a little one,
Living a restless eyes, clinging on,

Snatch away the little bread,
A whisper into the hungry mind,
I took away my thoughtful line,
To the seas to my best most nine,

Already the whisper accomplished,
Helpless too much hungry to be said,
Really sorry my hungry man,
Mocked by the most worse nine,

David Ayo Olowoeyo

My Moon

She would call me her star,
And i would call her my moon,
For long i have been a trier,
Indeed by her love i am stun,

I would run accross this land,
To those places of lives and sound,
With this little pen in my hand,
A better day may not be found,

i would write on every wall,
With this little pen in my hand,
Of our love that would never fall,
Spreading it to the heard and unheard,

Sure her star she would call me,
For a better day may not be found,
To expose her lovely feelings of glee,
In and out with her purest mind,

Dedicated to someone special, in kano state.

David Ayo Olowoeyo

Osupa Mi

Yo si pemi ni irawo re,
Emio si pe ni osupa mi,
Otiye ti mo tije oludanwo,
Ni toto ife re kami laya,

Emio si sare koja ilu yi,
Losi ilu aye ati oro,
Pelu ikowe kekere yi ni owo mi,
Ojo rere imi lema waye,

Emio si ko si gbogbo ogiri,
Pelu ikowe kekere yi lowo mi,
Oro ife wa ti kole e daru,
Si gbogbo etii ara aye kan gbo,

Ni toto yosi pemi ni irawo re,
Nitori ojo rere le ma waye,
Lati fo oro ife inure jade,
Lati okan re to ma sese bi adaba,

David Ayo Olowoeyo

The Last Day

Alas! For a day will come,
Of heavy rain and storm,
When dry bones will arise,
And rotting flesh reform,
To the sound of crying bells,

I and you will be there,
To face the fate we've rear,
The good the bad and worst,
And everyone in mire,
Each! Awaiting for their fate,

The wicked act you've let,
The holy laws you've waste,
And the shadow standing by you,
Will be your judge at last,
To tell if you've lived in true,

Let us walk upright.
For hell is not a place,
For the kind of us to rest,
But paradise is the place
And we will be there if only we want.

David Ayo Olowoeyo

The Strenger Soldier In Denger

STRENGER SOLDIER IN DENGGER

Ayoson

Best Read Out

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A skillful soldier,
On the field of lembe,
Command his mighty sword,
Than his magical words,

Folk

He was immune to logics,
And immobilize by magics,
But a sinless net,
Caught him in his wrath,

Riddle

Who is this iconic soldier,
He asked the greatest fighter,
Sent on a deadly errand,
To destroy a mighty land,

Folk

A strenger soldier,
He appeared firstly at lembe,
But he was already caught,
With a sinless net,

Alas! He fought so greatly,
Than our mentor sir loudy,
But our mighty land,
Was not in his hand,

And by the mighty king,

A strict proclamation,

Bring the stronger soldier,
And put his head, in danger,

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Ayosonolowo Litaraty
25/3/2014

David Ayo Olowoeyo

When?

When shall the day,
Come to true and stay,
Of brighter sun so gay?

When shall the land,
Be cur'd from blo'dy hand,
And in peace with-stand

When shall the maidens,
Shout in 'blissful delights'
And sing of love and lights?

When shall the poor,
Rise up from the floor,
To experience nextdoor?

When shall the youth grow,
To be a leader of tomorrow,
Who gaze upon his brow?

When shall the old,
Learn to act as called,
And tell the words untold?

When shall our night,
Be bright just as white,
With arms cool and tight?

Oh mother land, 'crying'
Many thousands 'asking'
A question 'complicating'

Would he look upon us,
God, in mercy and vengeance,
And locate our questions?

David Ayo Olowoeyo