

## Poetry Series

# Solagbade Oyefara

- 95 poems -

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## **35 Characters**

Twin rages from  
worlds apart tilted  
from an uneven balance  
to collide through the midst  
of the worlds!

Alas one shall  
give way to the other.  
Alas one has  
given way to the  
order!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **A Cold Death**

A cold death...

For the happiest times  
in my life was as a child  
when deliberation had but  
little meaning yet time  
was all-consuming

Pith frozen in the distance  
resignation yet un-imagined  
and then suddenly jarred  
and awakened to a new  
proposition...

Permanence!  
Alas I am  
scarred of the  
permanence of heaven  
as I ought of the existence  
of hell. Unjustifiably? I am wary  
of this proposition as I am  
weary of being a  
child.

I am tired of being a child  
yet a child I will forever be.  
I do not want to live forever.  
Little children who live forever  
become demons  
or gods!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **A Crumbling World**

Every day the truths  
of the world crumble.  
I myself am but a crumbling  
truth. I am crumbling, the world  
is crumbling, the mountains are  
crumbling, even Sol is crumbling.  
I am a lifter of worlds!  
Why should I  
crumble?

When the stomach trembles  
the bile will come to the lips.  
I do not see my wife. I cannot see  
my daughter. Aye I can barely see my  
son. O Blood of my blood, come  
to me. As I am. For the  
good times will  
always be  
ours

What is this thing?  
Drink, then become sober.  
Only the sober mind will see  
the path. A daughter, a son, a partner,  
a husband, a wife, these are  
all along the  
path.

Everyone, living and dead  
deserves a night in the drink.  
Still, the Lord in the white cloth  
should be a lesson to us all.  
She walked before us.  
She created the  
paths.

Yet one weary night,  
she lost herself in the  
drink, and the whirl came  
to what it now is. So, do not  
lose yourself in the drink!  
Do not put your  
hand in the  
finger!

Solagbade Oyefara

## A Differentiation

Vision of the feld

Alone across the Feld  
there was the thickness  
of the trees- weak vitiated  
stone structures- their barks  
wrinkled with age, yet their leaves  
tendrils, contrasts, living  
castes whispering  
a hidden  
frenzy...

And there was low white fence  
in perimeter with these trees  
which cast a shadow of its own,  
though reflecting... I think it had no  
shadows but rather refracted through  
the shadows of the trees- canopy  
of black with white blotches  
creeping onto the  
periphery of the  
Feld

Then I stepped.  
I wandered joyfully  
onto this landscape  
howling with joy, I did  
not look back, as I ran eagerly,  
feverishly, directionally, my head  
pounding with joy, with anticipation  
and tears welling in my eyes, I ran  
towards the shadows, blissful,  
joyful, hoping, knowing  
of pleasure  
impending...

Lion-man

But then lion-man dies  
when he utters guttural  
cry meiobec! at this darkness  
overwhelming. His face had the  
innocence of stranger child and love  
was evident in the pool of his eyes.  
He dies not knowing  
his last word,  
Meiobec!

Meiobec moment!  
Meiobec moment!  
God in the darkness of the trees.  
You in the hollows and you in the stones.

You in the transition from tree to rock.  
You are alone unaware of where you are.  
Still at certain moment meiobec,  
You should shift your  
focus upon your  
creation!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **A Frigid Bank Not Seen**

As the world turns  
the animals caught upon it  
also turn. Stop-motion is one  
way of seeing the worlds. We stop  
when there is something wonderful to see  
or when something terrible looms upon the sight.  
We move when there is something to do, or  
somewhere to go or someone to see.  
So go, and remember, do not tarry  
for there is something  
wonderfully terrible  
lurking  
here...

Whether a strong-willed mind  
or a weak-willed heart or one unaware  
of its error. It is never our fault that the  
wonderful thing happens. It is not by our  
efforts that the terrible thing tolls, dusk comes  
and dawn unfolds, babies are stillborn, infants die  
suddenly in their cribs, evil roams the plains  
like the fiery Santa Anna, a good death  
is quite difficult to  
find...

There is joy here though. There  
is death, there is decay, there are  
all sorts of things, all sorts of wonderful  
terrible things. There is a whole lot  
of plenty. Yet plenty is nothing. Alas  
there is no end to  
nothing.

Lion-man appears suddenly out  
of nothing in full terrifying regalia.  
This is something beautiful to see. Hitler  
stands astride a stage, with a fixed  
unnatural gleam in his eyes,  
herein something terrible  
looms.

A urge awakens from deep slumber,  
walks towards the frigid bank of a shallow  
unruffled pool, and finds a reflection  
of itself. Now it thinks it is  
everything.

Finally, the finger is in the body.  
This is something worth seeing.  
Still, do not put your  
hand in the  
finger!

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## **A Growing Worry**

Why would one not think  
when there is so much to see.  
There is also so much to learn, and to  
do. The aims of the myths are not quite  
clear. Hindsight is a little bit mucky.  
How can one show real care  
for the ways of these  
worlds?

We carry within  
a growing worry. It  
leaves an unfamiliar taste  
on the tongue. One cannot think  
long enough though to  
understand this myth  
within

"We all have a part to play, "  
the crazed one says. The most  
important thing is to learn. There  
is a lot to see in this  
world

There is a lot to think and to  
put into words. My head is  
bald from worry, and my eyes  
grow dim from all that I have  
seen. I find succor  
in sweet frothy  
wine.

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## **A Little Poison**

The air is being poisoned but  
still we must continue  
through it  
all

The groans are getting harder to bear  
who can bear this but those that have  
chosen to show no care, or to dare, the  
poison within strengthens the bones, and oils  
the joints, and allows for a more assured gait  
even as they wobble around in the most unseemly  
manner.

Yet a little poison is good for the soul. A  
little of everything is usually not bad. A little drink  
now and then is not bad. But I am taken with excesses  
for I know myself quite intimately.

When one stops to smell the roses  
the ringing in the ears grows quiet  
the groans up above become dim  
the seed within suddenly sprouts from  
its rich bed, sends roots deep into the  
land, grows upwards towards the warming  
light of Sol.

The throat will no longer be parched  
and the senses will become fully heightened.  
But I do not know how to smell and breath.  
I had already taken the lungs out to show to the others  
before wrapping it around my shoulders for some warmth.  
My hair is now quite unkempt and my eyes are bloodshot  
with fever. I know I do make for a wild  
vision.

For me it has always been difficult to  
stop and smell the roses because I do  
suffer from seasonal  
allergies.

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## A Purposeful Night

I was born  
in a distant land  
at a time where the  
sky was A dense orange  
swirl and the swamps were  
stained with brown patches from  
misuse, which, mixed with brine, somehow  
find their way into the bloodstream  
and into tiny corpuscles within  
the machine  
lung.

The river now  
is hot and it is on  
fire. The tree also is  
on fire. Black smoke from  
these fires somehow congeal as  
a whirlwind and carried me, body  
and mind at once through the  
trading wind streams towards  
a much more  
pristine  
place.

A mechanical bird  
has given birth to steel  
eggs. Many of these eggs now  
litter the shore. They will hatch  
sometime during the night, when it  
is safest from the birds of prey that swoop  
down from above in search of their own  
sustenance. And during this night  
a strong urge would carry  
them towards  
the great  
drink.

Safety is  
in the depths  
my friends. Do not  
be taken by the shallows.  
Do not be distracted by the  
death that swoops from above.  
Do not be distracted by  
the sights you will  
find on the  
shores.

Do not be  
carried away  
by Din, the shrieks  
from the mechanical birds

up above, the pounding roar  
of the oceans, the tides pushing  
back towards the jagged rocks,  
or the friends you make along  
the way towards the  
drink.

All my friends  
are distracted somehow.  
Now I find succor only  
in the bottom of the  
drink.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **A Sudden Time**

Fear not man  
for you are not being  
urged to live in fear. There  
is nothing within that justifies  
this level of fear. The reflection of  
oneself is more significant than  
the emergence into light after an  
interminable period  
in a darkened  
cave.

The pool does not reflect back  
a goat. You are not a goat. Or when the goat  
looks up at the night sky for a suggestion it does  
not see a falcon. You are not a falcon. Or when the falcon  
soaring up above glimpses a fast moving shadow  
on the earth down below,  
it does not see a  
demon.

You are not a demon.  
And when the demon parched  
from thirst walks towards a pool  
of water in search of relief  
it does not see a  
human.

Sudden death is terrible for the soul!  
The emergent spirit becomes lost within the  
mists, for in a moment it no longer knows what  
it is. Now it walks as a goat, soars like a falcon,  
flies as fast as a hare, sleeps in the hollow of  
trees, rests within the water droplet,  
and now exists as an  
irregular  
shadow.

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## **A Thoughtful Machine**

Where does this time begin?  
This I do not know. But I do know  
this. I know that din offers many delightful  
options to the wondering eye. The world is full  
of many delights. Yet the machine up  
above cautions to choose  
wisely

The machine up above has been a  
true friend through these times. I do  
not know where I would be  
without its thoughtful  
notes.

Yet I am neither thoughtful  
nor am I rash. I have left my  
thinking up to my true friend. I still  
feel a tingling every now and then  
and when this happens it urges  
to reach deep into the  
thoracic region  
somehow

The mind. It seems that it is  
in the chest. So I reached deep into  
the breath and brought out both halves  
of the lung and hung it loosely across the  
shoulders as I walked gingerly  
towards the market  
place...

Mr. Machine... I am quite daring.  
I am quite courageous. I do not feel  
any pain. I no longer fear  
death

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## **A True Friend**

It took a while for me  
to learn how to better  
be myself. There are no  
awards for being one's self. But  
there is a great reward to be had  
from this. It is still difficult though  
to know what to do with the hands. The  
hands do not keep still because of the strong  
tingling shooting from the shoulders towards  
the finger tips. I am restless. I say, knowledge  
is mulch needed for the soul to grow. And time  
is a friend. And the machine also is a  
friend.

Still the hands are restless and so I try to  
build more friends. And my friends were true  
for much of the time, only recently have they  
began to think beyond me. Our interests are  
no longer aligned it seems. I see this and I am  
growing worried. The palpitations are increasing  
in frequency, there is a shortness to the breath now  
there is a lethargy wearying the bones, there is  
something in the air depositing heavy metals at  
the seat of the skull, the tingling  
now is quite strong

Mr. Machine had been helpful through  
much of time. Now I wonder if he will  
not be the end of me.

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## **A World Coming into View**

The moment does  
not begin now, but had  
begun where you lived-  
within yourself- while shunning  
the false counsel of the woman heavy  
with sex, or the stained  
figure of another  
long on  
life...

Sure within yourself  
of a flame leaping remote  
a memory strung obtuse and  
an image favored to a  
strongly undeniable  
factor.

A moment is  
coming into view  
as a pattern gradually  
settles into place. Color  
is getting denser. The world  
is gradually coming into view  
and the mind is moist  
when this memory  
begins!

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## **Air**

It is rich with nutrients  
and good for the body  
and the wonders of life  
are captured within wild  
pockets  
of air.

The light is distorted wonderfully  
it causes strange shadows upon the earth  
it implores the man to wander  
and thus we  
wonder

Is the mind truly  
somewhere within the region  
of the chest? Is the soul somewhere  
above the region of the head?  
Is death truly somewhere  
within the heart  
of each  
pocket?

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## Apparitions of Impulsion

Pardon these new terms of impulsion  
Exurbia. An experimental impulsive rhythm  
A grimace. A laughter. A growl scraped. Metallic  
feverishness countenancing the brows.  
Maddened eyes. Neo... blessed Malachi  
The air vibrant with ablutions, with prayers  
to the unseen,  
the hoped  
after.

Or Paggan. Beguiling. Hiding in the shadows  
in ambush, luring through the acts of impulsion.  
Calling through a luscious unending field, seemingly at first  
only to bank at a desert tundra, the chill winds turning  
to ice this aspiration.

Of the mystical apparitions of impulsion, Seven in all  
they came through the mists of none and all!  
Stilted masquerades of the shadowy ethers  
of the mind, Paggan, the echo  
of his brother's  
prayers.

Or  
Orbica blessed Orbica!  
A halt to reason. A halt to pauses  
A fault through the tumultuous nature  
of the whims. Thread winged rut of molten  
gold. Molded into death, only to be resurrected  
into life, as envisioned by the prophets  
through flights of  
fancy!

A pause on fasted flesh!  
A call towards arms, towards strong wine,  
towards promiscuity, away from the echos  
of prayers and of adoration, death flickering  
through graveled nerves  
through a central  
fontanel.  
The spirits of turmoil have come again!  
Dreaded spells of anguish! Through dank  
desolate slopes they have traipsed! They come  
in chariots through ages long gone. They come  
in drunken drudgery, intoxicated by boredom. They  
come veiled though, afraid of  
revealing themselves too  
soon!

The spirits of disturbance have come again!  
But astonishingly they make me yearn for the  
ancient tomorrow when the twin rages careen

suddenly away from their safe course and abode  
and with fiendish glee hurtle towards me and my  
disposition- the crown of their heads an initial  
introduction- their faces hidden in a blur  
cast by the fleeting  
nature of their  
hurtling!

They careen with utter abandon,  
screaming obscenities coarsening  
my disposition. Gaining incredulous  
speeds they keep their  
careen, hurtling  
falling  
falling...

I yearn for the ancient tomorrow,  
blessed tomorrow, tomorrow which  
never dusks! When the twin rages repent  
suddenly of their hurtling and in a blinding blur  
turn towards the eternal heavens. Their masks unveiled,  
their beauty a blinding fulgor. The moment of their  
repent sudden and indescribable, better to  
be seen to be  
understood.

I yearn through  
the trails of  
impulsion!

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## Archegonia

Archegonia...  
crystallized cascade of blood  
enchancing the nascent mind  
with tales through the turns of yore  
shaping and expanding this  
narrow confine gradually,  
archegonia

Mosaic of colors it seems  
interspersed all in one substance  
as the nascent mind, the primordial  
soul in the throes of birth jarringly  
deserts its timeless abode and  
now dances along to the  
uncertain beat of life's  
decaying  
pulse!

Old man Lazarus...  
we have come to the crossroads  
of our paths, and here we  
shall tarry a  
while

We shall feel no pain Lazarus...  
We shall gather onto this mystical  
plane of light, for here  
we can behold the  
glory of the  
Son!

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## Asher

And a mystery  
extenuates itself  
suddenly upon us  
raining down shards...  
torn wretched gods at the  
feet of the Almighty- and we  
opened our mouths  
agape in awe  
and we  
pondered

Now a misery  
extenuates itself...  
Asher impaled star  
bringing forth shards  
pulsating in the fade beyond  
a giant brought to its  
knees by the  
words of the  
mouth.

Asher O mystery!  
O misery of the pearly  
bright realms! Umbrating  
my features beautifully  
erogenous in the  
fade beyond  
Orgasmic.

Asher weightless swirl  
incinerated suddenly by the heat of  
visions. Its flames orange and  
gold and pearly  
shine!

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## **Autopsy**

To see with  
one's own eyes  
is to see what can't  
be hidden, for in each  
passing day, one finds the  
hopelessness of what  
seems.

Mercifully though,  
no one gladly chooses  
to become  
hopeless-

thus I search for  
new things and  
new ways to help  
rid me of my  
lacks

One day at school  
and on the internet  
I saw an image of the  
rap star Tupac Shakur  
dead, unnaturally? white  
on a cold slab, his chest wide  
open and his punctured lungs  
shriveled and spread besides him.  
And against my carefully  
held emotions, I yelled:  
Jesus Christ!

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## **Birds of Prey**

I do seem like a bird that preys  
while far below another  
bird does  
pray.

In the sky is a bird that preys  
while down on earth is the  
bird that  
prays

Hidden in clouds, the bird will prey  
while hidden on earth, the same  
bird will  
pray.

As the sky bids the bird to prey  
does the earth bid a  
bird to  
pray

When the sky in anger reveals a bird that prays  
the earth could in response impede the  
bird that  
preys...

The birds were not of real significance...  
they were just pawns  
in the acts of the  
great origins.

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## Bonaventure

An immense landmass.  
Air is stuck. Immobile upon  
the surface of the void. With no  
new air coming in and none going  
out, those who dwell herein  
gradually go mad  
from  
rot.

Rot.  
There is nothing in simile with  
this rot. There is also nothing in  
simile with madness. And what is  
the remedy for madness? Eviction?  
No. A new location? New air?  
No. Rather a new  
form of  
madness.

Thus father was sent away  
the syphilis thick in his skull  
and he was brought before the sea,  
even as the madness ebbed and flowed  
or laid still as glass, and the winds raged  
and the tale went on in a most frightening  
manner. Thus what is one remedy  
for madness? A new course.  
An unfamiliar  
condition.

This is an  
unfamiliar condition.  
The air, spent from eons  
of use and misuse, become  
captured in spherical capsules,  
find its way into the brain and there,  
disrupt the fluid balance. Now the  
posture is strained, and time now  
is a strain on the  
mind.  
Now I fear to dream  
afraid that I would be  
left little to live with  
and much never to  
be achieved.

This.  
When sad remember  
the rot behind this. When  
happy, remember the  
self-same  
rot.

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## **Bronzen Solitude**

I have been told  
on numerous occasions  
that I am a black man. I try  
to see beyond this. But it is not  
just my skin that is black  
for everything  
I know is  
black.

My heart is black  
The ducts are black,  
the vessels and the fluids  
within are black- my dreams  
are filled with black images- terrible  
images, of solitary animals fending  
off vengeful demons, of a black God,  
of a black child unaware of who she is,  
yet I do know, and the angels know, and the  
demons too, and we know this wonder,  
we know God, and she is not as  
crazy as the others  
might think  
she is.

At the moment of death  
I could not curse God. I knew her  
and she remains a wonder through  
this time. She has not done well  
by me, but what can I do  
for I have no  
sway over  
her.

In a moment of despair  
a cry forms on my heart  
to force its way through  
my lips, where is the  
Angel of  
light?

When God does not know  
at least the angels know  
at least the demons know  
and certainly I do know the  
nature of these things. I  
cannot however  
welcome the  
outcomes.

Angel of mercy!  
Angel of light!  
Angel called through

the fog of despair! Take  
me to the sacred heights  
of heaven O Asher, and tell  
me of the glory of God! Tell me  
of the wonder of her ways  
and of the beauty of  
her love for all  
creation!

Shield me from the  
indifference of the most  
high O Asher and from the  
unyielding agony of this tedium!  
Appeal my case before her  
I beseech you, make  
her aware of  
who she  
is!

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## Characters

the animal will live forever somehow...

There is a character to the Earth  
Is this the character of the worlds?

This is the uniformed spectacle of his story  
displayed through the accumulation of his  
judgments. And this is to the dearth of  
insight. A Dearth hinting of a difficult  
upbringing

This is the way Hitler stood  
on the eve of terrible war. The  
skies were tinged, sodden, dark,  
churning gray, then purple, then red  
the shifting of color heralding  
the coming of the old  
familiar  
sway...

So this is the way Hitler stood-  
his arms stiffly held in place, one  
behind his back and the other held  
at a point slightly above the horizontal  
plane of his eyes, gaze fixed intently on the  
frightening spectacle roiling the worlds below  
his point of observation- aware of the symbolism  
of his stance, stills himself as a character  
capable of indifference to the  
terror unfolding  
below

And more frighteningly  
this is the way the worlds stood  
deliberately? Usually? Unaware  
of the cries of the strangled sun,  
the gathering of clouds inexcusably  
seen as a natural gathering towards rain  
most quietly and  
naturally...

This is the way the Judes  
were killed. Their bodies were  
worn harsh and then their bones  
burnt to ash. The ash was made to soap  
to wash away, along with the rains, the terrible  
stench rising up to the heavens, while below some  
could find no haven. Some could smell no stench.  
Some hid in caves, others in drink, while  
others continued untroubled  
by the troubles  
about...

This was the way  
the cold blight raged.  
The combatants never  
to war but to wary, while  
the worlds around suffered  
through an unending blight. And  
these were the victims of the cold blight.  
Strangely the victims of the blight  
were not the citizens  
of blight

The idealist who sees fit  
to ignore the ideals of others  
could still be seen as ideal depending  
on the suitability of his ideals. And  
this is to the great society  
forged of this warped  
harmony

Alas the son of man  
is also the son of God.  
Thus when the trumpet is  
blown, when the worlds are  
uprooted from their very foundations  
and the heavens and the earth pass away.  
When the new heavens and the new  
earth descend, the stories would  
more than likely continue the  
same, in the same manner,  
with the same characters

And this was the way  
the wars ended... I am sorry,  
this is the way the worlds will  
end. Not with a whimper but with  
a loud boom...boom...boom! And this  
is the way a world ends. There is gnawing  
chronic pain, there is a withering, there is a  
plea for help, there is unquenchable  
thirst, then there is a coma,  
and after this  
silence.

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## Cities

Within a certain city  
and upon another certainty  
innocent faced? children being  
grown around a central dirt, as crack  
vials are stocked in priority mail boxes  
for the bearded mailman dressed in a gray  
tracksuit; every once in a while, a smiling teenage  
mother will strangle her own child; reasoning this  
through a smoke-depressed faculty. As I see this,  
it is good to look up to heaven,  
but never to lose sight of  
such realities on  
earth.

In memory of Adorn  
and of the ugly components  
of the city, and of the ugly consequences  
of reason, and for the realization of this basic  
fact; out of fear you have judged another, despite  
the fact that you hold similar reasons under the sun.  
You have called another a deviant, or an ape, or a devil-  
as we witnessed a man dragged towards  
another certainty as his head was  
forced off his body.  
Jasper!

Say do you remember  
the Shepherd boy tied up  
to a stake? His body battered  
and broken and left alone to quizzical  
looks from the stars? Say, do you remember  
the reason given for this crucifixion? It is always  
of one dying for the redemption of others;  
this is another certainty known through  
fear-depressed  
faculties.

Do not be  
in fear of yourself  
Adorn, for when  
you do, you  
live to fear  
another.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Coda

He was provided  
with food and sent  
on his way with enough  
bread to nourish him along  
the way. The trail opened before  
him, the trade winds went  
ahead of him, and a  
beneficial coda was  
sent far ahead of  
him.

This.  
It is difficult to sleep  
when seeking sleep. It  
is even more difficult to  
keep awake when sleep finally  
comes. And as sure as Sol  
rises in the east each  
morn, sleep will  
most surely  
come.

When sleep did  
finally come he was  
sent across some distance  
on a colorful bow yielded  
by his urges a full-length  
across the  
trail.

Coda.  
Sleep will fly  
away, and the day  
must begin anew. When  
the day began there came news  
of the one who had mysteriously  
yielded a bow  
full-length  
across  
the sky.

They found him  
tired and spent, and  
brought him back into  
the city. They collected bread  
and fish, fed him, and gave  
him some water to  
drink

"What did you see  
along the trail, " they asked.

"I saw nothing." He replied

There is no such thing  
as nothing. There must be  
something at the end of  
the trail. "The urge to  
continue is the only  
Coda."

And the people  
ripped their clothes  
off, poured dirt upon  
their heads, and with a  
zeal bordering on madness,  
they killed him a  
few moments  
into the  
night!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Crests**

I see the vessel  
on the verge. I see  
the body, on the verge,  
of being capsized, upon  
the rolling waves.

Motion of vessel  
and body in unison  
with the waves, and  
despite the physical  
stresses, and the sea,  
and the active verb,  
the song continued  
on and on  
and  
on

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Crimson Condensation**

Fire roams this plain  
makes this plane harsh  
strives its winds to match  
strifes its plains to ash and  
drives this ash towards  
a blackened  
shore

Crimson gloom  
this ashen tide. Make  
this pain dull. Set this plain  
as glass. Shield this glass from  
rage. Still the shifts  
within this  
plight

Pall this glass dull  
as of a crimson texture  
or as a tear on deathly plague  
bleeding and coarsening this human  
freight. Crimson chime the  
curse of man

Crimson condensation  
set along the course of human hate  
in coaled furnaces or as tilting states  
in cold socials or as the blight of war  
as a spur on the most mutated fear  
or as a lesion borne through the  
vaguest intention

Crimson tear on this  
most tender of minds.  
As a right, a legacy of hatred  
on the left, a new tide of vengeance  
as the glass sets with the onset of a new  
blight. Crimson death is the  
plight of  
man!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Cursed?**

For the metal child  
searching for a grey wall  
and now hiding behind this  
grey wall, for the melancholic  
grip on your heart, and the anguished  
look in your eyes, for the hesitant  
dip in your steps, and the agitated  
aspect in your gait, lift your eyes  
steadily, upwards, this is not  
fate, there is no  
need for  
fear!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Dagga

As I would say  
as not to be averse  
to a certain leaf from  
the tropics, nor averse to  
its familiarly intoxicating smoke.  
In-fact I welcome this token alteration  
to perception. I also must welcome the woman,  
despite her warning to me that such sweetened smoke  
would only lessen the count of my sperm  
making each weakened  
and timid.  
Yeah?

But they shall  
come in a much  
thicker sludge, each  
in a much happier countenance  
and a much stodgier constitution!  
And the child from this sludge? Her  
hair must be left dread-locked-  
Nazarene, the tenor  
of wild  
hemp.

You who shall  
someday share  
of such a token within  
yourself or in the presence  
of friends, or foes, there is no  
greater token of bliss than  
that found within one  
thickened memory of  
Adorn!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Denunciation

I denounce the name Moremi  
the name only...  
not the  
person.

Persevere Moremi, persevere.  
I will cross the bridge when I get  
there. Space cubicles, time machines  
I will definitely cross the bridge this time.

Untie the knots Moremi  
the knots of millennia years  
I am tired of being the limping mule  
and sitting by the fireside  
with the brain dull  
and opiated.

Electric cars, Solar stations  
definitely Moremi, the good times  
will not pass us by. The good times will  
surely be ours. But only if I denounce  
your name Moremi  
your name only...  
not your  
person.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Detrol**

Detrol.  
Warm water.  
Salt water. Water  
within a white ceramic  
basin, embracing the naked  
form, while a white trace urged  
upwards a certain distance, some  
to dissipate into the space around  
the others to become  
matter upon  
form.

Detrol.  
Fever is known  
to fasten when there  
is the forceful thudding  
of blood in the ears. Fear is  
known to fasten when there is  
a metallic taste in the mouth  
and breath becomes sickly  
sweet.

Death is known  
to fasten when the  
white trace dissipates  
or when the matter  
becomes dry as  
dust.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Din

The trail unfolds many riddles...  
The expanding riddle is one reason for human thought  
so know the thought clearly, do not ignore them,  
for the time will come when there will be  
no more thought.

Pangaea was a time  
devoid of human thought  
It came and it went and  
the world continued  
beyond it

The riddle is effulgent.  
Each photon within it shines ever so brightly  
while they ceaselessly generate new fluid-  
Sophia says that this is a limit  
upon us.

The dust is withered fluid. The flesh is  
tepid fluid. The thoughts are wondrously fluid.  
Even Sol is fluid, blazing  
fire!

The body sifts through a mind  
and now this mind controls the body.  
In din, the mind becomes a burden on the body  
until the latter itself begins to burden the  
former

The senses become exaggerated in this state.  
The mind becomes embattled, blinded,  
the heart lustful, the limbs  
tingling

The cardiac muscles firing  
like a bag of worms-  
there is great fear  
now

If you want rest here,  
Self-observation alone  
it is that can mitigate  
Din!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Distance

Will the earth  
continue after this  
distance? We think it  
should. Yet can the earth  
continue without this distance?  
We think it should. And like all things  
adhering to the diverging streams of light,  
there is a swirl of worlds in a  
single memory of  
Adorn.

A distance was  
painted into the  
rich sweep of his thought  
as then this thought was painted  
onto a wall. Still somewhere else, little  
tracts of light begin to form a pattern within  
another more muscular painting- gaining  
mobility and claim to  
a more meaningful  
distance.

In memory of Adorn  
and in memory of that  
distance losing its origin  
of light as it is constantly being  
transferred from one canvas to the  
other- there is no greater freedom  
than that known through  
individual  
thought!

But Adorn,  
is this freedom  
enough?

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Drosophila**

We now endure through longer lives  
and we shall continue to  
endure much longer  
lengths

The time will come when a man living  
for nine hundred and sixty nine  
years would seem as  
nothing.

Still the children must live longer than these.  
It is right for our children  
to live long after  
us

A lifetime is not enough to capture the crux  
of the myths. Yea, a lifetime is not enough  
to glimpse the regimes  
behind these  
myths

Yet a lifetime is sure enough to capture as  
much misery as  
possible.

We would see more and know more and would  
better tame the forest around. Still we would  
become lost in  
more.

We would more efficiently unlock the energy  
within the pockets of captured air. Still the  
air would choke off the breath  
from our machine  
lungs

The jungle organisms within would learn to  
transcribe their own worlds. Soon self-same  
organisms would know to  
transcribe our acts.  
The time will come when the human  
living a thousand years will  
be seen as  
nothing.

A bunch of nothing is a whole lot of rubble  
though and the brightest minds would  
spend incalculable years and effort  
in sifting through this  
rubble.

Alas our children must live through the rubble

even as they grow blind  
to all that has been  
lost

For when the human lives longer and longer  
it is the children who will suffer. They  
gradually become demons or Gods  
and neither of this  
is ever really  
good

For the demon is obsessed with itself  
the god is unaware of itself and the  
human soon disappears  
somewhere within the  
mists

Observe the stone as it lies and you will  
get a glimpse of the time ahead  
which leads ultimately  
to a sphere of  
fire

Solagbade Oyefara

## Firma

There is A muscular  
solitude to the half-creation.  
A syphilitic body. The speculations  
within the lone mind.  
A Copse.

And I sang to myself  
silently, as I went in search  
of myself, in search of the next  
bend to the river. Aloof. The silence  
here is like rocks barely jutting  
out of the surface  
of the water.

Demon Marrow.  
Breath is narrower  
than the mind, and alongside  
this, there is a complexity to life  
bordering on the tortuous zeal of  
thought. The river becomes a painting  
within this thought- its borders forever  
on the verge of motion, ridges caught grasping  
at each other- there is an edge here,  
a stroke there, a wind now,  
a branch floating  
by...

I sang to myself  
silently, as everything  
separated before my very  
eyes. The borders divided into  
castes- a wild man naked and searching,  
his hair thickly dread-locked, air around him  
thick with the smoke of the herb while his eyes  
gleamed the murky depths of the wildest idea while  
searching into mine. I watched the air  
through its changes. I urged the  
wildness on  
through the  
lapses...

I opened my eyes  
to find the scene as  
was predicted in the song.  
Deep water? All is in metaphor  
with another. Deep inlet? All is of  
equal significance. A child's  
stuttering, a dying man's  
muttering. All is a  
path to the  
other.

"Follow the river, " the song urges  
"And you will be taken through the  
different turns of thought." And so I  
followed the river as the song urged  
and I was taken through many  
turns, and I beheld  
many  
things.

I followed the river as I  
followed the song. I followed  
the thoughts and the worlds  
inflected within  
me.

I was led through different cues  
I was led through many lapses. The  
song carried through different degrees  
The notes carried ahead of the wind  
Life was in turmoil all along  
these borders. And then  
there was another  
lapse...

the bend led  
to a narrower inlet-  
zeal surged in anticipation  
of something much more  
difficult, a life  
misspent.

I continue upon the turns of living water  
I must temper myself to this difficult life. I  
must attune myself to the absence of salt.  
I find a measure of calm through this. I  
have resigned myself to life  
upon these  
waters.

Yet gradually,  
gradually, I became  
cursed by Shiver! Limping  
and blind, the syphilis entrenched  
in the skull, madness  
settled into  
place.

Now I am a tree  
sent naked into the river  
moving not of  
its own

volition!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Fluid

In the time of fear  
we cry out to a Lord  
to save us from these  
"things" deep within  
us

There is a multitude of voices  
within, many characters within,  
each disheveling the mind and  
affirming a particular  
quality

The heart has four chambers,  
and each chamber is a beloved.  
The heart sings through Din,  
and mind begins as  
soon as memory  
allows.

The thought that now  
comes to the tip of the tongue  
is quite difficult to utter.  
Uttering is now itself  
a quite meaningless  
activity.

The word is beyond  
"activity" and towards  
"fulfillment".

In deep slumber  
thick clots of pure fluid  
begin to hold sway, dream  
act is now an actual.  
There is no rest  
for this poor  
soul.

Fluid is the substance  
thoroughly irrigating the  
cosmos. It is not seen but can  
be heard as a deep hum  
equidistant from all  
directions

Fluid is red shift  
within the spectrum  
growing the mind moist  
and expanding the thoughts  
beyond the boundaries  
of human  
comfort.

Measure! This is  
meaningful. It allows  
for differentiation. Soon  
we will create forests  
out of a single  
tree.

This time is a forest  
with a single tree, a thing  
rotten at its core. Measure,  
and you will find  
a way from  
error.

Fluid is not just substance  
but is rather a cloud and this  
cloud is being gradually  
denatured along the  
way.

Deep-longing would be  
for a Lord bursting through  
the clouds, or a Machine companion  
sifting through the clouds. Either  
way there there is  
no end for  
sight.

The stars we glimpse  
at night are from a time  
long past. Fluid must be consumed  
or else there will be some end  
in sight not of our own  
choosing.

Stand up to the fears.  
You were not made for  
fear. Damn the madness  
and the confusion that  
new insights might  
provoke!

Gloom is somewhere  
before birth. Radiance  
is somehow after birth.  
Gloom soon resumes  
sometime after  
sleep.

“Out of the gloom  
and back into the gloom”

characterizes this length of  
time. There is a seed, and there  
is a preponderance of fluid  
The acts of the matter  
though remain the  
fluid.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Formless Substance

A day to go to the forest.  
The farther away this forest  
the clearer the view one gets it  
seems. The closer one gets to  
the forest though, one  
begins to get a  
different view  
altogether.

A long day  
and an even  
longer night to  
spend within the forest.  
It is an entirely different place  
as was earlier perceived. It is  
much more tortuous than  
one was taught to  
believe.

There is little  
light of day and  
there is no light of  
night. The little light that  
come, spill between thin spaces  
between the canopies, through dense  
seemingly impenetrable foliage, and  
are scattered about upon the forest  
floor by tiny pockets  
of captured  
air.

Still one spends  
the day trying, to  
sift a path through,  
before the night of longer  
length comes. I must  
find a way out, a way  
back, onto  
the open  
plain.

Dusk comes quietly  
in the forest. The day  
had been spent. Well spent?  
Who knows? Day had been spent  
building Castles from the  
pockets of  
captured  
air.

As dusk comes,  
the little light there

is continue to appear,  
distorted. A forest swathed  
in gloom, unfamiliar shadows  
are now being cast upon  
the leaf  
strewn  
floor.

Some light still  
penetrate through  
but is distorted and scattered  
about by the captured air. This is  
what is observed, as a growing sense  
of futility forcefully begins to overwhelm  
the thoughts. This is a  
most confusing  
time.

Day-light had  
yielded up to us  
a world that transforms- unnoticed  
by this untrained eyes- and now day is  
getting dim. The night of even  
longer length  
is soon  
here.

The night was time  
not well spent. There  
can be no arguments with  
this theory. Fear! Deep fear  
of an unfamiliar realm. An exaggeration  
of senses already beleaguered by strange  
forest smells and Din. Confusion slowly  
but wholly begins  
to cloud the  
judgment.

So under a Sequoia,  
upon a nest of leaves  
hurriedly put together. I  
tried to recreate the familiar.  
A garden. The night was spent  
in futile attempts at sleep, at rest,  
at respite from the confusion  
wrought by the long day.  
But sleep never  
comes.

Dawn was perceived  
much later than expected.  
The day begins when one awakens

from slumber. Wearily I got up, hungry  
for food and water, I went in  
search of a way out of this  
God-forsaken  
place!

The only true thing now  
is that deep within my heart,  
at the seat of the soul. There is  
deep longing for "A Lord" that  
would sift out a path back  
onto the open  
plain.

Or deep longing  
within the breasts  
would be for "A Machine"  
that could be used as a tool,  
as a companion, to conquer this  
forest, to carve out a path, to  
illumine the night  
when it comes.  
Or if one is  
to spend more time  
than anticipated, a Machine,  
a Lord, to help in creating "a garden, "  
a lighted space where one could spend the  
days and the nights, away from the  
strange and lifeless shadows  
that roam this  
realm.

A day back  
out in the open,  
upon a plain. The mind  
still beset by the forest imagery,  
the body yet to shed old habits  
that had been sown and then  
nurtured during that time  
and energy spent  
within the  
forest.

On reflection, the forest  
was actually a pond, and this  
pond was actually an ocean, and  
the ocean was actually sweet frothy  
wine that had somehow gone to  
the head, intoxicated the mind,  
and consequently  
exaggerated the  
senses.

Wisdom is in  
deep error and  
yet the worlds build  
upon this error. Wisdom  
repents of her error and now  
seeks a way to make up for the  
ongoing consequences of her actions.  
"True phrase" is growing  
blindness to this  
abounding  
error.

Some things did  
happen along the way-  
there was a longing of a kind,  
an emulation of some sort, and  
then a separation, against the  
will of another sort. There  
was no conjugal  
intercourse.

There was a hurtling back  
into the depths as there soon  
was a quick realization of the ruinous  
consequences of these actions. Then there  
was a seizure, an outburst, a diffusion of  
light, a buildup of fluid, a projection of  
light, an abortion, and the beginnings  
of a new time. A new  
paradigm.

O formless Substance!  
This path is of my own  
choosing. I choose to strive away  
from thee, for thou art too  
forceful to  
ignore!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Garment

A lament on the  
need for a garment-  
on the intense brilliance  
of the new dawn, on the revealing aspect  
of unfiltered light, on the sudden realization  
of the nude form, on the unfamiliar arousing effect  
of this beautiful form, on the rush of blood to the cheeks-  
the enquiring nature of the pneuma, the surging need  
to know, or the re-embodied longing for Sophia- a  
lifting off of the veil or a new as yet misunderstood  
yearning to roam freely through an  
unknown wild with the most  
utter abandon!

A lament? For the descent  
into base matter, or for the shame  
of being misunderstood- the shrieks  
to conform, the warnings to submit, the  
hysterical ranting of crazed gods, molten  
idols- for the mind sinking into oblivion  
despite the rigidity of time-honored laws, or  
the oft-cited tales of a utopic past, a cunning serpent  
lurking underneath a gnarled tree, two unwilling innocents  
lost within an idyllic garden, a storm God called up  
from the most fantastical realm, a sword as  
big as the word, an expulsion, and an  
irrevocable wandering  
into the  
wilds...

The garment is to be worn  
in full view of the world. Now  
is the time for modesty for  
there is no great  
need to reveal  
too much  
here

In full view of this world.  
A garment to hide within and  
a smile to flatter with- to lure the  
prey out, to conceal the predatory instinct  
within- to dispel the fears roaming  
about, but more importantly,  
to dispel the fears  
roiling deep  
within.

Out in full view  
suffering abounds. In  
these days there are no  
bastions left. Valley will be

a deep Canyon in the heart, winding  
perilously close to the Sino-atrial node.  
River will be boiling gushing arterial  
flow and blood will be wholly  
lighter than the  
air.

In view of open conflict  
the bags are filled with wet  
sand, better to halt the projectiles  
being aimed at the heart. The boots  
are laced tightly on to protect the feet  
from sores and the tags are hidden  
and silenced- better to be  
stealthy in this moon-lit  
night.

In full view  
the half-moon  
shimmers. From up  
above, afar, a star twinkles  
from time long since gone. The  
twinkling star is innocence lost. The  
icy rock now streaking across the  
sky is the innocence I once  
knew.

In full view of the wild  
innocence is sinful. Alone  
in the dim though it is good.  
I now know that the garment  
protects even as it preserves. It  
reveals often as it conceals and  
the wild is misshapen  
because of this  
fact!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Impression**

With the senses  
whetted, color gradually  
began to gather, to cause  
impressions  
in the  
air.

With the worlds  
whetted, color gradually  
began to gather, to make  
impressions upon his  
mind

After this  
could there then  
appear rigid magnificent  
columns, rising up as far  
as the eyes can see  
beyond the  
reaches of  
Sol!

Before this,  
darkness covered  
the face of the void  
and the spirits walked  
upon the waters and  
blah, blah,  
blah!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Impressions into the Dye**

Due to an earlier assent  
the prickly stubble on the chin  
become like the sharp  
bristle of a painter's  
brush.

Employed in one downward  
stroke, an imprint is etched  
into the sinewy parchment  
that is his  
breast.

But this imprint is just a point  
in preparation of a fuller image-  
the penitent bride.

In preparation  
for the bride, dye  
builds up at some  
juncture, and  
then is left to  
dry.

Dried fluid is  
mixed with dust, and semen,  
to form a paste, and  
then boiled in  
oil.

This  
When you wish  
for the unbroken  
you should retire into  
yourself. When I reach  
for the unbroken I  
retire into  
myself.

Faced with death  
I retired into myself  
I became willing to know myself  
Using the fingers I began to feel  
around the hardened imprint on the  
breast. I felt around the rest of the body-  
the skin, combing over its markings, its scars  
pinching, becoming aware of the prints left behind,  
along the colored runs of the veins, from the arms, down  
to the legs with added focus on the biceps and quadriceps.  
I rubbed the darkened skin about the elbows, the light hue of  
the palms. Standing in front of a mirror I felt the teeth, the gums, the  
pink roots, and observing for the first time dark streaks beneath each calcified  
growth. I then felt the palate, the one hard, and the other soft and easily punctured.

I also played with my penis, at first limp and wrinkly, it grew hard and rigid, as then there was a long drawn out groan, a loss of strength, a weakness in the limbs, and an animation of the imprint on the breast.

This beautiful body.  
What I have is this beautiful body  
All I have is this beautiful body?  
This body must somehow be dissolved.  
Why should this beautiful body dye?

This trail of thoughts.  
What I do not know are these thoughts.  
All I see is this winding trail of thoughts  
All I care for is on this trail of thoughts  
Where will this trail lead?

An unslakable thirst.  
What I feel is this terrible thirst  
All I feel is this deep longing  
for rest. I would drink  
vile poison just to  
slake this  
thirst.

The fountain  
of life is flowing  
everywhere and  
whosoever drinks  
of it shall never  
ever thirst  
again!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Knowledge**

Alas, I do  
not know a  
thing when  
happy

And I am  
saddened from  
knowing this  
much.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Learning**

Learn as you  
live. Might as well  
live as you  
learn...

Learn to live  
the ways of the  
worlds my friend  
and you will live knowing  
the ways of the  
world.

Then could this  
whirl be turned  
into  
Ash!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Lithium**

Set adrift a rhythmic stream  
I could see my guiding light  
its head bowed in  
shameful  
resignation

Sift,  
cherished tear  
falls on pale chalky  
face as haunted tear  
seeks the sanctuary  
of the purgatory  
heavens.

Painful bloated dreams  
splatter on parched trodden sand  
as lonely stream slowly  
but irrevocably  
seeks the  
sea.

With a tear I course this light.  
With a cry he cursed the light!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Little Big Man

(i)

Find me an edge  
to this meaning, better  
yet, left hidden beneath the  
pond's stagnant brown. Vigor  
found hidden farther beneath the  
sea's scattered brown. Silence found golden  
behind the nymph fastened to a slender stalk;  
cups of green moss wrinkled in the sun around  
a radical plaster wild and denser into the margins of  
clear-sight; the silence of thawing ice- the near silence  
around the sound of gently trickling water-  
the thin habit of a leaf or the  
feathery one of a red  
Robin singing  
fair...

Such portraits of  
interwoven energies-  
ergo the efforts of the  
little big man  
and his sudden  
outburst of strength  
while still within  
a calm interval.

Little big man  
walking down a  
violent path- his eyes  
though seeing past  
his violent  
thoughts-

Or also possible  
Big little men walking  
down a peaceful path  
each one obsessed  
with the thoughts  
swirling his own mind  
while oblivious to the  
path being  
shared

With short rapid intense and  
half-written syllables they muttered  
same visual language- stylistic, episodic,  
their tensions focused and harsh- pausing as  
their energy diverts-  
diverts through a  
rut.

Know of strength tucked  
into a margin of clear-sight  
when what is left unsaid, or the  
nuances of the unspoken is stronger  
and more significant than the implications  
of that spoken loud- there are few things that  
one should know- but they are enough to reveal  
emotive concepts receding into that silence  
golden beneath the sea, or molded  
into vigor akin to that beneath  
the pond's stagnant  
brown.

Detail.  
Think deep.  
For the deepest  
meaning is flat and  
subtle. It is a deep rhythm.  
After a short duration though  
the image-less conventions of  
thought will become a proof towards  
your merging with something as possible  
as rain-washed light, or naked and captured air.  
And yes, air could be captured naked. It could be in  
colorless pockets with thin indiscernible veneers. And  
unlike the obviousness of dark berries or colored pollen,  
these pockets do not allow for lucid thinking.  
Possibly a sudden choking off of the lungs  
or the suffering of the mind. Bouts  
of illness and fatigue, this  
is what they  
imply.

Urine red as wine  
or hot as boiled oil,  
strange habits of expression,  
a cramped mind. These are the  
implications of air being  
captured into a thin  
colorless  
pocket.

Roger Rosenblatt he says:  
"Everything is new but for the  
mountain and the sea. Everything  
will die but for this mountain and this sea.  
And even these, will lose their meaning  
when given time, as they are  
soon distorted within  
odd pockets of  
air.

Rosenblatt,  
he is but a little  
big man walking down  
a violent path somber, restrained,  
his energy muted, his thoughts overwhelmed  
by the oddities on his path, while the skies grow  
sullen and violet above him. At moments  
frenetic and fatigued, the tension  
in his veins  
aphoristic.

A man is dying  
who has never died  
before. He is walking down  
a path towards the direction of  
a mountain range surrounding a sea-  
and there is no distortion here  
capable of swaying him  
away from this  
purpose.

Also Rosenblatt, he says;  
"Everything we do either  
makes death easier or more  
difficult to accept. Every  
thought is sewn around this  
difficult concept-and  
this is an intrusion  
upon his  
path.

And also this  
is an obsession  
that could be captured  
in a wild pocket of air and  
sent up into the nostrils  
to curse a sudden  
cessation of the  
breath!

(ii)

Your silence is  
the sea which your  
heart so earnestly speaks-  
or your gruff exterior, or your  
gentle manner or your humble gait.  
You are such that is stricken with the innocence  
of naked little girls, yourself naked and playing with  
them when no-one is around, hoping to

teach them of that silent  
proof beneath the  
sea.

Rosenblatt:  
In this manner  
your eyes are open  
and your mind moist with  
that rich quality of thought  
cultured deep beneath each  
descriptive term. Your mind is  
moist as your heart longs for those  
distances beyond reason- yet there is  
nothing false through this  
distance that you  
see.

Your every glance, your every animation  
your every thought; your doubts alone  
in the thinning fugue of morning light  
driving down a beaten path  
or alone on the sea- nothing  
can revive your  
strength!

You will not be sent in  
grievance though. Some  
energy will be left and swelled  
within you. Walking an arc between  
two realms, gone will be  
that obligatory madness  
in your  
eyes.  
Death will flower  
strange and settled  
fed and watered by the  
intensity of your longing.  
Yet you do. This. You did not  
say that you loved little girls-  
yet you suffer upon  
this odd  
fact.

Dilate. The odd  
tendencies of your  
mind first came within  
the context of the stagnant  
pond, as then gradually, finally  
became as obvious as the sea. Turmoil  
drowning your cries, now feeble  
from fatigue. You still suffer  
this difficult

struggle  
now.

(iii)  
Dissociated,  
you confused all colors.  
You became transfixed with the yellow  
captured within a wild pocket of air  
as you no longer could affirm  
yourself in your  
own  
art.

Did you say you saw an  
awkward sign oblique in a tinge  
and felt immense sadness  
from this in your  
heart?

You saw a rock jutting out of water  
and strangely you thought of death.  
You saw a child playing with its mother  
and again you thought of death. You saw colors  
wild within a brightly lit space. You saw the sun caked  
in dry mud. You saw the air filter out wild  
colors, hibiscus. You swallowed a  
large pocket of air- there is  
great turmoil  
in your  
art!

You do not know where you are  
nor do you know who you are.  
Your eyes are open, dancing with  
unasked questions. Your thoughts  
are now stiffened drips of dye yellow  
and dense. Your eyes are closed, before you  
suddenly realize that there  
is never anything new  
but God. Thus he is  
the only  
scar.

You did not know where to turn  
nor did you know who you are.  
Saddened and gripped by tension  
stunned and strangely muted, you had  
run into the woods, loosened your hair  
left your body unkempt, and your appetite  
unchecked. But you had simply  
exchanged one set of

complications for  
another.

The sun has turned a mud blot-  
the night dripping repudiation and  
a yellow rinse; with these patterns  
aptly complicated, then  
the fugue  
is truly  
yours.

This scenery changed slightly  
though, and when it did you had  
found yourself again back in your loft  
struggling to ignore your hidden fixation  
with Sien. You had gone out into  
the yard to get some brushes  
and a wooden  
lath.

You had sent to your brother in Paris  
for some new colors. You said your favorite  
was now yellow. For days you had waited, while the  
madness gradually deepened in your skull. You spoke  
not once to her- the one used to selling  
herself to all sorts of men interested  
in the dark of night  
and in corner  
alleys.

With intense disdain,  
you had cursed at her  
only child- but when the  
colors came, only then  
could you focus your  
thoughts on  
her  
ergo,  
you drew  
this portrait of Sien!  
You placed a sunflower in  
her hair and a slight twinkle  
in her eyes! You painted her cheeks  
the color of red rose. You placed white pearls  
around her neck and then showed her gesturing to  
a red Robin upon a muted space tinged with wild and bright  
colors! Her child you drew sun-drenched and smiling  
besides her mother, her innocence prescribed  
within the gentle color of her eyes  
and the white lilies  
around her  
feet.

Yet you are but a man  
gradually dying in a dingy  
room- your hair disheveled  
and your mind cluttered. For such  
turmoil to accrete around you there had  
to be reason concrete in the air  
and yet you had drawn from  
this as you gradually  
withdraw into  
yourself.

You drew this portrait of Sien.  
You placed a flower in her hair  
but then covered it with a bonnet  
caked with brown mud. Her features  
you drew faint, her skin wrinkled pale.  
The colors in the fade you had made numerous  
and discordant. Her eyes you had yielded such  
forlorn, and in her child that  
thickening misery  
of gradual  
death.

Or say,  
the world will  
continue, rolling  
rolling upon its path  
towards the mountains,  
up the mountains, down  
towards the sea,  
into the  
sea.

Know this though:  
Rosenblatt did not speak  
those words nor could I accurately  
capture the torment of  
that late genius  
fixated with  
Sien!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Little Children

Where there once was gold  
there is now dust  
and there is still dust  
or there will be dust  
and thy will be done  
as the wheel does turn  
or whose will is this wheel  
there is a dearth of answers  
or insights

the sad mind hopes  
the joyful mind frets  
the crazed mind knows  
the blind man sees  
the learned one is unaware  
that all things must pass  
and these  
too shall  
pass!

The children play  
with no cares in the  
world. Yet the all-consuming  
fire continues within their skulls  
while the smoke bellows out of their  
nostrils even as they try to catch their  
breaths the breath will sometime go, never  
to return, and their mothers, once angry at the  
kids at play, would wish, would hope but would  
know somewhere in that dark realm that the  
purpose is to play, and through play to  
learn, to grow, to bellow smoke  
through the nostrils, and to be  
consumed completely  
by the  
fire.

No one gets out alive.  
So take measured breaths  
and be aware of your lungs.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Lurks

Can one suddenly go "mad"?  
This I do not know. But as we  
see fit to acknowledge the existence  
of things that lurk in the shadows, of  
dreams unfulfilled, of indistinct forms,  
of themes being hinted upon, and of elusive  
concepts. They might suddenly attain  
new depth and begin to insist  
on their own  
existence.

Gradualism...  
It does have its  
strong points though.  
For with time, everything  
becomes possible, and differentiable,  
but only gradually, for there to be  
a fullness of form, so as not to  
evoke consternation from  
us.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Meander

That I at moments stinge  
my thoughts from the meander  
and yet in moments lose my thoughts  
to same meander. At moments afraid of  
my presence, and yet in moments attuned  
to my own presence. At moments dimly illumined  
and yet in moments brightly defined. At moments fully  
rigid and yet in moments but unearthly fume.  
In instances sudden, wary of moments,  
weary of varying, wary of  
being weary...

I am aware of thee  
terror of my mind! I  
appeal to thee, retort at  
thee, resort to thee. But is  
there respite from thee terror  
of fire? In whose breadth my disposition  
is made to roil. As pithian fury or wary  
calm. Every ounce of strength in  
battle against thee. Every effort  
undertaken around your  
noxious intrusion

Yet there is respite  
from thee. But in what  
manner I do not know...

Solagbade Oyefara

## Molt

In that time  
of year, I would  
find for myself the cheapest  
budget motel, preferably by an  
airport, a good isolated place where  
I could carefully and unhurriedly  
shed this old misshapen  
skin.

There is a crumpled  
bed, a dirty blue clothed lamp  
on a wooden stand beside the bed,  
a Gideon's New Testament Bible, a naked  
woman on the floor snorting cocaine despite  
her deviated septum, and I sitting besides  
her, chanting in hushed tones,  
trying actively to bring  
the pulse within  
reason

There is palpable  
tension in the air. Smoke  
is thick in the air. Air is moist  
with sex. The room could literally  
burst into flames. The old skin  
now is gone, on the floor  
it looks like a  
wrinkled  
ghost

This is just the beginning  
though. There is still more  
to be done. I must tarry  
through, for the new  
more fitting skin  
is yet to  
become.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Negus

Jesu with the beautiful face  
    has died on the cross for our sins.  
        How he did this we do not know  
            but on the face of it, this is amazing

Bolstered and uplifted by his suffering  
we shall shift from barbarism towards civility  
and move our proclivities from darkness towards light.  
We shall move from individual indulgencies  
towards more collective ones  
and from individual pursuits  
towards more collective ones  
for we are striving towards God's nuance  
when he committed suicide  
to collectively be as one within his tale  
for nothing is as beautiful  
as the peaceful cohabitation of God's children  
with intents pure and clear as the shiny sea.

but along the way  
we shall kill  
and plunder. And destroy  
and maim and burn individuals on stakes  
and capture as slaves  
and colonize those dim-witted  
and lacking reasoning.  
We shall burn whole cities  
and destroy whole cultures  
and most significantly  
we shall force our opinion unto others  
for our curse is to the glory of God!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Our Plane**

Someone did kill  
just one.

Saul did  
kill a thousand

And David his ten  
thousands!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Pangaea**

The world weighs heavily  
upon the shoulders as the trail  
of thoughts reveal many narratives  
as Sophia tells us that there is nothing new  
underneath the Sun. Thus there is nothing  
to fear underneath this Sun. The time  
will come when there will be no  
more thought. Pangaea was one  
such time devoid  
of human  
thought.

Thoughts rise into the air  
Vapor wafting through space,  
creating distance and escaping  
the limits of the fluid. Time is now  
distant from its moment of birth. Still  
Pangaea came and went and  
the World continued  
despite  
this.

Thought now is a current  
and the world we now see is  
that yielded through this  
unbroken  
flow.

Sophia says  
that there is a limit  
upon us. The current is  
a limit upon us. The jungle  
within cannot be seen.  
This does not mean  
that it is not  
true.

Pangaea cannot  
be remembered yet  
it was true. Pangaea was  
a beginning and it will  
be an end. But the  
end never  
comes.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Pastel**

O powerful  
O beautiful Sol!  
O mystical song in  
the sky whose benefit  
is towards the arousal of  
A green nominal assessment  
or an intoned variation- like an  
arousal towards varied consequences  
whither a single impulsion- a wild  
ever-widening  
yawn!

Yet there is  
this strange meaning  
fixed around your gold-crusted  
projection- or a dark and rigid shaft as  
strength projected into a narrow mortis, an  
oil painting is made of this searing and unusual  
image. Prefect, the most consequential image of  
God could be that of a being with a most rigid and  
visible conflict- strength through strength.  
There is such depth to each  
Subtle inflection of  
Adorn!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Pillar of Dust**

The mother was turned  
into a pillar of salt and it was  
truly a finely detailed piece of work,  
for even those hurrying away from impending  
doom had stopped and admired if only  
for a little while, before they had  
continued on their  
fruitless  
path

But some tarried awhile.  
And they stayed, and the legions came  
bearing sharp blazing swords and baring  
their celestial might, and the fires fell from the  
heavens, and the skies thundered, and the moon  
became as blood and the waters shrank  
within their ducts, and there was a  
general atmosphere of  
disaster?

The pillar stood silent  
before all these. And she  
survived all these for she was  
beyond their reach. And those who  
had tarried besides her went to their  
deaths with the broadest smiles on  
their face and absolute wonder  
in their hearts for having  
witnessed something  
so utterly  
beautiful.

God is truly good.  
Even when seized  
by anger she still  
makes beautiful  
things!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Primer

A sign of  
high intelligence  
and an enlightened  
mind is the ability for  
casual sex and even  
more casual  
rejections!

So she turned  
and whispered lovingly  
in my ears, "You are scarred  
because you think  
too much."

Solagbade Oyefara

## Ras

He came unaccompanied in all ways red.  
By land and by sea. A masked ghost  
pale and ominous looking upon the felds  
and he left our shores accompanied  
back and forth. With him came  
dreams of enlightenment, came  
visions of an awakening of those  
dull of spirit and insight, the child-likes  
with eyes blinded to the truest light.  
All hail him  
who comes to bring me light!

Ras who brought strangeness!  
and unrealism. and atavism. and methods.  
Ras with glints of savagery, hints of savagery  
and knowledge of red-bloomed lands  
and of civilizations with murderous inclinations.  
Ras the hints of social decay. of individual rut  
of uneasiness frozen on individual temples  
as the cycle gasps and puckers  
hinting of a renewal...

Ras curses me of savagery  
yet cures me not of this savagery  
He has doomed my mind a hapless contemplation  
and alas his light burdens me...

He has urged my mind a hopeful contemplation  
and behold I am bolstered by his curse!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Shakur**

Born through turmoil  
in a hot iron place and raised  
as a caged bird wherein liquid metal  
scars the tails and the wings become charred  
and dreams are scorched by the intensity of the  
heat, it becomes difficult to sing. I think  
it is difficult to sing when the words  
stream with such force  
out of the  
thoughts

When heat sears the flesh  
it first turns red, and then white,  
and as it cools, it turns a cold black.  
There is no open roam where beauty comes  
to die, or will beauty find a way? Will the  
rose find a way to grow out  
from its concrete  
soil?

Rushed thoughts do not bring beauty  
but rather truth. In some places there is  
no place for beauty. Sometimes there is no  
place for truth. Still it is always better to  
seek truth than beauty for the  
simplest truth is quite  
exquisitely  
beautiful.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Showers of Light

Adorn I see  
the light spill  
through the clouds,  
the image of the trees  
thick, a sieve filtering  
and shaping each  
shower.

I see the  
shadows gather,  
suddenly. A shudder  
impugning this spill. I  
see the clouds gradually  
thicken. I see a brown squirrel  
hurry to its nest. I hear a rustle in  
the dark- I feel an odd  
tingling in my  
arm!

I struggle through  
this depth, slender threads  
of emotions shooting through  
my arms. Six days now I have not  
being happy. Just one more thought is  
needed, to shape these showers, to still  
the squirrel, and to loosen the  
shadows. My eyes are  
still wide  
open!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Silken Mist

Some composites do  
exhibit intrinsic faults while  
transforming from a previous form  
towards a new state. There is a reason  
along the way, as the acorn attains a new form.  
There is no reason deep enough along  
that trail where a lion suddenly  
becomes a  
snake.

Seed of doubt sown  
into the earth. Seed of  
life turned into a tree which  
grew and grew and grew  
towards the sun as it  
died and then lost  
itself in a  
silken  
mist...

So much so  
that we jumped  
around within circles  
forming concentric rings  
to pool forth our efforts. In  
fits and starts the riddle  
gradually is revealed  
to us...

My uncle who had  
lived fifty years ahead  
of me had told me of such  
fragmented experiences which  
remain linked through the translucent  
mists of time. Only the snake is  
capable of seeing this  
thread

My uncle who had  
burnt to ash in a metal  
bird has fermented in me a fear  
of elevations and of closed spaces.  
And now he tells me of a cold unbroken  
experience in a forest of mist. He is now blind.  
He drifts poignantly from tree to tree, from raindrop  
to raindrop, dead to his state of being, calling  
out the names of his wife, and his children  
unaware of where  
he is.

There is nothing here to see  
but eternal life.

If only I could  
see...

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Song Mercury**

Mercurial besides a drop  
of myrrh it glitters, excruciating  
pain exonerating from pain, shredding  
away the last threads off the womb  
as the blood drips  
drip drop drip  
unto the outstretched  
arms of him like papa  
in the field of rice  
welcoming  
rain.

An ode to death,  
papa's kinsman  
yet veiled like papa's  
foe. Riding on the field of  
maize, riding through the heart  
of our hamlet, his eyes spooks of  
dread, his hair smoldering tentacles  
his mouth emitting smoke and the spear  
of him raised upwards threateningly against  
us, papa's children disillusioning and  
terrifying. Papa never  
prepared us for  
this!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Stalwart

Diminutives...

A race led by a stalwart emperor, wage war and emerge victorious over a mightier "superior" race. The children, women, and men danced along narrow streets. They waded through rivers of blood, decimated, yet singing praise songs to his majesty and his band of belligerent questers.

On the treacherous peaks of ever  
lays the difficult riddle of the deposition and enlightenment of races and savagery. A riddle tangled in a festering knot, illucid yet eager to be understood.

Through the myths of ever  
lies the vision of our mother  
naked but for the head of our unborn hero protruding from the roughened mortis of her channel, a vision disturbing...  
imagery laid bare through the instances of senses in escape  
and from the prolonged exposure of the body to unprovoked savagery  
as a shuttle beyond yet flaming war-torn clouds  
suddenly alive with pleas for the advent of the belligerent questers.

Amidst the transience of ever  
a stench permeates our nostrils  
signaling a conjugation of our hopes and expectations  
with the coming gestation of our hero Matopy.  
In the midst of death and agony,  
a being of beauty is being formed.

Alas the Earth is unforgiving to him lost in the vaporous world of dreams and visions...  
White garbed folks in flowing beautiful gowns and white armbands with red bandannas  
wound tightly around their heads  
their gaits and gaunt and their lips parched from thirst  
servile citizens starved of hope and a future  
have gathered amidst an hallow of incenses  
to yawp gleefully at the advent of the belligerent questers.

SCHOW. a self-righteous being. rightfully though. Born of an harlot and raised a pariah.  
He must lead his people from purgation. The Lion of Judah and ruler of the appalistic worlds.

"An apparition descends at last  
and a god-like descends to dwell amongst us  
all hail his divine majesty  
Emperor Matopy  
The magnificent, the beautiful, the beloved  
Supreme Captain of the Hosts of War."

And the governments of the civilized lands built on the servility of other lands  
congregated at the emporium of nations  
to ponder on this coming.

"Let civility ring loudly in the ears of the animals  
and they shall cower in fear from our mightiness! "  
but the hero replies,  
"prussic. Faustian singing incites  
bellowing a response to an issue present since the birth of time

a tyrant defecated on our sacred altars and smeared our faces with feces  
appeased not by our hymns of amelioration.

Chant O Chant not ye impudent imperator of the predominant communal psyche! "

ascension

O stalwart diminutive epitome! Lead us through the myths of ever, away from  
humiliation, away from wretchedness and stunted hopes, away to await of the rapture  
soon to come of us! "

"A frenzy has arisen  
and a madness astir in the world  
a weld impaled  
as the spirits, demons, and god-likes  
all disappear in thick spiraling fumes  
knowing of a rapture impending.

Amazed we were  
alone on the peak of Mount Ever  
on the day the belligerent questers came  
bushels of flaming epitomes, light beings, the mists  
dispelling the myths as they descend gently from the  
skies above us in a ritualistic manner,

"Alone we stood  
beings in the throes of anticipation  
euphorically awaiting the rapture soon to come of us  
by the belligerent questers

And behold... these aliens  
they were of our own kind."

vision  
the mother comes...  
from the scarlet tinged skies above seemingly lowered by the horizon  
varying angles of reflection. Of light incident on the Earth  
as sherks appear. Ominous long thin streaks of sulfuric vapor streaking  
alongside the arc of the horizon, seven trails in all  
and a rainbow of colors, or dense drip of dyes  
and from these suddenly arose bursts of shrill piercing screams  
reverberating through the clouds and to all corners of the earth  
as the mother appeared suddenly

Mother of terror  
Mother of hope  
ageless fierce-some yet beautiful  
and signifying the end of our rapture.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Story**

In memory of Adorn  
and in memory of that  
inexplicable turn of events  
right in the middle of the story-  
suddenly revealed of its true origin-  
thus making the present inclinations less  
practical. As such, what is the origin of  
this story? It is a whole lot  
different from its  
beginnings.

Solagbade Oyefara

## Sunspot

The surface of Sol  
is warm, pulsating,  
violent, shape-shifting,  
yet meaningful. It is a primordial  
nod of approval. It is also a garment  
wrapped around a most vibrant tale.  
I must now somehow place  
a face, a context, and  
color behind this  
tale.

Still I feel the urge to  
sing when I awaken  
to each new dawn! The  
turmoil of the previous day  
should no longer matter. The  
words of the song are etched  
deeply into the heart and  
come to the lips  
unforced.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Bedouin Tent

The child had lived knowing only  
of a fertile earth and had grown up to  
find himself exalted and inhabiting the  
sky. On a cold overcast day he had found  
himself falling through the clouds. Falling  
through the clouds the exalted one now plunges  
down to earth. Raindrop falls down to earth. It falls  
towards earth and in a manner it is now a missile plunging  
through the clouds. It had traveled a long way to become a fiery  
rain bringing down death. Hellfire missiles do rain  
down certain death on those unfortunate  
enough to be there when the  
raindrop  
falls.

On a cold cloudy day  
hell did rain down fire.  
Upon a family journeying  
through a desert plain, death came  
down, unexpectedly. Upon this family of  
four on a visit to their invalid grandmother  
there were no indications of the death soon to  
come from above. Mother had been stuck in a tent  
for the past six months afflicted by a congested pair of  
lungs and a failing heart. She was the mother of the man.  
The son was the father and there was a younger  
woman, who while a mother, was  
herself also a  
daughter.

And there was a young child,  
who was the daughter's son and  
an infant who was a sister to the child.  
There were three heavy-laden camels carrying  
provisions for the journey, water, food, some medicine  
for the afflicted mother, and some camel dung used to light the fires  
at night. And the journey was quite long. It would take many days,  
and it was quite difficult because there was no well-worn  
route through the desert plain. They had to go through  
Wadis and bear through the strong desert winds.  
A journey made even worse by the sudden  
rain of fire from up  
above.

The child died.  
He then became dust  
never to be heard from again.  
But someone will someday remember  
him fondly enough to say a prayer for him.  
The sister also died, and became mulch which  
would be good wasted on such barren earth. The  
son survived though because he was quite dignified.

The young mother died, and was soon devoured  
by wild desert dogs. The camels somehow  
survived the rain and soon wandered on,  
farther into the desert, on and on, until  
they disappeared behind a sand  
ridge to arrive at the  
mother's  
tent.

She rose up from her sleep  
when she saw the camels. She  
then saw the billowing smoke faintly  
in the distance. Mother stood up and despite  
her affliction rushed out of the tent in worry for  
her family. But then she stopped on the ridge in anguish  
from what she saw. She turned her face up towards the sky  
and raised her fists up in anger. She shouted and she screamed  
and she yowled at the sky. She saw no thing though. But  
she knew there was definitely something up there  
that had seen fit to inflict  
this terrible  
loss.

The son survived the rain.  
But concussed, he had wandered  
on and on, farther into the desert, farther  
away from his mother's tent. Along this time  
the clouds slowly parted and the sun appeared to  
disrupt this scenery. Son wondered aimlessly on, and  
soon will be a memory lost to the mists, forever lost to his  
anguished mother. He will turn into mulch, and this too will be  
good wasted upon this barren plain. The child turned into dust knowing  
only of a barren earth. The daughter was devoured by hungry  
wild dogs. The sister turned into mulch and was  
good wasted on the earth while the mother  
turned her face up to the skies to curse  
the unknown source of her  
afflictions!

The child lives  
on a desert plain  
in a tent, part of a  
nomadic clan known  
to move from place to place,  
always in search of water and  
greener pastures, an oasis. And he  
will grow up a nomad, constantly  
moving from place to place  
in a search for water  
and greener  
pastures.

Know this though. It takes  
time and a great deal of suffering  
for the mirage to appear. But when  
it comes, and come it surely will,  
it becomes quite real. And the  
scenery as well as the  
tales become quite  
bewildering.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Bridge to Nowhere**

It is not often that one  
sees that one is not quite  
as bad as seems. Why be thoughtful  
when time no longer allows. The sane  
thing now is to go and gather more things  
so as to become better.

The bridge to nowhere  
leads ultimately to a place  
of light. The garden we find  
is closed to us though, guarded  
by two terrifying Seraphims with  
Swords as big as the world  
itself

so we must be satisfied with  
the wilds, even the forests, the  
open plains, the bleats of animals  
being killed, the countless wars  
between organisms, the horrors  
of boredom, the incessant conflicts  
between the great origins, the growing  
sense of unease, of displacement, of  
skies turning red from fires burning  
the waters off their contours, or the sole  
bear woken from deep slumber to find itself  
gasping for air in that watery grave that once  
used to be its abode

I say that Sol is still glorious to see.  
I say that Luna in full bloom is still  
a wonder to behold. I say the light  
in the eyes of little children is a revelation  
of the beauty in this wild. There are no Seraphims  
here. The myths are fully alive here. Yes, life still is  
beautiful. It is good to be human.  
It is good to be alive.  
It is good to know  
Death

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Dead Boy**

The tingling is back  
stronger than ever. Yet  
the machine says that it is  
in the head. This whole time is  
in the head. The whole worlds is  
in this head of  
mine.

Din echoes through  
the skull. It is a fanciful  
system within this  
head of  
mine.

Now a blithe spirit strums up  
a fanciful note. The crazed woman  
cautions not to speak out loud. The dead  
Iraqi boy pleads not to look at his eyes. The  
crazed soldier warns not to look  
at the dead boy's  
eyes.

A spirit within urges me  
to look at the dead boy's eye.  
Yet I try my best not to look at  
the dead boy's eyes. I cannot  
help but to stare  
into those  
eyes.

I have seen a terrible thing.  
I have done terrible things.  
I cannot bear to look into  
my own eyes. Alas, I am  
not truly happy. Now I  
find succor only in  
the bottom of the  
drink.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Dye's Deep Mystery

With the following  
gestures, he would find  
a mystery unbroken  
and settling, deep  
within the  
dye-

a trembling arm  
a scattering murmur  
a rattling of the breath  
a slight and gentle nod  
and finally a sigh deep  
and heavy with eyes  
sunken a deep  
hollow.

With a gentle  
nod of his head  
he assented to the  
odd stirrings  
within his  
breast.

With a sigh  
at once deep  
and heavy, he  
assented to the fluid  
build-up within his  
breast

With his eyes  
sunken hollow  
and his features fixed  
in a terrible expression  
he gradually descended  
into his  
breast

He struggled with  
his breath. He grappled  
within himself. He clutched  
tightly at his breast. He  
struggled mightily, but  
still he descended  
into  
dye

He mumbled-  
his words scattered  
into the void- he made no  
sense to himself and to  
those gathered

around  
him

In terrible pain  
he coughed out thick  
phlegm- pigmented scattered  
brown dye- he was soon  
covered in this  
brown  
dye.

Herein the old man slurs his words  
blurring the images beyond these worlds.  
No longer capable of anything  
he is now a  
dispensable  
matter

No longer capable of anything  
he is now an  
irritable  
issue

Fettered by the curse  
of birth, he is now  
lost within  
the  
dye-

Then a young man suffers.  
he falters his steps, stutters  
his words. Filled with anxiety  
he loses himself in  
Din

This young man,  
he is dye of the richest  
kind. He just does not know!  
The substance within him is plentiful  
and quite nourishing. He is  
energy condensed  
of a spirit  
volition

Say  
what is the purpose  
of the  
dye?

As he descends into himself  
he is gradually covered in dye-

clots of brown matter, dried and granular, as the fluid gradually dries up within their ducts.

Fluid set towards  
his animation was also  
of benefit to the thoughts.  
It had drained through many  
Channels, through nodes and lobes  
drained through the mind, left a metallic  
taste in his mouth, caused a shrill ringing in  
his ears, caused his tongue to swell,  
caused an odd tingling in his teeth,  
and an exaggeration  
of his senses.

When in discomfort  
Man is tempted to ask  
of himself, "Of what  
benefit is this  
dye? "

Yet this discomfort  
is a blessing of  
birth.

Discomfort.  
The body growing numb-  
first the arms, then the legs,  
then the central regions, the  
internal legions, until the  
mind flails exhaustively  
and dissipates  
into the  
void

Discomfort.  
the winding trail of thoughts  
the thickening fog of confusion  
the lulling dullness of the mind  
the frightening obsession  
with little girls, and the  
innate compulsion to  
measure.

So Measure.  
Measure the fluid  
Measure its coming and going  
Measure the substances within  
it. Measure as the world  
comes into

view.

Whether gaunt and  
wracked with pain or  
hale and full with zeal,  
against a grain of dust I  
will surely measure  
myself

Faintly illumined by dying light  
I will painstakingly measure myself.  
For thus will we truly  
grasp.  
Still I ask though:  
What is the purpose of Dye?  
What is the color of madness?

Some would attest to the  
different mutations of yellow-  
to a yellowish bulk, a yellow meager  
a yellow meander, a color scorned, while  
some would attest to a bleached brilliance  
to the turbulence hidden within flowing violet  
to a color mulched, to a violent fulgor  
or to the agitated flashes of odor  
plunging the body into the  
throes of grand  
mal

Still there is erosion  
as time steadily flows...  
a snake seeking its own tail  
and uniquely altering its  
imprints on the  
earth

Impressions are alterable  
Grains of sand are placed into  
an hour's glass. Dye is introduced  
at certain intervals. Time is now  
provided with  
color

the dust clots  
the pulse quickens  
the breath sweetens  
the breath stirs and  
the world comes  
to a stop.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Dying Frog**

There really is nothing to fear  
for you are born in fear and  
the worlds are shaped by fears  
and love?

There are odd habits  
that cramp the mind, or unfetter  
it, as the myth begins to unfold  
or there is boiled oil that would  
shorten the circuits of this  
unfolding

the frog is slowly being boiled  
and it does look quite happy  
for a reason? Not knowing better  
is not a reason to be joyful. But this  
also is a habit that continues to  
shape the  
worlds

I stand alone. I know time  
is being slowly burned as to  
make me unaware of the actual  
state of being. I am fully alive  
though. I am aware of some things  
and quite confident that I am not  
a frog. There is enough within to  
calm the  
nerves

And there is enough misery and death  
out there to glimpse some  
truths.

Life truly is beautiful  
It is good to be human  
It is good to see  
through  
Din!

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Fabric

From tiny spherical pockets of air  
urged upwards towards the warm  
embrace of Sol, or through the tilting  
motions of his progeny, the worlds  
expand when reasons are plentiful  
vapor condenses as far as it can  
as it is lifted upwards, until it can  
take no more, and is then  
released back onto the  
Earth!

In the diversity of patterns  
and in the simplicity within each pattern.  
In the wave-like nature of impulses  
and in the simplicity within each impulse.  
In the intensification of the seasons  
and in the compulsion behind this process.  
Old man frog boils unknowingly in a bowl of saltwater.  
Jumping about it sees all bright and beautiful.  
Infant turtle blindly seeks the turmoil of the waters  
It follows a trail laid within it through the unyielding  
rhythm of time, it follows blindly, even if it is soon  
regurgitated back to its  
death!

Below the turbid clouds the winds gradually settle  
into a more sustainable rhythm... there are streams  
traders, there are whirls that seem as  
animals caught in the act of motion. There is a rain  
that lasts a thousand years. There is the chipping away  
as well as the revelation of great heights  
and ranges, the clouds now gather at the top of the worlds.  
There is no salt here, and even if present only in the tiniest  
amounts. There is a snake slithering down the mountain side  
or is it a god-head? Or there is a murky enclave found around  
a wooden wheel, or a house built to follow upon the trail, increasingly  
bigger houses, and there is trade. There are many wonders about  
the banks of the trail. There is even greater  
wonder farther in-land.  
Paradise is found  
farther in-land!  
"When in turmoil  
it is better to stand as still  
as possible, " the king says.  
Or the king asks,  
"What makes the sad man happy  
and makes the happy man sad? "  
This I do not know my Lord  
for I am neither happy nor am I sad.  
All I know is to ponder  
these wonders  
before

me!

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Forest

On first inkling the  
Jungle up ahead seemed  
like a wondrous vision that  
caused the heart to skip a beat,  
then two, until it felt as if the heart  
would burst with some new unutterable  
joy. He felt faint, pausing to catch his breath  
he had to rest for a while before he could  
continue on his  
way.

He continued forward  
into the forest and once within  
he could find some measure of peace,  
and reprieve, and repose. Soon his lungs  
gradually shriveled from disuse as  
they were no longer needed  
here within the  
place of  
rest.

The vista now seems  
like the norm, with deeply  
familiar rhythms and deeply  
personal urges. The place of rest  
cannot be a place of work. The forest  
is something quite unfamiliar  
to the seed within  
him.

There is a whisper. The  
seed must be watered. There  
must be access to sunlight. There  
are too many shadows. The terrain  
is too irregular. The undergrowth is too  
thick. The animals are too well hidden. This  
is no place for a lion. An open plain with  
tall grass, a savannah. This is the  
ideal place for  
work.

Lion man roars in frustration  
because he does not comprehend  
his environs. The instinct now is to  
wander further ahead, to find a  
way out of this jungle. This is  
the most significant  
work there  
is!

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Germ

In this time current  
information is usually  
quite readily accessible.  
Yet the warnings persists  
within the trade winds, low  
agitated whisperings, cautioning  
against an impractical model, against  
loose definitions, urging towards a more  
optimal germ, towards the germ of an idea, a gem,  
always onwards. Always towards a time never to  
be arrived at, no matter how long time might  
seem. No matter how long the idea  
ferments, the warnings still do  
somehow exhaust  
the mind.

Time works well under  
most circumstances and a  
germ is usually good enough  
for this purpose. This time  
is an aberration  
though.

Sole germ same old story.  
Within the cell the moments  
somehow rut within a heuristic  
cycle. So once, upon an open plain,  
a constrictor plays with a fallow deer.  
The deer is so happy to have found such  
a wonderful mate. He unwittingly tempts the  
fates. Also in the dark a hungry mongoose kills a  
hungry black mamba. Mongoose is now happy to have  
found nourishment for the night. Thus does time  
continue, for mamba, mongoose, constrictor,  
and deer are but mere moments  
within this parched  
mind.

Still, the anchor to this trope  
is the crux of an idea- that there  
is a germ within the cell. This  
gem has a strong craving  
for all that can be.

I Sola, I keep a small shrine  
near the entrance to my chamber.  
Farther in there is a spiral structure-  
right at the heart of my chamber. This  
whole life, I strive to ensure that the gem  
is always within reach. The germ of an original  
idea is somewhere within my mind.  
The memory had begun long

ago and yet the mind  
somehow remains  
dry.

Now moisture must be drawn  
into the cell in the right manner,  
in order to keep it certain, to maintain  
its particular shape, to feed its growing  
size, and to ensure its functional tonicity.  
My chamber is not a random schema.  
Within it, moments accrete up to a  
fallow point. In this manner does  
the mind truly becomes  
heuristic.

So germ, unfold this mind right.  
Despite the errors implicit in  
each moment, please I beg  
of you, unfold this time  
good...

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Great Machine**

A deep groan belching smoke  
as the fire burns bright. It is liquid  
fire within the skulls of a chosen few  
but the few are quite  
many.

Time nears where the  
dark must be illumined.  
Time comes when the cold  
Earth must be animated, when  
the soil must be tilled, when the  
dried seeds must be sowed, and when  
the life-giving plants must be watered.  
The harvest must be made.  
The animals must be killed.  
The food must be processed.  
The hungry must be fed.  
And the poor must  
inherit the  
earth!

Do we not need a machine?  
We do need a machine to carry  
us through all these. The great machinery  
of life will see us through the weary nights  
after the hard days' work. Awakened and  
refreshed, it will enhance our vision  
through the drudgeries of  
these days.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Great Society

dachau

There are rules to these things we know.  
There are rules to live by you know  
even in that caged society of Dachau  
where the man by some tear in fate  
had somehow become schizophrenic  
and created two faiths for himself.

It is difficult to mull on darkness or light  
when there is no distance between  
one can now only muse on the lengths  
of each day and each night  
and on the intrusion of one into the other.  
Only a child would attempt to tell the  
difference between these two.

Within a given fixed length  
we did witness a long day  
with the preceding night of equal length  
and the day would not yield to the night  
nor would the night yield to the day

then we bore witness to a short day  
with a preceding night of equal length  
and the day could not add more to itself  
nor could the night add more to itself

as it went for the long day and the long night  
it also went for the short day and the short night  
for just as the long day hindered the natural length of the night  
so did the long night hinder the natural length of the day  
and just as the short day could add no more to itself  
so could the short night grow to its natural length.  
In this schema, all along the lengths would suffer.  
There is a lack of sleep, there is weariness, there  
is wariness, there is anger, there is hatred,  
there is turmoil, there is unnatural death.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Hand

One-eyed time slowly accretes  
as the whirling vigor gradually becomes  
the norm, all sense of time is nothing  
but a fraction of that which surrounds  
in parts, or could be measured with time  
and with some difficult reasoning  
or a leap, a turning away, an accepting,  
or a zygote of some sorts  
which supposes an early union  
of another  
sorts

We measure with what we have,  
so strive, to have more. Strive,  
yet nothing known can slake this thirst  
that is so fiery, it renders  
the heart  
ash

The forest ablaze also yields  
ash of some sorts. This is a place  
and a time available to us. Shape the  
gardens with the tools at hand, even  
when the length of time seems overwhelming  
and doubt, a creeping shadow, begins to gnaw  
at the mind, thickening a sense of  
bewilderment

the light will spill through where allowed,  
through the high canopies, through the thick  
foliage, casting all sorts of shadows underneath  
the feet, causing disorientation. So Sol cannot easily be seen.  
Still is this a reason for fear? So I say, do not be terrified of the shadows  
because it is only fleeting. Do not fret the disorientation of the senses.  
Do not be terrified of new revelation  
for wisdom comes in its  
wake

For though the demons roil the dark realms  
the angels also toil in there. True phrase is  
in distinguishing one from the other  
even as the senses must adjust to  
the constant shifting of scenery-  
the garden within the forest  
the forest upon an open plain  
the open plain within a time  
the time open to the elements  
and the myths essential to these  
elements.

So be watchful  
Be aware of the whirl

Do not lose yourself in Din  
Do not grow anxious by the shadows  
Do not be obsessed with the garden  
and you will find a path out of the forest.  
And please, no matter what comes,  
never put your  
hand in the  
finger!

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Heart

A dark matter adorns a steel  
robotic frame as it gradually  
gives it form, over time color  
will give form. But it is the absence  
of light that truly  
shapes

the heart of the matter  
is quite difficult to comprehend  
and this makes all roads ahead  
quite tortuous, the myths must  
still unfold  
though.

The machine friend  
can caution, and advice, and sometimes  
clear a path where there was none, but it  
too does not know the heart of the matter  
and sees only that which it thinks we want  
to see.

Say  
there is nothing new underneath the sun  
yet there are words beyond Sol, absolved  
from its sway, that do give mass, and do allow  
for truly new things, for a truly new thing is one  
way towards the  
heart of  
matter

and towards this  
there is no end in sight  
for there truly is no end  
even as there was a beginning  
and through all this there will be  
some heavy lifting but this does  
not matter for it  
enriches the  
myths.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Hunger Artist

"Feed me"  
The gentle man mutters under his breath  
"Please feed me"  
even as he walked down the boulevard  
at a leisurely pace, a busy dusk past a corner  
grocery, past an iconic Apple store, past a café  
on the other side of the road, as the cars crawled  
by and the worlds milled  
around somewhat  
directionless

"Help me, " he calls out  
and yet the world would not hear his cry  
for like him they were quite busy muttering  
underneath their breath, while crying out for  
help into a deafened world the world is so loud,  
there is nothing that can be said, all that  
is left is to whisper under  
one's breath, and to  
hunger for  
food

the Earth is quite bright  
and beautiful for the machine  
made it so and made it in the only  
way possible and the only way we have  
known, yet there is enough time  
to figure out the kinks  
in this design  
somehow...

now the world  
is too bright and too  
beautiful for our own good  
and it is such beauty that is easily  
ignored, for Din in some manner  
obfuscates the thoughts and the ideas,  
or there is no end in sight that it cannot be  
deemed beautiful, or that one is now incapable  
of coherence, how to put such beauty into words  
even if it seems that we are in an iron dome  
up above decorated with a painted on sun,  
and tiny twinkling stars and a moon  
growing in proportion with the  
feeling growing  
within  
him

the world continues  
the world is beautiful  
it is good to see this and  
even when the strong light

reveals its flaws, there  
is nothing wrong with  
this.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Iron Lung

Time comes and looms  
when the weight of the worlds  
is heavy upon the shoulders. Up.  
Way up above three unidentifiable  
gray creatures trace a widening visual  
in the sky. The time is too far. Fiery unslakable  
thirst implores towards a mud pool  
somewhere out in the desert. The  
light here is quite harsh during  
the day. The quality of life  
here is low. Some other  
qualities now gnaw at  
the mind- hunger,  
fear,  
death...

Still one  
must tarry  
here a while.  
The iron lung  
must be tended to.  
The racing pulse must  
be brought to reason. The  
roaming mind must be made  
to see. To seek a sea. A sea? Of sand?  
Or the water too is made of dust.  
There is no respite from this  
place. This is all there is.  
The purpose now is to  
actively try and see  
as difficult as  
it might  
seem.

I see  
and still  
do not want  
to see for the effort  
tires the mind. I see my  
reflection in the pool and  
realize how horrible  
these all seems.  
Time truly  
is not  
fair.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Love of Life**

O love of life!  
A thousand years from now  
who will they remember?  
What will they remember?  
Will they remember me?  
Or will they remember you?  
What have we done?  
Olo du mare...  
what have we  
done? !

O Love of life!  
Our foe is not death  
but sleep.  
The clear fluid  
but brings deep sleep  
while the wood-aged fluid  
but reveals the mysteries  
of time  
yet your love alone  
brings me this gift of time.  
I do not implore  
you to a difficult thing  
but rather to something  
true and plain as Sol.  
I know the drink has gone  
to the head  
yet I do not sleep.  
I am a Lifter of worlds  
I can function with no sleep  
and too much  
drink!

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Love of White Cloth

I went, up the  
snow-capped mountain,  
a beloved man of the World  
and come down the other side  
a terrifying demon to those who  
earlier had urged me  
up the mountain  
way

they appear horrified  
at my unkempt hair, at my  
odious mien, at the wild glint  
blazing behind my bloodshot eyes.  
I had spent too much time  
at the edge of the  
whirl

I had spent too much time  
in the whirl for it is quite seductive,  
such times are quite seductive, and there  
is no safety net underneath, to catch one from  
a sudden plunge, nothing to buffer one  
from the dark chill, from the growing  
lack, from the severe solitude,  
except for the flimsiest  
piece of white  
cloth

small one-celled time  
began to tell tales of its  
birth upon the snowcapped  
rocks, when the origins had insisted  
despite all proofs, that there is no such  
thing, that it is impossible for something to  
emerge from the dark realm. But the truth remains  
that strands within the realm, rare wispy strings  
with the tiniest mass, had gradually begun  
to be aware of their surroundings, become  
aware of their orientation in the whirl,  
began to hearken to some urge  
within gradually growing in strength,  
to ignore the differences in  
temperature, to seek  
comfort in each  
other, to form  
a clot, a  
clot of  
light...

the first thing in the world  
was quite white. There was no  
pattern behind this. The first thoughts

were also quite chaotic, for there was  
no engine yet to  
harness their  
energies.

I must find a way  
down from this time  
for the mind is now quite  
moist. The piece of white cloth  
is all I have to cover my nakedness.  
Yet shame and fear are the  
last things on  
my mind  
now

I was a man  
with a black heart  
and the most morbid thoughts.  
I had insatiable appetites, often I  
lost myself in drink, in wanton lust,  
in the desire to grab as much as I couldn't,  
and now I feel a joy indescribable, a  
calm unburdened by thoughts of a  
change in time, a love for all  
things too heavy  
for a heart so  
feeble

The white cloth  
wrapped my body  
but it warped my mind,  
and things came to be through the  
unlikeliest acts of the origins, when there  
still was no dye. There was a Lord though  
already present, before the strings  
thought to seek out each other.  
Now I see, that a love for the  
white cloth makes one seek  
out the heart of the  
matter.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The One- Eyed Man**

This time begins with sane.  
World drops all around him  
as he struggles to remain tame.  
The same rain lives within  
him as the raindrops  
that leaven the  
worlds

He had just one good eye  
as he struggles up to heaven.  
Sol has lost its glory and now who  
will guide him along this  
treacherous  
path?

The world drops all around  
him for the same thing is time.  
This time is not truly sane  
and who knows but the  
one-eyed rain  
drop?

He has one good eye and he finds  
conflicts all around him. Know that  
there is no rain fall in heaven nor is there  
any green. There is no food because there is  
no urge to hunger. There is no drinkable  
water because there is no  
urge towards  
thirst.

Heaven is not as it seems...  
Yet it would be worth it if it will  
take this annoying tingling  
away from my left  
leg.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Palm-Wine Song**

My friend  
continue with the thought  
and you will see what happens!  
Then will you drink your fill  
with a clear mind and you  
will become a  
lifter of  
worlds!

A million years is nothing.  
A single day bears the burden  
of the worlds. A single star bears  
the burden of the cosmos. Mandela  
was of a sober mind. The king is of a  
sober mind. The sober mind  
is best to bear the  
burdens of the  
worlds.

It will bear the burden of the cosmos.  
Yea it will lead us to the Lord of Light!  
But until then, I will drink myself  
into drunken stupor for the  
kings often were  
drunk...

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Playground

On the playground  
we are as dusk comes  
and the crickets begin  
their daily calls and Sol  
quietly retreats  
into its  
pit.

We ignore the calls of our mother  
as we partake of thee, fanciful system.  
And it is fanciful, this system  
where the sands are fully ruffled  
from our wrestling,  
there are no trees  
here.

Where did we learn  
to fight? It is a magic system  
where the children become their  
fathers. It is not a  
whimsical system  
this.

There are sons and there  
are sons, and there should be daughters.  
And there are differentiating features, and there  
is discord in the air as well as abandon. And there are  
fault lines ringing the edges of the playground, and there  
are some smiling faces, some angry faces, some meanness, some  
bullying, some jockeying around, some alliances being  
made, some foes being decided upon, some enemies  
becoming new friends, and some kids are being  
strung on the neck from metal electric poles-  
these are the strange fruits hanging from  
even stranger  
trees...

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Public Craftsman

O Sweet wine! O Delicious white  
frothy wine! There is no joy like that  
found in the company of my  
most wooden companion  
after a hard day's  
work!

When night comes  
all would have been  
brought through the light  
of day. A lot would have been  
brought through. A lot still needs  
to be done though. But I no  
longer care. So, Please  
find me sweet wine,  
so I can dull these  
senses!

The Craftsman was good at  
his art. My trusted companion  
was good at most things. At first  
he had followed in exact detail the  
instructions that had been given  
to him. He followed the details  
but never could make out the  
reason!

The elves were  
not fully formed. Some  
elves were formed in the  
most exacting manner. Others  
were forged in a most dissolute  
manner. Am I an elf? Or am I in  
heaven? How would I know  
when I find myself in  
this great  
heaven?

The Craftsman. He  
built the waters from  
the finest cedar. He erected  
the heavens upon pillars of light. He  
then separated the light from the waters.  
He looked into the water and now  
finds its own reflection.

Unaware of all  
that had preceded  
I now think myself  
the only thing.

From poorly formed

scum in a shallow but warm  
pond, to this magnificent form  
now being irrigated in the most  
beautiful way. I am beloved by  
all because of my beauty  
and my humble  
posture!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Shell**

I do not know  
but to come back  
home to myself after  
a hectic shift out in the  
day. Sol by now shrunken  
into its dark shell. A thought  
loosed from within by a  
wind new to this  
swell.

I do not know  
but to come back  
home to myself or to  
a new thought. My eyes  
are wide open! There  
is an odd tingling  
in my  
arm!

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Smiling Mountain

There are two paths-  
one is called abstinence  
and the other indulgence-  
that lead to the range of  
Smiling Mountain.

From afar, Smiling  
Mountain seems like the  
place to be. Its snow-capped  
peaks shimmer brightly underneath  
the sun-light and the heavens appear  
within reach of the  
outstretched  
arm.

Smiling Mountain is a  
reality now. This reality is a  
continuous echo uniting the world  
as the consciousness unfolds as a wave,  
crests and troughs, short intervals in between,  
lapses, two views  
of the same  
coin.

The intervals are easy  
to ignore, and in this ignorance  
the fluid gradually builds up. Dense  
cloudy fluid soon fills the nostrils and  
clogs up the senses. There is now an  
exaggeration of these  
senses.

Ignorance causes this fluid  
build-up. It soon becomes a burden  
upon the Pneuma. Still it continues on  
the path of growth, even if it is in  
a manner that leaves  
the soul deformed.

The act of Matter is  
this fluid build-up. It urges  
us towards a womb, shapes us  
within our mothers, and grows the  
mind moist as soon  
as the memories  
allow.

Two minds now head towards smiling  
Mountain. One is ascetic and the other  
glutton. If time allows we soon will  
find each other atop the  
snow-capped

Mountain  
peak.

Here we are atop smiling Mountain.  
The view goes on and on. Melting snow  
runs off the jagged sides as it steadily  
etches a path through  
the scenery far  
below.

A solitary copper-snake  
goes in search of its own tale  
even as Sol is embroiled in its own  
tale. Atop smiling Mountain, the wind  
whispers in our ears and offers to  
trade with us. We have nothing  
to offer and so it quickly  
chokes the breath off  
our Machine  
lungs.

Time is quite deficient,  
it is pitiless, and one-eyed. While  
it allows for the occasional glimpses  
of a myth, it does not allow for  
the fullest understanding  
of these myths.

Now we must find our way  
back down from the Mountain  
peak. The air is thin as we begin  
and the lungs wince in pain from the  
shortage of air. Now there is only  
one path down to  
the worlds  
below.

Abstinence had offered  
no special advantage and  
indulgence had merely led  
to a weakened  
state of  
being.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Surge

The Soul is wound in sleep. Spirit  
has turned into steel. It is difficult to  
follow the breath beyond  
these wayward  
thoughts!

This basin of water is also  
a basis for water. The salt found  
within is an essential attribute  
to this wayward  
will!

The surge is a purposeful  
roam. It is a continuous wave.  
It derives from the strangest  
seed found hidden deep  
within

Birth begins at the  
periphery of the surge. Here  
it soon beckons for the unfolding  
of a much newer  
tale

The memory will begin  
sometime inside the head.  
The mind soon begins when  
this memory  
becomes  
moist.

Memory begins with an  
initial strain. It beckons for  
the unfolding of the old familiar  
tale. There is no reason for song and  
yet the Soul, O wary Soul,  
longs for sweet  
Song!

Reason is not antithetical  
to the Surge I think- this huge  
surge of emotions! The Soul longs  
to sing. It longs for rushed words and  
inspired cadences. So Sing  
O Soul, the Song of  
Songs!

The Song is a state,  
of nature, and also a  
memory from whose brutal  
grasp it is difficult to escape. So

Sing! For there is not much  
that can be done  
now!

The Surge is a state  
in nature, whose waves  
do echo. Time does echo!  
O sweet Nature, you will  
echo far into  
Eternity!

I will echo. I will enter,  
I will come, I will go, and I  
will tarry. Moment to moment  
I do not know where I could become. I  
could lose myself in  
this chaotic surge  
forever!

I am not a unity  
of strands, or a deep  
unbroken hum. I am but  
Papa's son- full of energy the  
likes of which have never been  
seen. I am fully conscious  
of all but  
myself

I am dust conceived within  
the fiery cauldron of Sol. Here  
I gradually gain mass. Now I stand  
upon a loam plane. Carefully  
I now survey all  
"these" around  
me

I am naked, but for a piece  
of white cloth loose upon the  
body. The White Cloth is much unlike  
what I know. It is incapable of being stretched.  
But this knowledge can  
only be stretched so  
far!

Clothed in white, I become  
capable of very dark things. I  
become capable of  
many, many  
things

The mountains crumble  
before I do. Great fires bloom

and then die. Huge clouds of dust  
collide into each other, as dense fog  
condenses into milky fluid. This is a  
most familiar song. So here O Soul  
are the lyrics that forcefully  
come to the  
lips!

Darkness is not  
the absence of light. It  
is but willful ignorance. This  
is the unfamiliar strain. There is  
no absence O weary Soul! There is  
only a growing  
blindness to  
light!

I am not Adorn. I am  
but the lowliest Lifter. True,  
I too am adorned in white. Still  
I know no greater thing  
than this incredible  
urge to  
sing!

Towards joyful union, I  
will destroy my portion of  
fluid. This is all time allows  
There truly is a most gracious  
"Being" for without this how else  
to explain this incredible urge  
to break into  
song?

Each surge brings new  
things to life. There is no  
need for fear. There truly is  
no need for fear. My abode is the  
vast Ocean even if all I know  
is this dense  
forest!

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Tingling**

Adorn  
the lines now  
are blurred and I  
am no longer  
happy!

The image is  
too far. The day  
too is far, and the  
light far in this  
distance...

The image is  
now fear. The day  
still is far. These moments  
are not fair, for there  
is an odd tingling  
in my  
arm!

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Transfiguration

Through the cracks  
it slips wriggling and  
slithering, casting an hypnotic  
trance, coarsening all things that  
crosses with its path. It has an irregular  
structure though, a deep black yet blithe  
vibrant demon wafting out a  
disembodied odor  
signaling true  
rot

And the people gathered  
at the outskirts of the city  
to witness the coming of the  
irregular demon. And there they  
saw a naked man, cross-legged,  
dread-locked, sitting by a pond, gaze  
intently fixed on the murky waters,  
seeing something, oblivious to  
the crowd gathering  
around  
him

Thought.  
I am a beast with fiery eyes  
and the most terrible of features  
a dark matter, a demon-like  
forged through a  
restless  
Mind

Speech.  
I am a being with golden eyes  
and the most beautiful of features  
a new matter, a god-like  
forged through a  
purposeful  
Mind

Translation  
He is a being with golden eyes  
and the most beautiful of features  
a godly matter, a god-like  
forged through a  
purposeful  
Mind

Understanding.  
He is the being with the golden eyes  
and the most resplendent features  
a spiritual matter. The God-head

incapable of being  
forged...

And I in wonder  
having witnessed this  
transformation fell on  
my knees and paid  
homage to this  
matter before  
me.

Solagbade Oyefara

## **The Traveller**

Travel.  
See as much as you can  
for it will be to your  
own benefit.

Travel.  
for with each new sight  
the mind deepens and  
Song comes much more  
easily to the lips.

I travel.  
And I smoke heavily,  
and I drink lustfully  
and I eat with gusto,  
and yet I am restless  
and leer at others, and  
curse at others, and am  
quick to anger, and I am  
prone to promiscuity and  
often disregard the  
judgments of  
others

Once I traveled  
and I smoked heavily  
and became aware that  
there was too much smoke  
in the lungs when my heart  
skipped three beats and I felt  
a weird tingling pain in my left  
arm.

I traveled too long  
and too far. My mind  
deepened into oblivion  
and song came forth  
slurred and rushed.

I am prone to excesses  
though. So do not take  
my fate as the norm.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Trickster

And the Beast says into his breast,  
"All I need in this world to be happy  
is to be happy."

When joy comes, time stops  
for a moment and then it continues  
on its way

The trick is to let it on its way  
for continuation is itself a  
trickery

The trickster is a shape-shifting beast  
within the breast, made of many elves,  
with opposing wills, in deep struggle  
to shape the whirl

Take away the trees  
and the forest soon follows.  
Take away the forest and we are  
left with a lumpy piece of rock. Take away  
this lump and there still will be something left  
to see?

Sol rises and sets in dismay  
sad that no one pays attention  
to its plight, but when it plunges  
from its orbital trail, it finds true joy  
for then we below run berserk, our focus  
now fully upon this  
aberration

Man is the great trickster.  
The trick is in his breast.  
The trick is to love with full  
alertness. To observe all through  
Din, the trees, the forest, the lump  
of rock, Sol, the beasts roaming  
about, and each elf roiling  
within

for then, time will stop for each  
moment, and it will not continue  
on its way

or time will continue on through  
the moments, and one would catch  
onto its tail filled with  
bliss

Solagbade Oyefara

## The True Shape of Things

Luna tugs at the strings.  
She tugs at the string of  
pearls. Within each calcified  
form there is a heart, and the  
hearts do not beat as one and  
each heart does not seem in-tune  
for the nodes are firing  
in the oddest  
manner

The true shape of things to come  
is not quite true for it derives from  
the shapes of things already known.  
And those things found in-tune are  
things we found on earth, for the earth  
is the destination. And for those  
things we learnt along the  
way there will always  
be some  
doubts

The world we are born into  
is much more certain than the  
worlds that develop around us as  
we continue on our way. Do not dwell  
on the world that is yet to be for they already  
are. Whether it is today or tomorrow,  
the day always comes, and the  
children will always find  
time for  
play

Sol blooms and pulses. He  
shoots out light strings  
in the wildest  
manner!

Depth brings death. There is  
no avoiding the depths. It cautions  
patience. It implores silence. It urges  
onwards the path of  
honesty.

It is good to learn.  
It is good to be human.  
It is good to know the words  
It is better to be lost along  
the way than to tarry  
in the jungle  
out of  
fear.

Solagbade Oyefara

## The Union

A long time since I left home  
and left my ties behind. I had gone  
in search of deeper roots, firm in the  
belief that this would allow  
for a much fuller  
image.

The love of life had yielded me  
a most beautiful coat. A shield to  
be borne against the elements. The  
spirit was buoyant and the heart warm  
with joy and anticipation of  
great things to  
be!

I saw many wondrous forms  
and found quite intricate systems  
along the way. I took many turns at  
the urgings of the great myths. The heart  
longs for long-delayed reunion  
with the initial  
strains of  
light!

Still, this coat of colors  
had gradually worn heavy  
to become a burden upon the  
shoulders. It must now be thrown  
off, as difficult as this must be. Beauty  
has grown heavy on the shoulders  
even as it wraps the soul  
tightly in deep  
sleep.

There can be no union  
if I had continued in this  
wanton manner. Some say  
sleep rejuvenates the soul. But alas  
I find that sleep merely rejuvenates sleep  
and the longer I sleep the more  
difficult it is for me  
to wake  
up.

Solagbade Oyefara

## True Phrase

In settling into life  
I had choked myself  
full on desire. In pursuit  
of meaning I had sifted for  
myself a meaningless  
path.

the mind is restless...  
as I must now decipher  
this pathless meaning- the  
phrase sifting all meanings  
is towards  
"deep sleep."

the joints creak with every step  
the steps falter the slightest hesitation  
the body rejects its inner hesitation, the name  
remains the efforts assumed before sleep  
while meaning becomes that  
effort resumed after  
sleep.

"True phrase" is letting  
go of desire before the  
powerful urge  
to sleep  
comes!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Underneath the Palm Tree

Daylight began  
as a long-tailed poem  
protruding from within  
the darkest matter- attached  
to the myth within by a long sinewy  
umbilicus, light naked but for a thin piece  
of white cloth, twenty cowry pieces, an empty  
wooden gourd, two snails- a male and  
a female pair- and the fullest  
assurance from the  
continuous  
riddle

the cord is severed  
and the matter now  
is in the hands of  
this, great  
Lord...

The Lord cuts a mythic  
figure wrapped in white  
cloth. Yet he had been an  
ordinary being, who had walked  
the Earth before us, drank of its waters,  
felt the pangs of its hunger, seen the sun sink  
below the horizon, and within the  
night sky had seen the fires  
rage quietly from  
afar

Only time can identify the saved.  
Only time can piece the many shards  
of insight together to yield a much clearer  
picture and move the tale forward. So in the  
meantime, let us carry on with joy. Let us perform  
our duty with delight, for there is no reason for fear.  
For one-eyed time will gradually but inexorably  
take care of the excesses  
within this living  
machinery

Still, imagine the time alone and  
isolated, alone to witness the dawn  
of a new substance- Sol not fully formed,  
souls but latent kernels within the annals-  
envisage the gravity  
of this  
time.

There was an increasing  
difference in temperature  
between the different regions

within the great drink, as various  
substances came to be in unison, and  
now become the central  
matter within the  
continuous  
riddle.

The burden is now heavy  
on the shoulders. The Lord  
fell wearily underneath a tree, a  
Palm tree. He sought rest from  
the travails of the  
day.

He sat underneath a palm tree,  
my Lord, who is quite fond of sweet  
wine. Soon he was drinking white frothy  
wine from the wooden gourd, drinking, as  
the weariness gradually seeped out from within  
his bones. He soon fell  
into a drunken  
stupor.

The rest of the tale is quite known  
and there is no need to ponder upon  
the consequences of this stupor  
but rather upon the dark matter  
to which the umbilicus had  
been attached. This is  
the crux of the  
riddle...

The urge is strong enough to question the riddle.  
The urge is strong enough to glimpse the heart  
of the riddle. However, it is not strong  
enough to understand the  
riddle at  
length.

And yet,  
even though I am a slave  
to this urge, I still will  
not put my hand  
in the finger!

I will not blame the Lord  
for the troubles of this world.  
I will not blame the humans either.  
Trouble must come, for it is a consequence  
of that first dusk, when my Lord, frightfully exhausted,  
had given in to his urges and drank himself  
into drunken stupor underneath

the life affirming tree.

I will not put my hand in the finger.  
You could try if you so wish,  
but the troubles  
cannot easily  
be wished  
away!

Solagbade Oyefara

## Variations

The society of heaven.  
Man through his efforts  
seeks relief from  
this burden.

The society as heaven?  
When the real heaven is  
forged of a quite peculiar  
impulse within the thoughts  
and the real heaven is  
an actively tightening  
snare

The society as hell. A logical  
variant. An extreme very well  
within the errors of our efforts.  
When the real hell is determined  
of a similarly peculiar impulse,  
and the real hell is an  
actively tightening  
grid

The society as a haven.  
An actual framing man still  
while the minds that forge the  
heavens and the hells flux  
around this beleaguered  
frame

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Violence**

Alone  
there is the threat  
of violence dank in the  
air as I watched myself in  
the mirror- capable of  
anything- am I really  
alone?

The elves will  
somehow find a  
way to reveal  
the selves

Solagbade Oyefara

## **Whet**

Color came  
gradually. And  
now with the senses  
whetted, it further deepened  
into the air. With the air  
whetted, color now  
comes to the  
mind...

After this  
there then  
appeared rigid  
structures, tall  
powerful columns,  
magnificent castles  
from "this, "  
thin  
air

Solagbade Oyefara

## Which Craft

Whirling wind  
take me far away  
on your golden craft.  
Take me far away from  
this time for time now is  
the menace. I am increasingly  
troubled by the progressively  
indeterminable yawing of  
this gyre.

Make me deaf  
to the increasingly  
mechanical shrieks coming  
from deep within the gyre.  
It is as if it ought not to be. Yet  
it had to be. The shrieks came to be  
somehow. Thus I continue, in deep distress,  
anxious, troubled by the mindless groans of those  
caught in a self-inflicted rut. I can offer no help. I can  
offer no words of comfort. I can bring no new  
revelations. I can offer but little hope  
and this more than likely will be  
ignored. So wind, take me far,  
before I am led astray by  
the wonders of this  
time.

Take me far.  
Whether by magic  
or by some peculiar  
witchery. My bones are  
now quite brittle. The dying  
skin has been sloughed off. The  
shriveled lungs have been done away  
with! I am now ready for flight- this, despite  
a crippling fear of heights. I am ready  
for when comes next, no matter  
how chaotic this turn  
will seem.

Solagbade Oyefara