

Poetry Series

Ayobami Samuel Ogunsola
- poems -

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Ayobami Samuel Ogunsola()

Ogunsola Ayobami Samuel also known by the pseudonym 'The Pen' is a young Nigeria writer and teacher.

His father Kayode Ogunsola is a native of Ibadan, Oyo State Nigeria while is late mother Iyabo Ogunsola a native of Ogbomosho, Oyo State Nigeria.

Ayobami sees writing as a channel to connect to the world. He has the ability to capture the mind of his readers through simplicity.

Who Will Bear The Crown?

It's time for the change of throne
Is there a worthy man to bear the crown?
Do we just live like a snake without no heads whilst we thrashes around?

Which man should bear the crown
The sturdy one like an elephant?
Who is capable of trampling the ones under his feet

Which man should bear the crown
The one with the long neck like a giraffe?
Whose eyes is too far from the ground to see the sufferings of those below him

Which man should bear the crown
The one with a dangerous appetite like the hyena?
Ready to devour the money meant for the public

Which man should bear the crown
The one as riotous as the rhino?
Who has no inherent of peaceful disposition
neither approachable

Which man should bear the crown
The one with spotted colors like a zebra
Who has the attitude of double standards
Can he bear the crown?

Is there no man who is a little bit of a lion?
Is there no man who is a little bit of a lamb?
Who can be decisive and tolerant
Who can be liberal in handling national affairs

Is there a man with a unique conduct who is devoid of corruption,
hatred and cruelty against his fellow man
Only a man like this is worthy to bear the crown.

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Imperishable Partcles

All pain and agony we shared
All sort of grief we grieved
Grief of unspeakable injustice
Oppression and violence we bear

Slaved in our homeland
Accused to be dark in nature
Discriminated as a whole
Our right we claim through independent

Imperishable particles we are
Progress we make and strong we stand
On the grieved land of Africa
Our grief we give a place in history

Life after slavery we live
In the natural nature of Africa land
With milk and honey flowing
in the veins of her nations

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