

Poetry Series

David Olusanya
- poems -

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PROLOGUE

The streets are littered with sick crumbs and feeble flakes,
the children are starved with well-fed hunger
the adults are crumbling like castles without stakes.
It all seems to be traced to a lineal blunder.

The babies are kidnapped by malnutrition,
suffering has grown so fat on their tiny skins.
No physician seems to proffer a proper prescription,
for the city and penury are glued like Siamese twins.

Thus a black baker was sent from the skies
with a wonder pen to bake delicious lines
to feed the hungry, to put a dream in their eyes,
and rejoice their sore souls with pleasant rhymes.

His bread is rich and culturally black.
Wisdom, tact and fact, it does not lack.
Its riddles are plain, you need not frown,
some lines are funny; you might think him a clown.

This is black bread from the oven of a baker.
Enjoy the honey-tact to be a nourished partaker.
His oven is a gift from his ex-wife- Rebecca,
whom was stolen by an envious caretaker.

David O. Olusanya

A Dreaming Dream

I stood in the middle of the center,
Sucked my food from a poisoned placenta.
Yet I live!
Because I believe;

That I am a dreamer's dream
that I am made for a moment
that I am many dreamers' dream
that I am the heartbeat of eternity and the pulse of the present.

So I live in day and night,
being a seed of gloom and light
a pendulum of the then and now,
being a verb and a living noun.

I am the dream in every head,
dreamers- of the living and of the dead.
I live in homes and graves,
I am the song of masters and slaves.

I grew on the left side of the right,
dressed in rag and less at sight.
Yet I live!
Because I believe;

That I carry the future of tomorrow
that I am the song of the sparrow
that I must not loosen the rope
of the dreamers' dreaming hope.

So I toil in nights and thrived in days,
I work the dream, to give the world a daze
I sow my soul in the soil of the future
creating a country for a new-born culture.

I am a dreaming dream-
a seed of the dreamers' dream.
I am the treasure of tomorrow,

and the sweet song of a sun-light sparrow.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

A Letter To My Sexy Silhouette Wife

Hello my dear?
How have life made you fair?
The nights of cold have made me bare,
and I wish I could fly back to you over there;
To cuddle your soft and well-curved skin,
and together commit our usual righteous sin.
I hope you stay warm like a catholic virgin
and to my new bed-skills, I hope you'll be keen.
Say me well to our fine teenage son,
please teach him how to not impregnate his fun.
Tell him I yearn to behold his face soon like the sun,
and make him ready to carry our coming little nun.
With love, my dearest sweetheart,
no amount of distance can pull us apart;
Even if the world sees you just like an art,
I'll strive to get to you with a thought-driven cart.
I hope to write you often my love,
Till soon, I shall continue to wear your charm like a glove.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

A Life In Time, A Time In Life

Life is a chief
Time is a thief.
You need the thief
to cheat the chief;
to tame the thief,
you need the chief.
Time is a chief's thief
Life is a thief's chief.

Life is a leaf
Time is a beef.
You need the leaf
to lure the beef.
You lose the leaf,
you're starved of beef.
Time is savored with the leaf
and Life is fed to the beef.

Life and time are like Siamese twins;
The odor of butter and gutter emits from their skins.
When life sings the song of sorrow,
Time talks the tales of tomorrow.
when life is made to mope,
Time seems to hop with hope.
Life is slow and steady like a woman,
Time is fast and furious like a man.
A life in time is a time in life-
a life without time seems sour like lime.
A time in life is a life in time-
a time without life seems to smell like strife.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

A Love Pledge

If love is a prison
lock me up for a season.....
till the sun sets at dawn,
and the stars spring at morn.

If love is an haram
have me slain like a ram.
I'll pose my mouth to kiss;
death can only be, but bliss.

If love is recession
I'll sell my food on auction.
Your skin shall be my meal,
your lips shall be my pill.

If love is hatred
I'll want a treat so wicked;
I'd love so much a pain....
and plead for it again.

If love is a cat
I'd like to be the rat.
I'd love to be the prey.....
a perfect meal for slay.

If love is all `bout you,
I'll always wake to woo.....
till the sun sets at dawn
and the stars sprout at morn.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

A Poet Can Never Die

A poet can never die
nor does he go to sleep.
A poet's demise is a loud lie,
it's a waste to wail and weep.

A poet is never dead
he lives in fire and in the breeze.
A poet is forever read
In the clap rhythm of forest trees.

A poet is a city,
the madman running the street,
the madam running a charity,
the mallam running to greet.

A poet is in a child
sipping mucus and nibbling sand,
the infant mild and wild,
the adult that understands.

A poet is in the air
the foul odour, the fruity smell,
the ugly things, the beauty rare,
the standing dwarfs, the giants fell.

A poet's death is fake
he's in the ticking time;
He never goes on break,
to mourn him is a crime.

A poet is everywhere,
the scorching sun, the relief rain.
He is the atmosphere
and the vast galaxy chain.

A poet is forever talking
in dead and living matters.
His shadow is always stalking
in spoken and written letters.

A poet is every name
with or without fame;
Of all things low and high,
a poet is you and I.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

A Repented Refugee

I have had no home to stay,
since I left and went astray.
I'm now a roaming refugee,
with plaintive palms of apology.

She once sheltered me in her heart,
when I homelessly roam like an hart;
But my folly returned me to the street,
to dance to brute's and blight's drum beat.

I'm now a naked shadow,
stalking the light of my love's window.
She has shut her door at me,
puffed with pride against my plea.

I'm now a tattered carcass,
wandering through a land without borders
groping through the growing darkness,
steadily soaking my soul in emptiness.

Accept an arrant apology
from a repented, well-roamed refugee.
For I've eaten hay under the sun,
like the proverbial prodigal son.

I shall happily lie on your floor,
until you forgive my forbidden flaw.
For I've stupidly defiled the throne
which I sat when you made me your own.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

A Weeping Shadow- National Matter

My soul was stolen by silence-
the deafening silence of lamentations.
My heart was full of emptiness-
emptiness of gruesome vibrations.

The silence yelled out so loud
like the noise of a crazed crowd.
My tongue was tortured by flame-
flame of tears, making it lame.

My eyes was opened to blindness-
Brown blindness, too gross like a devil's shadow.
and I was taken into the custody of absence,
beaten by a rotten rain, without a rainbow.

Suddenly! Armed voices came at me,
behind the shield of silence.
My courage soldiers feared and flee-
they flee at the fiery pursue of pestilence!

They spoke. These terrible voices roared!
And my heart rumbled and cautiously cowered.
The cold lips of death kissed my soul,
and I was dark, so dark like a demon's hole.

I was exposed to the beyond of beyond-
a grotesque masquerade of catastrophe.
I was beaten, bent and bond,
by the serrated whip-blades of captivity.

Then I saw a woman-shadow, weeping-
weeping profusely like a beaten baby.
And my breath was burgled and strenuously skipping,
until my climate became frozen, and my atmosphere, hazy.

Then a dwarf jumped on my shoulders and spoke
in an unfunny attempt to joke:
"wake up poet. Wake up and cease screaming.

The night is over. You have been dreaming.

The woman-shadow is your country,
and the pain is the crying vengeance of your brethren-
Victims of war, massacre, disunity,
and injustice; the ill-doings of morbid men.

Avenge the sudden-dead with peace,
redress their memory with justice and love.
Revive your mother with bliss,
and your country-cancer-lump shall dissolve".

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Acute Puncture

Another love proposal
has met a refusal.
My heart is speared,
and my soul isn't spared.

I'm drunk with pain,
my spirit is stained.
Sadness keeps rejoicing,
while death seems enticing.

All nights long of wooing
have met with booing.
I'm back into my shell....
these lines can boldly tell.

A man that is single
is like a one-wing eagle.
He might see as far,
but lack the means to soar.

A soul without a wife,
cuts deeper than a knife.
He has to lay his head
on a thorny, single bed.

An unmarried man
is a domestic lion.
And a single lady
is a roaring chicken.

My sincere love proposal
has met a refusal.
This is an acute puncture,
my tongue is starved of moisture.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Aphasia For Africa

Her tears touched my tongue with the scorching ice of silence
and the honey of her kiss fed me with the bitterness of pestilence.
It made me dumb
and my senses were numb.

In the earth of her eyes,
I saw horror laughing in the skies.
I saw misery in my lady,
I saw pain, sorrow and malady.

Her heart harboured danger
like a hell caged in a freezer.
Solitude was heaped on her skin
like a well fed and nourished sin.

Her splendid embrace wrapped me with the coldness of hell,
Fed me with the dessert of agony that's too sourish to tell.
And I tried to call her name
but my tongue was crippled and lame.

My heart could only stammer
of her excruciating love-born trauma.
I tried to touch her face,
but I grabbed the flesh of space.

My soul could only speak
in a tone too frail and weak.
I strained to call her name,
but the oddity remained the same.

I travailed to say 'Ah! '
My tongue yearned to be 'Free! '
I forcefully screamed with a 'Cah! '
And the words stung like a bee!

Help me call my lady's name
and save me from this searing shame.
Help me from this tormenting trauma,
all I can muster is ' Ah! Free! Cah! '

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

At The End It Shall Speak

At the end it shall speak-
the truth I hid to save my head,
to keep my wine and embrace my bread
that made me look so fake and weak.

At the end it shall speak-
the truth I hated to love my mother,
to guard my girl and shield her from murder
this truth shall soon be news the peak.

At the end it shall speak-
the truth I held in the hollow of my lung,
it shall soon become the town criers' gong
when its unblemished blood shall begin to leak.

At the end we all shall see
the truth I drown in sorrow's sea,
to fasten my roof and caress my bed
while the heart of the innocent insistently bled.

At the end it shall speak
from the noisy street of my soul-
the truth I hid in my innermost whole.
It shall collapse on us like a dome of brick.

At the end it shall speak
like a mad lady that's lost her child,
its voice shall pierce through the forests' wild
and vengeance's threnody shall be its kick.

At the end it shall fly
from our cruel and callous coven,
the innocence of the chaste shall be proven
and I, and you, and we shall be shy.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Back To The Root

I sat in the shade of a branchless tree,
pondering on what lines my pen shall pour.
I wrote and tore, and was angry,
for muse had not given my heart a tour.

I yet sat down, wandering in my mind,
pacing and muttering like a lost child.
I dug my best, for one thing to find;
But the more I dug, the more I got wild.

Then on that tree, a sparrow sang,
a song so sad that rang and rang.
She sang it over and over again;
She paused a bit and began again:

“I know a blind man under a tree,
who has two clear eyes, but cannot see.
With a virgin scroll and an erected pen,
he keeps clucking like a brooding hen.

How long shall he hunger for what he has?
How long shall he bray like an ant-stung ass?
When shall he see with his looking eyes?
When shall he cease to be as cold as ice?

Has there been a tree that casts a shade,
without its branches and leaves to aid?
Only a shadow; my dear poet.
Only a statute that cast a silhouette.”

She sang so sad,
my eyes dissolved in tears.
I sobbed and sulked like a lashed lad,
and away she flew to hide her tears.

As soon, my pen devoured the scroll;
With lovesome lyrics in loveable lines.
It smells so sweet like a fresh fish-roll,

and scented my scroll with seductive signs:

'This is my country- a tree without shade,
with countless seeds, withal she's made.
On a soil so rich and famously fertile,
In an erotic and horny climate pile.

Where are your branches, where are your leafs?
Where are your flowers by which your fruit heaves?
The clouds do gather, and the rain do fall,
But your stem seems stiff to sprout a branch even small.

Back to the root my country men,
Let us ejaculate some thinking semen.
Shall we watch our tree to wither?
And be like waifs and strays without a mother.

Back to the root before she's fell,
Back to the root before death's knell.'

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Birthday Cake To My Father

This is another divine cake
just like I've fondly made for your sake.
Fresh from the oven of your best baker,
who is also your favourite, humble waiter.

This one is hot with a special smell
too good to ignore- only your heart can tell.
It is a unique birthday memory,
that will last like a girl's first taste of cherry.

Take and eat with the milk of gladness,
it's a meal of life, a means unto wellness.
Enjoy its every crumb; but spare your helping fingers
and the joy shall last as the gorgeous memory lingers.

'Tis a birthday message to a special man,
the first I knew. My first and favourite fan.
He is my father; the best of all his kind
the one I can't mistake, even if I'm blind.

I grew in his gifted hands
that he wields like a thousand magic wands.
I learn under his wisdom
that has earned me fame and freedom.

I eat from his plate, and drink from his cup.
I dream on his shoulder, that's ever cheering me up.
So much there is, for me to say,
that time itself will miss its way.

Today the rain sings my father's name.
Even the sun is shining his fame.
The beauty of the day is the smile on his face
and the scent of his laughter is the riddle of grace.

This is another fresh divine cake,
just like I've fondly baked for your sake.
It is a unique birthday piece
that will last like a girl's first-love-kiss.

Dedicated to my father, Pastor Olusanya Moses

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Bleating Beauties

"Come and have a nap
on my smooth and polished lap."
a luscious lass,
call on work men as they pass.

"Oh! What makes so sweet a charming voice?
That draws a man to such cherished choice;
Many men wondered on their way,
as their eyes drifted from the crystal ray.

"just a stop-by at my nest,
to ease your stress and relish some rest"
She persuaded in her teasing tone,
like a baby all left alone.

"what shall I pay for your care?
For you are fair, delicate and rare"
A man stepped out of the field,
in an hasty lust to yield.

"just three things for all of me,
And you shall have all pleasures that be"
She entreated him at her compound,
that blossom with pleasantries, so profound.

"Ha! How I long to have you in haste,
what shall I pay? My pulse can't wait"
His eyes were wild as they stared,
at her breast, that's beauty smeared.

"The leading lamp in your hand,
And your sacred staff of command"
She craved in a comely countenance,
that dissolves a man's resistance.

"Take the staff and keep the lamp.
All I crave is just a nap"
He wandered into her watery eyes,
and slowly staggered down her tempting thighs.

"Also the glowing halo round your head,
That serves honor to your kindred";
The words shy out of her subtle lips,
alluring like a perfume made from cowslips.

"Take it too, it's of no use.
It is your caring company that I chose';
His eyes rolled down her stainless skin,
as his urge became wild and keen.

"Then come in and dine with pleasure.
And I shall offer all you crave without measure";
She led him into her nest- so deep,
and he soon fell into an eternal sleep.

(2)

So a winged being appeared to rest,
Divinely crowned with a lightening crest:
"Do not fear,
I'm not to scare".

They all cowered to hide their faces-
all they saw was his lightening traces.
"Speak and be gone in haste,
ere your lightening leads our eyes to waste".

"Be not beguiled by bleating beauties,
for many glories have been parted to pieces.
He who glues his gaze atop,
must not slug, slumber nor stop.

Fasten your focus on your crystal ray,
do not drift nor stride astray.
Press with purpose to reach the mark,
where eternal pleasures shall be your stock.

I shall come again", he vowed;
As he ascended with a cloud.
They all stared on helplessly,
as the clouds changed on endlessly.

So they took their staffs and lamps,
and betrayed their resting camps.
Though the route seems so long,
they all marched out in a joyful song:

"I shall press to reach the mark,
be it dawn, dusk or dark.
I shall fight hard and not faint,
like a patriot pilgrim saint".

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Come And Eat. My Bread Is Ready

Come and eat. My bread is ready,
I have baked it with my time.
It is brown and bromate free,
You don't have to pay a dime.

This is a delicious unleavened bread;
Eat this one and hunger no more.
It is with this that princes were bred,
And even kings that reigned afore.

Let this bread surfeit your belly,
It is a sacred meal of life;
A means unto wisdom against man's folly,
It shall save your soul from strife.

Every man is a means unto another,
A leading light, a bridge of hope.
Just like the proceed of a travailing mother,
Each man is a banquet to many that mope.

Wealth without wisdom is a waste of grace,
Food for famine and fatness for folly.
Rejoice in the little that smiles up a face,
Than regret on the lots that churns the belly.

Immortality is an idiom of selflessness;
Live as a sweet story to be buried in a book,
Hold unto humanity as your business
And you shall be a living brook.

Have a bite and pass it on,
What you have had always been;
A left over from those that've gone,
The reason the field is still green.

I have baked with my pen,
To pay a visit to your mind.
Pass this piece to many men,
That what they own is with it, to be kind.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Contestimony

In recent times, I was lost
amidst the usual human gust.
I was bullied by the tide
that I had to flee and hide.
I was frail and so afraid
and was shy to call for aid.
I was beaten to the ground
and I wished death was around.
I held my pride in high esteem
and was cooked by sorrow's steam.
I was hit to the marrow,
hating to see a tomorrow.
Life was cruel and so bitter
like a witch- baby seater.

Then in my groaning, I met with Hope.
She kissed my lips and made me cope.
She treated me with her divine abilities,
not holding back her sexual amenities.
Hope gave me light and strength again,
she replaced with peace, all of my pains.
She walked me down the isle of pleasure
and teased: 'sometimes pain is a leisure'.
She tore my face into pieces of laughters
and ever since, life has been better.

Yet in all, I learnt rich facts-
sacred memorial life extracts:
when life is all funds and no broke,
it is a sad and dreadful joke.
When without night, life is all stars,
it is an omen of brutal scars.
Life is an algorithm of rags and gowns
and the calculus of ups and downs.
Life is a literature of freedom
and a cinema to heal boredom.
When life is all rains without a gutter,
it is a sad pleasure of disaster.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Death Did Not Kill Those People

Death did not kill those people;
Be wise, and let not your minds be little!
Death is not guilty,
He only discharged an easement duty.
Death was not around,
When those bodies collapsed to the ground.
Death has an alibi;
The sun and the moon have come to testify.

But yet their souls still screams,
From the direful dungeon of disembodied dreams.
These wandering ghosts are grudging,
They have no bodies to lodge in.
'Ask the sun and the moon,
They shall expose our murderers' cocoon';
They cry on with heart-borne pains,
And repeated the same in sorrowful strains.

The sun and the moon saw it all;
They testified to big secrets and small.
They said the guns were naive,
And only responded to their wielders' relieve.
They said the blades were enslaved;
Else, they'd have conversely behaved.
Truly, death is not guilty;
He only relayed a relief responsibility.

The murderers are the those malicious men;
Whose first victim was their astute acumen.
They said they are the rod of rebuke,
And unswerving adherents to the Holy book.
They slay the young and old,
Like wolves in the sheep fold.
They dice the lives of our infants;
And mold them into morbid miscreants.

Yet we, the privileged ones,
Hear and think of these only once.
Life is a gift for those who know,

How to bring up those that are low.
Who shall prosecute these murderers? -
The rod of rebuke bearers.
Remember; death didn't kill those people;
Be wise, let not your minds be little.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Do Not Make Your Body Your Best

Do not make your body your best,
for beauty is a beast bereft brains;
Else you'll be a memorial jest-
a mockery monument, dressed for the drains.

Shall you thrive for the spoils of life?
And loot the lots
to become as a desolate wife.
What shall succeed your possessive plots?

Vanity allures your mundane monuments,
and shall glory at the desires of destruction.
They shall be remembered in forgotten moments,
and yet be consumed by the cankerworms of corruption.

Live today for the tales of tomorrow;
Rather than be forgotten in remembered sorrow.
For life is measured by its donations,
and not by all its attributions.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Don't Cry Like Children

Don't cry like children-
I have made you men and women.

Though I die without a son,
my works shall always be your sun.
Though I leave without a daughter,
my memories shall bring you laughter.

Don't cry like children-
I have made you men and women.

Though I die in some lonesome lands,
my delight heaves on your hands.
Though my death seems immature,
I'll always be in your future.

Don't cry like children-
I have made you men and women.

This haven isn't my home,
nor its transient honeycomb.
I'm a messenger from the skies,
to put sweet dreams in your eyes.

Don't cry like children-
I have made you men and women.

I have fed you with meat and milk,
and clothed you with wool and silk.
I have taught your fingers to fight,
and made my earthen blindness your light.

Don't cry like children-
I have made you men and women.

I was young, now I'm old.
I have felt the heat and cold.
I have eaten the sweet and bitter.
I have lived as a mortal matter.

So don't cry like children,
live like made men and women.
Never flood your faces with tears;
else you'll stab me again like spears.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Don'T Judge Me By My Breed

Don't judge me by my breed;
I'm just a thriving seed.
I need to grow,
I need to glow,
I've a fold to feed.

Just take me as your son;
A gently rising sun.
I need to rise,
At any price,
To give your kids some fun.

Don't hate me for my dream;
I'm just a springing stream.
You need to drink,
Else you'll shrink.
Your death will make me scream.

Don't kick me from your sight;
I'm just full of delight.
I've to play.
That's my way
To express my own light.

You might not be my fan;
But I'm still from your clan.
I've your blood
I'm not all odd,
I'm still your trusted man.

Don't hoard your lovely ladies;
I'm not infected with rabies.
I need to kiss,
In lovely bliss
I need my own babies.

Don't mourn when I'm death-bound;
Gently lay me in the ground.
Drink at my grave,

Be bold and brave.
I'm still very much around.

David Olusanya

Don't Read This Poem; It Is A Lie

Don't read this poem; it is a lie.
A poet is merely a truth-born liar,
His tongue is naked and never shy-
It spits the torrent of flood and fire.

A poet is a fire burning in water,
And a stream of water flowing in fire.
His presence is not really of a matter,
But his absence in life's circuit is a missen wire.

A poet is a truthful lie in life's lying truth,
He is an avid avatar of arrant anonymity.
A poet is a lean deceit behind the fat bum of brute.
He wears the mask of stupidity behind his sincerity.

A poet is a godly gardener in a brothel,
And he is a blind observer of opportunities.
A poet is as deep as a dry well,
And a keen thinker of the reasons of his inabilities.

A poet is a believed unbeliever,
And an unbelieved believer.
He is a righteous unrighteousness,
And an unrighteous righteousness.

A poet is a lying witness of a truthful lie,
And he is a truthful witness of a lying truth.
A poet is a merciful murderer that can never die,
He is the truth in every lie, and the lie in every truth.

Rethink this poem; could it be a lie?

David Olusanya

For Me Girl Dat Begirl Me

Halo, me hearty honey,
wai you are skas like money?
Me tink you so much in me hed,
when you walk from me and fled.
All bekos me say me luv you,
and you rifuz to love me too.

Many times ago when you fish on river,
and me bekam canoe driver.
Me of life begin tink,
and me startin to sink.
Den me begin saw ingel kam from heaven,
to carry me go inside am haven.

When me eyes finally see,
me saw dat me have left sea.
Dat ingel me saw,
very bewteaful wif no flaw.
Dat ingel too well resemble you,
but me know you are no two.

Oh! Me luvly sweetie pie,
no carry all me word stir into sky.
Very truf dat many gals me have toast,
but when me saw you, me already roast.
Bekos you eye so scorch like sun,
and me too much burn, but me take it to fun.

Dear me darlin dolly-dove,
take me gentle geniwin luv.
Truf dat me no good for english,
but all me want is you love to relish.
Me want married you for wife,
dat me soul shall hapi for life.

Me know you fadar will fried me like chicken,
inside you murders klin kitchen,
if him cut me by you beside.
But me cano stop wot me feel for you inside.

Take me heart me have unfold,
and me shall kip you own like gold.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

From Heaven's Street

From heaven's street, sprang a song
by a mighty angels' throng:
"Glory, glory to the king,
whom is born for bliss to bring.

Let the earth be soused with joy,
for a new born, sweet and coy.
Let the cherubs chant the chorale
of a brand new august auroral.

Peace on earth, a gift from heaven
souls redeemed and sins forgiven.
By the brightness of His birth,
glory's shed across the earth.

An infant born to die for all
such sweet seed with a heart so small,
beautiful, beaming and bouncing baby,
born of the bowels of a lovesome lady.

Sing oh! Mortals, and reverence Him,
adore His glory, for He's King Supreme.
Let the younglings pour His praise,
and mystic beings, His banner raise.

Beauty born on earth to abound,
flowing far as men are found.
Reaching the beaten, battered and broken,
that their souls be touched and woken.

Blow the trumps and raise your voices.
Join the seraphs, as heaven rejoices.
Let the mountains, oceans and trees,
bow at the birth of this majestic breeze.

Hasten, mortals, prepare your Bethlehem
to receive heaven's great and hallowed gem.
For Christ is born in us today,

that we may wander no more astray.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Great Men Are Not Made By Their Breeds

I often hear my mother's voice,
saying; 'your destiny is your choice.
great men are not made by their breeds,
great men are made by their deeds.

think it out yourself my lad,
you have what these men also have had;
one brain, one head, two arms to use,
you too can be, if only you choose.

never excuse your wits from good works,
if you must inscribe your name on rocks.
give your gifts to human needs,
and soon the world will do your bids.

covet now, the glory of the sun,
be not less you too, my son.
wonder too, with awe at the moon
and you shall learn secrets that escape noon.

keep on good works that lives without end,
and greater men shall strive to be your friend.
look at the east, the west, north and south
and you shall see fertile lands round about.

know that great men that have risen,
are men given to studying the season.
give your hands to harness your breath,
before your flesh be given to death.

the minds of men is like a million farms,
given to be ploughed by the owner's palms.
stir your soul to spring lasting streams,
else you'll thirst to die for others' dreams'.

David O. Olusanya

Hear These Things Life Made Me Learn

Hear these things life made me learn,
and after them, you too must yearn.

When life pierce you with the spear of pestilence,
tame your tongue with the bridle of silence.
For life is fed from the kitchen of chaos;
your candid silence is a noise of its loss.

Hear these things life made me learn,
and after them, you too must yearn.

When life serves you pleasant smiles,
from a distance of a thousand miles;
Do not laugh your best the most,
for life is a comely and cunning host.

Hear these things life made me learn,
and after them, you too must yearn.

Life is so perfidious like a promiscuous lady,
yet innocence roams her face like a new born baby.
Do not hoard her conjugal rights,
else she keeps her light off your numerous nights.

Hear these things life made me learn,
and after them, you too must yearn.
Life is most relished with the interlude of distance;
But do not bore it with your candid resistance.
A divorce from life is a fatal omission,
like a hell burning in an ocean.

Hear these things life made me learn,
And after them, your hearts must yearn.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Her Beauty Is To Black And Bold

Her beauty is so black and bold,
like your mother's cooking pot of old.
All her stories have been told,
except this one, I'm yet to unfold:

When you meet her in the cold,
and you both are sick with cold;
She would give her scarf of gold,
to keep you warm- a feat so bold.

Yet she was treated like a pit of trash,
and her treasury was raped and sold for cash.
Her walls came down in a crash,
and her countenance was brute and harsh.

After her searing tenure of slavery,
she came back and made me laugh and merry,
and every man would woo her to marry,
even those that stole her sweet treasury.

Now, my mother is still Brown and bold,
like our mother's cooking put of old.
All her children are as priceless as gold,
even the ones who would still want her sold.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

I Am Guilty Of Treason

I am guilty of treason!
A sin more red than crimson.
To be discrete is too late,
'cause the enemy is at the gate.

But you need not run around,
or hide yourselves underground.
'Cause the enemy on the chase,
is solely headed for my place.

This treason is stirred by a girl
that dazzle my eyes like a pearl.
Her form is like a twinkling star,
unconsciously posing my mouth ajar.

Now my heart is under attack
and cupid's arrow is swift on my track.
I have no place to rest my soul
'cause cupid is persistently on patrol.

Indeed! I am guilty of treason,
and love is the sole, candid reason.
Cupid is vehemently on my trail
with focused arrows that wouldn't fail.

I have bluntly betrayed my heart
and my whole being is fallen apart.
I have opened my life to a lady,
and she seems to be in charge already.

Yes! I am guilty of treason
and I would be glad to go to prison.
But lock me up with that girl
that dazzle my eyes like a pearl.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

I Live

Fine bread again from your favorite baker,
Out from my oven- a gift from Rebecca.
Relish all of it, to be a nourished partaker;

A dangerous dream stole my sleep,
While I drawn in a thought so deep.
And I awoke to a voice that still weeps:

“Find my precious scarf of gold,
I have stayed an age in this callous cold.
I plead you restore my glory of old.

Riddle is a bone tied to a dog's back;
He staves like a slave and do angrily bark.
Who can tell what this dying dog lack? ”

I tearfully listened like a deaf rat,
sorrow made my soul a sleeping mat,
and fear fed on me, and grew so fat.

“Care for my soul, else I go,
like a woman worn-out with woe,
and till my soil with your thinking hoe.

Around my head is an ebbing glory,
and I'm a pity, in the care of worry.
I plead you revive me, while my will still tarry.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

I Will Never Leave You Alone

I'll never make sacrifices as a loser.
Leave not your love in the middle of cold.
You will never be a loser,
Alone with someone beautiful and bold.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

I'm In Love With A Nun

The fact is firm and straight
like a manhood that can't wait,
that I'm in love with a nun.....
a gem brighter than the sun.

Her face is like the noon,
her breasts like the full moon.
She has a perfect skin
that can force a pope to sin.

She's such a gorgeous gift
causing a lunar shift.....
the flower moon of May
is now December's prey.

Her lips are so tempting,
her poise is tormenting.
She has a bold backside...
for a perfect romance ride.

In this case, if love is death
I shall gladly yield my breath.
I'd die without a fear,
to be born-again by her.

The fact is firm and strong,
obviously I can't be wrong.
I'm in love with a nun.....
an escapade long begun.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

'I'm Innocent' Says Death

Hello folks? My name is death.
How do you fair with your health?
I hope you free your souls from strain;
too much of grieves can cause you pain.

I'm writing in self defense,
to proclaim my innocence.
I hope you give me fair hearing
and take the truth I come bearing.

To be candid, I'm not a killer.
Oh! Am I drunk with tequila?
But see, I didn't pull the trigger,
in-fact, I didn't cause ebola.

All I do is to assist
if unbearable pains strongly persist.
I can't stand to watch a soul
languish in pain from crown to sole.

All I do is offer ease
if agony will not just cease,
I didn't poison that nice lady
or choke that cheerfully bright baby.

I didn't shoot that lucky guy
who got a job of suit and tie.
I didn't push the man to suicide,
he only knows what he has inside.

I didn't push the boy off the cliff
or rape the girl until she's stiff.
All I do is grant solace,
'cause I can't stare pain in the face.

I'm not at service to Satan;
never think of me in a black kaftan.
I'm not an evil creature,
I'm a gorgeous part of nature.

I'm an angel of transformation,
the complete cycle of creation.
I'm a gift to a sage
that's well stricken in age.

So when next you see me act,
kindly revisit this fact.
Always watch over your health.
With love from your dear friend, Death.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

In My Country

In my country
it is a pity
that corruption is hawked like water,
and so contagious like catarrh.

It seems so rampant like bird flu,
that even a fetus has a clue.
It has become the currency in the market place,
and stands to stare you in the face.

The innocent are submerged by its demons,
and the saviors seem to sell their sermons.
even the air seem so scarce,
unless you have a privy pass.

This is in my country,
that was once the envy of beauty.
The apparel of peace was her pride.
She was favorably festooned like a new bride.

Today, corruption has raped men and women,
and has birthed conflicts and chaos as children.
Corruption seem to construct a chapel
where injustice and oppression are the solemn gospel.

Even a poet seems to be wooed,
by it's dangerous darts so crude.
But his pen shall always be erected
like a stallion that's sexually excited.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

In Remembrance Of Rebecca

Another month of remembrance;
a damned decade of endurance.
A ten year mire of waiting;
pathetic moments of hating.

'Tis the remembrance of Rebecca,
the sole reason I became a baker.
The first lady of my life-
my childhood wedded wife.

This is a sweet expression of sadness,
profound admittance to loneliness.
A painful gesture of dismay;
obstinate reflections as they may.

I miss the scent of her smile
fresh as the clime of the Nile.
I miss the chorus of her laughter
that swallows the dirge of disaster.

I miss the warmth of her skin-
the plump body of a teen.
I miss the taste of her lips-
prelude to a sexual eclipse.

I miss watching her dance
that lures me into a trance.
I miss the voodoo of her eyes
like a seven-sided dice.

I miss her form, I miss her face,
the way we basked at every place.
I miss our games of hide and seek,
like a century lies within a week.

But yet she left me like childhood,
leaving me in a precarious mood.
She left me bare in the cold,
with only her memories to hold.

She left me for my ally,
without a firm alibi.
She left me with our baby-
a German Shepherd puppy.

Today, I'm a poetic baker
courtesy of my ex-wife, Rebecca.
And I shall never cease to bake,
to heal this painful heart-ache.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

In The Beginning

In the beginning, it was not so
that we should eat the bread of woe
that we should drink the menses of prostitutes
whose chastity has been sold to an army of destitutes.

In the beginning their was a dream
planted by the bank of a toothless stream
growing and tendered by nature's smile
bereft of brute, bruises or bile.

In the beginning, there was no strife
like a pope in bed with a secret wife.
There was no war, there was no battle;
No chaos like a pilot riding a cattle.

In the beginning, the best name was Bola
there was Ebun, but there was no Ebola.
There was Amara, Nnamdi and Issa
there was Musa but there was no Lassa.

In the beginning, Justice was a virgin
an acute insight was her lineal gene.
To know no man was her moral acumen,
but today, Justice is pregnant with corruption's children.

In the beginning, there was one God
with diversity of worship-no one was odd.
The Mosque on Friday and Churches on Sunday
there were no spiritual shops and mobile shrines on Monday.

In the beginning, tears was a disease
infants' death were absurd even to the breeze.
To die at eighty means the gods are snoring
but today, to live till sixty is so strange and boring.

In the beginning, there was unity,
one pot, many hands; without ambitious insanity.
Love proposed to peace and gave birth to bliss
but today, we are pieces of people infested with diss.

In the beginning, we were so strong
to fight against tyranny's mighty throng.
We could no more endure, manage or cope
until we hung tyranny with its own rope.

In the beginning, we were Africans,
moral-bond gods, not wandering Barbarians.
We mastered love, friendliness and passion
We pioneered righteousness, not religious fashion.

In the beginning we didn't care
about our complexion or the colour of our hair.
Our intelligence lied not in our Language
because we understood culture, values and Heritage.

In the beginning, we were princes, kings and gods
we were nurtured by words, not by rods.
We grew in knowledge and curiosity was a plus
We are Africans because it was born in us.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

In The News Tonight

In the news tonight;
Politics has worn a woman's maquillage,
and the blind camera light,
seems to conceal her moral spoilage.

Politics has worn a rotund headgear
that was woven from the fabrics of falsenesses,
in a climate so cold and queer,
like a marriage starved with bliss.

Politics is dressed in a golden lace
that was sown by the thread of tyranny.
Perversities have taken its place,
like a teenager wooing his nanny.

Politics is adorned with looted spoils,
garnered like the greed of a starved swine.
'The ox threshes in searing toils,
and never savor the issue of the vine'.

Politics has polluted the atmosphere,
And to be candid, the country is infected.
The street is starved of fresh air,
Politics' bane seems too erected.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

It Has Been A While

It has been a while,
Since I roamed into exile.
And I have missed your smile,
and your spicy romantic style.

I was lone in a forest
making hate to pain without rest.
Sadness and solitude were in contest
over my soul, with inimical interest.

And I fought in my wild weakness,
to escape the rough stabs of emptiness;
But I sank in the joyful sea of sadness,
deliriously drowning into darkness.

Until you came again and offered life,
you quenched the fire of tears and strife,
brought me back from where solitary is rife,
and gave me your warmth as my wife.

Your skin is still sleek and supple,
while I relish the rhythm of our romantic ripple.
You feed me again from your happy nipple,
and make us again, a joyful couple.

Really, it has been a while,
since I wandered into exile.
And I did miss your smile,
and your spicy romantic style.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

I've Committed A Strange Sin

To be righteously candid,
the truth is hard to kill like a stubborn weed.
Whenever you try to tell,
your heart would ring like an ancient catholic bell.

But I will make my confession
not minding the devil's facial expression.
I would admit I've done something wrong
and gladly go to where such offenders belong.

I've innocently committed a strange sin
the kind the good Lord have never seen.
This sin is so much red than scarlet;
It's much more worse than to steal Judas's wallet.

When I said I lost Rebecca-
the very heartbreak that turned me into a baker;
I told a truth-intended lie,
that I almost wanted to wish to die.

It was a lie! I dearly love my life
whether or not I have a wife.
I would rather endure heartbreak
than to experience a brief breath break.

But there is yet another sin
just after the previous crimson scene;
When my wife walked away
and staged my flaw like a Shakespearean play.

I was caught under love's spell again
like a bush rat crushed under a moving train.
I found love on the face of my Tv
when I fell for a lady I saw in a movie.

She has a skin so brown and bold
and a delicate face that wouldn't grow old.
Her eyes are so vast like the caribbean sea.
All her beauty is fact even to a pharisee.

I love her form so terribly much
than a first time free British lunch.
I often dab my lips on my Tv screen
lustfully imagining that I'm kissing her skin.

But the truth still remains stubborn
like an Ogbanje that yearns for a reborn;
That I'm in love with a super star
while I'm just a candle, stuck inside a jar.

I humbly plead for your forgiveness
to pardon my flaws and my unrighteousness.
But if I should be punished by your reason,
I'd love to be locked in a Tv prison.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Keep Up A Smile

Life might a poignant plane,
dressed with ditches to have your slain;
Never waste your wits to weep,
else you drench in life's direful deep.

Though sorrow sits on your soul today,
and your delights, given to dreadful delay;
Tease your face to keep up a smile,
for your weeping, rejoices for a while.

As long as breathes, your bulging blights,
know that hope will hop in with light.
For life is subject to diverse reigns,
as long as this world still remains.

Never cease to keep smiling,
when others murmur and keep whining.
For the end is an ecstatic gift,
for those who knows best, how not to drift.

Give your heart to the best around,
rather than the arrant agony that abound.
For pain, plight and penury are put in a pile,
they starve at seeing you put up a smile.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Lamentation Of The Black Girl Child

'I am that African girl child,
whom you've left in the forests' wild.
While you darling to mourn my death,
as my dreams fade, breath by breath.

Was I not born with body and soul?
That I'm treated as half the whole.
Was I not to be bred with bliss and beauty?
Rather than penury, pain and cruelty.

Oh! Poor sublime soul of mine,
When shall you too be free and fine?
When shall I sail through sorrow's deep?
Having no more cause to sob and weep.

I shall yet bless the human race,
whom even has deprived me of divine grace.
For what is my pride as a mother,
if I curse my child for his blunder?

Awake, and salvage this searing truth;
That if you toss around, blight and brute,
then you must know this, straight and sound;
That what goes around comes around.

Soberly take this bread of life,
as it comes through your chosen baker.
For you know not if his wife,
also lies in the black girls' danger.'

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Let Words Pour Like Rain

Let words pour like rain
on this virgin terrain.
Lyrics of a baker-
a divine bread maker.

Shall I bake sweet romance
that will make your liver dance?
Lines of a love epistle,
from your gifted Apostle.

Shall I bake tough riddles
that will give you goose pimples?
Philosophies and wisdom
to crack the shell of boredom.

Shall I bake of politics?
The art of chaotic antics.
An insatiable prostitute
that allures derilious destitutes.

Shall I bake of patriotism?
The stem of nationalism.
The government from the masses,
extended towards the masses.

Shall I bake of justice,
free of political jaundice?
Honouring the truth,
whether from a sage or youth.

Shall I bake of religion,
that separates Yahya from John?
A purposed path to peace,
starving humanity of bliss.

Shall I bake of life,
a shameless, promiscuous wife.
Sometimes a bed of roses,
other times sadness imposes.

Let words pour like rain
on this virgin terrain.
Lyrical rhymes of a baker-
the first boo of Rebecca.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Letter To The Real Mothers

Mothers of my land,
would you idle your hands?
And watch your grace
to be tossed away like the days.

Would you only grumble?
And watch your walls crumble.
Would you stare at the sky for hope to tumble?
And pat your unruly urchins to fumble.

Would you cry like the crows?
And wither away your brows.
Would you sadden your soul?
And ashen yourselves from crown to sole.

Would you chase the rags of time?
That you call fashion of the prime.
And give your beauty bit by bit,
to the whims of foreign wit.

Mothers of my soil,
enshroud not your toil.
Let the world know your heart yet lingers,
to give not your blood-won soil to strangers.

Your voices are full of valor.
So great and so galore.
Awake at the instant,
ere your sons be flown to deserts- so unpleasant.

Mothers of my mothers,
Mother of my fathers,
Mothers of my brothers,
Mothers of my sisters.

They have spat at your face,
they say you have no more place.
Would you sit and idle?

And leave your infants bereft a cradle.

Arise mothers of Africa!

Arise mothers of Nigeria!

Arise before the dawn!

Ere your children shall all to death be done!

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Life Is The Beauty Of Man's Craftiness

Life is the beauty of man's craftiness
and the evil of his lust.

Life is a pushy and witty waitress;
it serves all men by a must.

When sorrow rejoices in the hearts of mourners,
it is so apparent that life's loitering in the corners.
Life's like a girl that's so pretty,
yet seeming a senile spinster, it's so guilty.

Life is the sweet smile of a baby,
and the delicate beauty of a lady.
You need not frown when it smiles,
just embrace the fun and seductive styles.

Life is like water that nourishes a fish,
yet it boils like magma and makes it a dish.
It is so rich like the milk of a nursing mother,
and so sour like the numb face of murder.

Life is when a bird candidly journeys to the river
with a famished hunter to shoot a spider.
Life is a master, so deceitful,
and a sincere slave, so needful.

Life is the beauty of our craftiness,
and the cruel evil of our lust.
Life is an agile and witty waitress,
it serves all men by a must.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Life, You Old Haughty Horse

Life, you old haughty horse,
a savage stallion without remorse.
Will you not wait awhile and be calm,
at the sedative stroke of my palm?

My eyes are drenched with dreams,
to ride you to the spring of streams;
Where peace pelts and flows,
as the west wind blows.

But you whip me with your tail,
like a fly, so feeble and frail.
You are too brute for the bridle,
nor succumb to the tamer's riddle.

So starved is my dream, to saddle your spine,
and make you but all of mine.
Life; grant me a ravishing ride
and make your arrogance my pride.

You old haughty horse,
savage stallion without remorse.
When will you wait and be calm,
at the soothing stroke of my palm?

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Little Children

Little children, don't be swayed
from the path that Christ had laid.
For his blood had washed your skin
from the scathing stripes of sin.

Little children, best you know
that when sin calls, you say no.
For the soul that serves so pure,
shall with angels sing for sure.

Little children take your stand
in wisdom and understand;
That the love of God is first,
and all else shall droop to dust.

Little children, do not fear
the serpent that lurks so near;
For you're arrows in the hands
of God- who bends to no bounds.

Little children, take this piece
of exaltation and peace.
For you're giants of the end,
whose sharp swords shall know no bend.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Love 'epistol'

When I gave my heart to you,
and you gave yours to me too;
You became my mortal goddess
And saved my soul from distress.

I believe in your holy name
that raised my heart when I was lame.
I conquered the witches in my village
and your bedroom became my holy pilgrimage.

Your love became my religion
and I preach you in every region.
I converted my friends into your kingdom
where there's peace, bliss and freedom.

Loving you became my salvation-
It saved my soul from perdition.
Regular romance became my righteousness
and the warmth of your skin reveals your kindness.

Your body became my sanctuary
elegantly costumed with strawberry.
And I love to read your commandments
that's written on your breasts without amendments.

So my love, today I make a vow
that unto no mortal deity shall I bow.
Come rain, come shine, come wave or storm
My love for you shall never lose its form.

I shall seek first the smile of your face
whether or not all else fall into place.
As long as we live, my dear bride,
I shall always enjoy being your ride.

David nya

Marry The Virtues That Breath In Them

Withhold not your wits from these sayings;
Rather, marry the virtues that breathe in them.
Let these lots be your cravings,
and of them, be a living emblem.

Commit not your heart to mundane matters,
for life's treasury lies not in its riches;
They'd someday be swept by wandering waters,
and forsake your heart in dreadful ditches.

I'll tell you this truth charge-free;
That you are a light to shine to all.
For even darkness needs light to see,
that it might not stumble and fall.

Live to be buried in the hearts of men;
Rather than be forgotten in a golden tomb.
Live to be told to coming children,
even to the flimsy fibers in the womb.

Above all, tame your tongue with the truth;
For a little lie, leads a lethal life.
Betray the baneful banquet of brute,
and settle peace in the stead of strife.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Mine Poetic Perspective Of Poetry

When the moon walks on your heart,
And the world is all an art;
It is a priceless portion poetry-
A poet's song of liberty.

Liberty of words;
A saving grace from swords.
Liberty to write
The world in a whole new light.

Poetry is a kingdom
Of expression coined in wisdom.
It is a pride of life,
Even for those without a wife.

Have you seen a tortoise on a tree?
Poetry is an imagination that is free.
It is a fact without a fault,
A world wide wheel without a halt.

Poetry is a gorgeous garment,
That dresses a mournful moment.
It is all an heart-borne gift
That gives the soul a sincere lift.

Poetry is a beautiful murder
Of my pen- my bosom brother-
My first and foremost friend
Who knows all beginnings and every end.

When you hear the talking drum,
And the wiggle of a black bum bum;
It is the rhythm of a poetic riddle,
An ideation from being idle.

Of all genres of literature,
Poetry paints a peculiar picture.
She is a fountain of words to woo,
Like the torrential fall of Owu.

Have you heard of smiling stones
And the beautiful songs of dead bones?
It is the wonderful magic of poetry,
To make a city of a cemenry.

So when the moon walks on your heart,
And the world is all an art;
It is the verdant voice of poetry,
A poet's sweet song of liberty.

David Olusanya

Moti Pade Ayanfemi

Ewa bami ko orin ayo yi
Eyin odo ati lolufe asikoyi.
Moti je ounje ayo ife,
Inu mi si ti kun fun ife.

This love caresses my core,
Like my moma's amala fele fele.
It sounds like the music of Ayefele;
So refreshing like the breeze of the sea shore.

Ife yi se koko bi eko ilu baami,
Osi tun gun lenu bi akara ilu maami.
This love nourishes my heart so much,
Like the menu of a french man's lunch.

Ewa bami lu gangan ati bata
Eyin lolufe ati gbogbo odo pata.
Emu oofi ati awon aso iyebiye,
Kesi ko anko bi keyinde ati taye.

This love tastes like a new wine,
That is well brewed from a jew's green vine.
Moti pade Ayanfee teminikan;
Omi titun ti mo kan senu, ti ko si kan.

Aye mi ti loyin,
Osi dun pupoju bi obe doyin.
I have met mine love- my Nifemi,
Moti pade eni ti okan miyan- Ayanfemi.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

My Poetic Mission

A grey bird chanted a bleeding song
on the dark streets of despair.
When a pale knell had been rung
and usurped a blooming atmosphere.

Her song profusely bled
like a smile stabbed on the head.
And she cried so much,
like a lad lanced of lunch.

Her song was stripped naked
with dangling breasts, fully bred;
Roaming on the faces of urchins,
whom are dismayed like fallen chins.

Her song ranted in repine,
like a family flogged by famine.
And she wept and wailed with woes
like a princess that has lost her toes.

Thus the heavens heard her cry
and open up it knotted sky.
Then heaven's womb birth a son
with the smile of a new sun.

'Take and eat this bread of life';
Heavens' son began his cause.
'It shall save your soul from strife;
It's free, weary not your purse'.

So the grey bird ate the bread
and the darkness fled away.
The despair too, took his bed,
and muttered off as a castaway.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

My Room, My Theatre (Pg 18)

Let's make my room a theatre
Let my bed become a stage
Let the stars be our audience
Let our blood mix with rage.

Let the current from your skin
produce a perfect love scene.
Let's shoot a sweet love skit
with our agile sexual grit.

'Tis the full cold moon for two.....
let's make love black and blue.
Let's hold climax at bay;
interstice will aid delay.

Let's roll down to the floor
Let's dig it at the door.
Let's wake the neighborhood
Let's put others in the mood.

Let's do this day and night.....
Let's seize the grey moonlight.
Menopause is just a word,
when there's still a thrusting sword.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Never Heard A Song So Sweet

Never heard so sweet
from the space of heaven's streets...
touching down to earth so low,
tuning hearts and souls aglow:

"Christ is born, the king of kings
with great healing in His wings.
God is come in human form.....
the hearts of men to transform."

Peace is come upon the earth
by the glory of His birth.
This gift is rolled to us ward...
that hope and joy be restored.

Bow your heads and reverence Him...
prince of peace and king supreme!
Stretch your hearts towards His throne;
He craves not for precious stones.

Never heard so sweet a song
from a cheerful angels' throng;
Bringing smiles and joy and bliss.....
filling hearts and souls with peace:

"Christ is born, the king of kings
with great healing in His wings.
Glory! glory from on high.....
He is born to you and I."

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Now I Know My A, B, C

Now I know my A, B, C
like nursery kids in the school.
I had wanted to be free,
to use A, B, C as a tool.

A, B, C was passed on us,
as a memorial of our fathers' loss-
a monument of victimization,
a scorching sun of subjugation.

A, B, C is a memory of denials,
and the tyrant tusk of tormenting trials.
A, B, C is indirect slavery,
and a self-adulated judge and jury.

Today, I and my friends buy A, B, C
in our own country schools.
We pay exorbitantly for A, B, C,
just to become bunch of farming bulls.

Now we are products of A, B, C.
Is this what we want be?
To live in another's dream,
and leave ours to blur and dim.

As for me, as you can see,
I'm an Acute Bone of Curiosity.
I shall use this A, B, C,
to restore my old stolen country.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

One Day, Justice Shall Be Free

How shall we say it?
That justice is in prison.
With what words shall we tongue it?
And avoid the noun called Treason.

The news has taken the street,
like bandits without faces.
And peace has flown to retreat
with her many battle bruises.

Justice is in prison!
The chorus cuts our souls.
And vengeance's corpses are risen,
howling a sinister song like owls.

Justice is in prison!
The clouds are turning black.
It's nemesis's raining season,
and the days are growing dark.

Justice is in prison!
And mercy's sons are murdered.
The face of favour is frozen,
like a fish that's ice-out-numbered.

Yet the orphans sprang sad songs
from the deep wounds of their souls;
To mend the culprits' deed and wrongs,
and save the street from vengeance's soles.

'One day, justice shall be free
from the callous cage of treason.
And our souls shall still smile
like a dream planted by the Nile'.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Open Letter To Buhari

Wake beloved! 'Tis a new break.
I'm serving again, your chosen taste.
This is a nourishing national cake,
have it hot and all without haste.

This is a letter to Buhari-
our born-again president elect.
Tell him we all hope to own a Ferrari,
as we have his past thumbed not to reflect.

Tel him I myself lost my wife
to the wind of a jobless life.
And I'm now a busy baker,
thriving to get back my Rebecca.

Tell him we want back our Nigeria
that was won by compatriot sons,
whose blood have been fed to bacteria,
and their bones, burnt by century suns.

Tell him we crave for a country,
free from aristocrats legal robbery;
Whose forever leaking purses,
swells by the sweat of slave-like sources.

Tell him to publish the message of peace,
that he might own his live in a piece.
For the Nigeria of today,
will not rethink to revisit his yesterday.

Tell this too, to Buhari;
That we are done greedy for garri.
Tell him we want the national cake-
the one this poetic pen shall bake.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Our Black Mother Mourn

“They are all deaf and dumb,
with hateful hearts; so cold and numb”
Her somber song stills the street.

‘What ail your tears?
What are your fears?
I beseeched her with much feat.

“Under the sod,
all on their tod,
these ones ceaselessly sleep”

“They once sucked my breast,
on my thighs they once had rest.
But faraway, are dipped in despair-deep”

My heart heaved of pain,
at the sorrow of her strain,
as our black mother mourn.

“Where are my heroes?
That will turn around my throes,
to the dance of a new morn.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Poetic Principality

The fact is candid
that my name is David.
A poetic principality,
word are my casualties.

I'm a called and anointed baker,
offspring of a lyrical slayer.
And I'm a troublesome lyricist,
you can't honestly resist.

The truth is so firm
like a youthful sperm,
that my lines are tremendous
and globally famous.

My philosophies and wisdom
are proven keys to freedom.
My metaphors and similes
are contagious like syphilis.

My romance are inviting
and sexually exciting.
You can't possibly refuse,
argument is of no use.

My sermons are spiritual,
spectacularly unusual;
rhapsodies of reconciliation-
a christ-like manifestation.

My fame is worthy to woo
like the fall of Owu.
I'm the talk of the city-
A poetic principality!

My name- David Olusanya
is so nourishing like soya.
And I'm a lyrical messiah,
obviously I can't retire!

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Set Me Free And Let Me Live

When shall I dance to my own heart beat,
And cease to become what you believe?
Set me free and let me live,
Ere my time fade bit by bit.

Must I vouch for all your viles,
You selfish care, your pungent pride?
Set me free, my wings are wide,
I need to fly, to where lily lies.

I need to soar beyond the sky,
To be a sun that lightens your soul.
Set me free, from your hideous hole,
I need freedom, I need to fly.

I'm not born to live your dream,
To fuel to fire, to feed your flame.
Set me free, I have my own claim;
I'm a seed to spring my own stream.

Allow me dance to my own heart beat,
I have a dream beyond your sight.
I'm a new dawn, a different light;
Allow me dance to my dream's drum beat.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

She Is All A Creature Divine

Fresh from my oven,
it's another bread of life.
Thanks I'm your chosen,
though I'm still without a wife.

I will share you a sweet story
In lucid lines about a lady;
Whom I met in church,
and for her, my heart do lurch.

Her stepping is graceful like the goose's,
And wherever she turns, my eye goes.
Like honey, does taste her voice,
and all these and more, made her my choice.

She serves as an usher,
for which I grew a lateness ulcer;
Just for her to serve me a seat,
that from her's counted three feet.

'She is all a creature divine.
How do I make this mystery mine? '
My mind silently ponder,
while my eyes tread her body, bereft blunder.

So I made an oath to tell
That my heart has by her love been fell:
'Milady, I'm the principality and power,
whom has let you been without a lover'.

And she smiled in a sublime tone,
that suggested she was now my own;
"You sure like being ushered like a king,
and observed not my marriage ring"

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

She Seems Uglier Than A Troll

She seems uglier than a troll,
with a skin, brutally stripped like a poet's scroll.

She's adorned with the raiment of withered roses,
and she seems so lean than the cane of Moses.

Her soul is as quiet as the desert of horror.
Her name is Facari- with a spelling error.

She's a barren virgin with crippled children,
and her womb, too wrinkle to embrace new semen.

Her tears are like ashes, her face like a shadow.
She's thorny eye-lashes, piercing her to the marrow.

An ash-spring is the Oasis of her desert,
weeping, wailing and requiem are choristers of her concert.

She feeds on the feces of her crippled babies,
and drinks the menses of cold-worn ladies.

Yet her fart smells sweetly like the petals of hibiscus;
A fatal irony, deserving a thorough discuss.

Her name is a Facari- with a spelling error,
and corruption and chaos is her solemn terror.

DAVID O. OLUSANYA

David Olusanya

Sing Him Strings Of Sublime Hail

Sing Him strings of sublime hail,
born to men in flesh so frail.
Jesus Christ, what gorgeous grace,
gift of God, to all embrace.

Sing Him strings of sublime hail,
wondrous awe, eternal tale-
prophets word, wound to prove,
formed to flesh for faith to move.

Sing Him strings of sublime hail
perfect peace born to prevail
on this soil- a sordid clay
Lo! Light of life, laid in hay.

Sing Him strings of sublime hail,
Holy lamb, born to unveil
mysteries hid in helms of life,
that man may live less of strife

Sing Him strings of sublime hail
angels trump His glorious trail.
Jesus Christ man's favorite friend,
sent to us, His life to lend.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Strolling Round The Edges Of Life

Strolling round the edges of life,
seeing men saddled with strife.
On a hill, sat a winged boy,
and he gave me this piece of joy:

“Every man is a bit of God,
a piece of paradise, a little god.
God has given the earth to man,
and has made him His master plan.

Each soul is a token of grace,
a piece of wonder to bedeck this place.
All of men are a summary of heaven,
little sparks from God to engulf this mortal haven.”

As he unveiled this wondrous light,
my heart leaped in stunning delight.
This winged boy laughed out loud,
as he said, ascending with a cloud:

“The eyes of man have benighted his soul;
As much as he sees, is a little of his whole.
The eye of the mind is the key to his freedom;
As far as it sees, is the wonder of wisdom.”

Paradise is hidden in every mind,
the earlier we seek, the sooner we find.
As I saw, my pen did write-
a friend of my will to share this light.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Tell This To That Dazzling Angel

Tell this to that dazzling angel
that caught my eyes and made me fell.
That made me fell like the might of Troy
and made me cry like a little boy.

This is not a usual bread,
it is with this, that cupid was bred.
Another loaf from your chosen baker
who was inflamed by the hurt of Rebecca.

These lines are pure like a foetal soul
they're better enjoyed when you ingest the whole.
The riddles are plain, you need not frown
like a royal bride that has smudged her gown.

My heart was cold in the street of despair
and joy seem to have roamed into a land of nowhere.
Bliss was brutal with her divorce letter
and to die for the world seem to be better.

Then an angel appeared in my starless night,
emitting a sweet odour that tastes like sprite.
She has a smooth and sparkling skin
that helplessly enforces my soul to sin.

She said to me; 'fear not, fair one
you need not sulk, nor your light grow wan.
'A man is forged in trials'; they say.'
And she lit me a lamp and fled away.

She fled away, not into the sky,
She fled away without a 'bye'.
She left me thirsty for just a kiss,
She left me lonely with a speck of bliss.

Tell this to that dazzling angel
that caught my eyes and made me fell.
That made me fell like the might of Troy
and made me sob like a little boy.

That I'll hunt her with all my life
until she becomes my wedded wife.
That if she fly till the end of time,
then my endless thirst shall be her crime.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

The Greatest Title Is Your Name

When I used to be a boy
with a heart so pure and coy,
life was just a playground;
I played hid and seek and was never found.

My father's chest was my bed
and my first toy was his head.
I knew no rule nor any law;
Life was so good without a flaw.

Then grew up a little more,
putting off the childishness I had wore.
I knew just how to act a scene
to have the good of everything.

I knew the way to make a lie
even without a candid why.
I knew life is the thrill of ups and downs
and would smile only to grey wigs and crowns.

So I dearly swore to be great
to make, to form and to create.
To marry the daughters of legendary kings
and glide the sky with my large wings.

Then I began to scheme rifts and battles
to own the world and all her titles,
to build a parliament of foreign queens
and raise an army from ambitious teens.

But in all my bid to walk my way,
my father would always tap me and say;
'Son, a good name is a man's immortal wall,
it shall save him from all of life's terrible squall.

Be it title, wealth or fame,
all of these shall perish in a flame.
A good name shall last more than time,
not even beauty or glory at its prime.

The strongest title a man can own,
is a man's name, though it has no bone.
So sleep again and dream again,
the world is made for good names to reign.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

The Way I Would Love To Go

This is not a song of woe
it's just the way I'd love to go,
when my days are fully spent
and my years, without a dent.

I'd love to still be a boy,
not as old as the fall of Troy
to leave in the fire of my feats
and go in the warmth of my wits.

I'd love to go on a sabbath
and set my feet on my ancestor's path;
After ingesting a fresh cat-fish
served on top of a solid local dish.

I'd love to wear a new dansiki
while seven virgins chant my oriki.
I'd love to hear the riddles of Saworode
and the hunters' march in the shoes of Ide.

I'd love to go in the night
under the mystery of the moonlight
of which, by same, I was conceived
to have my clan, of strife relieved.

I'd love the men drunk with palm wine
and their bellies protruded with roasted kine.
I'd love the women charmed to the beat of Bata
and savour the chorus of their Leopard-skin bata.

I'd love my remembrance become a famous festival
and grow into a universal carvinal.
I'd love a paved path from Odo-eri to scotland
and a tarred road from Omu-aran to England.

I'd love to have a niece of Momoloshu and Elizabeth
and a nephew of Oshaji and Macbeth.
I'd wish to taste of my honey-akara
and feel the texture of my festival's ankara.

Thus, while I choose to go this way,
give yourselves to songs and play.
Have me washed by a good woman
whom have known nor birth no man.

While I sleep so sound and deep,
weary not your eyes to sob and weep.
Have me laid down like a child
with a smile so sleek and mild.

Have it boldly on my tomb,
of my journey from the womb;
That I began as 'jerkson'
and live my latter as 'churchson'

Let my home be lodged by scribes
from every colour and all tribes.
Let my room be made an alter
where God's praise shall spring without falter.

David O. Olusanya (Crabpen Churchson)

David Olusanya

These Words That I Write

These words that I write,
they are life and they are light.
These things that I do,
they are of the world I woo.

I'm a dreamer with gifted eyes,
a hallowed messenger from the skies.
I'm the request of lasses and lads,
whom have been deprived of moms and dads.

I'm the answer to the grief-born prayers
of mortified men, whom are hidden below earthen layers.
My mother's sons call me a precious pen
my father's foes call me a dangerous den.

I'm a winged lion in the jungle of justice,
the staff of Solomon, the rod of Moses.
I'm a flesh-born fire of Elijah,
another prophecy from the bones of Isaiah.

My beginning is retribution, my end is peace
my message is justice, my feedback is bliss.
I'm an enivid regnessem,
a celigna-nos-fo-nevah.

This words that I write,
they are life and they are light.
I'm a dreamer with gifted eyes,
a hallowed messenger from the skies.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Things Fall Apart

Things fall apart
morality is murdered.
Humanism's set to depart
harmony is hindered.

'Tis a sinister season
with pain beyond reason.
Joy is sent on exile
sadness seems so agile.

Corruption is on the loose
honesty is hard to choose.
Greed is gorgeously grown,
oppression is on the throne.

Injustice is made a police
chaos is on the increase.
The truth is hard to speak
'tis malady at its peak.

Preachers are lost in the gale
redemption is now for sale.
Sin is pardoned by grace
discipline is out of place.

Parents are partners in crime
'tis money 'O' clock on their time.
The kids are born for a show
they're misled amidst the flow.

"Things are falling apart
nemesis's about to start.
The sky is growing dark";
'this's the song of a skylark.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Though Your Beauty Springs Like Roses

Though your beauty springs like roses,
it will soon, like smoke do fade.
When all your manners and luxurious poses,
are denied all attention paid.

A woman is a burning candle
that gives its light and shed its strength;
Just like a canoe without a paddle,
she'll wreck with all her wealth.

Give your heart, while it's tender
before time abducts you without ransom.
Quit your plots to be pretender,
for time is too old to be handsome.

Oh! Hold your caution, for its poison
to a man that fell indeed.
Else your body sues you for treason,
when it burns for a major need.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

To My Dear Lady Sansa

I must either have you or nothing,
my dear lady Sansa.

The moon be mild and the sun smiling,
but life without you will be a cancer.

This is one of my delicious letters
to a lady I'll always woo.
And though I strive in slums and gutters,
her love shall purge me through and through.

The truth be told to you my dear,
life is more than a priest can see.
'Cause a time without you here,
is like a snow-flake lost at sea.

I may have no wealth or fame
or a title to grace my head.
I may bear just a common name;
to be called your lover is best instead.

What is life and a purse of gold
if I'm starved of your love, my queen?
I'd rather be a slave and have me sold,
'cause life without you is a greater sin.

I must either have you or nothing,
my darling lady Sansa.
The moon be mild and the sun smiling,
but life without you is worse than cancer.

To my Sweet Angel, Never Saying Aye (SANSA)

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

To My Ex-Lady That Married My Enemy's Friend

When you meant to show me love,
my eyes wore a glove
the glove of lust
the lust of dust.
I lied with my tears
and faked my fears.

When you asked for a chance
I talked you into a trance
the trance of denial
the denial of betrayal.
I left you hurt and began
on the path to be a pagan.

When you confessed your passion
I scoffed your confession
the confession of devotement
the devotement of commitment.
I jested your weakness
and poisoned your pureness.

When you brought me a rose
'twas my libido that rose
it rose for your dishy milk-skins
that looked like new girl-twins.
I thought of your body as fruity
and stretched my eyes to grab your booty.

Then suddenly you stopped to call
when my heart had begun to fall
the fall of genuine loveliness
the loveliness of unswerving trueness.
I searched the route to your gate
like a fugitive that's lost his fate.

I was famished for your presence
and imprisoned by your absence
the absence of your freedom
the freedom without boredom.

Insanity rampaged my head
like a wanderer that has no bed.

I was confined into my room
in the custody of doom
the doom of calamity
the calamity that revealed my nudity.
I prayed in your name to your heart
but was still pierced by sorrow's dart.

Save me from this prison
my consciousness is now risen
risen from my lustful sleep
lustful sleep that made you weep.
Forgive my heart of stone
and set me upon your throne.

Wear me the crown of your love
I've casted off my glove
the glove of lust
the lust of dust.
I've been flogged by my fears
and I shed genuine tears.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

To My Future Ex-Wife

The truth is better served when it's hot,
before it's cold and the tongue gets rot.
There is no more greater pain
like denying the truth for a brief gain.

Life might be a bed of roses,
but soon it shall flog like the rod of moses.
The truth you're wise to keep today,
shall soon be foolish to make you a prey.

Thus I thought to bake this bread;
to confess my sin, to save my head.
To make me worthy of the last call
and uphold my soul, when my flesh shall fall.

This is a sincere letter of apology
to my future former lady.
It is a truth that's hard to tell,
but I better confess to save me from hell.

When I said you were my life,
I was just in haste to have a wife.
I had to tell such a lie,
'cause my libido would not stop to cry.

When I said I would die for you,
heaven and earth knew it was not true.
I was obsessed with your bold backside
and the texture of your breasts- so naturally magnified.

To be candid with you my dear,
all I wanted was just an affaire.
I wanted to consume your delicious lips
and nest my hands around your hips.

My dear, love is far beyond confession.
It is not a custom, norm or tradition.
Love is not an ecstasy of having.
Love is the reality of being.

This truth might be early or late my love,
but holding it have made my heart dissolve.
It is best served at this time,
to embrace the reward of my crime.

I'd plead that you behold me with clemency
to save my skin from tragedy.
But if I'm far worse for you to forgive,
I hope our divorce would be a relieve.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

To The Tyrant Called Time

This to the tyrant called time;
Hope you'll pause to read this rhyme,
and come to dine at my banquet table;
Garnished with wine, beef and vegetable.

I have slaughtered my healthiest cow
and to lure you to my party, I know not how.
I have brewed a brand new wine,
to merry your soul; my dear time.

But your winged feet will not cease to flap,
and you are always ahead to fall into a trap.
Won't you then, rest but for a while?
while I give you my wife to treat you to smile.

But your ears are deaf to hear my fears,
and your eyes are too blind to behold my tears.
When shall you arrive at your desire?
and make my garden a home, and come to retire.

Oh! My dear time- though you're not dear
Must I die now? - though I cannot dare.
I shall keep up at my chest,
to live unfailingly to my uttermost best.

This is to you, the tyrant called time,
hope you'll pause to read this rhyme.
But if you won't, I shall not stop,
to walk my hands to the uttermost top.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Today I Pledge To Nigeria My Country

I had wanted to let it pass
like a dead storm's carcass.
But my conscience is an independent dagger,
it stabs fiercely and makes me stagger.

To be candid with reality,
the most perfect country is a cemetery-
where you need no roads to travel,
talk less of the need to mine gravel.

This is a divine national cake,
an unleavened special for my country's sake.
A sincere gift from your chosen baker
who still has no replacement for his lost Rebecca.

Today I write to celebrate,
rather than blame, criticize or debate.
I write to say, without regret
that my country is beautiful- a precious pet.

I admire the green of her pasture
and the delicate style of her curvature.
I love her sky and her rich land,
that teases my eyes like a lady's waistband.

Today I pledge to Nigeria my country
to be true and faithful in duty.
To make her a great global star
and uphold my loyalty without a scar.

So help me God
Amen.

David O. Olusanya
For Nigeria @56

David Olusanya

What Shall Be Inscribed On Your Stone?

What shall be inscribed on your stones,
when you remain a pile of bones?
What shall be said of your past,
when death takes you home at last?

As for me, these words are mine;
And they shall last like a verdant vine.
They shall nourish famous flowers,
whom shall deck the peak of saving towers.

When the time of my youth is fled,
and grey hairs sojourns on my head;
I shall have no after-fears,
for I have lived for human affairs.

Life's beauty heaves on your palms,
and men shall write of you, pleasant psalms;
If you bequeath it your best,
in lucent love and wholly zest.

What shall be inscribed on your stones,
when you are all a pile of bones?
"Blessed memory of divine grace, "
Or shall you thrive with no living trace?

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

What Then Now, If I Die?

What then now, if I die?
Cheerfully taking the tomb to lie.
Do not feel in your heart too sorry,
or saddle your spirit with worry.

Do not think in your human minds,
that my stay is as a fallen leaf;
For your flesh is good as blind,
to know that life at best is brief.

When you lay me in the ground,
I'll yet linger and leap around;
For I'm of an esteem so high,
that heaven resides not in the sky.

Heaven is the stranger at your door;
Stricken with sickness and arrantly poor.
Paradise is the sweet smile on his face,
when you have him fed at your place.

Hell is the sore heart of your foe,
that you treat as if betrothed to woe.
And your judge is your hands,
to tell of where you fit of either lands.

So when I chose to be a ghost,
do not grieve, rather make a toast.
For in my hands, heaven's my fate,
to be of worth or mere waste.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

When Death Dines On My Dress

When I'm gone my ghostly way,
do not grieve or grow a grey.
For I must give back to the soil,
that held my feet and tendered my toil.

Do not rage my wrath with grief,
else your lives shall too, be brief.
For I choose to go like this;
Leaving life's treasures and all the bliss.

Man is all a dress of debris
and bit by bit shall he return to refuse.
For if the moon shall shine not at noon,
then birth and death, is as night and moon.

I would love to see your smiles,
when I'm faraway a million miles.
Sing me sweet sublime strains;
Oh! How I'd love seraphic serenades.

When you lay my remains low,
worry less of where I go;
Be it hell or paradise,
or I wander like the flies;

A man's belief stands his judge,
whence it leads, he cannot dodge.
For man is born of a free will,
to earn him pearls or peril.

Thus when I go while I'm green,
for my utter most reason, don't be keen.
For a sage sees in his seat,
what a lad nudge to peep on his feet.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

When Mourning Voices Wander

When mourning voices wander,
and haunt the nights with wonder;
Panic not in fear,
For their dwelling is sorely near;

They are the singing floods,
chanting tones of fallen bloods.
The whimpering skies,
Shedding tears from ferocious eyes.

They are the halted hearts,
sobbing sorely like wounded harts.
Unripe souls, ripped from loamy flesh,
sent to Hades, tethered in serrated mesh.

They are the lightening of thunder,
capturing the scenes of murder.
The wild wind that trespass,
while we wait and let it pass.

Thus when mourning voices wander,
and haunt the nights with wonder,
panic not in fears,
if you are no cause of their tears.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

When My Race On Earth Is Run

When my race on earth is run
and my works here are all done.
When my name is prefixed "late";
and I'm faced with heaven's gate.

Remember I said don't cry
'cause a god can never die.
He can only disappear
amidst the vast atmosphere.

When you lay me in the ground,
I will still be much around.....
shinning with the sun at noon,
rising with the stars and moon.

So when you gather at my tomb,
turn it into a ballroom.....
play me old reggae and blues
and serve all girls and boys with booze.

Suffice my guests with chicken and chips,
let whiskey be constant on their lips.
To the priests, serve Holy Communion.....
'tis the pass for my heavenly reunion.

Serve my men with assorted girls
with bold backsides and tits like pearls.
Let there be much space to play,
with enough room to lastly prey.

This is my wish while I am gone.....
a funeral with so great a fun.
Though I leave while I'm still green,
these lines are here for you to lean.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

When You See My Wife, Rebecca

When you see my wife, Rebecca,
tell her I'm now a baker;
To feed and nourish my hungry kindred,
with buttered brown bromate-free bread.

For her memory left me an oven
such that made her love well proven.
And this memory is the maker
of this brown bard, busy baker.

My bread is my fine poetry,
garnished with beauty, like a French pastry.
From it you will find ancient wisdom,
to furnish you with forever freedom.

Take and eat this bread of life,
for the baker has lost his wife;
When his hands were rudely lazy,
and lacked the means to keep his lady.

When you see my wife, my Rebecca
tell her I'm now a busy baker.
Tell her my bread is honey-sweet,
before the sun bakes me on the street.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Where Is My Love, My Princess, My Pride?

Where is my love, my princess, my pride?
Long have I, her smile been denied.
When shall I have her breathe on me again?
For I'm heavy of strife, grieve and pain.

I and my love were together in the cave,
when the storm came in company of the wave.
We fought furiously against the sullen storm,
and soon, our abode was without its form.

The wild waters came and took my love away,
when the winds came and led me astray.
So I lonely wandered on an island,
that gave no regards to a man or his garland.

And I was deserted, and fed on pain and fury,
as my heart grew cold in lost and penury.
And I wallowed in regrets and tears,
for leaving my love in the hands of worrisome fears.

Forgive my foolishness, my love, my queen
for I've learnt too much in life's waste-bin;
That when a man finds his better-half,
it's all a death wish, seeking and extra-half.

So, I'm back, strong in faith and focus
for I've relished enough of my mucus.
I've built us a new cave,
free from the storm and the wild wave.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Who Shall Tend To The Bruises On Our Backs?

How shall we tell the heralding tale,
that you and I had our mother for sale?
Who shall tend to the bruises on our backs,
if the detest the truth that we are Browns?

Would ours lord over other lands,
if we witlessly pet our arrogant hands?
What peace is it to part with the past,
when the same circle eclipse us so fast?

Why do we choose to be the champions' laurel
and give ourselves to cruelty and quarrel?
When shall we cease to be a lone wide lake,
that never would give, but toiling to take?

We yet feed on flakes of the bread we bake.
When shall our eyes open to a new break?
Shall we always hang on hope to be our solace,
and cry into eternity till we flood our place?

Remember the blood of the bold,
who submitted their souls to fence our fold.
Shall we not honor their free-born death?
And give our mother a brand new breath.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Why Few Men Are Found Up High

I once asked my mother
Why
few men are found far up
High.
Mother looked to me and
Said;
Combing words into my
Head:
'Every bird will reach as
Far
as its wings will make it
Soar.
Every tree will grow as
Tall
as its root can deeply
Crawl.
Every star will shine as
Bright
as its cause will give it
Light.
So is such of human
Race;
Every man makes his own
Pace.
Each human as equal
Fate,
to be less or to be
Great.
But our difference is our
Will
to find our strength in our
Skill.
Be not dismayed my dear
Boy.
Let my words bring you much
Joy.
It is gainful that you
Know
what makes the great and the

Low.
The great are not made by
Chance,
they make their drum and their
Dance....
not sitting to be a
Prey,
but working to own the
Day.
So my dear son, this is
Why
few men are found far up
High.....
while the low sets for
Wishing,
the great are all out
Fishing.'

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Why Tempt My 'writeousness'?

Why tempt David the poet?
Even if he's drunk with moët,
his line flow just like menses;
sweet and pleasant love sentences.

Isn't it profound that an atheist
agrees that I'm a lyrical priest?
With my lines, souls are lifted-
a peculiar prove that I'm gifted.

Folks wonder at my wisdom,
they want to share my thought-freedom.
The ladies admire my expression style,
they can't just help but read me and smile.

'Such wonder boy', men would say,
after each grand lyrical slay.
Most women wish I was their son,
some want me as their daughters' fun.

I'd never quit my 'writeousness'-
it's an inspirational stubbornness.
I'm a busy solution to life;
you can ask my future ex-wife.

This is not a note of pride,
it's a message so deep and wide.
It's a lyrical reaffirmation
of my grand poetic addiction.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Will You Leave Me In The Cold?

Will you leave me in the cold,
and chase me out of your heart?
Will you be that strong and bold,
to let me wander on the earth?

I may not worth all the care,
or be your favorite in any way.
But my soul is clean and clear,
like the face of a crystal tray.

I might not be consistent,
or show you how good I am.
But my heart beat for you is persistent,
it wakes my soul like a terrible alarm.

Chase me not, and draw me near;
I'll write you a more pleasant psalm.
Be my courage against all fear,
and pat my back with your soothing palm.

Smile to me, it is my joy;
It tells how bright my day will be.
Keep me close like your boy,
from your yoke, I wish not be free.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

Woman, Why Weep?

Woman, why weep?
Your eyes were made to see,
and not to cry a sea;
To see your infants grow
and give their dreams a row.
Woman, you must not weep.

Woman, why weep?
When God made your heart,
'twas the gaiety of His part.
He made your eyes the sun of Sunday,
and made your face the welkin of Friday.
Woman, you must not weep.

Woman, don't weep.
When you were made,
perfection became your maid.
Fortune's fragrance sat on your head,
and bred favour to be your shed.
Woman, you must not weep.

Woman, don't weep.
I see glory in the night of your hair.
I see hope in your eyes' atmosphere.
I see love raining from the sky of your skin.
I see your heart, the future and your smile in-between.
Woman, your cry is a whip.

Woman, don't weep.
Your tears is a serrated whip,
it cuts a wound so deep
that causes our dreams to sleep.

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya

You Are Only A Piece Of Hu-Man

Last night, my mama said;
'Son, its time you be a man.
The rain is here, you need a shed,
its high time your living began.'

Her riddle rode my heart
like a Samurai on a horse,
It rode it hard, tearing me apart
and yet rode without remorse.

I ran back to my mama
like a hunted hare to its hole,
as a remnant of a trauma
I beckon her piece be whole.

My mama sat me down,
gently patting my back;
'A head without a crown
is like a lion that's cursed to bark'.

Her riddle stung harder
and made me wild and mad.
It struck me like an Adder
and I wept like a bereaved lad.

'Oh mama, say it better;
Please loosen your tongue a bit,
your words are like coconut water,
its hard to crack its wit'.

Mama extended a smile
from her calm and serene face.
And I was like a scattered pile
blown to a distant, unknown place.

"Tis royal to talk in bits';
My mama said to me.
'A prince is raised with solid wits,
so that his mind can see'.

'When I say 'to be a man',
'tis not to grow in looks and age,
nor to have a future plan,
or to school to be a sage.

A flesh is made of male and female,
to equal the sum into a man.
So, when through fire, flood and gale,
the sum is richened, and stand as one.

Son, you're less than a man,
as long as you're lone and single.
You are only a piece of hu-man,
and just like a one-winged eagle'.

'Wow! Mama'
My soul was lit and grew abright.
My face exhaled a sweet aroma,
as I leaped off from her sight.

So I took a large cardboard
and boldly wrote in, to be seen
by everyone home and abroad,
that; WHO'S HERE TO BE MY QUEEN?

David O. Olusanya

David Olusanya