Poetry Series

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- 38 poems -

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1984

Symbolic year-Orwell wrote a book and called it that Then was when I was ten Soyinka was two scores and ten America was tricentenary minus ninety-two A coup de grace was a year old in my country Just one year and we had a coup d'état Three years earlier my father wore Army khaki and helped save Chad When the world's Olympians gathered in Los Angeles 70 years it was one war erupted and two decades and five for Hitler to spring up another My mother knew not she 'd chipped in a poet, and a farmer, and an essayist like Emerson, And a philosopher, and a thinker like SPA-(Socrates Plato Aristotle)

1984: symbolic year!

1984: ten years after another Cicero reincarnated.

a.k.a

One beautiful man named Lawrence and his bosom friend called Michael Chose to re-christen me in 2009 They both slept and had one dream All emphases placed on K The first letter of the name my parents gave to me Lawrence baptised me K-Factor! Michael confirmed me KAPITAL-K!

Ajangbila

Ajangbila!
I turn my back to you
I wouldn't dine with you
When I heard your name
I ran faster than the cheetah

Ajangbila!
You run cantankerous in heads
Devil's handiwork you are
You dance like the devil itself
You are too little to belitttle

Ajangbila! You would rather annihilate You would bring down low What you erected in a lifetime In a jiffy and a fraction of seconds

Ajangbila! You always blast like thunder But more calamitous than it Funnier than the strange rain Which rocked Lagos on July 10

Ajangbila!
I call unto my creator
I call unto my head
To put between me and you
A gap unbrigdeable by any artisan.

Antitheses

I am a soldier!
Albeit I don't own an Army uniform
I belong to the Mafia!
Albeit I never saw Sicily
In my last incarnation,
I was a Greek
And I worshipped only Mnemosyne

Those who don't know my tale
Often say I am feisty
Unknown to them
I 'd wept more than I smiled
They only see my squirrel
When it is in the chips
Never knowing my squirrel
Ofttimes sleeps zero-bellied
The lizard's egg may be softer
But tougher than an ostrich's
If you climb Olumo successfully
Better call it your own Everest
The Catholic Order taps no blood from England
And the masquerade borrows no wares

My heart once made of stone Now is of steel Steel with the densest alloy I flew without wings I lived in the desert Where there were no oases I didn't do as Mao says That through guns alone I gain might But I did as he says That my watchword be-One against nine, nine against one Kongi also exhorts me-To set forth at dawn So I can move as whirlwind Epistemology plus logic is Philosophy My talons are now stronger than an hawk's Now I dance among foes unhurt!

As it was

The wealth gathered by accretion Quite better than that by quantum leap The termitarium was not built in one day The chick metamorphoses into a cock but not within an eye's blink Athens was once superior to Rome And so did Rome to London The egg of birds comes in variant The weightier the bird, the heftier the egg The first water I ate from my mother's bosom is what science chooses to call colostrum And it simply calls the remainder milk Although I don't know how it tasted I still value her for this sweet food.

Calamvs Gladio Fortior

Equip a thousand mighty men Each with unbreakable sword To face the wordsmith in battle Him alone with an inkful of pen The belligerent swordsmen And their sanguinary swords The single pint of blood spilled Was used to write their destiny.

Caveat

The fatwa was issued on us Amidst the darkest of nights To move away from the coast To the trajectory of our world Which leads to the hinterland One we never saw in dreams Nor conceived in our thoughts The owners of the elegant abode Have bartered it out for dough Seven days were all the grace Till we get trashed out As nothing but rotten tomatoes We supplicated like never before That God come to our aid We chanted with a voice: We want another coast! And we got the shocker of our lives When we got the heaviest news That the succour provider just expired We were like hopeless Jews Who got trapped by Pharaoh We looked forward and hindward No birds seem to roam the sky We heard no croaks from frogs Where were the melodies That we could dance to? Where were our own Platos and Goethes? On the sixth day we chose to excel We displayed our own caveat Against those who come to scare us

Caveat:

That we were rebels ourselves.

Code 46664

I decoded this code
I decrypted this crypt
Once written in Roman
And later put in hieroglyph
That was the code
That that rugged sage got

Code 46664: Madiba's penitentiary number.

(For Nelson Mandela who strained his nerves for South Africa.)

Dirge

Darkness descended at noon Rain fell after it vowed never to fall again Is there still honey in the hive? Will we further see the epiphyte glued to the palm? The largest star within the galaxy has dropped! I am soaked amidst my own tears right now Hard-hearted, strong-boned that I am Tears flow like the river in my eyes We sob even in our heart The heavens themselves open their doors And pour down fresh water To assuage the drought that plague us As the saint ceases to breathe He looks as fresh as bitterleaf Like a newly sprouted bitterleaf Rich in life But richer in death.

(Ode to Gani Fawehinmi, front-line human rights activist who ancestorized on the 5th of September, 2009.)

Fate

When next I come to earth And if reincarnation were genuine $ec{\mathbf{I}}$ 'd like to come the way \mathbf{I} came now My mother will still be the she My father still will be the one that run the engine I 'd bear the name I bear now I 'd still read Emerson as well as Whitman I 'd plant coconut in every house I build I 'd be an angler when in teenage I 'd read about Keats at a younger age Í 'd be both a mystic and a prognosticator I 'd beat drum and phantoms will dance I 'd seek the Godhead more than I did now I wouldn't default on philanthropism as of now I 'd be an inspirer of souls as of now

At the point of leaving the gate of heaven
I 'd beg the Supreme Being
To bring in His avant-gardism
I 'd raise my hand and raise
a plea:
'Please make me an only child.

Hold On

All that glitters is not gold But gold must surely glitter Be as wise as gold Put your lustre on hold

How May I Help You?

How may I help you?
The ten million-dollar question
Me and some souls dubbed reps
Take delight in asking by obligation
We make this our routine
Because to do so
Often gets us bacons in our soup
We took some proficiency exposure
Before moving afield
In the course of duty:
We talk to humans,
We talk to ghosts,
We talk to apparitions
And again in the course of duty:
We get praised to heavens,
We get worshipped to idols

What a funny world: Where you see not those you dine with!

Humans!

You and I are humans; for if we were angels We wouldn't live on this plane called earth But roam around our God in heaven Humans are made, angels are created And humans are made before they journeyed here Gold may not lose its sheen But it sure may lose its worth Yoruba doesn't sell the privilege of age to wealth What you don't want to forget Just write it on your palm I tell you it shall be there forever No amount of cleansing dares rub it off Birds don't love boughless trees On which there are no rooms for perching Look deepy into the past But don't live slightly on it Treasure never resides in open earth It's in the places hidden.

I Pay Obeisance To The King

I stand up on my two feet
I bow till my head touches my navel
I prostrate and my forehead becomes glued to earth
And the king is Omo Oba Alade Ijero's uncle
We hail thee, The Ataoja of Oshogbo.

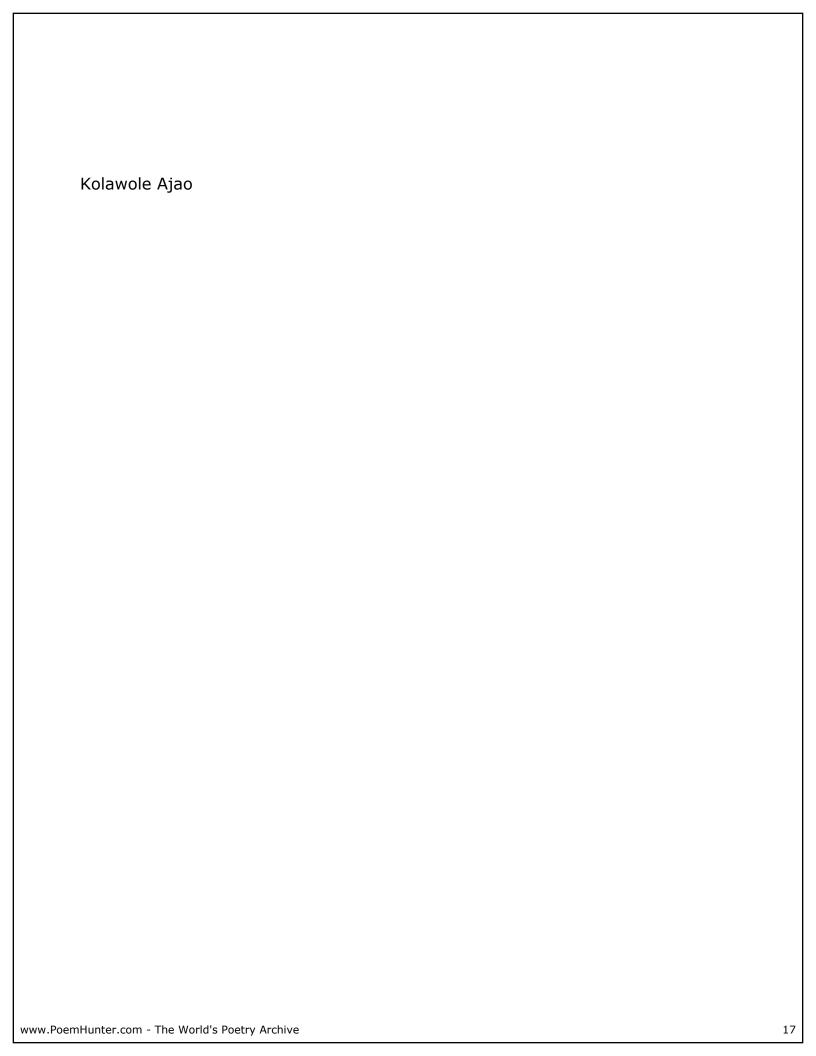
(For the monarch of the city of Oshogbo, Oba Iyiola Oyewole Matanmi, for his goodwill.)

If

If
He
Degenerated
Like
Roots
Of
Shrubs
Amidst
No
Sin
And
Guilt
Call
Him
A
Saint

If
When
In
His
Prime
He
Wined
And
Dined
With
Men
Of
Valour
Call
Him
A
Hero

If
He
Ever
Spoke
And
Sat
With
Sages
And
Poets
And
Etchers
Call
Him
A
Polyhistor



Longevity

The secret of longevity seems to be in Okinawa Where women live for a century and ten in the least of it
But that of men is ninety and nine
Whether in Okinawa or Adelaide
Whether in Oslo or Ogbomoso or and in Minna
Whether in Okhlahoma or in Herefordshire
Whether in Hanoi or in Kumasi or The Hague
Whether in Dakar or in Dhaka
The womenfolk live longer than us.

Nature talks

I 've oftened wondered
Why the lizard prefers to stay
out of the cottage
And the gecko prevals indoor
I 've seen many a child call
gecko lizard
And also call lizard gecko
All I say to such little ones
Is that they both live not
by their own volition
But by what nature wills for them.

Numerology

1 3 5 7 9: oddity
2 4 6 8 10: evenness
The best numerologist of you is you
Nobody knows your number like you
I know some are odd and some even
My only even joker is 4
When it's 9 it hangs but hits it
3 and 7 ain't nothing but the joker's joker
I am definitely not in the hinterland anymore
I have emigrated to the coastal land
Leaving behind the life reminiscent of the swamp
To live in the coast suggests ebullience
My greens are now growing greener
My trees are blossoming robust fruits
The squirrel I find here are larger than the hedgehog
Achatina are three times stouter than I ever saw

Go read your number yourself No other one reads it better.

October

October, even in my tropic Nigeria doth flourish October, in you the heaviest of rains shall fall October, why not you let me say: You are the greenest of months?

Ogidimo

Ogidimo,
That was the splendour of my boyhood
In the southwestern divide of our land
Where my mother excreted me
And gave to me
The milk from her chest
Whence I also began to toddle
And sprout teeth and wing
Thence we rollicked in insectiviewingOur best kind of gaming,
We hunt,
We nurse,
And watch Ogidimo:
The largest species of beetles.

Plea

Plea: To God, For fossil fuel not to dry in our Delta

Plea:

To fellow Nigerians, For babangida (sic) never to see Aso Rock again

Plea: To PDP, For obasanjo (sic) to continue to reign only in Ota

Plea: To the ancestors, For the wisdom teeth of our youth to grow quick and strong

Plea: To longevity, For these folks never to tread again the path of womb straight to tomb.

Pulpit

Ain't got no wings to fly
But got four mobile limbs
Two on the fore, two on the hind
Those on the hind steer me on
And those on the fore are a pulpit
Upon which I place books.

(Written on December the 24th,2008.)

Taboo

The best woman to take to the altar is one's own sister
She knows at least
The first two decades and five of what you call your life
But nature does say no to that
So do many of religions and belief systems and,
Ultimately the law of Jah
In something we call Sodomy
Or incestuousity if we like

Then we all have trodden one major path which often wrings out of us Blood and water and sweat We go for the one we call wife Unrelated to us, a stranger In a union akin to go to gaol In a prison where escape is vague and virulent The day the contract is signed becomes the day you want to unsign The deal you longed to settle.

Were it not for nature and God, Men wouldn't marry outside of home.

Tentacles

I have set my clock ahead of GMT So I can fly at a different pace I don't neéd to acclimatize anywhere I am bio-entrained for any climate I can live and thrive in Siberia among the extreme cold of the tundra The Atacama is not too hot to sear me Singing reggae, singing punk Reverting to ska, rocksteady Old, old highlife songs From Ghana/Nigeria. I claim all things good ever bequeathed mankind I am a rastafarian I am a Buddhist I take from Ifa all truths it tells I am not a hypocrite I bend down low to Christ's info! The world is changing! My views are Socratic I am everything but not atheistic.

The Lass Kanky!

Sleep seemed to have wished me au revoir I was left to rollick amidst a strange euphoria I saw mirage within a myopic distance Then some poets diagnosed what my nausea was What was the prognosis? The prognosis they chanted:
My head contained nothing but the penchant For dreaming about the lass Kanky!

(For Mercy Kankara a.k.a. Kanky, a lady who perculiarly found out that I am a poet)

The Oracle Lies Not

As if the angel of God visited me
The winds that blew toward me 're gold
Washing me off all entanglements
Seperating me from all uncertainties
Showing me the way to Oberhausen
Where a three-hearted oracle lives
Which tells us who own the morrow
What it sings is what we dance
In the end Diego Forlan wasn't more illustrious than thou
The oracle lies not.

(For Paul, the oracle which helped reduce tension in us during the Mundial in South Africa.)

The rich, the poor.

Even in the rich man's house Poor man's food is being eaten You had better eat rich man's food In the poor man's house Than eat poor man's food In the rich man's house Our world is mixed Truly inseperable.

The sunlight that comes in spring

The sunlight of spring comes amidst welcome Why?
It brings refreshment and calmness
That you and I ever anticipated
And not like the hot sun
of a hot noon in summer
Come, oh come, sun, sunlight
In this our spring of camaraderie.

(All thanks go to Michael Brock. As I read his poem The) (Sunlight of Spring, I got hooked up.

The wonders of the ages past.

The wonders of the ages past,
The wit of the ancient sages,
The rare iguana of Galapagos,
The quadrucentenarian tortoise at the palace of Shoun,
The giant crocodile domesticated at Oje in Ibadan,
The turtle named Jakande that I found on Lagos archipelagoes,
Which Omo Oba Alade Ijero helped nurture till it expired
The many trips into the hidden worlds to search for the secret,
The coincidental collision with folks who showed me the way,
The wonderful merger of East and West of Germany,
The reasoning behind Michelangelo's David,
The artitude from which da Vinci etched Mona Lisa,

Enough for me to see the hugeness of our world.

Three Birds

Three birds perched
One flew away
Two remained perching
Another flew away
One remained perching
Another flew away
No bird remained
Three birds flew
They flew away
Out of sighting.

Tomfoolery

I met a nitwit
In his titbits
Talk tommyrot
In a manner hurt
Sing of Mobutu
And despise Tutu
His memory a wane
He was insane.

(Dedicated to Desmond Tutu, Nobel Peace laureate.)

Two love birds

Two love birds: Singing together, Perching together, Roaming together.

Two love birds: Seeing each second, Floating each minute, Drooping each hour.

Two love birds: Nesting together, Slumbering together, Brooding together.

Two love birds: Eating each second, Drinking each minute, Chirping each hour.

Aye, two love birds! : Not dying together.

Unidentical Twins

Death and birth are one One spits us into life The other excretes us into eternity Without one the other a disease.

When one comet fell.

One comet fell on Ikereku An asteroid dropped on Ibadan One whole galaxy of stars ruptured in Lagos Which altogether coalesced, and Made Hiroshima effect a miniature

Astronomical evidence revealed says
Ten and five solar eclipses came imminent
The sky opted for a colour change
The greenhouse effect dropped to 1million degree Fahrenheit
Dynamite's sound now inaudible

The mill of God grinds somehow... Yea!
But grinds exceeding witty

And we were so flummoxed We couldn't lay your wreath Those you left as pillars Don't take your own semblance They could sketch Africa's map And forget to dot Madagascar Adieu to men whose... Memories fade ad infinitum And whose names... We don't carve in gold But non-adieu to the Abese! He entered the ocean a shark But came out a dolphin.

(For Emmanuel Oludele Idowu, Senior Advocate of Nigeria, whom I later chose to call THE SUCCOUR PROVIDER.)

Where's your own poem?

Start by writing anything and calling it your own poem Fold your arms and eyes and wait for people's critiques Some will say you are a poetaster That which carries the weight that your poem isn't weighty But let not that be the oil With which your engine is lubricated Tighten the floor of your heart by making it reminiscent of Gani's Then continue in that phantasmagoria and make many more writes Remember that the bat isn't a bird Yet only the owl can raise its hand In any nocturnal flying Just wait till the day When we shall ask you That golden question up above By then you are already a P And they now the p***** This will be the day when you will see by yourself That both your critics and attackers Both slept and had their heads face the same horizon.

Wisdom of the Ancient

True gaiety moves you close to tears When happiness is cloned you 're moved to tear Where I am, I am with my angels When I vamoose, I vamoose with them all Orange and lime's trees sprout same leaves In taste they are farther apart than day and night.

Woe unto thee!

Woe unto thee Thou wicked ones Of this world

Thou doeth destroy No, no, no Thou try destroyeth

The very handiwork God Almighty carved Swiftly, purely, beautifully

Woe unto thee Thou who tryeth Get soap filthy!

(Written on March the 21st, 2008, to commemorate my birthday).