

Poetry Series

**Adeniran Joseph**  
**- poems -**

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# Adeniran Joseph()

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Adeniran Joseph Ogooluwa is a poet, writer, and poetic-critic of his literary writes and got mused from Oyo state, was born and brought up from Ogun state, Abeokuta. Nigeria. He basically writes from the realms of Nature, World existence, Love, death and critics of any leaders. He's presently the CEO of a whatsapp group named: POETRY INVOICE.

# Bullets

## BULLETS

They are times we eat ourselves raw & lick  
The emptiness in our bloody bodies afterlife,  
When we don't have spaces to become hope,  
As we draw the readiness in our hands to sun,  
For our days to run into the eyes of infatuated,  
If we can't mend our lives broken to memories.

Teach me how to deep myself into wavefront,  
To become murky waters awaiting temptations  
Even if my teeth can't sort out dirt in my pocket  
Then how do I recite to my mother's daily bread  
After giving worth of my morn flesh in pieces  
And molding the ashes left in my brothers' homes.

I thought they said humans are like living birds,  
Flying to seperate conditions inform of drought  
Which springs sprinkles mien to a disgusted pit,  
But I saw not the right thing, just the otherside that appears in four shapes of a  
block.

I learnt the meaning of sound from a boy of 10,  
He said sounds are echoes of our thoughts,  
When our voices becomes bewildered beings,  
I never fathom the meaning of those words,  
Untill the day a boy in benin held water's legs,  
And drag the body into another body in his mouth,  
Now I know how boys are made from dusknes  
For they knows how to die even if death breaks  
From the flipping flaming scars on their bodies.

Do we still have boys & girls falling from trees  
At the closed hours of erratically darkness?  
Where we juxtapose night&day from a burden,  
Like we were words at the end of a seabeach.

If you can not make yourself out of nothing,

Find yourself another body in a burnt city,  
Where death is at the lips of a singing bird,  
For our bodies are made of crackles fragility.

My Father said girls are voices of temptations,  
When they journey to the smokes in their eyes,  
And becomes palmate sermon of a dead street,  
Singing in milky mice songs like aged mad men,  
Like we were shallowness able bodies born to be burnt.

Have you not heard how dawn folded its arms  
Against the eyes of men who walk into fire  
And got consumed with the flames of it?  
An empty Silence is another name for dawn,  
For we have jury to bury our destiny beneath its body,  
Like we were taught how to hold our shadows behind our tears.

Who would teach a bullet how to break bones  
Even after running through bodies of homes,  
Who slumps to fall at the end feet of a dying trigger?  
Are we to say life doesn't ends as it should begins?  
But I know, someday, sometime, just a blink of an eye drop will do the talking  
while the body will floats to the otherside of a condemned window.

Adeniran Joseph

# Dead Pages

## DEAD PAGES

let name our numbers from the beginning of life,  
You will see salts falling off your chest like splashes of waters.  
A dead river is another secret of life,  
Just like salt is another name for endurance.  
Just deep your left hand into salts and rub it on your face,  
you will see how red sea departed from the eyes of men,  
To tell you anything salty represent the colors of legs who walk through the  
verses in a deaf page.

They are rooms in our bodies that air can't reach,  
Rooms that smells of bloodshed and wet weather.  
I saw a home in the mouth of seabird.  
A home is not built in a day,  
still our hands puzzle the sanctuary of speechless birds along the epitome of  
madness,  
For home shows the map leading to the hole of a resting future.

Let hold our eyes and swallow the flesh air as we burn ourselves into flakes,  
I feel a body movement like water running in-between my legs.  
Waters are humans representing the lyrics of noise walking headed souls into  
indifferent world,  
For that is the end of men becoming bodies for dust.

Let find a formula at the end of logarithm,  
for those who bear the names of ashes in another country;  
As we fold our laps and digest our spits too,  
Now, I saw a broken door lying beside my gran mother's grave,  
Just tell me how doors could become a passage for humans' feeling?  
For doors is but a cemetery of home living in silence.  
Doors are humans. Humans are doors.  
As we open; we close too.

The amount of songs sang in a burial are different fumes walking itself into a  
blind eye,  
Songs do talk too,  
They weave words into their pocket,  
Like a dirge saying the words of ghost.

Benin lives in a mouth of roses,  
Roses that kiss you and walk away like bullets finding spaces in the heart of two  
lovers.  
Don't tell me your mother will live long,  
But tell me each memories she has left behind,  
Those tears holding the guts in your body,  
And binding you for a safe trip to a city in her mouth.  
Touch not your annoying brother,  
For that's how we were taught to hide ourselves beneath stinking clouds.

Adeniran Joseph

# Death Do Die

DEATH DO DIE

The fear of everything begins from your eyes,  
How you walk into waters to be safe from prey,  
And how your hands couldn't hold your tears,  
As they tear you into waste of broken glasses,  
Telling you how death shut itself into silence,  
That made humans' bodies run to another city.  
How do we kill ourselves beneath sickness?  
When the going get tough like wanting to die,  
Still, death may not come. It only whispers;  
Its medicine of breaking your bones and hands,  
Telling you how he became a flower planted,  
In the body of memories that hold their future,  
Amdist of running blood where life itself dies.  
Whenever my shadow sleeps, the wind stops!  
Winds do die. But its memories don't die too.  
They are places death sees and run into fire,  
Places with four eyes breathing of many scars,  
Like a dead bottle echoing through each body.  
There is a way death do die without breaking:  
Its body becomes thick waters of darkness,  
Spreading over the body of a forgotten soul,  
Now, the body becomes a home of silence.  
Don't run away from your body cos of death,  
'Cause death also taste death too.

Adeniran Joseph

# Drum Stick

## DRUM STICK

This is a verse for my city in the hands of gods,  
Where we send our bodies with letters of tears  
According to the history behind a home,  
A boy was buried in his mother's thigh,  
For proving himself of becoming a man,  
And he was taught how to die with his words,  
While the boy became the body of sand.

How should we teach our legs to walk away from our body  
After we had known how to break our tears?  
For to say die is to become a broken silence.

Let them tell us we are not worthy to live,  
Let them spits on our faces like we are slaves,  
Let them show us the end of our existence,  
Let them vote the change of vanity on our lips,  
Let them use us like the suicide bombers,  
Let them control our Destiny like we're infants,  
Let them throw us into the arms of stinking fire,  
Let them shun our shadows to learn the language of dirges;  
Let them burn us to feel we are lovers of ashes,  
But I know, our bodies are still home,  
Home of boys & girls falling to the end point of Peace,  
With humble heart In search of another home.

There's always a message behind every boys and girls,  
Who drink their blood admist of a thousand skulls,  
Even if our fears are dead, the stain will make a change.

I won't say let raindrop to pay us respect as boys,  
Because we are books written in blurry colors.  
Even if we prove flapping our wings high,  
It will soon break without any healings,  
Because we can't pass through water without Burying ourselves like a dead leaf;  
Seeking for hope at the end of bitterness.





# Fresh Blood

## FRESH BLOOD

The day you die is the day you're left behind your shadow.  
Some voices are planting dirges on your skull,  
Form a tribute to the sentence in your mother's cheeks,  
That is a way to break the bones in your mouth,  
For the flowing of river to be in your secret atire.

Say you're not going to drop tears tonight,  
Say you won't be boys without a father,  
Say your words are drinking the water of life,  
Say you won't stop the sound in your heart,  
you can't be a friend to yourself if you don't know how to walk barefooted.

Your sister was pregnanted for reading the nakedness of the world,  
You stood at a angry bird and echoes voices of gods,  
You never ask her what led to the sudden change in her body,  
All you do is to bend your shadow into pieces of a rainbow,  
And you expect the hands of gods to be in your shoulder,  
You won't be sorry to write yourself into a broken bottle,  
Listen to what your legs says before you mount a bike.

In a place like home smelling of bloodshed,  
For innocent boys that got trapped by sun,  
For the city that wore the body of dead streets,  
You have been thinking of surviving with your words,  
But your end can't wait to drop a letter behind you,  
Read the letter, what does it says?

Boys  
are  
Prone  
To  
The  
Voices  
Behind  
Their  
Mirrors

If you read it twice, you will understand the language of darkness,  
A fearful image of mans' destination.  
Read the next page, what does it says?

Girls  
    Are  
        Like  
            Fingers  
                Combing  
                    For  
                        Words  
                            Admist  
                                Of  
                                    Their  
  Britches

Then how do you write yourself into a reply question?

Adeniran Joseph

# If Memories Are Rooms

## IF MEMORIES ARE ROOMS

If memories are rooms,  
Then I will say we have made a call to Justice,  
Where we mend our broken homes,  
Even though our bodies doesn't worth living.

If memories are rooms,  
Then I will say our voices won't fade away,  
To the salivating mouth of the gods,  
Which will become songs of elegy,  
By distributing sorrows in different corners.

If memories are rooms,  
Then we won't have boys who tore their skins, Amidst of their ignorance father's  
thigh,  
But to live lives in a colourful rainbow,  
Raining in every seasons of their lives

If memories are rooms,  
Our lips would become songs of praise,  
Jumping from different river to river,  
To feel the taste of sweetness.

If memories are rooms,  
Mending our tore clothes would be chanced,  
As to walk into the hands of reconciliation,  
In becoming echoes of our fathers' voice.

If memories are rooms,  
There won't be heart broken,  
Drawing the rope of fire behind two lovers,  
For the chance to Start afresh will be anew,  
Like fresh air dancing with the galaxies of stars.

If memories are rooms,  
To

Fall

Would

Be

The

Loving

Part

For

The

Room

Await

Our

Beginning.

Adeniran Joseph

# Mother Of Three

## MOTHER OF THREE

Show me the way to the root of hell,  
And I will lead your legs to the fumes in a smoke,  
For that is how we name our bodies with psalm of revelations,  
Giving ourselves broken clothes of surges dirges,  
That recount how many fingers entering a mouth.

My mother said we should cover our eyes,  
If we don't want to die young like lines of roads,  
She said we should thread a part in her breast,  
Not to suck nor lick but to pour our words in,  
So we won't be part of running ashes of our father's house.

Look how my sister bend her body into a domy cloud,  
Won't she be hosted by tomorrow's slippery hope?  
My brother was 1 years of age when he began to duel with boys in his head,  
My mother said head is another name called boys on fire,  
Where humans becomes a stuck dust without dying.

Everyday you must hold your poem and write without a pen,  
To overcome the last name given to you by your father,  
telling him of how many cities he had burnt in your mother's body.

Sometimes,  
I tried to kiss my shadow to fall on my arms,  
To think otherwise and mend my season of fulfillment,  
But we were diverted by songs of the world,  
Living in a colourful platform of dead bodies.

I have something to give my mother when I grow up,  
Things of what mouth can't eat and hands can't touch,  
Things of what eyes can view and what people can't behold,  
Things meant for things of another something beyond humans' thinking,  
Mother, take a trip to my fingers,  
The past await a renounced future in your lips,  
Be ready to sing a speechless song, still loading....



# Salt Is A Burden Being

SALT IS A BURDEN BEING

Why do people think twice before making a sudden move by actions?

Are they not still the epitome of God's image?

Must we still pick a knife after the end of war,

To teach our children how to hold their shadows & cause the mark written on their lips,

Even though our names are found by the broken pen Adam left behind.

Sometimes, our bodies become rivers beneath the rock of a Mountain,

Flowing upside-down through the nothingness of man,

That's to tell you how life becomes a music played at the end of every dawn.

(We are about to walk with our tears)

Do you know why rivers never add to its colors

Even though the body makes a pretending change;

From the dirt, dust, waste of humans' bodies?

I asked this same question from my mother's mother,

But she said living in a room is to understand the language of loneliness,

after becoming a little part of smoke released from a lorry,

Then we would know how rivers never  
change into another different color only by pretending to be,

then why do we always say the language of  
water is critically not from humans' feelings.



Why?

Check your mouth, there's a city named gods' own heart,

Were families are named out of misunderstanding,

For they no longer know peace as the father of war,

But war as the supreme power over peace,

Then ask me the questions of why rivers never changes colors.

& how I will tell you it's the secret of life after death.

I once told mirrors are frames of glittery imageries like the welfare words in my sister's mouth,

Anytime she flaps her tails for an attempt to speak-out,

Her shadow breaks into a good-bye gongs in abeokuta,

Like her body were made of streams, flood, rivers, and wind,

That made each humans' feelings a review of nature.

Adeniran Joseph

# Smoke

SMOKE

Amidst of a thousand woman birth the flowing of seasonless promises,  
Which we hope to get at the end of a forgotten memories.

We were diverted by songs of dirges at the center of our room,  
Where cobwebs becomes broken Windows,  
Like we were peeping through the fence in our sleep.

If you ask me why I love to fetch water from my finger,  
I will tell they are no rooms in my room again,  
The rooms we all live are filled with shattered hearts.

A broken silence.a run away peace. a question awaiting no response.  
Sometimes, I do wonder why we get burnt into ashes,  
While our bodies fly to the otherside of our eyes.

We see ghost running into a question,  
But we still hold back to exclaimed from the riot,  
Instead of giving our mouth a food by finding our needs,  
On the chest of boys falling from the rivers of ibadan.

A boy stabbed his brotther and swallowed the night,  
But he never knew nights are made of open arms,  
You hide your body when its lossed the might,  
What will happen when you're found naked?  
Nothing is to be forcefully covered in life.

Build your body and speculate your future,  
The lines in your palm is a figure of the beginning of war;  
If you don't admit the challenges to move,  
You will struggle till you fall.

Adeniran Joseph

# Snowflakes

## SNOWFLAKES

.  
Glitters fall from the sky,  
Dancing to twirls and swirls.  
The rays of the sun are melting,  
Due to the great torment of snow.  
The gloom of whiteness buried the clouds:  
Spawning snows with pink roses against it.  
In the great torment of snow,  
The tellurian is fluttering far to glow.  
Snows fell through the dusky brightness,  
Which fluttered the flapping sleet.  
Marathon race staired the eyes of the sky,  
To watered the flowers beneath its nose.  
Pumping the livers with rosy blood pressure,  
After the dawn had become restless to live.  
The words of people never break the snow,  
Only if the cloud would just collapse on them.  
The drunkness of the cloud destate,  
still Snowflakes keep bubbling like flames.

Adeniran Joseph

# Songs Of Dark Rooms

## SONGS OF DARK ROOMS

I heard a song,  
Three times like the voices in my mother's slippers,  
It reminds me of how a boy was killed in his father's stomach,  
And how the tears couldn't wait to dance,  
Like Melody in a beast's mouth.  
Tears are lovers of word too,  
Even though we sleep on water and die,  
We are still a frame separated from pictures.

Can you still listen to the whispers of nights  
After the death of fire knocking at the door of water?  
A way back from a sip in blood,  
A way back from fingers learning to dour,  
A way back from shadows of nothingness,  
A way back from the pieces of brokenness,  
A way back from hands devoid by teeth,  
But be strong even if you slouched.

How many times will your tears die off your face?  
Can't you see the ground is wet already?  
They rooms you can bury them without a drop,  
Just don't be a mesanger to another body of men,  
Men are wild sometimes.  
With a rope, you have to beg your shadow to die,  
Untill you become boys chasing their inner cities,  
Then you will know there's no room next door of your life,  
Pick your broken names and paint it red- the color of your eyes,  
then run, run, run, like you're going to die tomorrow,  
The world is coming to an end on your head, soon.

Why should we await the war that will end on our mouth?  
Boys becoming floating blood around the body of time,  
girls wearing the same color of their sisters' bodies,  
Fathers arranging the dead bones in their wives' bed,  
Mothers listening to the voices that echoes from a slut rivers,  
Then why not the worst of all befall our eyes?  
For our voices have traces maps to webs,

Where our fingers are broken into rivers of fire.

Say your mind to a flowing river,  
Let your impunity be drowned into its anus,  
Pick your body and wet your lips,  
Let your body becomes reflection of a virgin;  
Dont let yourself be Left behind another body's nakedness,  
Run into the immortal of silence rays,  
You're bless as you fulfill your promise.

Adeniran Joseph

# The Body Of Water

## THE BODY OF WATER

Something

Is

Behind

The

Voice

Of

Water

That

Never

Gives

Us

Credit

To

our

Broken

homes

And

Families

Only

If

Heaven

Welcomes

The

Lives

Of

Boys

Who

Tore

Their

Skins

At

The

Cemetery

Of

Their

Father's  
Memories  
Then  
We  
Can  
Say  
Water  
Is  
Another  
Name  
For  
Survival.

Adeniran Joseph

# What I Love By Prince Joe

## WHAT I LOVE

I love to paint my eyes to see the colours in rainbow,  
How its became covenant like my brothers' fresh blood,  
& how we read dead pages of an unwritten dawn,  
At the front tower of already forgotten 3lost boys,  
That escaped at the rising sun of a straight bullet.

I love to hear my names cry in my new Jersey clothes,  
It gives me revelation of how my father left his body,  
With forced accusations against the flesh of my mother,  
I don't know how to tell my mouth to talk in silence,  
Untill I saw two bodies walking into my mouth,  
Which left me grumbling in stilled silence of,  
How boys lost the down anus by wearing,  
The otherside of their mothers' memory.

I love to go naked on the streets to show people,  
The red & black scars pinching me not to cry,  
But people will still say am too pocessed,  
Maybe I should go back to my mother's thigh,  
To look for a way to be rebirth in another world,  
'Cause this world is filled with rivers flowing in dismal.

I love to listen to some lyrics that can make me die another day  
Lyrics that hold your breathe and bend your broken self  
But today, we don't listen to it anymore  
We only paths ways by holding its mouth,  
& pouring it at another lovers' lips,  
Then how do we survive a heartbreak  
When the body doesn't hear itself?

I love to love those who nail my nakedness  
& tell me tales of how the cities in my body,  
Became figures of a listening pile pipe,  
That's when the body becomes a gift to nature  
& how its sheltered a running splash of sea  
Will I plug my eyes and give to people to see?  
Even though my mind is drawing a ladle full,



My mouth will never speak of latin words,  
That can make my history out of a dying flesh.

I love to listen to the voice of a bard night,  
That lift my Forest out of its thick jungle  
That's when your shadow will be free to speak  
Of how your future will ends in a lady's breast,  
If you don't run into pages of a tasteless jokes,  
And split your legs into colors of your eyes,  
For the fist of hands isn't to quench your crave,  
But to deploid the two eggs beneath your body  
& Send you to a stagnant desert of no end.

I love to look through the mirror in my body,  
To kill my salty taste for the love of a lust.  
How many times will you kiss your lips  
& repeat the same anthem in your hands?  
Take note: Tomorrow's game is today's exam  
Don't run after noon when the eyes of the gods  
Doesn't speak for you in different languages.  
So, tell me,  
What about you;  
What do you love?

Adeniran Joseph