Poetry Series

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

- poems -

Publication Date:

December 2011

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle (31 of July 1988)

Ibikunle Oladehinde Joseph (popularly known as Eminent) was born on 31 July 1988, a creative artist/pastor father and a mother who basically engage in trading, the parents of which both are descendant of Yewa south in Ogun state. He had his primary and secondary education in Alagbado where he was born in Lagos. He graduated from secondary school in the year 2006 (the same year He loosed His father) , He moved on serving apprentice as a creative artist and he was finally freed in the year 2008, since then, He has been busy in one factory or the other gathering ends to continue His education. History has made it clear that Joseph started writing from His days in secondary school, His poem 'Crestfall' won the best didactic poem in the Young Literatii Club of Alagbado in the year 2009. He is currently in level 200 at Foreign Links College of Education (Links) a private tertiary college in Osun state where He studies English and Political Science. Joseph is not just a creative writer but also a creative artist and talented gospel musician, He is very good on the football pitch and vibrantly sound in His academics so He was elected as the Governor of His faculty in April 2011.

...Complied by Samson O'dele Akinsola.

Works:

A play 'The Kingdom of Adekunle'

Black Rhyme

I groan on my African throne
And my bone is shown
To the stone.

And we dawdle and we fiddle
In huddle, and our cradle
Is done with a doodle.

I feared and scared
Without cheer, lonely on a chair
Not with a dear but my fear.

And I scream'd when I deem'd
The rim too slim
To hold the beam.

That it might crawl and fall
On the walls of the hall
And crumbles it all.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Father Africa

Father Africa! At a token ignorance,
You have given your inheritance:
To strangers you gave amuch
White loonies who do not eat in our dish.
Behold, with some sham laughter;
They transacted for few daughter;
They bring clothes and rum and guns
To shackle away your sons.
Father Africa, foolish you!

Lo! See Mama Africa cry
Her hapless tears undry
On her black beautiful, dark
dimples
Oh Africa, chaos ripples.
See your sons brutally unfair
Taking hostage His own kin at
warfare,
Selling them at ludicrous token
Oh Africa, your woes betoken!

The sun rose in great grief
And shambled to rest in dumb disbelief,
The rivers pensive in their bank.
Our follies deserve on thank;
Africa sells her prime at twenty
pounds,
Her offspring shackled to foreigngrounds
On a fettered peregrination to the coasts,
They await shipment for wicked hosts.

Father Africa, foolish you!
Has that token twenty pounds
Suffice the pandemic poverty that pounds
You and Your offspring on the
head?
Those you sold - million tears shed
You caused them sorrowful spiritual to sing
They endlessly labour where trepidations ring,
They suffer severe discomfort - unfair!
They dwell in dejected despise and despair.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Follow Him

If imbroglio have your silver gold
And you have no fortune to hold
Pray, panic no longer
He whose mercies are great number
Will forsake you neither.
...Just follow him,
...He leads one through
...The cool green moisty meadow
...That comforts every soul.

Be you not overjoyful - for more
He the whole world today at your door
And who keep tab you know not at all
As their censure anticipate your flaw
So they could be jester of your crestfall.
...Please, follow him,
...He leads one through
...The cool green moisty meadow
...That comforts every soul.

Weep not a droplet
You destituted and penniless moppet
As he likes he shares his fortune,
He tears overnight abideth
The dawn comes with happy tune.
...I beseech, follow him,
...He leads one through
...The cool green moisty meadow
...That comforts every soul.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Journey to Timbktu

All along alone, on and on we zoom
In our father's aged Nissan Datsun.
This dark cloud hang so high above us
The little moon cling and illume.
Lazy stars stand scanty from the moon
And dim of it comes down on creatures.

The dim illumed road, good but slender,
Bush stand at both side of it
Gentle breeze of the hour charge it to pass.
No pointer in front to the route ofour agenda
Behold back behinde, no light for our eyes to be lit
We are alone like mischievous lass

At cock crow, we've been bade cheerio,
Sun has meet us and now the mild moist moon.
Music has been suplied in abundance sum
Ere it comes to the malfunction of the stereo
Hence, danceabliss bliss is scattered like broken spon
When and when will be bade welcome.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Mama Mama Mama

Mama mama mama!
...most precious kindred
Who doth care for me
...more than thee, pretend.

Mama mama mama!
...ever am indebted
What thou afforded me
...suffice, contented.

Mama mama mama!
...thou pampering care instist
During quagmires
...mother, thou subsist.

Mama mama mama!
...thou noble boy calling
All thou sowed in forlorn
...thou'll reap rejoicing.

Mama mama mama!
...tears shadowed the night
Gaze the horizon, east
...sun of grace in sight.

Mama mama mama!
...albeit, now, too hard
Here comes the relief
...promised, thou wee bard.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

My Thought at Night

This naked world rolls on
Like a cob when threshing the corn.
Our days of prime, we gad-about,
All was void but we eke-out.
Succes might not be glaring,
Because life is shamming;
Either joy or sorrow is a prone
We delve but none is known.
Let opulence be impure,
Alas, for all, heaven is unsure;
But in the fall of the curtain,
Only death is certain.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

My Zion My Home

To the abode in heaven too far
To the bossom heart O' father,
Spirit bless us; me faint lest
Take me to the place of rest.

Unto the Willow tree like a sleeping Cheetah,
I hung my idle gentle gallant guiter;
Will I not sing a cherished merry festive song,
Ere you mend my tongue?

My darling heart goes home high;
No wings wishing I could fly.
My Zion, eager I am to see you
Everytime, each remember my memory do.

Father to you and I path-
Path, where spread misfortunes like mat.
When will I pass and leave this wilderness,
Toward the holy land of the sinless?

O God I besech, be nigh to me,
In you I believe, and now and forever and it be;
Pathfind me through the wilderness of life,
At the end, let me be back home where I strove.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Naija at 50s

'tis your golden jubilee;
It means much to us verily.
And with dejected delight,
We shall dance all night.
As your offspring groan
Under your bivouac of stone,
The ways are laden
And our dreams are trodden,
But through the sky,
We look God in the eyes;
Nigeria will surely rise
And the toil of our great heroes
Shall not amount to zero.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Okpeakarikah

Why is your coming so constant
To Amaozalla? At less distant
Nigh to us, your faces unpleasant,
The rich for money you beg with chant.

Nmaun, with tipple you've sozzled
You become stronger but puzzled
Run faster never dawdled
Like a rabbit never stumbled.

You sozzle, puzzle nor stumble all second
You naked figure covered with frond
Idle youth play to provoke is their fond
And you to chaze like fish in pond.

'You're ancestors' indegenes believe,
'You're lazy youth' that's our belief.
Stay for nine months and leave,
So there will be no more chant on chief.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Parody 1

There was an old man of Dixon
Who for no reason
Said, 'am not scared of treason
Or to spend the rest in prison'
Hello! The audercious old man of Dixon.

Here is a Mancunian from Manchester
Who argued and fought and slap his master
He dines with bread and sheabutter
And too flaming sticks of Doorchester
'What a nutriton! ' He chalter.

There was a lad of Bagdhad
Whose name was Challad
He threw stones into Chad
'Longer than that might meet my dad'
But it killed your mother, lad.

There was an aged native of Benguella
Whose name was unknown in particular
He dances to sounds of Vuvuzella
And fought with a tarantula
What a brave aged face from Benguella.

There were some old pillocks
Who live on high hillocks
They sang songs of bollocks
And dance to their poppycocks
What a foolish moment with pillocks.

There was an old bard of Holloway
Who died long ago befor today
He inked his poems anyway
Yet, teach me what I'm writing today
He was Edward Lear of Holloway.

The above poem is the parody of Edward Lear's 'Limericks'. Compare the two poems and discorver the similarities and contrasts.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Rain

Lightning precedes the thunder
The cloud goes dark
And the vapour creeps asunder
The earth breezed and black.

The plant of the farm
Under the authority of the storm
The tree unrest - uncalm
Swinging their fingers in various form.

The angry thunder bellow
Market women in hasty confusion
Our children screaming below
Rain is coming in quick diffusion.

Now it finally cascades
As it clatters in cacophony
Upon all roofs in the villages
Like songs of sonorous symphony.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Reciprocation

Once, twice I've heard;
Severally, it has been said.
Be it sword, or let it be gun,
If you kill by one, you die by one.
'You're the recipient of what you give,
It behoves you to behold how you live'

Today was the muderer of yesterday;
He succeded sending him to the clay.
A killer who is also a prey,
That would be kill'd by Tomorrow to be call'd today.
'You're the recipient of what you give,
It behoves you to behold how you live'

I devour beef prepared by slave,
I know I would be eaten by ants in the cave of grave.
So let the comforters be comforted,
And the oppressors be tormented.
'You're the recipient of what you give,
It behoves you to behold how you live'

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Some People Said

Some people said,
'Life is not a bed of Roses'
But I argued and replied,
'Life is a bed of roses
And Savannah of tribulations'

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Statue

You've been here all these days
At a rather ready reluctant pace,
Bearing big basket of books
Your head bows, some atrophied looks.

Your arm elbowed over the shoulder
Helping the basket heavy as moulder.
This you've carried all night and day
Built high your muscle of clay
Your brown skin shines in the sun,
With vim you toil in raining morn.

You were alone when I met you,
And I with my head lonely too,
I did not walk up to you
For handshakes or 'how do you do? '
Now, I have friends of different faces
Fellas and damsels of different races,
Still, you have no friend - no one,
Nevertheless, you care for none.

When I became gaunt of hunger
You never ate, yet make no blunder.
You care not - not for any contigency,
No fear for carry-over or exigency
Unlike we that run by your nude vigour
Attending classes, calculating our figure.
Unfaltered and contented with your ladden
Me thinks you carry the whole world as burden.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Supplication

When my earthly watchtower
...crumbles;
And the wailing pandemonium
...of my kindred rumbles,
When it comes to the end of
...the day,
May I have some sweet songs
...to say,
Built for of but a home therein
A place for endless bliss within,
My Saviour, this be my supplication.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Horse on Which I Rode to North

The horse on which I rode to north
Dropped me in the middle of nowhere
Where there was no voice to hear
Here, my journey is reaveld naught.

The onset was sweet, gentle stallion
You did gladly gallop off my southern gate
You spendidly speed in a good fate
You skidded on like troop of battalion.

Wee wind whistles, drizzles descend
You took my head through the foliage of Zion
You trotted through the flowers of Babylon
Up to north, we happily ascend.

Behold! West on my left-East on right
Move on, my treasure is lonely left
Move on, our home is untidily swept
Move on, you are my flight.

Suddenly, you hoped forward so high
Standing strong on your hind feet
I dropped away off my feet
Alas! North is up, south down not nigh.

You dropped me and headed to your path
Leaving me motionless on the meadow
Where I trace no footprint but my shadow
And no sound but the beat of my heart.

My dream is at the edge of the north high
My home at the bottom of the south
I 've loosed the treasure I scout
My home is alone, no friend had I.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Onset

perfections in the first garden
Prelude of peace - not perilous
But on a beautiful cypress in Eden
Perched an attractive Albatross.
The pandemic immortal imperfection nears
Lo! The pretty perfection marred
The erring pair pioneers
From Eden, that day barred.

This reason be for many a squalid,
My iniquities glow like ember.
Before You, this is not splendid.
Your magnanimity I remember,
Please, pardon all immoral done
This voice of your poor little son.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

To This Little Bard

To this little bard;
On this Africa stony soil,
Or let me call you a lad.
Your destination I'll never foil.

The wintry weather never wistle to your ear
But the cold harmattan on your skin.
Your words are to witty to hear
But your servile atittude I've seen.

Your destination I'll never foil,
Will your name be as Hilaire Belloc's
Your noble character I'll neither spoil;
Your message I deemed without bollocks.

You bard - lad of our land;
Your written unsung mellodies
Will soon be appreciated by thousand hand,
Your ponderous word of tragedies.

Lad! This is what you are, 'a virtuoso'
Your written unsung mellodies
Will soon be read by countless mouth or so,
Your flowing rhymes of comedies.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Trance

The cricket sang the starlight
Raleigh in his prison bay,
Wrote his words on dim light
And was killed the next day.
What would be my swam song?

I felt the twang of the trigger
That holed through Lincoln's head,
And the drops of red in the theatre,
At Ford when the killer fled.
Where will I meet my grave?

I thought of the hemlock
That choked Socrates to grave,
With a heart strong as rock,
I wept but no tear can save.
Who will weep for my sake?

It came back like yester-night
When Ibikunle silently slept
To heaven with holy myth
A puritan heart he kept.
When will mine come to pass?

While all these men sleep foreva
Their virtues and grace within their hold,
And me synonymously clever
Valour and candour all within my fold.
One day, shall I be remember'd like this.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Wishes

We have all but this to say:
Many more blissful years to come
With joy wrapped in numberless sum
To all soul that own the day.

May God grant perfect nuptial bliss
To these two that b'come one
Not to sever in rain or sun.
Let's look on as they give the conjugal kiss.

Let's make more mirth of merriment
To those crown with mortar-board
They have come in happy horde:
Once a student, now free, so excellent!

Let's wish the dead peace,
Wherever, - no one can tell
In heaven or in hell
Let the peace of the Lord never cease.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle