Poetry Series

Israel Damilola Ipaye

- poems -

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Israel Damilola Ipaye (03/11/1989)

'MY MEMOIR'

Ipaye Israel Damilola was born on the 3rd of November 1989
to the family of Elder and Mrs C.B. Ipaye in Oka Akoko South West,
a local government in Ondo state.
Right from the cradle, he has always been portraying some eccentric
characteristics ever since has he been known and suspected to be
a unique creature.
At the early age of his life, he attended Saint Luke's Pry School
a teenage school close to his father's domicile and however
was appointed as the school time keeper in his dispensation.He finished and
got his primary six certificate in the year 2000 and however fired by the zeal
to achieve what he has always hoped for, he proceeded to Ayegunle High
School in the same locality where he obtained his SSCE certificate.
Nevertheless, this local localities
has never determined or influence his mentality because his experience and
exposure is never limiited to his localities. He is known to be a hardworking,
dexterous, committed, dedicated, creative, punctual, time conscious and
caring person to mention a few. However, all these unique characteristics
and personalities have been able to fetch him respect, good reputation and
prestige among his playmates and colleaques. In a nutshell, he always walk
tall everywhere he goes. While
he was in secondary school, he being the chief speaker and friends
represented the school in a debate titled 'the pros and cons of peace in
nation building, a case study of Ondo State' organized among the secondary
schools in Ondo North senatorial district and however came second in the
debate. Also he was a news writer, and editor in the Public Relation
Department throughout his stay in Ayegunle High School where he obtained
his SSCE certificate.To avoid overstatement, he did the school much proud
many of which there won't be room to talk about. But one glaring fact is
that, his memory shall ever be green in the school even till doomsday.
He is currently reading Linguistics in University of Abuja, Abuja Nigeria.

A DASH OF HOPE

How long have I waited deciding?
Memory denied me! As if pretending
This case, many roads divert in a yellow wood
Yet, me one traveler couldn’t travel all with one mood
Each adorned with these ostentatious colours and never derail
Shining like onyx, making the flippant ones many astray
With no haste, hurry or fury, the presentable sepal face shall grow
Shelving disdain and ignominy, not wobbled in to and fro
With my eccentrics, my feelings I thought no one could ever deprive
From the vagabonds, what pleasure would they derive
As though speech-impaired, vis-à-vis the intractable feelings I couldn’t express
Amid men soul, many that wavers and give place, I felt depressed
A justified feelings, so glaring forced to enunciate, she imprecisely ignore
Speechless, a dash of hope, rather to my bed, maybe to death I could snore.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

A MAD MAN

From the west chasing nothing this lunatic emerged
Telling tales he could have never divulged
Wherever he goes, you never find a nylon
For all these made himself shelter feeling less forlorn
Edibles and inedible does he swallow
Just seeming invulnerable, he never hallow
Great God! They never care for tattered they amassed
Upon things he labored, he was harassed
I wondered if these ungracious pastors could ever
Ruminate these things, they could never
Have lived with their folly sense of immortality
For they think capability nurtures invulnerability
What silly leaders with their idle tongue
Armed with their cajoled party programs without fatigue.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'A PLACE IN YOUR HEART'

At my teenage have I declined to fall in this mess
Being disparaged with these ancestors' experience
I stood and hold to my life of misogamy well pleased to me
A life of no therapy even when dismayed
Err half my days in this era of darkness seems that of light
Do I sensed there is a place even when in total darkness
I could walk even without my legs trapped
I found a flower in my dreams but behold in the day
I found a rose, a rose causing bewilderments with her sepals
Now do I plea for a place in her bosom everlasting
An eternal place of caress, to place her shoulder high
This I promise my onyx to dine with you in that place
Where I had dreamt inwards
Just like when intoxicated with hernessy, am dying to meet my heart
Among the pretty faces I have seen in my dreams
To hold and to esteem till the conversion of the Jews
I mean till doomsdays during the foretold dispensations.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'A YELLOW DAY'

"A YELLO DAY"
A yellow day coming we heard of it
Just the very expected time of our lives
For such several years of no reunion as we eat
Our mouths are becoming shorter beyond believes
Never far beyond our visibility do we talk

Who is to hear the other one whisper?
Distance we knew was a barrier to this scenario
The journey our legs has been longing to nitch
This water we have been longing to drink
We never knew these could be done with a minute call

Behold a yellow day, behold a better day
For this happens impromptu everywhere you go
With my friends and families we could talk
Even till daybreak with extracool amount
We know these would one day spark up a new day

Lovers are now like two sources of ocean
For they seems distant yet connected
A journey of five days now accomplished
In a fleeting jiffy, oh! What a happy day
With my 07036482963 MTN my distance pathfinder.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'APPEAL TO MY ONLY ONE'

Rose, I knew I have made you backslide
Underneath does your feelings metamorphosize
The caress that aggradizes daily
Now is overwhelmed with these flimsy ignorance of mine
I have acknowledged my ebbing version now do I yearn for forgiveness.

Love who else could be sent on consolidation
Since thirty thousand men with sugar mouths proved abortive
Since you left, the light you shed turned latent
Strange people with their obscenities on me
Now I thought the best part of my life breathed last.

But you and I young lovers on these leas
I thought this like dreams should not be the span of our loving days
Oh my love misled, you have given your ears to the gossips
You have taken their censure and never reserve your judgement
Oh onyx! why have you done this?

But at the bottom of my heart
Do I soliloquize maybe this could wipe the groan
Could it precariously soften your plights
What a vulnerable feelings
Love never mind my negligence, just like Ruth
My love is for you alone.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

ASIWAJU IS HERE AGAIN

Those several seasons like the dregs have we stayed
For the unknown benefactor whose demeanor untold
He emerged gone 2007 like the days documented away
His vision has he never derailed many almost astray
We knew appearance depicts the manner being philanthropic
Though never expected hoping they were all the same atrophic
He is here again come 2011 to utilize the brilliance a gift
Redundant to say, he’s here for the betterment our opt
Gone several years before he was sent like Jesus the savior
Everywhere agony, banes and topsy-turvy on the corridor
The expiring one is better but we can make it happen behold
He anticipate for the best come 2011, his integrity will he uphold
Needless to say, voice of the people heralds voice of God the greatest
Go there Asiwaju, make it happen for you are the elite among the finest

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'BEAUTY'

Beauty, misogynists say is ephemeral
Must I now debunked this like the old Thomas in the great funeral
Found with a splendid beauty of the virgins which is never fleeting
I new I would be born again when I set my eyes on her when eating.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

BEFORE THESE DAYS

These days of archaism, obsolete were they
Out of displacement though verbally confirmed
Experts, we knew they endorsed beyond their days
These would be consulted even by unborn geniuses
Buttered stories shared by the white airy aged
Beyond pre-centuries though couldn’t be deferred
With less technology yet much ease was all teasers
Like the days of Solomon was all affairs
Augur well were they all according to plans
Nothing was haggard, journeys were resplendent
Everyone knows these are now contemporary days yearned for
For we are now bulldozers on the field
Journeys of a decade then, with a jiffy can be accomplished
Yet the teaser, can we say these are contemporary days?
For as we sharpen the spears, the more blunt
Do they become on the grassy fields but never green
Immunity all over places yet mortality a common tale
In the midst of the bereaves yelling and screaming around
There were times they thought of existentialism
On the then pleasant leas now seems boring
Worsened by those innovations thought could make transformations
Netizens turned fraudsters with busy brains
Metallic monsters above now life mongers
Oh! We could have yearned for these days to tarry
For if juxtaposed would it prefer the less privileges.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'Behold A Great Tree Has Fallen'

Behold, a protagonist breathed last
A fallen tree that cannot be re-planted
Alas, this is melanholic
For the caring father has gone
To abide in his permanent habitat gone to his home
The well deserved rest.

Something goeth wrong my people
Something elegiac goes beyond shedding of tears
Though unarguably, no one
Could fight fate when it was unfolded
For this has been predestined
By him that created the universe.

Dekko the birds, singing elegy
All singing songs that expresses melancholy
Perched precariuosly on the oil palms
In sober moods
They betrayed their bitter desires
In the obsequiese of the great protagonist.

Behold, sorrowful legs filled the street
Many trees weeping bloody tears
Birds avoid nestling
Behold snails hibernating
Women experiencing miscarriages
When this tragedy was let out.

Behold a rabbit in the midday
Alas the trees in prime shed of its leaves
The souls of the mourners
Kicking one feet with the other
Bereaved mouths singing elegiac songs
Oh creator! this is unprecedented
For this eternal departure hurt we the descendants.

Oh ye slumbers, this is regretable
A vulnerable episode
Told among the sympathizers
Paying condolent visits with pure obessance to fate
All in the souls of the bereaved
Everyone caught gnashing and groaning.

Ye men of sympathetic stand
Arise, emulate the defunct pathriach
For the day is knocking at one's door
Everyone to lie down and would decline in the morning stars
Behold the mission is acomplished
Several years spent in total respect to his creator
He has lived a live pool of hospitality in his contemporary days.

Oh! God Had we but world enough and time

After the emergence of one in this world of variance
We could have held him tight
Ipsofacto His creators are mortals
Who have happy and sorrowful life
But we know to vie with the mightiest is a waterloo
We say this is coherent with his fate.

Rise up ye men of slumbering hearts
Fortify thy nation against devilish attacks
Sleep in the toe of the nightguards
Be vigilant like a wathdog
For your enemies are wathing your infirmities.

Enough of this melancholy my people
Though the birds has flown
His destination is sure
The right hand of the great one
To home the well deserved rest.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'BEING A PHILANTROPIST'

When I considered how my wealth is spent
Ere half my days in this devilish world and occassionally kind
And that opulence which is death to hide to my accent
Do not lodge with me unlavished for those spined
Being a philantropist, the cripples all came unrest
There are times I condemned egotism and fined
Nothing I dreamt or thought volumenous for the future await
I thought, that was all like life when satisfied
Now do I thought of travelling in disguise may be with care
The then poorest might help when stranded in city
Where I laid shivering do I recognized one, pleading for care
Place to hide, they shunned me ipsofacto they showed no pity
I ruminated the past, do I thought of showing misanthropic concerns
Since the 35 years yields no efficacious changes on this my forlorn.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

DEDICATED TO MY ROSE

Lass, the inestimable in the midst of the jewels
There are times I go intoxicated with this splendor
The beauty many claimed but yet unborn
But we say during their generation and never now
Because I know where beauty lies and abide
In your habitat, baby in your destination do they
With your indulgence, your face shall I adore
With centuries and to each breasts ten decades
Unto your golden legs walking tall a hundred year
With all these love, misogynists call insanity
But if lunacy nurtures such love to eternity
Great one make us the maddest maybe we may
Continue after the Jewish conversion
We pray the day tarry or never come
For you and I to express this with immortality
We means the faultless long-loving day
Beyond vulnerable reproach of the spouseless gossips
Who have no knowledge of what this means
Because of their loneliness, they condemns
But with undulating plane perched on birds singing romantics everyday
Let us shelve and discard these gossips expressing our love
So might our patriarchs blessing us above
Have glimpses that would make them less forlorn
Or hear the old Valentine preach on love I mean my love

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'END OF THE DAYS'

As the waves make towards the pebbled shore
So do our moments and minutes hasten to their ends
But this inevitability shall soon be invoked
Kingdom against kingdoms, nations in trial
With witty perseverance, our struggle is to etenity
The splash in the lagoon shall soon fetch up probably here

Oh! The greatest on the olive
Mend our ebbing long ways
Though with idle tongues
We promulgate several changes in chameleon
End of these days no one could circumvent the fury

Israel Damilola Ipaye

ENDLESS JOURNEY

When alone in the midst of the misogynists
I yearned for the denouement being a misogamist
The habitat of the suspensed denouement
No one could hitch uninvited
Now like the fishes in the ocean, I met my heart
Now I Wish the journey prolonged endlessly
Just like that of the magi.

Just like the earth, I belong to you my rose
Even though pessimistic with my long loving tales
Now with my leg walking on these pleasant leas I wish
The rib of my rib joining me to feel the breeze out in the night
With our busy mouth singing malignant nursery rhymes of love
With her, behold a life worth living pool of luxury.

Behold a damsel as precious as gold
In my daily dreams have I dreamt her?
In several fashion parades have I sighted roses?
Ipsofacto they are ephemeral gold that shines
In the morning and fade at prime
Who dreamt that beauty passes away like the day?

Now with my mouth open wide
I shall sing like the soldiers who conquered
After several days of waterloo
With me my love is intact
Oh! How I wish the journey a long one
Even when short at prime, we shall answer the call together.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

HE IS HERE AGAIN

Those several seasons like the dregs have we stayed
For the unknown benefactor whose demeanor untold
He emerged gone 2007 like the days documented away
His vision has he never derailed many almost astray
We knew appearance depicts the manner being philanthropic
Though never expected hoping they were all the same atrophic
He is here again come 2011 to utilize the brilliance a gift
Redundant to say, he’s here for the betterment our opt
Gone several years before he was sent like Jesus the savior
Everywhere agony, banes and topsy-turvy on the corridor
The expiring one is better but we can make it happen behold
He anticipate for the best come 2011, his integrity will he uphold
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Go there Asiwaju, make it happen for you are the elite among the finest

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'In the Agora

In the agora of you and I
I can hear you like snake stuttering promises
Hearing you vociferating in this shy
These promises in our flowered premises
For you death, it could have come to fulfilment
This could not have been obliterated if we are to be immortal
These could have overwhelmed me with aggradizement
But seeing you as the only comforter
Oh it could have lasted for the time night
But this unprecedented intractable monster in the passionless shadow
Must knock at ones door after happy birth
You and I lying closely to the dado
Alas! it could not have been you
This hostile visitor would fly away with after decade.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'INDISPOSABLE FEELINGS FOR HER'

For all these days even at prime
I have chosen to live as I was born from that womb
Having no twin sister or brother, although
Siblings inevitable, having no jewel
Which I may say is of inestimable value
I chose to live like Jabez even Ebedodom

For years their are thoughts kept with myself
Even though with little silver spoon in my mouth
Was I born in our little mansion
With few in our populace
Though they say I was a pagan with infidelity
But if paganism nurtures lucidity
I would rather be an atheist ten times my generation

In my ghetto sitting taking little
Yam and water do I ruminate of these experiences
Sweet sour and bitter butter many were they
Those I could not divulge I thought hoping I was alone
Hoping my dreams will take me there I mean
The Canaan land I have longing to nitch

This fate less fateful morning do I wake stepping out
I found this onyx then my groans I felt were wiped
Cos I never saw an angel with such glowing sepals
These feelings beneath I never know how to betray
This is unusual of me retaining my manhood glory

Who will help break this cold ice
My fears were mounted, the courage do I lack
Oh baby I wish I could hold tight till our booming doomsday
I wish I sleep this off
Getting it off my neck to sing with her
A song we never sing twice
Maybe I may feel I was never alone.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'JOURNEYS AHEAD'

When alone, even when bored with no therapy
I wish I could expedite my journey even if not immortal
To make my travels as fast as the metallic monsters above
I wish I could go with my groans forgotten in toilets
I knew if I died tonight, it’s with no regrets.

There were times I regretted, times of wanting cohabit
Times of loneliness without a peek
Times with multifarious foods in my bans yet no appetite
I wish I could go with my groans forgotten being disparaged
Even if at teenage I had lived to believe in rapture
With no bones or ribs hanging on my oesophagus.

There are times I thought of existentialism
On these leas pleasant were they, now seems boring
A life of Judas, a life of no happiness, a life of no lover
Even when bewildered there is no light shed on my ways
Friendly animals in my compound turned hostile
What a misfortune! Oh God why me do I sing every day.

Now do my mouth open wide with new songs of romance
Those times have I regretted have been transformed
Now do I think of several tasks of love to be accomplished
A journey to confide my emotions being trustworthy
A time to forget my scares which she converts to kisses
Now do I know after several years of hatred do a moment of friendship
Comes which is my daily proverbs to the yet unborn embryos

Israel Damilola Ipaye

Just a new day

Just a new day I had thought upstairs
Sitting on my little cradle at dawn
Expecting the food vendor I had dreamt inwards
All this gummy dirts were washed down
Just like the moment between life and death
Looking at my back, it was these bees I doubt around
I beheld not an apiary in the depth
Round my tangerine they buzz abound
Just a trivial relief
Allies came saying they are creatures of the great one
Appreciated by men through this belief
Oh! I said I shall be as this crayon
To appreciate the bees
Fortunately they come my ways.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'LIFE NEVER EQUAL'

At dawn sitting on this terrace under my tangerine
After I had slept in beautiful ugly snatches with mosquitoes
Never convinient at dining snoring in hunger
Taking a little garri and water contrary being the days of harmattan
At a mansion near my little hut
I could hear the sound of the babies nurtured with golden spoons
Cheering with their tea cups flowing along with buttered breads
I thought of misfortune and ascribe this to destiny sometimes.

When it was doomsday, the sophisticated birds
Singing on the palms were heralding night
On my mat do I stay yearning like the beggars
Who strives to always be choosers
Just some kilometers away my home do I perseve the
Sound of the best moukas slept on by chicks of my womb
I thought this would never be a big deal on my banes at night.

Oh I wondered why men were not created equal
What a world of setbacks for the majority overwhelmed with rectitudes
Luxury for the minorities unprecedented in their cerebrums
If I could reproach him above summoned
These could have been swapped in our old and future days
We hope to forestall this since the day never comes
We hope to swap the fortune if we faint not.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'MY BABE, MY BANE'

Rose, could you ever turn rust I never knew
These affections of mine centred on your lonely palace
Babe you never gave me time to appreciate this
Like cat and rat do we live under same roof
I thought this was ephemeral to our emotional memories
Anyway nobody ever dreamt of the best beauty
Yet I tried to dream such dreams of caress
So as to presentably keep my balls off beauties
Though I knew the war of beauty has no finish
Yet I reinforced boxing the battle to nitch the climax
But you never soften these banes of mine
Since it was already foretold in the memorable day our day
It was never a song we sing twice not even in our dreams
But we would rather esconce ourselves
Even though the banes are internally felt
This have I been observing since I have to accept
Those things stipulated unchangeable
I hope to forestall this in the next generation
During new birth after our happy death
Which might be spontaneous but rather foretold.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'MY DAYS'

My days I mean days of maturity with no sincerity and therapy
Are all days of loneliness with unhappy opulence
My days full of no therapy even when dismayed
Days of no love even when feeling dejected
Days of no reception when rejected and maltreated
Like Jabez do I dine and wine alone in my little premises
I mean my premises yielding little promises
Days of sobriety, I never knew exhilaration
Days of sobbing tears I never knew a Davidic life
Days of hunger with food in my bans to serve millions
Days of heat with cold water to recuperate
Yet I never dim it fit to wash this away maybe ignorance
There are times I thought of existentialism
On this leas created pleasantly now seems boring
The one I met was garrulous and covetous
Could I ever draw one second happiness out of this I contemplated
She always demand and never satorated
I knew this was never true love but rather pretence
Of my opulence and wealth I never brag was she attracted
I knew this was from fry pan to fire
Who is the damsel that will forestall a happy day for my banes
Who is to make me swim in the occean I have been
Longing to stay unsatisfied, no soothsayer could again soothsay
The 95% of those thought competent was never
Do I go out of this world with no descendants?
Oh! this is my bane, I never knew which to choose
Till maybe heaven may precariuosly predict I speculate one day.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'MY JOURNEYS ON THESE LEAS'

For a million year do I ruminate on my existence
Was it longing on existentialism I rhetorically asked
Ere half my days was I thinking of my mission yet maybe unborn
Embedded in the womb of this spontaneous girl
Even though my soul more bent to misogyny
To serve therewith my maker and present my virtous account
Lest it might return chide avoiding prodigality
But one phenomenon that changes any man
Makes many insane, a few derailed has began to
Make me grow pagan ebbing my mission and begining to derail
Now I knew there is no rigidity in the heart of any potent man
Like Cain drifting around with little flexibility
She gave me a lovely attack of her strategy
Being reluctant to fall in this mess of Delilah
But with the little pheromone I was already in love like Romeo
Now I knew there was no rigidity in me
But a flexible rigidity that could be perverted
She made me knew I was needing a spinal cord
Even for my pulpital pulpital mission to be accomplished
When I was called to the pulpit not ignominous
She showed me true colour of love and support
Now do I knew she was my Eve
A bone of my bone, a flesh of my flesh
I shall ever remain loyal for two million years
If we are made immortal till the conversion of the Jews.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

MY QUEEN MY BEAUTY

Who dreams that beauty passes away
Like those dreams our dreamsm, oblivious many were they
Though with this sophisticated pride
We could behold the beauty we could not hide
But lady, had we but world enough and time
This coyness love could have been no crime
Because in due time the long preserved virginity
Turned to dustm, this grave fine and private place with beauty
No hot love I think do there romance
Let us now fly while we may with no pranks
With vehementness and curiousity should
We express our long lovings day, may be we could hear could
Hear the voice of the colourful birds singing
And interpreting our dreams perched on our udulating planes.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

NEVER SAY QUIT

Never say quit when being pursued by the Egyptians
Never say eternal farewell when your bosom says goodbye
Life never a bed of roses many debunked the popular tale
Who is to believe our ebbing tales of fortune
Since they wallow in rosy and cosy days in the gardering of the moguls
Yet with our mouths shut with guns having no regrets
They boss us around anyway not regretable to us
But our right which were been nigeriad into dusts
This behold our regrets and banes
Yet we are not animals but we were treared as such
Now we may chant on better days because the
Great one's coming is being heralded to our ears
Those things nurtured by lucidity they debunked
Yet upstairs we are mentally complete
Then we shall never say quit until the Israelites are saved.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

NEW SEASON ANTICIPATED

As the wave make towards the pebbled shore
So do this luxurious tenure hasten to its core
Yet we can make it come several times like the weather
Sweet it is to the souls only wise but not vulgar
Behold is a new dawn for the beds singing sonorously
To elect yet another spokesman legitimately
Sent, altruistically and gallantly returned with the goodies
Though the courage was never reposed on his bodies
Yet has he proved to them there are people trustworthy
For their deeds and history shall ever be noteworthy
One good term deserves several for him the prudent man
Always ready for the course of rectitude if juxtaposed with the san
Asiwaju is here again not for the pecuniary advantage
Lets vote for better dispensation for the protagonist on stage.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

NEW SEASON ARRIVED

As the wave make towards the pebbled shore
So do this luxurious tenure hasten to its core
Yet we can make it come several times like the weather
Sweet it is to the souls only wise but not vulgar
Behold is a new dawn for the beds singing sonorously
To elect yet another spokesman legitimately
Sent, altruistically and gallantly returned with the goodies
Though the courage was never reposed on his bodies
Yet has he proved to them there are people trustworthy
For their deeds and history shall ever be noteworthy
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'ONCE IN MY LIFETIME

Once in this luxurious time of mine do I stay sceptical on this opinion
I yearned once you are married no more divorce
Once you are in love like the old Ruth hatred is out of the scene
Life the home of the agiles
Only the strong could debunk the story of the masses
I dreamt when the day is resplendent
We should not talk of haggardness
Oh! the sky I thought would be the limit of this journey
As of now, at my teenage do I yearn for the fate
Which if emerge might be or otherwise
Like the serving soldiers in dilemma
The choice chosen in predicaments
I should have seen it coming
The signs have I failed to read
You told me no one like me in your bosom
This might have led me intoxicated on time
I lively collapsed when I smelt the scent of another man
In her room anmd laps
From my heart I thought of a wicked love
Love of Delilah
Love of the Philistines
After a decade of harmony

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'RAINING AT MY TEENAGE'

This heavy rain coming we heard of it impromptu
Just the winter season of our days
We knew when it was heralded by this
Whirling wind just like a mad man chasing chassis
Minis flown up to expose asses of these whores
Who dreamt that their beauty passes away not like dreams they had
This hungry and thirsty land for centuries
Although a breeze and bruise do they yearningly requires
After decades of summer
My dead living plantains just at my gardens
All now resuscitated to the expectations
Of their long-necked hungry master
Just under my tangerine do I feel the breeze
Of the peaceful downpour divine
Oh! God they wonder what could have become
Of them if it hadn’t rained
From the bottomless bottom of my heart
Do I yearn for another springs just like this
To behold the dancing young to the
Rhythm of the whirling wind

Israel Damilola Ipaye

ROAD TO DILEMMA

When at jumping-jumping singing nursery rhymes
He asked me what the road that leads to dilemma is
Being childish I trivialized the unforeseen paradox
As I grow older do I ruminate on these things over me?
Which road might lead to my predicaments even in seclusion?
So might I standing on these pleasant leas
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn avoiding the road
I learnt it was inevitable except to be on the pulpit
Now do I got the monster bothering my soul
Am agile now hoping to put one in the family way
I met roses in diversity and multifarious in the crannies
All with harmonized songs of marital vehementness kami-kami-kami
Now do I understand the emotions and soliloquy there is no one
Greater than the one am dining with precisely
Being upset and distressed breaking my eyes and picked one unknown
Now do I knew out of all the home remedies
A good better half is the best
For me she causes my banes around everyday
If I had my eyes opened then, I could not have in that wilderness
I have fallen in the trap of Delilah love
Regret I knew softens not the groan but perplexes
I knew it is never a song we sing twice
Lest you come short of the commands in that holy book
I keep under my pillow when tormented from dreams
So as to be overwhelmed with rectitude when he comes
Unarguably have I cleaved to my fate inevitable?

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'SEVERAL EVENTS OCCURED'

Several exhilarating but atrocious occurences
Had we but encountered after dreams we mean our dreams
Comic but sometimes elegiac were they
With these adaptive organsall over our sensories
Many scaped through but half expired.

Several teeming of rainfalls
But were being drained when the place was dry and thirsty
Dews uncountable were they on the apex
But being transpired during the summer
We know we have seen both life and death many on the roadsides.

Sequel to their victory the braggarts claim merit
Being overcomers precipitated by the metalic monsters
In their possession which they marshal gallantly
But we knew, this grace unmerited were they
Oh! we never deem it fit to experience this.

Now the 1st of the dreamt and suspensed January
Just like the trees bending to let the wind pass amicably
Do we dance to the rythm of the drum
Beaten vehemently by the expert drummers of ours
In harmony do they sound kpako-kpako-kpako-kpako-gbi-gbi-gbi
We all yearned may His name be adored
As no one else is worthy of this except Him that lives above.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'Six Years Hastily Spent'

Had we but world enough and time
Loaded with exhilaration in this citadel of the learned
To express our white heart as snow gratitude
Open wide, our hands scatter praises
Oh! our breasts are pool of love
For the tarry six like century has been born and died today.

We had thought only the obstreperous could be the fittest
In all these years full of joyous damns
But lo, we decide not for tommorrow
What itself decisively decides
For this tommorrow ahead
Shall soon be mingled with these coherent days.

Shall we now say bravo?
To the indefatigable unrelenting farmers
Who have been nursing the shoots till maturity
This ascertained, they shall eat of the yields
This is the inevitability in the Holy Book
Invented by the mighty man of valor.

We shall go to the rivers
Rivers where ignominy and honour stays invitable
With attractive colours to those misled
We shall go drawing rainbow on the paper sky
For our eager descendants to play with
With inseparable coherence
With our busy brains we shall sing new songs.

We shall sooner tell the tales
Folktales of the past panoramas
Met in the mouth of the ex elders in the field
When the obstinate success is tamed
Lo, it shall forever be awesome
We know after several years
We shall inadvertently say farewell.

We shall go into the war front
Winning the battles of the brave
For the Sharpened spears we have claimed
We shall be rude to the dangers
For we abide under the shadow of the mightiest
Ipsofacto, we are born to win
The battles wherein we have the greatests.

As we are going into the perils of life
Braving audacious dangers
In all widerness, we shall keep diligence
Vehement to touch best ambitions
For we have confronted the lion and lioness
Now here we are victorious
Arguably we are unarguably leaving with ecstacy.

As we are going into the world
Dreaming different dreams
Sharing peculiar visions
Struggling for better days and greener pastures
God! be our guidance
For the world is ebbing to the last page
No one could precariously enunciate better days.

Oh! behold the denouement of the whole scene
Lo its memory shall never fade
Coming embryos in the mothers womb
Take perseverance as your bosom friend
Never relent in the darkest days
For after darkeness, shining there comes lights.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'THE MAN IN THE SYNAGOGUE'

“THE MAN IN THE SYNAGOGUE”

A terrible time coming we heard of it
Just a very season pool of sores and infirmities
Hospitals no longer contemporary
A place for the one leggeds
They were all folly and wanted wear
It was a race meant for the fittests

In the shrine of these goddesses
Do mourning mouths renounce their living
A place of abode for ten decades
Yet no recuperation, they never dreamt
Of a better day which was ahead
Now experienced like His ascension

In towns screams of mourning hungry mouths
Yearning for foods tosses and turn
In the din of the whirling winds
What to swallow at dawn
Do they never knew at prime
These were times they regretted ascribing to
Existentialism on these pleasant leas
Now seems boring

There were times we reproached the Creator
This existence we knew not what goes beneath
These diseases were like reinforced forces
Playing like the foretold Anti-Christ
We never heard of the philanthropist in the synagogue
Though impromptu we seldom heard of him
A mighty man sent to boss these groans from Arigidi Akoko

Unhappy was our land, we incessantly yearned a hero
He is here, the man in the synagogue
He emerged, free for all salvation was heralded
Leprosy where is thy power?
Epilepsy could no longer say its efficacy
We serve your mighty God, the man in the synagogue

Now it seem uneasy lies now the head which wears
The crown, the starved for long now saturated
The barrens now fruitful, the dumb
Now speakers in the National Assemblies
Mourning mouths singing songs of malignant nemesis
Over the restoration of the stolen scenario

The cat which no rat could bell seems impossible
I s belled carrying the biggest of the bells
Behold the rats very exhilarated in their first reunion
These are luxurious times
We entered synagogue, our groans

All flee away, the sanctuary we thought meant for the braves

The man in the synagogue behold your enemies
Antagonists even though villains
Voluminous, be brave like the old David
They are tattered flags
That breezes away with little storm
You shall for ever be insurmountable

He shall be with you in all seasons
When you rise to erect the fallen mahoganies
Behold your protector never slumbers a second
Very close to you Emmanuel
Giving you audacity to cast away demons majestically
We mean the obstinate

Pastor Temitope Joshua you are divine
Behold villains wearing away this privilege
In the shrine of the goddesses
It moves them not, anyway they have no disparity
Great God! I would rather be a steward
Suckled in the synagogue, so might I
Standing on this pleasant altar have glimpses that
Would make me less forlorn and triumph

The philanthropist, they never knew the presentability
Better to serve in heaven than to reign in hell
The oracles seem to be too much with them
As for me my people, we will serve
The Great God of synagogue
Who never diminishes in power.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

'These Days'

When I tasted the affairs of these days
Behold it was all sour
When I beheld the affairs of these ungracious pastors
Dekko it has sequel become my bane
Oh! The world is a cruel place sometimes luxurious

Oh hullabaloo, the world is too wide for thee
Many stuttered, but patience to prevent
Wherein shall you abode
Under this palms, under this tangerines
Ergo no one could predict precariously because it was very cold

I woke up early on my morning
I thought those we repose the mantle on
Could have been the fittest
But rather, they become servants of the holes in their garments
Leaving the turnable stones unturned.

Who else could stand he chance to forestall peace
We thought those above sixty could be
Alas! We decoded they are the worst we have ever experienced
Even the tenure of the youngest could have been explicable
To the learned in the garden of knowledge
We mean those who could interpret the omen of the nightmares we had

But now, we cheered a new crop of human right activist emerged
Who could macadamize all these dilapidated structures
Which have proclaimed many moguls defunct
Those who could have been relied on to fetch betters days beneath
At their prime, they mourned them home, ascribing their misfortune
To these roads that are not motorable

The soothsayers could no longer soothsay
The arrival of the suspensed betters days they say ahead
Everybody on tentterhooks expecting the days of efficacy
Where we have things auguring efficaciously
Then the dancer could dance to the rythm of the talking drum
Precisely, the centre could hold in peace

But now who is to bell the cat; a teaser
Who could jeopardise his one precious stone
Which if lost, has no duplicate
Except the mightiest who abides in heaven
The face of whom no one could behold
His wrath no one could subdue
Lest him that abide under His shadow

Israel Damilola Ipaye

TO MY HEART

Among the pleasant leas of the dreamt beauty
I found one that overwhelmed her acquaintance
Now I thought of an endless journey in this market place
A journey to cherish every parts of her
The face shall I cherish with centuries
Behold the beauty no pastor could stare once and evacuate.

Now like the news unprecedented shared impromptu
When the water was hot she took a french leave
One eternal or interim no soothsayer could yearn
I drifted seeking her face, her resemblance was wanting
Oh! How could I sleep this off, a fleeting visit of caress
You wilerness, vomit my love lest the vile grows waxer.

How could the episode obliterate and fade without flashbacks
Could ten thousand years wipe the groan?
This world the home of suspense
Hell many call home, where should I acquaint my feelings
Under the yellow bush or the ocean as white as snow swimming alone?
Oh my heart! Emerge and soften this ignominous bane of mine.

Like flimsy vies of the butterflies on my tangerine
Under jackboots of suspense do my bone cries of love agony
Oh! You sky everywhere you behold none is latent to you
Now do I urge you to emerge my heart
So as to continue with our endless journey of love
Just like news of victory after several seasons of waterloo

Israel Damilola Ipaye

TO MY ROSE

Maid, for a million years do I examine thy splendour
I found no one who could vie with you love
Like an orphan under this tangerine do I breeze alone with no therapy
Baby, we thought beauty passing like our nightmares
Though my agony; you keep the sex in suspense
Confirmation of your love you never confide.

Sequel to the rhythm I thought of misogamy
Though from the spinsterhood do our feelings metamorphosized
Onyx! All you need is my caress
In due time the prolonged virginity turn to dust, but the grave
A congenial place for the scholars in our school
None I think do there romance.

When shall we walk in peace
Tranquility without loving emotions
Oh! Injury on my sentiments, I was never a misogynist
A life of witty peace, manifold stress and strive
Is a loveless world of squanderers.

Should we now dream of better days
When the whole story is dilapidated and fallen apart
When I was alone I wished I could reach the end hastenly
Now with the rose of the earth the race is slow and steady
Oh the storm fetched me my heart among the giants of the forests
Where pleases you, you man the valours.

Wake me when you give it a thought
kiss me with your painted lips when you read on philantropy
Oh my sentiments do I failed to divulge
Love a life with me is eternity because of my altruism.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

TO THE YOUNG OSTENTATIOUS LASS

Like a jiffy does her splendor gently pass away
Alone in the dark wilderness unknown, the beauty hastily go astray
Nevertheless, she dreams of a longer beauty span
Ignorance, you may say, the moon waits to shine for no man
Even to the willing men, she brags and vociferates as though was drunk
Every blink, she titivates removing the splashing facial junk
Even in places unpresentable, but fleeting and ephemeral are these days
Cos beauty abides and hastily fades
The beauty, her grandeur making the suitors much more forlorn
Even to her, she knew has gone to the dust like a hollow nylon
Those room-congested days now she hopes to restore aback
For the quaint honour till doomsday she will ever lack
A hunch now, I think she would never mind
Hmmm, obsolete were the days when they were effortless to find

Israel Damilola Ipaye

VIRGIN FROM CRADLE

From the street where no hope was ever lost
With numerous virgins like the stars, yet with no lust
Nevertheless, on these leas my life goes on
Right from the cradle, have I been less forlorn.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

WHEN SHALL WE WALK IN PEACE

Peace, oh peace our bane whirling around in suspense
Peace, like the seasons it pays fleeting visits
Turpsyturvy now a bosom inevitable ally
Everyone yearning for the dreamt, cosy and rosy tenure
When shall the creeplings walk in peace
Till sunset we keep protesting to no avail.

Democracy they say could have been explicable
But the masses' liberty could not be guaranteed
Open wide mouths that could deem fit were shut with naira
The protestants were all nigeriad and massacred
Yet we hope for better days, several acres or riceland
Not a spoon could be edible for the starving citizens.

Just as we grow old the harder our stress becomes
In contrary with our adage that says a rabbit is prone to
To feed from its offspring when it grows old, this is denied
The offspring will have to feed on the mother untill it dies
Then it becomes an orphan stranded with no care yet they call us babe
With everything nurtured by our vision are, we nuts? we fondly ask.

Now do our open wide mouths wider and stronger
We found those those we dreamt capable to forestall our best days
With groaning they were mourned home now our omen is ephemeral
Their splendour foreseen and cut short
By the lions we called leaders with the facial appearance we beheld
We have failed to dull our palms because they are un-hatched.

At dawn the whole family with opulent intelligence taking garri and water, kids fighting over a spoon of garri this is unfair
Those fit to re-structure the day were circumvented, behold the
Land is too bushy for any unsharpen cutlass to confront
Except the mightiest bulldozer when the time ripes
Then we may yearn the arrival of luxury.

Israel Damilola Ipaye

YOU PROMISED

Several promises made in this our little premises
lady had I thought would aggrandized never with banes
Hundred times beyond these our reasonability
But our tomorrow says never decide for itself
What itself could decisively decide
Oh lady you promised to shower the kisses on me
When shivering with summer hot as the sun
To keep me warm when perspiring
With the weather cool as the snows but at my back do I perceived
This sound of consciousness cooo roo kooo
Then I knew this time our time was running out
Running to hell where they could never be seen
Hurrying down to river where we shall see them
No more not even in our dreams
Now do I never debunk, we proposed
But the intractable future I heard disposes
After we sang those songs we may never sing again
After we dreamt those our dreams onyx
Which after will be once upon a time
We are married to day and never more
I thought the key to that luxury in love
Given to us to marshal and manipulate
I thought amicably, we could burry the hatchet
maybe between the two cat and rat
I never thought there could be an unending end
I dreamt of the beginning and was oblivious of the extreme fate
I tasted the sugarcane and never thought of
The upper stem pool of tastelessness
I ran the speed in this express
I never thought there might be potholes ahead
The mere headache I trivialized turned out
To be the intractable monster I never dreamt of
Which could turn a hundred year of light dark?
I have seen both life and death, love and hatred
Now how I could contrast which one is friendly and cool
If juxtaposed, Oh! Life I mean love, love I mean unending love
My love goodbye is hardest to say
Looking to imagine a life without you
I never know what could become of me
My love I hope to travel soonest
Even at prime is with no regret tonight
I mean no ribs hanging on my oesophagus lass.

Israel Damilola Ipaye