Poetry Series

delalorm fiaka

- 24 poems -

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A HOLE IN THE WHOLE IDENTITY.

A walk in the park? ..i beg your pardon.. a walk in the stark serene or rather dark terrain of our supposed emancipation..the twilight is forthcoming..maybe after the fourth coming of Christ! ... maybe after we collude with our clandestine consciences and choreograph incandescent crescent waves of simple virtue... rescue the residue of the colloid we colluded with the immiscible missiles miscellaneously launched on our habitat of virtue..
How about we hold out our hearts on the pitchforks of our deeds? ?
how about we hold up the carts in which we take the twitch hikes to the land of greed? ?
how about today you be me and i be you? NO! how about i be you and you be me? ?
how about you be you and me? ?
We struggle to be.. we fail to see that we cannot be when we are not we....
who then are we? ?
A collection of subordinate fingers aching to swerve our true destiny by serving the interests of a bunch of stiff necked wrecks? ? ? ....
A 21st century cast of the rendition of 'BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON'... remix 'BY THE RIVERS OF THE BABYLON WE HAVE CREATED FOR OURSELVES IN OUR OWN BACKYARD'? ? ?

Africa unite! cos we moving out of babylon! we moving to our fatherland! ...
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE AFFLUENCE OF NATURE...
WE ARE THE SCHOLARS OF TIMBUKTU
WE ARE KOFI ANNAN
WE ARE NELSON MANDELA
WE ARE KOMLA DUMOR
WE ARE CHINUA ACHEBE
WE ARE AFRICA!

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ATEMUDA

Pulmonary arteries proportionally prune pressure
As timid tenants search their skulls for treasure
For the weary an exercise of pleasure
For they who chose leisure, a non-recusant torture measure
Blots of ink purposefully splatter
The exhausted minds anxiety barely does batter
The gleaming pulp of papyrus seeks refuge
As an enthusiastic tube unleashes the brain's residue
Pupils dilate…
Asses flatunate…
Guards irritate…
Hearts palpitate…
Fingers quake…
Hinges tweak…
The bright becomes bleak
The bleak becomes bright
To surrender, or to fight?
To accept a dammed plight?
Or upon your being failure indict?
Don't deprive your valiant sight
Look up, victory is so much in sight
Clasp your hands and request insight
Don't cave in just yet, stay on and fight.

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COIN

They can't see our sunshine
They don't know our blues..
To the world I am yours and you are mine..
Clues of bliss adorn our cruise..
Today it's bright
Tomorrow it's blurred, ,
I protect...then you reject
I am a guest..then an encroacher..
In silence I shout...
My soul yearns for the joy I just earned.
It's glossy..then it's rough
I gape and see..oblivion..the sea
Fledging flamboyance..then aching annoyance..
S3 obi d) wo a d) no bi..debiaa? ?
I'll hold you tight, .till I have to let go temporarily to get a glass of water.....
Then I will be back.

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ENEMY WITHIN

It hurts, it burns, pure agony it churns
In pits pitch black it tosses and turns
For your foot’s trip and your fortune’s dip it eagerly yearns
Flourishing uninvited among life’s blossoming ferns

It wails with flails frantic enough to derail
The wagon of progress and all it entails
Benign it beckons to a perpetual jail
Leaving ashes of a crippling furnace in its trail

It soothes…but for a while, camouflaging a smile
Like soot its blown away before it can stand trial
In its debauchery and its guile
It casts upon our journey a dreary mile

It’s here, it’s there, its everywhere
In you, in me and in everyone
It leaves us with nothing when the day is done
Unfulfilled desires, half-filled urns and a race unrun

But, don’t fall, stand tall, resilience enthral
Don’t crawl, give all, scale stativity’s wall
Like crimson, like bile, like drums of ethanol
Abhor the maiming malice and heed your other inner call.

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FROM THE SOUL THROUGH TO THE SOLE.

I concur with the conqueror....
Implore the plaudits of the emperor...
Gallantly galvanizing gorges of gloom into luscious lanes where the light of victory looms...
Seperewa, beat yourself from the bosomtwe monsoon..
Adinkra, do justice and our insane ways gently prune...
Whether cripple or endowed with waltzing feet that can dribble through a maze...
Life pokes our eyeballs with a solitary riddle...
Life batters your wits..ever so brittle..
Life puts us on the field for a common battle..
Sensual suffocating careless caresses...
Adorn our stiff necks with sweat beads in their excesses...
Obra ni wo ara bo! Sow on the land that grows your needs..
And then rid your wheat stalks of thorn reeds..
Because the farmer will inevitably split the pods..
Then you would have to justify the divinity of your self-created gods!

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I SURE WILL BE THERE...OR?

When your vocal chords contract in choruses of distress...
when semi-breves of laughter are just semi brief moments of mockery tainted joy....
when good times are but fantasies and misfortune seeks to impress...
when all seems pointless..and your existence seems coy...
when your strength is displaced...

I SURE WILL BE THERE... OR?

You will ignore my frantic waves..strong enough to waive your pain
You will rather puff your sorrows back into place with nicotine...
You will scrape hope from your feeble being...
You will swig barrels...all to naught...
you could as well scale the afadjato..with a single leap
you just choose to be oblivious to the fact that....

I SURE WILL BE THERE...OR?

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IN THE VERY CRUST OF RETROGRESSION

In the very crust of retrogression
When depression has sapped up all your passion…
In the hollow belly of starvation
Where your dreams are snapped and your success seems to have taken a perpetual nap…
In trying times of agony whines and rusted dimes
When no bell seems to chime and everything seems out of line…
When your limits seem endearingly explicit
And even the devil deprives you of his credit…
When laughter is a treasure unviable
And you are dizzied by distress cliffs unsurmountable…
When it seems you've come to end of the road
And life's tribulations put you in hibernation mode…
When sunshine scalds more than ever
And you meet a dead end with every manoeuvre…
When hope seems so slender, and through uncanny crevices you have to meander…
When you keep spelling never, in attempts to plot an endeavour
When there are no successes to savour…
When God seems to have relieved you of his favour
When the fear of looming failure makes you quiver….
And despair hangs high over
When there is an urge to hold your surge
When at the pillar of condemnation life your back does severely scourge….
Don't retreat, don't surrender
To the throne of success don't be a pretender
Don't let your adversaries rip your hopes asunder
Your dusk will certainly be over
And your illuminated dawn will prevail yonder…
Have ever paused to ponder?
Why a smile is victor over a frown?
Why up is always above down?
Why water is so soothing?
And life so enthralling?
Why fire could be scalding and yet so refining?
Don't look back, in your pursuits you may skid off track
But don't let yor alleys remain dark
Light them up with faith
Illuminate them with patience, it is worth the wait
In the very crust of retrogression lies the core of a great lesson
"life is not a luxury session."

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INCANDESCENT PRETENCE!

We heave and leave our chests to drop
Perceive a sieve to be a net
Conceal with zeal the real and yet
Bellow and yell at traps self-set
From Mole to Zanzibar the hippos go crazy
Diagnosed with petulant chronic hypocrisy
Going ballistic over their mirrored errs
Frantically tugging at non-existent hairs
Forgery in overt pairs
Conducive for deceit, even promoted by friars
Ice cream cones? , I beg your pardon, decorated dog bones.
Disgruntled drones suckling at the propolis
Shameful "shashewowos" shredding into shambles the virtuous metropolis
Pampanaaa! I gotcha! Nothing hidden, nothing to find
Pretence is superficial
An embodiment of the artificial
Serenade a fillet, do you make it a sautéed fish?
Parade your true inner self, don't proceed over a perceived wish
The gavel will surely rap
And Efo =Kosi's feet will with more momentum tap
Obrafuor's dagger will be readily sharp
You could be a demon and dodge the time warp
But alas! You will still always be you.

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JUST CALL ME VICTORY! ! !

When i stepped into the ring..
i didn't aim to fight..i came to win..
when i heard the commencing bell ring...
on the crown i set my sights...complacency in the bin..

When they threw the first punch...
i grimaced, then i stuttered...
then steadied and remained staunch...
red faced..pulse fast paced but resilience far from shattered...

Then i mustered my first jab..
aimed straight at the temples..
a mastered duck met it..life could sometimes be a crab..
headless to my combos..swish dodgy ensembles..

Get into the corner...
who? me? the challenge? or the umpire?
definitely not me.. i am not the destined loser..
ill fight on even if the straights get more dire..

I may not pick the round..
eventuality is cast in iron by my faith..
i sure will heave and hound..
but I WILL be the victor, no matter how late.

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KINGS? OR PINS?

Steadily it crept from the helm...
And seeped unabated down the arteries to the heart of our very existence
A thumb stuck out, a tongue run riot...
The incandescence of our moral bulb faded slowly, the once illuminating crescent now shone so dimly..
Perhaps they were right, when the labelled our tenements as dark
With just whispers and gasps we will lose the fight...then our sordid temparement would be striped stark
An industrious course we did chart,
but alas! Pretentious kings tainted with hypocrisy pulled our prosperity away in their malicious carts.
These supposed men proved to be that dart that pierced the heart and cut short the perfect start that Sumanguru and Mansa Musa did on our lands impart
From the silicon valleys of Kinshasa to the arid terrains of the sahara...the treasures of the land are buried ever so deeper
Greed personified, leaps through cabinets and plush palaces..leaving the people mystified, and himself? Virtually deified
Humility and sanctity sacrosanctly petrified..
Chicanery and institutionalised pilfering perfectly justified..
If the shepherds ignore the herds because they have lost their heads...
Then alas the thin thread of justice on which we tread will indeed be torn to shreds.
Why should they take cognisance as the heads of our states?
They don’t seem to have heard anything of our denigrating states..
The state of penury in which they put us..
Whilst sipping small stout with our income tax.
The state of dreary drudgery and smothering slavery
They flaunt at our expense... after stealing our consciences on the podium of pretence..
To these caricatures we lend credence...
Oh! What nonsense! ! !

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MY PSALM

Why should i quiver?
Why should my faith even waver?
Why should i fear a purposeless stranger in my pursuits?
Why should there be even a strand of resentment?
When i stand on a rock of sober contentment..
With YOU i herald a host of flaring graceful illuminations..
I stand in the light of your Glory which abounds over all nations..
Why should i worry O LORD?
Why should i question your might?
Why should i squint my sight to look beyond mountains created by your creatures for remedies only YOU can create for me, who YOU purposefully created!
Favour unabated!
In the midst of my misfortune YOU are comfortably seated!
My most lethal foes at your sight retreated!
Reverence i render in infinity-fold
JESUS Your glory i behold..
YOUR majesty is a tale untold..
Every second YOU bless me..but the glitter of your majesty doesnt cease to unfold....

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NOW AND THEN..

Who will you be when your clothes are gone?
who will you be when the moths of time become skin borne?
Who will you be in a month's time? a month older i guess? and till u bid vanities farewell, a month less.

What will you leave when your life is fast lived?
what will generations retrieve from your journey's case brief?
what will they be? berieved? or indeed relived they can re live an indelible legacy
what will you give? a timeline of gallant fallacy... or a streamlined virtuous regency?

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RIPPLES

The nile has been provoked
With contempt its calm waters have been forcefully choked
A rod of malice continually poked
The pupils of the populace, shredding sanity's cloak

The coast of ivory drips with savagery
Frantic attempts to raise a forest from a single tree
Personified treachery
Debauchery of the greatest pedigree

The safaris of Nairobi as lifeless as the Gobi
A pride less lion snapping at an anchovy
"Excuse me sir, may I speak to Kibaki? "
"Sorry he's out back claiming his share of the power booty"

The antagonists did arrive in Antananarivo
Like crickets the stuck out antennas at the desolate people
To capture the frequency of their troubles?
Or consume their core like ruthless weevils.

From Kpalime to Kinshasa
On the throne sits the son of his father
The voice of the people drowned in murky water
Popular choice serenaded to pulp and left to tatter

Oil deltas, or ravaged divisive shelters
Goodluck to morality's progress tilters
Proficient fund filters
Kidnappers and tainted political swindlers

Bulls bamboozle in Banjul
Jewels of democracy zapped by arbitrary joules
The masses are no fools
By their thumbs you must rule!

From Tunis to Cape town
From Dakar to Mogadishu
Greed of men shred our continent like it were a feeble tissue
Do we remain victims or unite to fight the issue?

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SALVOS OF THE FUGITIVE

I salute you not...
on your sheet of freedom i fail to find a single blot..
the slightest splatter of on the pact that in fact further reseeded you deeper into the shackles of your stagnation...
resignation, indignation, exclusion, ferocious yet toothless nations..
Cravings of rave reviews taint your carvings of reality..
enslaving the pixels your true beauty paints...where is your true sanctity?

you hail your rather frail self..
as your unexploited gems still wail from obscurity's shelf...
Seen but unseen.. places in your destiny you have never been..

they scoff at your flickering beam..
as you shed your lush greens for the rather harsh green of envy..and shared it among your kindred...
as you bellow with a voice unheard with zero decibels, far below the heads of your heads and the debacles they founded..

'you are free forever' at least so they said..
free to flaunt your gracefulness in their shop window
free to pledge your faithfulness to their exploitative overthrow..
free to self inflict your demise..
free to compromise on the sale of your soil for no price..
free to hold your head up high.. because you cannot bear to look down..
..to look down and see mosquitoes killing humans..
..to look down and see a land of poverty beating a rich land at chess
...to look down and see yourself on your knees.. begging for your own treasures..
...to look down and see a land stripped stark..
...stripped stark of its identity.
....stripped stark of economic serenity..
....stripped stark of dignified leadership..
....stripped stark of all the gold, diamonds, silicon, cotton and wisdom..

.....
.....'speechless'.. the time is now.. the people are you and i..the task is to spearhead our true freedom...

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SANS KANIA!

Who turned out the lights?
Whose bellowing rants faded out the desolate cries?
Who impeded my sights?
Making my bright vision a bleak mirage.
Who encroached on our dignity?
Feasting on our widows' mites with grave impunity
Who stuck out his chest and volunteered to spearhead the quest for the conquest of our domineering thirst?
Bundling up our senses in deceit and looting our already half empty peasant chests.
Who promised to raise infimiries? , and for our offspring nurseries and primaries?
But is instead being carted in sophisticated noiseless trolleys?
Who traded our beds for caskets?
And shot our poor hearts with greed ridden muskets?
Who is playing that tune of discord?
Who is that arrogant aristocrat? That domineering despot!
Who bottles all the power?
And drinks it all in heavy swigs of debilitating discretion!
Who flew up the tower? And shut the windows to his people!
Strengthening his pocket lines whilst making the masses feeble!
Who cut short the tune? flowing with melodies of progress..
Whose shears were used to prune? Our sanity and dignity and compound our distress...
Who is that admiring teacups? ?
Instead of providing water to cure our worsening social hiccups...
Whose rolls Royce is sitting on the curb? Right adjacent the cripple rather unperturbed..
Whose suit is that expensive one? ?
A fraction of its garment can feed an expansive land..
Who plunged us into this abyss? Into our miserable plight...
Who turned out the lights?

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SNAPS OF SCHNAPPS OF OBLIVION

let gin concur with soil..
as we paddle across the gorges to the lands preceding our umbilical cords..
let gin concur with soil..
as we regurgitate the the sumptuous delicacies that fed the mouths of the gods..
let gin concur with soil..
as we embrace the pale ghosts of amambr3..
let gin concur with soil..
as we scrape our craniums for traces of anokr3
twa
twa
twa
omane aba!

let gin concur with soil..
as we redesignate the task of adinkra..
let gin concur with soil..
as we make unity a mere wreath adorning our selfishly crooned necks..
let gin concur with soil..
as we beat the funeral drums for the internment of our identity..
twa
twa
twa
omane aba

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SOOT ON THE MIRROR

Tell me who I am not and I will tell you whether you ought to be scrutinising who I am not or you ought to have first sought to be who you are not so you can hold the lamp, being the finder of the path...
A finder of the path still shrouded underneath the crowded weed stalks..a finder who flounders with strides of uncertainty...in search of uncertainty..
Uncertainty taunts the disjoint choreography of swivels into the future..redundancy paints the evil captured by your life's aperture..
That same aperture with which you aim to snap my inevitable imperfections..
Imperfections that line the garment of my refinement..
Refinement you and definitely me should gulp down from the gourds of this bitter sweet life..
For our divine scrolls say...remove the log from your eyes before you come close to the splint in my eyes..

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THE ODDER SIDE OF THE OTHER SIDE

Swift torrents of wonder bang on the doors of my reasoning....
Really corroding reality...should there really be a reason? ?

Should there be a reason why cells build, yet incarcerate?

Should there be a reason why arms are warm enclaves of affection yet detonate to kill hoards?

Today we ache to move
Tomorrow we ache when we move
Sunshine floods our eyes with illuminating gracefulness..
Sunshine in sand dunes flogs our skins..squints our eyes...sans flawlessness..
When we reach out to give, palms wide open..they reach out to receive, palms wide open..
'For the sweetness of Palm soup is borne from splitting palms wide open..
Try looking at one side of your face..
Try looking with one eye..
I wonder if you would..
Because it will be a wonder if you could...

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TICK TOCK..WHY WAIT IN SHOCK?

Through the valleys of every dusk flows a dawn
Around the necks of our existence, the pearls of time gladly adorn
The treasure which chronometers measure.....
....grips our days and carves out our ways
Sometimes it creeps, sometimes it crawls
Hindsight so deep, only perceives its flaws
It freezes and thaws
Guides us through our era-on-all-fours
To the era when our teeth are absent in scores
As abstract as thought..
It can never be caught
It gallops past perpetually
Leaving indelible traces
In hearts, on minds and on faces
Carpe diem; because you have not merited its patience....no one has
Its a gift when you judiciously use it
And a rift between you and your dreams when you arbitrarily abuse it
Its yours for the taking
Grab it!
Don’t leave a decision lingering
Take it!
This isn’t the moment to count the stars
This is just a remnant of the moments you allowed to blitz past...

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TO MY GRANDMOTHER

Xylophone melody
Gramophone memory
Homophone vocabulary
With a heart streaming with bliss I reminisce the soothing sound of your lullabies..

Strong thuds pulmonary
Wrong studs infirmary
Long hugs centenary
You have gripped and groaned with me through loose knots and gruesome ties...

Akpe na wo gratitude
In all directions latitude
Your greatness abounds magnitude
You pruned my ways, honed my tentacles and taught me to sting it back to life when my hope dies...

I will forever be indebted to you...
For your lullabies.....that sparked my slumber from trouble
For your grip.. that held me through gruesome ties..
For your words that taught me that hope never dies...

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VOICES IN A BOTTLE

In scenes on screen, never seen, how could they scream? ?
We drain our dream and from our fantasies we are weaned
No fight...no win! No scourge...no smiles to be beamed..
Mercenaries or masons? , visionaries or versions?
What was our transgression..?
Why did the times subject us to subversion?
Voices of beauty, transmitting from artistic diligent duty..
Faces phased out by bubbly mini riots
Silence over a shouting
An alternative for the mouth
On stages worthy sages through the ages have graced
But in pockets and in hearts their absence could be traced..
A sabbatical enforced on the trade
A bequeathed art ignorantly betrayed.
We are rid of those who read
We pray a silent creed
A mummer we squeal...but a chorus we need
A blank canvas hangs in the gallery.

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WHEN IT REIGNS IT PAWS

BREAKING NEWS; Koromoti goes on strike! ! ! ! !
Robert, Yahya and Mswati seem unconcerned..
Greek mythology greets our selective psychology..
Are you crazy? its called DEMOCRACY..
Its a fancy car on a bumpy road..
A chalice on which the hitherto thirsty goad..
We stare with admiration as they shout their voices hoarse..
what is their inclination? to ride on our consciences?
They promise a tenth planet,35 square meals an hour and jobs for our cockroaches..
We scream whilst we dream of the boats they promised on dry land..
We scream as we wean ourselves from their latent intentions..
we scream as we deem that domineering animal fit to make us fly..
when its grabs the reigns of power..
when it climbs up that steep tower...
when the days of deceptive appeal are over...
when it reigns high over...
it will scupper the dust beneath..
it definitely will paw, , ,

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WHINES BEFORE WINE.

Lets say its outrageous and forget about it..
lets say its gorgeous and swarm around it..
lets say its stupendous and incarcerate our imaginations from it..
lets say its contagious and abhor it...
lets say its incredulous and adore it...

opinions back and forth like a see saw..
obviously what you see is not what the visionary saw..
blips yank at optimism and rip it off our ways...
whips of the superficial scourge our reasoning..
we convict ourselves with mental treason..

Why don't we just quit sailing the seven seas for reasons...
why don't we open the introspective door and find THE REASON..
the reason being there is no reason, no season when you can or cannot excel..
There is just you, your FAITH in the ALMIGHTY... and the power of the will you posses..
Open your soul to the fact that you have no other choice than to posses....

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YOU, YOU ME AND US

Everyone has that someone..
that someone who is the one who makes you want to wave a nonexistent magic wand.
that someone so unreal that their one tingly touch puts your senses on a reel..
that someone whose shadows are more admirable to you than the rainbow..
that someone who makes your dull day glow..
that someone who beats your smile in the race to the expression of joy..
that someone who's arms were chiseled out for you..

THAT someone can't be for everyone..
but there is THAT someone for everyone...

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