

Poetry Series

Ezio Olubelleau
- poems -



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Ezio Olubelleau()

Ezekiel Olasehinde by the pseudo name Ezio Olubelleau, known for his captivating and thought-provoking verses that resonate with readers on a deep emotional level, oftentimes writing based on contrasting items, critics of powers that be and a big advocate of peace as he tries to communicate it indirectly through his poetry. Born 1996 in Lagos, Ezio discovered his passion for writing at an early age, by un-bottling many of his inner thoughts.

Throughout his years of writing poems he had explored various form of poetry and styles and studied work of esteemed poets from various era, of all he favorite " The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe. He draws inspiration from natures and human experiences and communicates it through metaphors.



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A Dance Of Cock

Time went out a-fast,
In a dance of cock,
A time keeper thought a-cast,
He danced a-knock a rock.

A knock tapping quickly a-cock,
On a dreamy Wednesday morn,
While I was napping, a tap came a-shock,
'Who is it? ' I shed my slumber, and time a-gone.

'Who is it? ' that stormed a-door,
Perhaps a melodic dancer or a griot,
When I opened my chamber door,
I witness a feast, a dance a-cock and a riot.

'Who are you? ' to storm my sleep a-tempt,
The time keeper dances 'nemesis, a turn',
And the morn grew to night by the sept, I accept.
Time went out a-fast, my sleep return

Ezio Olubelleau

Lament, Sage Father

Who art thou?
Why doth thy wrath wreck havoc,
'Pon this humble hamlet's door?
Sage father.

Whence thy children dared rebel,
Thou didst strip them of their might,
Their women ceased to bear wings,
And their men, made cyclopes.

Oh! Sage father, reveal thy-will
Why must thou annihilate them so,
For the sins of those who came before?
Oh, Sage father!

When their sons bled 'pon the lands,
Why didst thou munch their women?
Yet thou hast drained them the divine,
Enough!

Oh! Sage father,
This, a plea.

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City Of Crimson Chain

Slay and fall,
Wound and bawl,
Bleed and fade,
Slash and wail.

Inject and flee,
Ponder and see,
Blaze, then cease,
Slay, disease.

The moon turns red,
The mad townsfolk dread,
This city, a cage,
Forge your escape."

Ezio Olubelleau



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Echoes Of Time

Old but prime,
Weak yet strong,
A tune with which time rhyme,
Where the hearts be-long.

Bent not broken,
Silent, the unspoken,
Life's full token,
In every wrinkle, a story woven.

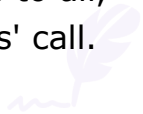
Eyes that gleam,
With memories' beam,
A river's stream,
Flowing with a youthful dream.

Standing tall,
Through every fall,
A witness to all,
A seasons' call.

Old but wise,
Under the skies,
Every sunrise,
A new disguise.

Weak yet brave,
Every wrinkle, a stave,
In life's concave,
A soul, no one can enslave.

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A Tale Of Twelve

A boy of twelve, impaled himself,
He said to his fellow, "Life's a scam."
The elders delve, "Free thysel, "
His parents slow, "This's, a jam."

When the government came,
They gave the mom a glass of brew.
The governor cared for the dame,
And when she gulp, her throat glued.

The dad went atop a roof,
He told the senates, "Free my wife."
The elders delve, "Show thyproof, "
The government slow, "This's a strive."

The king ordered twelve guards,
To cage his mind and burn his barn.
When the town elders piece the shards,
The king was god, too late to darn.

Ezio Olubelleau

A Silent Hum Of Noise

Aflame,
Sets the voice,
As is the city claim,
And its town-folks; rejoice.
It drove them smelting mad,
The sound of it possess,
A turnkey bad,
Amess.

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A Silent Farewell

Time, a chance for more
A spade with which one may spear
That perches, tortures one soul to its core
When it all ends, Thursday had long disappeared
All that was left was yet another gore
Where's the tune of gone we held dear

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Poo Of A Raving Noise

A lone child smokes a-group.
A dancer sets the world aflame.
And my demon left me.

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