

Poetry Series

**Friday, Happy Oyamenda  
- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

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

## Friday, Happy Oyamenda(20th April,1984)

I am a young, up coming writer, willing to learn to write better. I am a writer of articles, short stories and poems. I have written over thirty touching poems, with few short stories and many articles. I also have a major interest in philosophy, which tends to shape my literary works.

However, my works have not been officially published, although quite a number of them have been published in the weekly bulletin of a local club: Creative Writers' Club (C.W.C.) , where I am fully registered as a member and serve as the Editor- In- Chief.

## Blue And Grim

Oh humming bird, hum not your song today beside my window on this forlorn-empty dawn; for the woman I love - the one before whose elegant feet my young heart is cast - thinks of someone else and not me. This makes me blue and grim. So dear humming bird - oh you whom nature has profusely lavished with the most splendid love that appears in your bright colours; the most perfect azure, the most beautiful gold, the most dazzling red, with such beautiful diamond eyes - go hum your love song elsewhere, for my heart is blue and grim...

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Creation

When I lose the herbs of eternal youth, with memory disembodied\* Then my feeble life; a tale of mystery, hidden beneath the shield of flesh, would drum on fresh souls\* The inevitable, robbing my eyes of their light, will leave me a bag of bones\* To no permanence will I abide, for the Premordial Fear of man conquers me

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Endurance; My Maiden At The Foot Of The Sea

A maiden there lives, at the foot of the sea. She goes by the name a virtue-Endurance, who my preying eyes caught at the west wind. She loves nothing in the world, except me, as my soul delights in her. My heart's knee is bent before her anaconda love. She has no self left, no fears, no wants... Nothing, except me. Divinity's eyes must envy her & me; for my eyes have made religion of her. My gusty love for her enchants the winged seraphs of Heaven.... So today, where the sun rises, have I carved the memory of you-the friend of my soul- upon my heart.

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Globally

Effects seen globally  
Yet causes not explained orally  
The sun slays the sons of men  
Countries run short of pottery contents

Now what is this silence  
Taken away from merchants?

Dead President  
Causes turmoil  
In the ball of the 21st century  
Lsd's face is lost in shame

In the assignation of the almighties  
The cowrie of mother land  
Sleeps dormantly without a say

Could this be the end of the road  
My ancestores foretold?  
Let the modicum of common sense  
Answer that

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Infantry Eyes

Gently, gently  
Goes the blood moon  
Who believes the iron message,  
The unsaintly Zion story,  
That devours like a lion  
On the wing of time?

Oh Earth  
Why rent apart  
For Archduke?

Scornful voices narrating  
Ears and hearts rating  
The Kalama and Tama  
Hanging in mournfulness  
For the furious B-17's shooting

Allies hurting and crying  
Infantry mouths rent  
For the parochial desire  
Of a few men messiah

Eyes stand iced  
At the Reign of Terror  
A reign ravaging Central Powers in horror

Earth calms at war  
Silence eats up missiles  
Euphoria slits across the streets

Suddenly cracks the air again  
Over the oasis of sanity

Spitfires hover around Africa  
Father mother calling children  
Huddling in hideouts  
In wails, panic and pools of blood  
Babel of emotions cloth the Globe  
Peace breaks hell on mortals

Brothers in the Bastille  
With the fossilized  
Creaking in the white wind  
LMGs sinking into their lefts  
Young tents wave off into Chaos

For four moons  
Infantry eyes freeze  
Into eternity  
At Verdun and Somme

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Life

When darkness terrifies the day  
Who listens to the sobbing hearts of the trees?  
When the childless night weeps for her child  
Who understands the pregnant night?

Then the wind reveals  
The secret to my imagination  
FESTUS- THE ARCHAEOLOGIST  
Has left his shell behind in humility

My fragile veins quiver  
In incredible delusion  
Tears exhibit my tongue

My bed and sleep  
Comfort my body from misery  
Yet in dreams  
Is my spirit  
Shattered

The fans of my brother  
Sing darkness to the beings  
The goddess cloud mourns and bleeds

The guns praise a timeless friend  
Who enters nature's immortality  
The earth elates

The age draws near  
My mind rambles  
To immaturity

My strength in weakness  
My heat in the cold wind  
His smiles cosseted beyond words

My FESTUS has fallen home  
Into the restless earth  
Without a goodbye kiss

But I say

Adieu

Adieu

Adieu great comrade!

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Princess Oseghale

Oh Princess Oseghale,  
A tale of smile  
like sparks  
Of a burning amber;  
Teach my sulky lip  
To tongue your dark chant

Let the woozy cloud  
Bless this autumnal of passion  
In an unbroken embrace  
With my fairest Queen;  
For your slightest touch  
Consumes me

Certainly  
The night that drams  
Will put our faces together

I see this elysium  
In the purple fountain  
Of our veins  
Directing the dexterity of our fingers

Should this rose  
Dwell on this land  
Where glory doesn't stay  
Then let it not  
Be end in neck's collar  
For many waters  
Can't quench love

Let what live between us  
Be sacred to the earth  
Let a cuckooed embrace  
Be a poison to your breast

For certainly  
This corruption  
Would breath defiance

to the ears of our Cupid

Oh Princess Oseghale

Listen

As the God of song

Plays his rhythmic gong

Upon this flame of love

A wispy music of God

Is but a dawn on shadows

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Scent Of Dawn

here comes the jubilee song  
as the jingles of last season fade

as time ages  
tom-toms travel my mind  
expectations spring forth  
but spooky dreams  
rise to the fall of time

another epoch is dawn  
jingles stop  
to renew again...  
only yesterday lives  
but like the dew  
disappears into tomorrow

by a flicker of fate  
joyous shouts  
of the sons of men  
drums into god's hearing

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Tears Of The Sun

What eternal emptiness  
Dances on the stage of time?  
This shadow  
Hanging over the one  
Whose emerging breast  
I gracefully kissed  
Oh dearest Africa!

For you  
The flapping fan of war  
Lay on my forehead  
Sorrow occupy my eyes  
Driving out tears

These chameleon faces  
Tear me to tears  
All for Mother Earth's relativity  
Quest to subdue  
The fire wood of this world

Oh the herb of forgiveness  
Listen to the deep pause of Africa  
Listen to her forgotten villages

Be not amazed oh Mother Earth  
Over this riddle of existence  
Be not amazed over Africa  
Alas!  
Life everlasting  
Shall again spring  
From her seed

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# The Man From Philadelphia

... Bathing dully in his pains, he collapsed. He was rushed To the hospital as his situation at the moment demanded. It was quite obvious that his life like a nightmare of a stinking blackness, as of a running river, was running out him. Awakening into a wave of blinding pains, he restlessly feared the end of the beginning that now governed his body.

His body quivered in disbelief, eyes turned sore; for sanctuary suddenly became a morgue. The place that cradled him tenderly now burnt in fear and discrimination against him.

Many years of his life had been lost into the shadow of history. With a faded voice of whisper, "where is the city of brotherly love?" he said, with his pale-grey eyes flitting ironically from face to face, with streaming steamy tears, turning it away as soon as he caught anyone's eyes. At this, he expired into oblivion. His mouth was agape into horror as he travelled the road of death into the misty clouds...

The virus didn't kill him, but social prejudice!

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# The Unmaking Of Fate

1 I drove into the yellow  
Setting sun and watched  
The big blue sky narrow  
The sun into red perspective

2 Land there where dawn  
Is grey, after the yellow  
Setting sun, will I wait  
For you, my child

3 Wait not for me;  
For the road is long  
And this journey  
I must go alone

4 What an ember of arrogance  
Has fallen upon you, my child?  
For surely as Merlin to Arthur,  
So I am to you on this journey;  
For destiny has stripped you  
Of choice to quest without me;  
For I am the one who waits  
When all is gone pale

5 But this is the quest:  
To seek that which  
Destiny strips;  
To go this way with you  
Is to go the way we have  
Come  
This road I go alone...

6 Perhaps we have not  
Yet learnt the way of  
Wisdom trained before our eyes  
So to go the way we have come



Friday, Happy Oyamenda

# Tribute To An Undying Friend

One night I lay on my back, gazing at the old scruffy ceiling of my room. Only one thought kept pushing its way through my righteous mind: DEATH. What would happen if I didn't wake up from this odyssey of sleep I was about to embark on? Would I be in Nirvana with God or rot hell with the Devil? Would I meet loved ones like Bilkisu, Michael Jackson, Kessienasce or even our beloved president, Yar'dua? I watched these questions sailed away unanswered.

I woke up this morning with an achy thought of you. I looked for you in the photographs but you weren't there. Then I walked to the faculty, I saw the imprints of you on the people you touched. I felt your ever refreshing fossilized presence on their faces, remembering the good old days that wrapped us together; the sadness and the happiness, ups and downs, your naggingness and your crude jokes...

Oh dear Bilkisus, you were the greatest gift U06 ever had. you came into our lives at a time when we thought we had it all handled, but didn't. You sat smiling at me under the crispy blue sky when I first met you and I knew if I spent more time with you that our friendship would soar beyond the sky. What a blessing you had been, until that blessed day the turmoil in your body began a new journey for you and for us. Oh you were indeed a paragon of courage and strength.

Your undying smiles and wet wit were really soul-lifting, though it was your unfaded love life that left the most indelible impact on your friends. Your love was as strong as a mighty oak. Not even many waters could quench your love for your friends and even your enemies. Did you really have enemies? No! You never did. You never saw enemies, but friends- soul brothers and sisters.

Your series of treatments were brutal. But all the surgeries and radiations never altered your feminine essence; the source of who were and still are to us-U06. The pain of your treatments never brought a moan of discontent; instead it aroused your feminine energy and profound love.

All were touched by your beauty, both inner and outer. After every surgery you got up, dusted yourself off, and bounced back to life.

Your strength is burned in our consciousness; your selflessness and courage are our comforts in this space we occupy, a space filled with your memories and still such a long way to go.

In the last few months that you lived, there was no such thing as melancholy. Not in your comic atmosphere; nurturing your friends with love and acceptance and firm guidance. You never allowed anyone get away with anything. Oh God, how I respect you for that!

The last few months of your life seemed like eternity to me. Now I long for another moment in your presence. How I'd love you given the chance, how precious I'd hold each minute, each second, were I to have those times again.

Ajoke, may be I never saw your last moments well as I should, but now I see. I see that they were really your greatest gift to us, your friends. Gradually you stepped back from our lives. No more classes, no more smiles, no more.... Your dulcet tones still vibrates in my brain.

My days are now different, that's true, though you're never far away! Your friends are finding things a bit tough- a love such as yours is not easily replaced. We still grow together, your life's gifts like a lotus flower opening slowly, petal by petal, as the forms of our lives take shape, fed by such love as yours.

These are my words. Words of tribute to you, to an undying friend. I regret not one minute that you're there and I'm here. For I know that this separation is but an illusion. It's a shadow, not a substance.

To your beloved friends I'd say to them: we are all at choice in the matter of our lives. How we act or react colours our existence. Ajoke has given us her love, even in her toughest last moments on earth. I have deliberately chosen gratitude, not loss over her death. I may constantly feel pain and loose of her; but I've learnt that when I get past my fears I'll surely connect with love and everything that God is.

Love heals. It heals our souls, it heals our relationships, and it can heal our planet. Ajoke has given us this love; let us choose to share it with others.

Inspired by Neale d's book: Home with God...

Friday, Happy Oyamenda

Friday, Happy Oyamenda