

Poetry Series

Olamide Adebayo
- poems -

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Olamide Adebayo(21st Of May,1997)

Adebayo Olamide.

A native of osun.

18 years old.(as at 2015)

A creative writer.

Deals with all genres of literature; mostly poetry.

Discovered His ability, late december,2014.

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A Satisfied Journey.

When my hands were empty;
And mind relaxed.
A perfect period to impact,
Or maybe have fun with Luigi.
This period,
Like some would go shopping,
And some, fishing,
While some, chatting.
I went off the hook,
Studying some rare species of plant.

First was the ferocious one,
That had no root.
The Bladderwort, so it is called,
Or maybe the Utricularia plant.
Watching it capture
And digest little creatures
With its small hollow sacs,
It was amazing.

The amusement soon faded,
As I felt it was too small;
I needed a much bigger one,
I continued.

Next on the mountain, I found,
The very one with the sticky-stalk gland,
Shining with so much affinity.
Its leaves further closing,
As the insects helplessly struggle,
Thereby trapping the little fellows.
Then I realized it was the Drosera plant,
The Sundew, as it is popularly called.

Though, a bit bigger than the utricularia,

I needed a larger plant;
Much more bigger than the sundew.
I came across the rare Venus Flytrap,
But I proceed.

My gaze struck another.
It appeared unique;
Funnel-shaped leaf with slippery rim,
Having a pool in it,
It was the Cobra Lilly,
Trapping the weary little insects in the pool.

A very big one,
But I wanted something bigger.
Once more, I searched.

All the way to Malaysia;
On the tallest mountain in Borneo,
There it feasted on nature.
A fulfilled smile I gave,
Having sighted the largest, of all.
Like the cobra lilly, it trapped insects;
Even bigger ones.
Much more bigger than the venus flytrap,
Oh yes!
The Ralph Pitcher plant it was.

I reach for my watch,
It was sun-down already,
I backed for home, satisfied.
I have learnt about new plants,
I had enough to put down in my diary.

Olamide Adebayo

A Soldier's Remain.

He loved his country,
A patriotic patriot,
Not he was unmarried,
He was betrothed.

Then the time arose,
When needed he defend his country.

She was totally against the Nations' call,
She was teary,
Remorsed over her thoughts.

A representative from the leaders
Approached, to console
And promise words against actions.
He would return with glory
Sculptured in his name.

Now they leave for the war front.
Mourns and wails,
As they march away in a thread.

Days ahead, now defeated,
A few surviving dead
Who had returned in victory.

Having heard,
She started on the track,
Perhaps, to welcome her hero.

But all she saw of him;
His reputable uniform,

Severed!
Fully drenched in blood.

Olamide Adebayo

A Virgin's Honour

Forgive your years(ears) to convey my song to the mind,
But should a line elude you,
I will scour the bushes, and return when again I find,
You need not marry a feet to a ground
That will; with time, wipe off its memory,
Rather beat me the drum, to buy them on a platform of unending history,
Let me your arm, as I thread it into mine,
To mesh with an omen that all will be fine,
Tell me to the cliff side,
And you will but cry to smile; as into the clock ahead, we take a stride,
Even for the rock pronounce our name,
Slay it an evidence! , my pleas were never lame.

.....

Yes! , your colorants are nitty,
But I crate them rather archaic to spruce that
Which I call 'your beauty',
Lie to me of your past,
And into the ashcan, I will cast,
Never should you bell your sensation an undercover,
For that only, will gnaw at my putter.

.....

Doctors might be caused to cut, mend; repair,
Should they to our love, it would cap me in despair,
Even lawyers might be hired to question, defend, appeal,
Should they to our emotions, we would be lone at the end,
Writers might be locked to ponder, uncover; pen,
But should they to our intense sensation, we will forever be read.
I will be saved to be egged in your den,
And always, I will tame you with my pen.

Olamide Adebayo

Adufe! The Beauty Goddess.

by Adebayo Olamide(Aesthete) , Prince Joe and Ajibade Abdullah(Pen Talk) .

.....
9th Of January,2017.
.....

.
Who would hold my heart,
Now it's reeling off, almost?

Adufe!

My praise queen,
Only in your palms, when drop,
Will it survive the fall.

.
You praise the queen bee,
Her elegance, a perfect beauty,
But wherever you stream, Adufe,
The crown pelts to its hive.

.
Let us place our hands on a romantic roam,
As we flake through historical attention,
The popular Idi-Arere, as one to mention,
My smile is yours, on a cosmic glow.

.
Please my heart, Adufe,
Grease my heart,
Let pleasure find itself a home,
But through your palms,
Goddess of beauty that fisures,
Such that men hold, then seizures.

.
But what ode shall please such beauty's lineage?
Such that flaunts, like a maiden's cleavage,
Perhaps, I know of honours bower,
Orita-merin should stand our tower,
No doubt, my heart beat like a rising sun,
You make me,
Oh Adufe!
Pulchritude's pun,
Let my flanges sieze yours, on a long run.

*** © Adebayo Olamide(Aesthete)
#Poetry Feeds Beauty.

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ADUFE!
Never think of future merit,
Unless it strike your glossy petit,
I assumed I could crawl to my height,
But noticed I got stopped by my tight.

.

ADUFE!
A name that bow,
Striping human at loud,
A creature that lie,
But can we say her lie dies?

.

ADUFE!
The name wanting to be heard all day,
Even the deaf got the name instead,
I crawl bare-footed to your place,
But hope to see your beauty face some day.

.

ADUFE!
Your lips sweet in,
Your eyes sees me,
You site my heart still,
Your legs lead me to the river Nile.

.

ADUFE!
Never would I silent my mouth in saying 'You are beautiful, '
But I would resist the fact you made me a deaf man,
Only can your beauty heal my deafness,
Your word emanate my mind in debt thinking of you.

.

*** © Prince joe
#Poetry Is Life.

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Adufe
The goddess of beauty,

That fill heart's joyfulness,
The beauty beautifying hearts of bachelors,
In her eyes, happiness full.

.

Adufe the most beauty-full,
Your unsullied visage makes heart joyful,
Like the happiest, always cheerful,
But without you i am pitiful.

.

Adufe in your heart i live,
Your eye brow feeds me full,
That i sleep not without you,
For you are, the orente that defines my life.

.

Adufe come closer,
Let my lips meet yours,
Let's stay up all tonight,
Tomorrow, i can never wait.

.

Adufe i will do for you anything,
For my eyeball you own it,
I vow to make it bountiful,
Your lifetime, happiness full.

.

*** © Ajibade Abdullah(Iam-pentalk)
#Poetry Saves The World.

Olamide Adebayo

Agony Of A Swindled Bird.

Now it is I chime with sage;
The god of wit!
Clanged his sword with warders
Of profound thinking
Of profound thinking,
Buried the hatchet with the successors of intense cognizance
Buried the hatchet
with the successors of intense cognizance,
Scrawled an epitaph of honour,
To raise the Lazarus of creativity
To raise the Lazarus of creativity,
And returned with bolstered wits
And returned with bolstered wits;
Boxed in Sage's cranial faculty
Boxed in Sage's cranial faculty.

The wind of Sage blew away the foggy cloud,
For all to know that it is but only a shroud
For all to know that it is but only a
shroud,
Sage made it known, that however small the cub
Sage made it known, that
however small the cub,
Not will it cease to live as a scrub
Not will it cease to live as a scrub,
It could even blow the whistle, against a crowd
It could even blow the whistle,
against a crowd.

I chirped in a melodious tone
I chirped in a melodious tone,
Spread my two fully-feathered serrated wings
Spread my two fully-feathered
serrated wings.
My eyes were blinking in delight
My eyes were blinking in delight,
I said to myself
I said to myself;
'at last! the saviour is come',
When she stood her beautifully built figure
When she stood her beautifully built figure
Before my sight.
Oh dear!
I was in a cage,
I was in my home,
Where I was made to secure.
She never passed,
To notice as I gesticulated,
To notice as I gesticulated,
She was blind to my pretty gestures
She was blind to my pretty gestures.

I cried!
All my chimeric dreams,
All my chimeric dreams,
Escaping! through the chimney, I thought
Escaping! through the chimney, I

thought.

Almost was I drifting into a tearful sleep
Almost was I drifting into a tearful sleep,
When she freed me from my home.

She said I was beautiful!

'Pretty! ' she yelled,

My beauty struck her short of married phrases.

Poorly did I know,

That all my gestures were only a bid,

I knew not it was all a bargain,

All I wanted was to be loved by her.

Olamide Adebayo

Ambassadors Of False.

Why tell the lie, even to the truth? .

Olamide Adebayo

Dawn Of A New Life(X-Mas) .

When the ready days became still to be,
The wanderer's way slipped down a phobic slope,
But sure must they to remain still to live,
Fecundity tilled on a soil to cope,
Then was it, when hope was pellucid death,
Before fates lost, a deux-ex-machina,
Hope's pronounced come rebirth, now beauty's earth,
Blessed to cleanse the doomed tract o' then sinners,
What more rendered a vile generation,
Deceased to a sublime, rooted journey,
Should be it hunted by appreciation,
Coated in unctuous praises, not money!
A day that meant to strenghten those rough days,
A child that made to spell forth human race.

Olamide Adebayo

Endless Rift

Then come'st thou to thine peer,
Pray the fluid from the ear.
Then followeth thine friend to shoreline,
Unless counte thee the bathe wine,
Fie! , forgiveness not come near.

Olamide Adebayo

Enslaved By Your Charisma.

Let me take the best of my clothes,
To wipe clean the worst of your shoes;
Just to have you stroke my intellect
With your moneyed speech.
And I will sit to watch
On the thorny mat of patience,
To gather the crumbs of your wit.

If hit by the stray of your bullet;
And by chance, lie cold in coloured pool,
Let me be buried under your feet,
And I will be honoured, kissing the drivel beneath.

Cut through the weeds of my derailed instinct,
With the sharpest edge of your art.
And it will be more of a honour
If I am uprooted, and planted in your garden;
To grow healthy,
And have the rich soil bolster my emaciated branches.
Let me have a taste of your liquor;
Perhaps, a cup of your wine
Will cure my insanity.

(Dedicated to Professor Babatunde Akinwande Oluwole Soyinka) .

Inspired by ORI AGBE
by Professor Hakeem Lasisi(art editor of Punch Newspaper.

Olamide Adebayo

Gone But Not Forgotten.

Before you, we stand,
For we loved you,
Even when you graced our fatherland.
The refrain, we could recall;
That which you inscribed on our land,
Should you come across past heroes,
Please join their band,
But remember not to forget
That you are our own brand.
We read your thoughts;
For its content, we understand,
We pledge now to dwell in peace,
Which you always demand.
We are pained in the heart,
For such absence-it's not to withstand,
Forgive our tears,
But they chime with your command.

Money might have stopped me
From buying you the best flowers,
But place my poem
On the highest platform of your heart,
And if pleases it you, let it your chart,
But when to your legacy it reverts;
To abrupt the volume of your honour to dart,
Launch a garden-rocket of swats,
Into the blank starred by my unjust lapse.

Punish me with non-void pleasures,
I will undo more dreads before you-
To be measured amidst treasures.

Before you, we stand,
To pledge a nation of promise-
To bleat in tread-line of your far-driven legacy.

Gratified By Nature.

The silence of the night, reveal the loud of your cries.
The heavy downpour, ascend your gay.

Olamide Adebayo

Have You Heard Of Mgbaka? ? ?

You think your muskets the best,
They could drop a whole at an instance.
You harbour praises
For your loaves of conformed arms,
Sapped from clings and clangs of trivial strands.
You are lifted the gods of war;
At the errand of guns,
You are lord over your foes.

Your claims cloud the world of victory,
Sure of histories of victories.
Yes you are nowned the best,
To take a lofty crest
Of outstanding honour,

Lid my words
In an empty jar of perfect hearing;
Have you any chance of victory,
Over a thirsty knife
Captained into you! ?

Their knives are quick across death,
Your arms are but banial booms and blows
To the ears of their thirst-longing dagger.
Ever set for the race;
Even at war,
Their knives could thief right into your heart,
From a distance unexpected.

Let go your trite deringers;
They are clutches only to the cripple,
In the knivers's draft.
Have you heard of them?
They are the people of Mgbaka! ! !

He Crave For Your Love.

Come to think of it my dear,
This bloke seek not your life
Nor thine heart.
Nothing more than you be the dahlia
In his garden,
His cypress for cool,
And his daisy for humour.
Do not be prosaic by that which descend from his mouth,
For there are no interdicts against this peaceful request.

Olamide Adebayo

I Am But A Poetry God.

Who would date a poet?
And have her name grow,
As a garden's eden history,
Have her lips comply with ink that smear'd,
Ears breed on a poultry of recitations,
A fun-fare of words abridge.

**

Maidens wish all to be,
Such from his gourd of honour shall you drink in perissos,
Such from his robe, and by all tongues,
Shall your name convert'd,
A new age of fame, on a beauty brick,
A spade a spade,
The new beauty queen!

**

Then minds might date back to Venus;
Beauty-borne of Dione,
And non to dare you to a contest, as Arachne,
But in Argo, you and me will thrust,
When our ears begin to drown by Arion's love song,
What more an odyssey do lasses crave!

**

And if by the phoenix of Astarte you wish,
Then thy trust is mine a pleasure,
Cook not a phobia of distrust,
Grab my hands as heartily,
For I am Apollo, god of these bleeding lines.

Olamide Adebayo

I Renounce My Death.

To that man
In toothless grin,
Spelled in the days forth,
With smiles
Lustful to a life well adhered.
Syllabic words,
Broken jaws.
But till then,
I renounce my death!

To that man
Found from dreams ago,
Beneath the root of pleasure,
Mowered in grace,
Rewarded from frails and pales of ages addressed.
Field of greys,
Overlapped days.
When till then,
I renounce my death!

To that man
On a sleeper,
Heading across the end-wall,
Once more
On a cradle of intensive care.
Withering exact,
Ending contract.
Again till then,
I renounce my death!

Now I must!
When my teeth,
Still my shield,
Every smile,
Across my diligence.
Johnny my Journey!

Unrelenting drive,
Expensive jive.
Then shall I renounce my death!

Now I must!
Where my reward lies,
Ahead, where bred,
Shall I ascend my days,
When my name
Across the sky.
Johnny my Journey!
Improving goals,
Respective holes.
So shall I renounce my death!

Now I must!
Linger in a motion,
Greasing a platform of care,
Just to the detailed end.
Johnny my Journey!
Dealing thoughts,
Reflective vault.
For all must I renounce my death!

Olamide Adebayo

Letter To December

Rivers away-against east;
And under the black shade, you stealed into limelight,
As if were you a crunk hunter
Who had defeated the jungle-king.

Dear Mirenda,
You rode in your cart,
To there; where I flew my kite,
And there! the horse found a stable.

Were you able to satiate the denouement of numerous cycle,
In the north, east, south;
But you ricocheted against west.
Perhaps, fear gripped your cold-blooded palm;
Forever bold you are.

You derided wealth to slumber,
All that it went numb, in shame of the hairs it could not buy.

The sun set, to reveal the stretch of both edges of your lips,
And the moon coerce your shadow, into exile.
Now you see, the moon is set to take its turn;
We plead some privacy, to proceed into a new world.

I am the vivacious hair,
Which even your knife failed to uproot.

Olamide Adebayo

Love Me The Same.

Do you remember our scores in the game
Do you remember our scores in the game?

Do you remember my voice under the rain
Do you remember my voice under the rain?

Do you remember we took all the blame
Do you remember we took all the blame?

Do you remember my ink calling your name
Do you remember my ink calling your name?

I thought I was all alone,
Tearing away wishes
You could have blotched-up,
And light my face up
And light my face up.
Yes I never really knew
Yes I never really knew
Love would ever come knocking
On my door, no,
Where I was heading to
Where I was heading to.
So I plead you
So I plead you,
Love me the same.

Do you remember we stood on the fame
Do you remember we stood on the fame?

Do you remember how I stood by the pain
Do you remember how I stood by the pain?

Do you remember we drove off the shame
Do you remember we drove off the shame?

Do you remember how I'd felt when you came
Do you remember how I'd felt when you came?

True I never took a risk,
For hope to come approaching,
I lost my thoughts for,
You came by, changed all.
Beauty was always the beast,
Oh when I couldn't make it!
My best was sold out,
And then you gave a pout
And then you gave a pout.
So I plead you
So I plead you,
Love me the same.

Do you remember we put out the flame
Do you remember we put out the flame?
Do you

Olamide Adebayo

Our Love In The Woods

We once built a home,
We had it built here,
Under this very tree which pronounced our union;
We were never miscreant to its principles.
I drew our home,
You made it colourful;
And together, we furnished it.

Remember it was this very tree.
Our love cut through the weeds of disruption,
And laid a tall foundation.
Our love broke through the walls of Jericho;
History honoured it.
Even infants smiled as our love outgrew expectations.
Our love was rooted accross the globe,
Our home became a tourist attraction,
Our love was episodic to all and sundry,
We were mentors to infant thespians.
It was our home,
Built by you and myself and me.

It was our home,
Remember it was this very tree.
Our home was melodious to the royal ears,
We both melted the king's castle;
With the heat our love.
Our love produced the sharpest weapon,
When then we were the best blacksmith.

Forget not the chancy mission,
Where we kept prisoner,
The world most dangerous insurgent.
We had the world chanting our name as one;
As I held the gun, while you dangled the cuffs.
Victory was so rich that it bought our name.

Remember then, when our home got electrocuted;
When we stealed to grasp the air,
And cleaved, to replenish that which was lost.
Remember it was this very tree.

But those were the gloomy days,
When our love was strongly built;
And under this very tree.

Now look at that same tree;
That which shaded our love,
Completely defeated by the sun,
Leaving our home in flames.
Our love! ,
Now ashes of our past.

Olamide Adebayo

Pride Of A Market Woman

Who would feed the cubs?
Those that shall one day be scrubs,
The land that hurts but weaken,
The life of the poverty stricken,

Who would shelter the pullets?
With tongues spinning spits of fear down their gullets,
Quils that gather and harbour,
Drink from no gourd of splendor,

Who would hunt for the fledglings?
Bearing cozz of the days proding,
Skies that hold their pride,
Not that it complements nor wide,

Who would guide the fingerlings?
Innocent youngers of the waters hovering,
Scales trading afore in line,
A battle when awe, too handsome to decline,

Who would care for the billies?
Ears that heed not voice that harries,
She who sounds the tone,
A rift with the throat, altered by a stone.

By the rivers that gather,
The manner of happenings,
I am hurt when weaken,
But by my tent, when I sit,
Beneath the towering heat,
Of which shall continue to repeat,
And like my fragile-skinned allies,
I am hearty from within.

Olamide Adebayo

Principles Of Love(I)

Love is lost, when only it is lust.
Love is cost, only when it is a must.
Love is force, when only it burst.
Love is worse, only when it rust.
Love is a curse, when only it is just.
Love is trust, only when it is worth.
Love is not, when only it is fault.

And still,
Love is all I have got.

Olamide Adebayo

Principles Of Love(Ii)

Love is water, if only it could flow through our mind.
Love is fire, only if it could burn through our heart.

Love is a moon, if only it could light-up our perception.
Love is a sun, only if it could reveal the shadow of our fear.

Love is life, only if it could breathe into our belief.
Love is death, if only it could cast-away our trust.

Love is happy, only if it could honour our request.
Love is sad, if only it could illuminate our past.

Love is diligent, only if it could influence our say.
Love is indolent, if only it could indulge our desire.

Love is hope, only if it could embrace our grace.
Love is hopeless, if only it could question our motive.

Olamide Adebayo

Robinson Crusoe.

I killed my friend,
I never wanted,
Do not see me cruel,
I did it for love.
We both ran naked
Under this influential shower.
No one uncoupled his lips
Against this faint madness,
We were indebted,
Either had to earn the prize.

It was shiny,
Elegant!
Burnt cold,
Polished gold.

Oh no!
I couldn't bear it,
Bear to see his vein
Uncuff so much blood,
Was I so cruel,
I slashed him!
Right beneath the ear,
The chin suffered the lot.

He said it to my face:
Once we scoured the Queen's land,
Together;
Sang in praises of Great Britain,
Merriy!
As the innocent horses start;
Tugging behind them
Our chariot.
But now the horses are dead,
The chariot is birthed against us,
We are dead to brotherhood!

The volcano erupted,
In me, I felt it fuelling out.
I was feeling off,
When he dogged from behind,
With sombre intents.
I couldn't!
But I left my gruesome dagger,
Screening through his burdened life-bag.

Yes I did it!
He lay still before me,
In silence.
I wept over my destiny uncharted;
I could only bare
To see twilight willow
But onto my grave,
With epitaphs
Written in Mephistopheles's tongue.

I did, when I had to,
What a shame!
Fled my own land! ! !

A constipated crib conceived in my cranial court,
Was I rather too young,
So that I became a nomad soon.
I rode in grievous company of the sun,
I voyaged in the nailing complement of the storm-I think we must have prickled
its patience,

Its revenge was full of life,
We were dealt by our own destinies.
Death ravished!
The carrion-eating bird approved.
This unfaithful revenge
Did but fed my mindset a tongue of advise:

Do not err the storm! ! !

I was conceived on the river-bank,
'Grace' became a refrain in my head,
I felt it was more to be cherished;
Not even my enchanting physiognomy altered.

What could this be called
If not a reborn
Into a soil of freedom and cruelty?
Orphaned by twigs and branches,
Bats and skylarks.
Was it not a diet balanced enough
To sow a seed of ambivalence
In my nomadic thoughts! ?

Did I ever tell of the obnoxiousity
Of these creatures particularly?
They move their fingers like I do,
Stride like I do,
Chest broad,
Posture leveled to the horizon,
Skin worn black;
And they chant in languages I never understood.
I watched them discharge another's blood,
In brutality of what seems their tradition.
I think this island it was
Death feasted all day.

Should it be said that it was pre-destined?
I got hypnotized by a friendly one
Of a different tribe,
I presume.
Skin black?
Yes!
But he was lonely,
I proposed to know more of his poor fate.
He even calls me Master,

He seemed anonymous -
I think they were never christianed,
I named him 'Friday'.

Friday was a walking dead;
Dead to his own people,
Died the day doom cast a spell on him.
Death could have had its sediments in his life-Friday never sieved to the crust
His last lee of ecstasy.
A fearless ant
Hoping to withstand the elephant's stampede.

Tell me; desert of years ago,
That blacks could make one's lifetime
A dream on water beds,
And I would sing to my love;
Let her womb cough out on black ink.

And who fall prey to ignorance,
That my friends were born
To feed our fire, woods,
Destined to be tugged in chains,
Like the survivor dog?

He journeyed to the river-bank too,
From a path unread to me,
He was a dog afterall.
My pains were read to his poor understanding,
Before came Friday.

Oh how I survived on that unlawful island!

I once aimed at those innocent birds
With my old-time raffle,
Friday amused my gaze;

My grave-night experience scored it,
That the fully-winged bird descended
At the furious hit of a dead stick
Thrown by my friend.
Tell me!
Is he not worth soldiers praised in the British military?
Then why leave them in chains and cages! ?

All ended!
All burden seized,
When we both seek chairs from the frogs,
We nursed into the cage of dogs not bone-fed.
All ended!
When for the homeless sake of freedom,
Friday had to unchain my soul
From these hopeless wander,
Or I honour his.

But why is such ugly fate stringed to my journey
Through this turmoil?

No way could I once more vaporize my friend
For any prize,
Not even for a freedom worthless!

I begged him take the prize,
But time rode my own countrymen-waist armed
With improved guns,
Faster than Friday could have lived.

Today,
I owe my gratitude
To that very man
Who killed my friend-Friday!

The End.

Note:

This poem is based on the legend;
'Life And Adventures Of Robinson Crusoe'.

Penned by
Daniel Defoe.

Olamide Adebayo

Save Me A Wind.

The sun!
I could feel,
Burning beneath my uneasy integument,
Dead were the cells
Ameliorating my gay,
Spoils of a war against distress,
All now for me to embrace.

Sultry robe
Iring me,
To sojourn a perceptive insight
Of an elusion intensified.
Gripping pleasure's comrade against me.

The fruition!
Restraining me to ills and spoils,
Once more restored
To duty of my felled comfort.
The drum of a felicity gaincoming,
Again beaten in praise-singing
Of a succor rendered me
By the appealing comeliness of Nature.

Olamide Adebayo

Should You Get There Before Me

Tell grandmother, of the ground I stand on earth.
Should you get there before me,
Set aside a sit, for when I return to thee.
Should you get there before me,
Tell the tale of life, to those who care to listen.
Should you get there before me,
Tell Eve, of the precarious situation of man on earth.
Should you get there before me,
Let it to the ears of Solomon, of his wisdom, which now we lack.
Should you get there before me,
Relay my thoughts, before HE with the Holy name.
Should you get there before me,
Let Pharaoh know of my despise for such act, against the people of Israel.
Should you get there before me,
Lead a protest, against the loss of our loved ones.

Should you get there before me,
Plead my name, be listed in the Holy Book.
Should you get there before me,
Question the gluttonous act of Jacob.
Should you get there before me,
Eulogize ELEDUMARE for such creativity.
Should you get there before me,
Do not forget to ask the seven questions:
Why is death king over man? ,
Why do power reside in the Ferret? ,
Why is 'sin' a scar on the surface of earth? ,
Why not can angels wine and dine with man? ,
Why not polish the destiny of the oppressed? ,
Why is 'rest' bethroted only to the grave? ,
Why is 'unity' enslaved by 'wealth'? .

If by chance you get there before me,
Pray the hands of time be turned aback.

Olamide Adebayo

Sleeper Cell.

Somewhere in the western suburb, Africa! ,
Hot! , like the furnace were our abode;
But the wind, chanting in favour of me.
The pinacles of my ears seem to open,
To allow the euphonic nan of forlorn
Be my crony.
And boredom seem to grab me by the horn,

Olamide Adebayo

The Blue Homecoming

What a world!
Where dejection ought not glide,
Kindle nor abide,

All I craved, I never had,
Nor my tears ever dried,
What of me was made, dejection's pride,

What I had thought it was,
What was meant to be home,
A bit did I know, 't was one to roam,

My feet too bare, so lone was the path,
But to fate I held,
And by faith had I compelled,

Now I genuflect in tears,
When already my dermis dwindle,
To thee I return, Set, god of the desert.

Olamide Adebayo

The Fiery Furnace

And I said;
'Ponder not, but trust me to return power to your gloom'.
The bridge is broken,
Now I stare my numb gaze;
As I wonder in the midst of royalty and slavery.
They speak not in the way of human,
But through their art,
The water creatures mourn my tears;
But who do I assign, to tell the tale? .
'I prithee, permit me to bid my wall, farewell.
Descend! , go tell the son of man,
Of my new abode'.

Whispers! , tearing me apart;
Into the world of unconsciousness.
Indistinct chatters! ,
Driving me towards the path of sub-consciousness.
I have spent the last of my wealth,
Aye! ,
I ascend.

Olamide Adebayo

This Is The End

Dogs! , ranting under the sun,
Trying to burn and melt-away their forlorn.
What a derailed intellect! .

Dog oh dog! ,
Where hath the generosity of my whistle elude from thy ear? .

Oh dear dog! ,
Have thou not remember the face of your master? ,
That whom you were once loyal.

Oh dear dog! ,
Have you lost your thought? .
Poor dog! .

Dog oh dog! ,
You remember not that,
Whom you once shared the cozy night on his bed.

Oh dear dog! ,
Now my heart pound for your sorrow.

Dog oh dog! ,
Had thou obeyed the call of master's blow,
The door of that long-awaited dinner
Would have opened to accept thee
In the white kingdom of the queen.

Oh dear dog! ,
Since thou not obey,
Master cameth in search of his loved.

Dog oh dog! ,
And the vicious wind of rage and captivity
Hath bloweth bothe WE into the imperial sac of our foe.

Oh dear dog! ,
Now, the mourning dewes of shame and helplessness
Descend to console our ugly fate.

Dog oh dog! .

Olamide Adebayo

Traduce

Nature is so beautiful,
All that I know is wonderful;
But for one I tell,
For that, its art so cruel.
Drops of tears as we mourn,
At the sight of its ugly return.

Wicked as you are,
Only if I could, I would put you behind the bars.
We see you at every nook and cranny,
Have you no pity?
Why not love the loved,
And take the cursed.

You take those who are dear,
Those who clean our tears,
And now we fear,
For we know not when next you will come near.
Please go, and come back not in a thousand years,
For whom now you have taken, it is hard for us to bear.

IN MEMORY OF MY LATE FOSTER FATHER.....ALHAJI ENGINEER OJOMU.....R.I.P..

Olamide Adebayo

Warriors Of Liberty

You stood with a mindset to conquer.
The warriors of freedom,
Who died to live long.
We owe the invaluable defeat of our foe
To no other if not you.
You stooped to conquer,
Cut us from the pulley.
That which we owe you
Have now become a vine of bed-roses
In the boulevard of our heart.

Olamide Adebayo