

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 &quot; The Raven&quot; by Edgar Allan Poe. He draws inspiration from natures and human experiences and communicates it through metaphors.



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# Temptation

I've come to know temptation as a quiet, cutting thing,  
An axe with edges sharpened by the pull of wanting;  
For what small taste of smoke could ever make me stray,  
Step barefoot into mud and give my caution away,  
My white robe hanging loose like some forgotten offering—  
If not temptation, what else could be more haunting.

And it's never been the spear a man forgets to raise,  
But the cruel deceit behind the devil's gaze;  
We fail to see the shimmer hidden in his plea,  
The gentle tilt of night that once reached out to me,  
A moment dressed in shadows, slipping through golden haze—  
A truth I learned too late, in all my younger days.

The night ain't better—cruel, unmoved by any will I keep,  
It stirs the quiet ghosts I thought were once buried deep;  
Once before I stared at my cushion's edge and wondered,  
Then held my shaking hands as whispers pressed and thundered—  
No necromancer I, yet ghostly still my name would creep,  
Returning to my tongue like something half-asleep.

My neighbor tried an exorcism once, in honest fear,  
Her priest weighed out my will as though it faltered here;  
But every omen scattered when they tried to bind,  
Their candles bowed like branches in a troubled wind,  
For what they sought to banish wasn't dark or fear,  
But something in myself I hadn't learned to hear.

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# I Am Trouble

Five years gone  
from this meager city,  
and still they greet my return  
with trouble.

How quaint.

If trouble is their offering,  
then trouble I'll return—  
properly measured,  
and in excess.

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# Trinity

Five long, gruesome holidays—  
not a moment spared for tending my own.  
I'd plow through pillows, comb down meadows,  
before I'd ever call this tired face back home.

And still, when the seasons circle me—  
I move on muscle, boiling down to numb.  
I patch the dishes, grant small wishes,  
hoping one routine might make me feel like someone.

And most nights, when silence settles in—  
I lay my bones like timber, feeling like tuber.  
I sort through heartache, fold what won't break,  
trying not to fear the life I call my own.

And by morning, when habit carries me—  
I rise because the hours pull me on.  
I wash the counters, tame small disasters,  
trying to belong to days that feel half-worn.

Five long, gruesome holidays—  
not a moment spared for tending my own.

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# Suicide Note

The world turned its face from me,  
so I fastened the final buckle.  
It slipped—almost knowingly—  
as if refusing my command.

I closed my eyes,  
and the heavens answered with thunder.

If even the sky protests,  
what fate remains for me to choose.

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# Black Boys Lullaby

Dream, Black boys, and drift to rest;  
let the moonlight warm your chest.  
Let the night lie soft on your breath—  
each beating moment held and blessed.

Sleep easy now; the dark is yours.  
Settle gently; peace drifts to your shores.  
Remember even shadows bow and stray  
before boys who grow strong in their own way.

Hold fast to joy—it's yours to keep;  
let it guard you while you sleep.  
No hand can steal what's meant for you;  
the world will learn your worth when it's due.

And when the morning calls you home,  
rise like dawn to reap what's sown.  
Peace around you, peace within,  
shalom upon your waking skin.

For every dream you dare to keep  
beats like a drum beneath your sleep—  
like Black lullaby in quiet breath,  
carrying you through the velvet depth.

Dream, Black boys; your flame is bright.  
The morning waits to name you light.

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# Gabbage

There's?  
a slight delay?  
at the door—?  
the path too narrow, ?  
the crowd too much.

They forge  
?a cone like diamond, ?  
and the edges  
folding inward?  
like my doubt.

The director, ?  
busy swinging?  
his non-chucks, ?  
misses the cue.

What a shame.

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# Still

Peace I seek,  
Smoke I received,  
Peace I gave,  
Flames she returned.

I wonder how?  
Ash in my mouth,  
Silence in hers,  
I brace against  
avalanche;  
she danced.

I built from  
nothingness  
Stone by stone,  
She sang to ruin,  
Sweet, alone.

Now I bear  
A secret flame,  
Not to burn—  
But to name  
The chaos.

Peace I gave—  
Still.  
But now I ask it  
For my own.

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# Signatory

Filing flutters, frantic—  
Fogged forms, she falters:  
"File's lost, sir."

Faceless fold, frozen—  
Futility falls.

Forlorn, she sobs,  
Fingers folded.  
Far too much  
For her.

Flickering, I frown:  
"For what! "

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# My New Wife

My new wife  
Does not know my name.  
I waited by the corridor,  
And she called out—  
'Darling, what's for dinner? '

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# And Again

My hands are gold,  
My toes are strands of hair  
Standing aback my ears.

And when the golden hour arrives,  
A diamond will sprout—  
From nothingness, of course.

Funny, isn't it,  
How our new-found youth fumbles  
As though we hadn't stumble ourselves

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## ?? 'Wà

?? 'wà

Lioness of the West,  
She said I wasn't  
Gentleman enough  
For her tenderness.

?? 'wà is her name,  
But In her voice—  
She's more gentlemanly  
Than her own femininity.

?? 'wà,  
Oh Lord,  
Now I see  
Why she must walk alone.

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# A Thorn To The Ear

Two hundred  
and fifty-five years of love.  
Prime's heart, gutted—  
a thorn pressed near his ear.

He raged;  
it changed nothing.

He softened;  
no mountains moved.

So he stormed—  
his fury turned to understanding.

Ashes fell,  
but none mourned.  
Silence lingered,  
sharp as the thorn.

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# Sayglas: Fortune's Gambit

Boy

Fortune had smiled,  
Upon the likes of peasants.

A beggar boy,  
The age of twelve,  
Looked upon the heavens.  
With open hands, he prayed for grace,  
And it rained grains and cookies.

Boy,  
The heavens have smiled,  
Upon the likes of us,  
Once more.

A farmer stood,  
Amid his fields,  
Dreaming of the harvest.  
But rain poured down, and so he hid,  
His crops left unattended.

He muttered words,  
&quot;Sayglas, &quot; he said,  
And suddenly it ceased.  
The skies held back, the sun returned,  
And fortune played its piece.

Boy,  
Fortune has smiled,  
Upon the likes of peasants.

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# A Rave, Or Madness?

A rave,  
Unseat a city,  
With trembling beats,  
With what those twirling  
Called ecstasy—  
    or what not.

The rest of the slumbering  
Souls called upon  
                    Heavens.

'Help, '  
But no one heeded.

Madness swept the streets;  
An ill-behaved youth  
    planked  
        his  
    way  
    through  
the thrumming.

But keepers of order  
Bound his will:

'Halt.'

'The heavens  
    no longer speak  
        to us, '  
said a mother  
    of five boys.

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# Hi, Angel

There's an angel,  
Hiding behind shadows—  
But talent glows,  
And wings cannot be concealed.

Hi, Angel,  
The world is unkind,  
Always digging for treasures,  
And you are its rarest gem.

I am no miner of gold,  
But of robes,  
To shield your grace  
When the night grows weary.

You may touch  
My hidden flame,  
For beauty such as yours  
Deserves to tame my beast.

Hi, Angel—  
Let me dwell within you,  
If it pleases your heart.

This is my love letter.

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# Dreams Have Meaning

In the solitude of my bed,  
Thoughts drift—  
Soft murmurs threading  
Through the silent night.

Dreams have meaning,  
I know, I know—  
They linger,  
Then depart.

I reach,  
I fall,  
I fade away.

Yet still, they come,  
Night after night,  
Like crows seeking a mate  
In the void of a shadowed dawn.

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# No Longer

No longer  
Do I speak to you.  
I have outgrown your lies,  
Your sweet, honeyed fairy tales,  
The made-up fables  
You spun like golden threads—  
Knowing, always,  
They were fantasy.

Yet you sold me a dream,  
Packaged it neatly,  
As if it were cookies  
Growing in your backyard,  
Fresh, warm, and real.  
And I believed,  
For a time.

But the sweetness turned bitter,  
The cracks began to show,  
And the dream crumbled  
Like dust in my hands.

No longer  
Do I speak to you.  
I have found my voice,  
And with it,  
The strength to walk away.

No longer  
Will I swallow your words,  
Or kneel to the mirage  
You built in my mind.  
I am free.

No longer  
Do I speak to you.

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# Sires To Sons

This townspeople  
Are falling steeper,  
And no one ever dares to tread  
Upon the sites of roads ahead.

And the city reeks of cheers—  
A merchant hosting a rave,  
Drank himself and house,  
To stupor.

'Drink! &quot; he drunk talk,  
One son sip a poisoned soup,  
Brewed for the devil's hosts,  
Thinking it was brew,

Amidst the slurred  
And drunken haze another—  
A statesman time,  
And his defiant sons  
Seized the devil's gourd.

They rushed to a red-bricked house  
Upon the hill of forgetfulness.  
Emptying themselves.

Six gourds—  
Sires to sons,  
All at once.

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# A Home In Pieces

A girl and her mother—  
Who can say which is better?  
One left her man,  
The other bedded another.

A girl and her mother—  
Who can tell who wears  
The mask better?  
One cries unjustly,  
The other hides behind lies.

A wife and her husband—  
Who can say which is sickened?  
One fled with her baggage,  
The other brought strangers  
To his daughter's room.

A daughter, a mother, a father—  
I cannot say which is better,  
But I know a broken home  
When I see one.

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# Afterlife Abandonment

See where goodwill led—  
What wisdom was it to give  
What I called effort  
To beasts blind  
To its worth?

Every soul craves  
That sacred love,  
Until it knocks  
On their trembling door.

They will shut the latch,  
Feigning calm,  
Afraid to hold  
The candle's wax,  
Simple drifting away.

Then I, the giver—  
Left to ponder,  
Was it folly  
To offer swords  
To those who dread death?

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# Vessel Of Deceit

If the shadows  
Of your lies elude you,  
Lay your back,  
Face the heavens.

Tell the skies,  
'I have failed, '  
Or, if you must,  
'I have won.'

For truth is heavy,  
And to lie to oneself  
Is no simple feat.

Perhaps in silence,  
In the blinding light,  
You may find  
A vessel of deceit.

...a man like yourself,  
...my friend.

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# Àdítí

She will not hear,  
No matter how I call.  
I reached for her,  
But she drifted,  
Further from my sight.

I thought my voice  
Might veer her near,  
But her ears are barren.

Words fall like petals—  
What a bed we made,  
Only to scatter,  
The hem of her garment.

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# Beautiful Lorath

Lorath was her name,  
The beautiful lady,  
In flowing silk,  
I met by the river,  
The other day.

Her laughter danced,  
Like ripples on water.  
Her gaze engulfed  
My will like a fig tree.

Lorath she was called,  
And in her presence,  
I forgot all that was.

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# This, And No More

There is no forever,  
Only illusions and mirage.  
Call it wishful thinking,  
Yet it holds no visage.

“Speak the truth,  
Speak what you know,  
And let the world  
Be the judge of your show.”

I know a married couple,  
Seeking spice in their life.  
They struck an agreement,  
With no hint of strife.

“Speak to me,  
And speak like you're a griot  
And I, your audience”

They said, 'Love is freedom,  
Love should not bind.  
What harm is there  
In being unconfined?

“What was their agreement,  
Speak to me, and not like a boy”

They would lay in another's bed,  
To kindle their fire anew.  
'This! , and no more, ' they vowed,  
To keep their love true.

“It is baffling indeed,  
This! , and no more? ”  
A fragile arrangement,  
Built on a delicate rapport.”

Yet they swore, 'We trust.  
We know what we're doing.

Our bond is too strong  
To suffer any undoing.

"This, and no more,  
But In what god's name"

Hearts are a mystery,  
And passion often are poisons.  
What they sought was freedom,  
But they set their souls aside.

"Was it worth the risk?  
Did they reflect their journey past? "

No, they heed only tales of desire,  
And tread without care.  
They have forgotten,  
The truth behind their journey.

"This! , and no more,  
Passions often are poisons"

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# No More, No Escape

It is warm inside,  
There's no need to be outside  
In dusks, sands and vain,  
All you get is blame and cane.

"Speak to me, and speak like a man"  
"But do not curse the sunlit world outside"

It is sunny outside,  
What use is an expensive abode  
Covered in sweats, regrets and threats,  
All you get is tears with no vets.

"Know your place, and know it for real."  
"But do not curse the world within"

It hurts within,  
And patience grows thin  
From deceit, beet, and heat,  
Like a platter of meat that ain't sweet.

"So no more, you said, and no more, shame on you."  
"But do not curse your heart."

The heart forgets  
Quicker than you sweat  
Yet echos something deep and untamed,  
And all you earn is loss unclaimed.

"This! — and no more,  
But do not curse the scars you bear."

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# Unto Others

Ecstasy, or what not,  
Shot a man in the head.  
"Pow!" — When will you learn  
To do unto others,  
As you would have them do?

Come to think of it:  
Moses climbed the mountain.  
They called him a fool.  
Noah touched the dry land,  
And there was carnage.

Prophets bore the burden  
Of the prophecy they begot.  
Hope, born from ruin—  
David sang of mercy,  
And they crowned him king.

Ecstasy, or what not,  
Shot a man in the head.  
When will you learn  
To do unto others,  
As you would have them do?

Noah touched the dry land,  
And the birds flew to nowhere.

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# A Fractured Chorus

'Witchcraft! &quot;  
A madman cries.  
The wise men gather,  
Their voices weave riddles—  
Of numbers and code, they ask:  
'Where hides the witch? '

A priest,  
Armed with a writ,  
Murmurs psalm-like spells.  
'Leave me be, ' his eyes misread—  
Yet his flames rise higher.

The mob,  
With axes gripped tight,  
Seized a market woman.  
Her cries were swallowed  
By the roar of justice—  
Or something far from just.

An artist,  
With brush and canvas,  
Captured the chaos, line by line.  
Sipping coffee,  
He spilled his cup  
And stained the wall.

'Save us! '  
The madman begged,  
But no one turned.  
'You're all mad, ' He muttered again.  
This time, silence followed.

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# Five Gentlemen

Five gentlemen—  
Two, grave robbers;  
Three, at odds:  
A son, a mother,  
A priest—and gold.  
None were gentle

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# Saygias 1

Saygias,  
It rained snows,  
Pebbles and rock,  
No comics, shades, or sun.

Saygias,  
It left my window broken,  
Blue and cracked,  
No shows, smiles, or dance.

Saygias,  
It silenced the air,  
No songs, no fight,  
Just quiet despair.

Saygias,  
It shadowed my day,  
No light, no joy,  
Tears, just gray dismay.

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# A Mindless Chain Of Thoughts

I am not much of a laughing guy,  
For what's there to smile about,  
When the people you trust lie,  
And the flowers you watered never sprout.

What blues are there to dance,  
When the shadows of yesterday rout,  
And every song you played turned to a lance,  
Only to pierce yourself deeply like a lout.

What laughing chance is there  
In a world filled with vain emotions,  
Whence come the laughters, where:  
All that surrounds us are notions.

Vanity! Ofifo ni gbogbo to yi wa ka,  
But nothing else matters to me now,  
Poetry—my only companion, the awe:  
Fills me with peace and a sense of wow.

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# Don't Blame Me

Listen,  
Do not blame me  
For letting the sun rise  
On the wrong side of the moon.  
Truly, I cannot tell my left from right-  
I chart the world with light from a touch,  
Confuse sunrise for lunch break.

Tell this,  
I've never set the world aflame,  
At least not of my own free will—  
Though moths mistake my pulse for candlelight,  
And burn their paper wings against my throat.  
I'll let the silence gnaw my bones to dust  
Before I claim to know which way is home.

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# Men Don't Cry

Let me spill it out,  
I know I'm not good with changes:

When hellos fade,  
And goodbyes stay,  
It makes me crazy,  
I'd cried a river—but "aye."

Someone said men don't cry?

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# Ablution Of The Dead

The mad king is come again!  
Yet ye ask if I bring greetings home,  
To thy doors I bear no cheer,  
For thy king hath taken all I held dear.

Late yestereve, a missive was writ,  
To my vanguard, by foul hands it did flit:  
"Prepare thee the toll; sacrifice must be made,  
For the crown's renewal, an altar we've built."

A hundred souls for his conquest,  
My townsmen slain to stoke the pyre.  
"Thy folk are fallen; stay thy hand, "  
Thus spake your king.

No greeting have I, no tidings to bear,  
For my heart lies bound with them that burn.  
The mad king is come, and his will is done—  
Behold, his reign shall be cursed 'fore the sun.

Go now, bear my word to thy elders' hall,  
To thy king and his blade, who would see thee fall:  
"His reign is come to end, for—  
I am the herald who razes thy town,  
I am the tempest that crown thy kings"

Go now, bear my decree to his throne,  
"Bring forth the dead ye took of me,  
Or take thy sword and meet thy fate—  
Listen, return ye what was taken or slain thyself"

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# Town Of Flaming Barrow

Furnace, cold,  
Blade, dance,  
Children, revolt,  
Silence, solders,  
Trees, crying,  
Stones, yummy,  
Wind, howl,  
Flee, death.

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# Beware

A knife rests by the cobbler's waist. Beware

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# Timeless Dream

In the attic of a time piece, I found,  
A childhood memory, boxed and bound,  
To my dream, a timeless vision struck deep,  
Where time and memories alike bleep.  
I unbound the tape, a scent of old rust filled the air,  
As I delved into each note, I saw something rare,  
A piece as old as time, dusted a few began to reveal,  
Messages I never remember yet held its own will.  
The words I found in it, rhyme familiar, far back in time,  
From my younger self when I wished to be my prime,  
I wrote of a future, a dream I had once seen,  
In my imagination, where hope lived clean.  
As I struggled to closed the box, a man walked in bound  
Weak, and shackled by hand  
He seems to carry the weight of his own lots  
This! , a manifestation of my thoughts?  
When I looked him with fierce eye  
he returned my gaze with flame; it got me high  
Then I hid my eye for a pocket; in the locket  
Where I held memories that turned crimson placket  
Quickly a mockery began, I found  
Pleasure in the laughers, to it I was again bound  
The shackled wonderer I watched as he let loose his demon  
It engulfed the mockery, yet I remained an unconcerned freeman  
As I watched the consuming, the laughter that once was loud,  
Turned to a tearful cry, this are my guest crying a-loud,  
I started to remember each of them through the pop,  
I looked the wanderer in eye telling him to stop  
I started to remember their wrongdoings through the past,  
The bullies, the mockery, those memories that will forever last,  
I looked the wanderer in eye once more,  
And closed the box, and sealed the door.  
And as I closed the box, I felt a sense of peace,  
A sense of forgiveness, a sense of release,  
The memories, the emotions, the thoughts, the dream,  
All locked away, now peace reign supreme.

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# Better Than Snow

Feel the warmth,  
Shirtless in the cold,  
A frozen pact,  
A tale retold.  
A touch upon the shoulder,  
Soft yet bold,  
Something harsh,  
Colder than snow.

Feel the silent night,  
A kiss so light, ?  
Not cold,  
But tender,  
Pure delight.  
In you, it slips,  
A gentle glow,  
Something warm,  
Better than snow.

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# Winter Man

The streets are seething,  
Retreat, Winter Man,  
Or face your end,  
Die, die, Winter Man.

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# Who Am I

Who am I? A man of cosmic birth,  
A man of dust, yet birth of earth.  
A godly form built from the womb,  
A flowery being built to boom.

If I embody all that's birth,  
of the very essence of earth,  
I am the day, I am the night,  
I am the word, the wrong, the right.

Who am I? This world I mold,  
Who am I? A boy made old.

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# The Crucible

Iron clanging,  
In the heart of flame,  
Metal melts, reshapes,  
Returns to purity,  
This is the crucible's way.

Swords flying,  
Through the roar of war,  
Metal clanging to tears,  
Returns to motherland,  
This is the warrior's way.

Blades broken,  
Back to the forge  
Molten down in flame  
Returns to purity,  
This is the crucible's way.

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# Black Lullaby

Little child, crying a river, ?  
Tell me, should I roll over, ?  
To wipe your tears with songs, ?  
And make your heart grow strong.

Little child, tearing through the streets, ?  
Should I sing lullabies to the beats,  
To wipe your tears with smiles, ?  
And walk with you for miles.

Little child, lost to the night, ?  
Look up at the stars and light, ?  
They'll chase away your fears, ?  
Like black lullaby, remain for years.

Little child, with eyes so wide, ?  
I will be by your side, ?  
To whisper songs so sweet, ?  
And make your night complete.

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# I Re/Member

I remember when I was a kid,  
Mama bought me food and drinks.  
When I was sick, or back from school,  
I remember her scolding me for pranks.

I remember when I was in school,  
The teachers would pat my head,  
Then they'd test their new cane on me,  
I remember being gentle, now I'm a nag instead.

I remember when my classmates asked,  
"How'd you done it, never teared at the touch of a cane",  
And I'd tell them absurd stories about my sufferings,  
I remember when my tooth broke at the touch of a cane.

I remember when I was a teenager,  
I used to miss the girl sitting next to me in class,  
'Sit still, you're a girl, not a conductor, ' I'd tell her,  
I remember our fights, but now they're left behind the fuss

I remember when the girl next door used to smile at me,  
We'd sit on the bench, sharing smiles.  
Then our hands would touch each other,  
I remember the feel of her lips, so tender and mild.

I remember being the first to submit my papers,  
When other kids asked how I did it,  
'God's grace and prayers, my boy, ' I'd tell them,  
I remember being small and puny, but now I've got grit.

I remember;

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# Shades Of Night

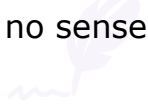
It's tense, ?  
You see the shades?  
Of colors fence; ?  
It makes no sense.

The moon turns crimson blue, ?  
Dimming the lead by night.?  
The shadows deepen, secrets hide, ?  
As the stars brighten red, murmurs fall silent.

A moonbeam blinds the skies, ?  
Forcing memories to be revealed, ?  
She whispers crimson black to the trees, ?  
And the moon rejoices; love has returned.

The night after was blessed.?  
You see the shades?  
Of nights bright and tense; ?  
It makes no sense.

Ezio Olubelleau



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# Through Wickma's Eye 1

I witness an aberration,  
And from my mind came hatred,  
A lady dug her own grave,  
And a man blabbed unethical truth.

Ezio Olubelleau



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# A Silent Scale

A friendly banter,  
Lies a boy dead,  
Bound to the streets,  
Before the watchful eyes of the mayor.

Ezio Olubelleau



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# Guarding Light

Lighter flickers,  
Ebbs of shadow cast,  
Long-guarding light.

When lost souls move swiftly,  
A warm glow beams,  
A long, long-guarding light.

And in the darkest of nights,  
It leads my path to slumber,  
My long, long-guarding light.

Ezio Olubelleau



# Beast Of All Nations

Towering hour glass and chrome,  
Reflect a thousand true desires.  
And shops all over double in a thick  
A beast began to roar ferociously.

Still, dumb and hungry masses,  
Buying of what's left of the wounded.  
The beast own-self roar ferociously,  
Mouthing every man in its path.

Tower of gold pierce the sky,  
A monument of greed and vain.  
The beast itself roars ferociously  
In words that rhyme:

'Beast of all nations.'

Ezio Olubelleau



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# A Carver's Mirage

Imagine

A wood carver

With arms of gold,

Chiseling through woods

With heaven-begotten focus.

He carved a maiden in the shape

Of a beauty once told, a griot,

A wood so finely formed.

Imagine the awe.

Imagine.

Ezio Olubelleau



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# More Than I Could

I have smoked that which is kingly  
Bounded for more than I could, still  
If it sweet it can bleak easily; I know  
I know, the fear in me again instill.

And, In my dreams spoke a man  
Of two legs yet armed a-four  
Bound and shackled in all of them  
Like a beast that he was by four

I thought to free him from his chains,  
To ease his tormented soul.  
But the more I pulled, the tighter they grew,  
My own demons taking their toll.

I woke in a cold sweat, heart pounding fast,  
Realizing the beast was my own.  
No matter how hard I try to escape,  
I'm trapped in this battle alone.

Ezio Olubelleau

# Voices Of The Dark

I have seen my reflection,  
Dance in the shadow of nights,  
A king lost his crown to thieving hands,  
And a slave found his place amongst knights.

I saw a man endured pain,  
Only told in ancient lore,  
And the voices of the damned,  
I have heard in my dreams before.

I saw another man grew strength,  
Out of nothingness but pure heart,  
The council of kings begging a mere slave,  
And rain of honor falls his way till he departs.

Thence come him to challenge,  
The realm of power and those who sat there,  
So the world of men might return to sanity,  
And those who once laughed found tears and despair.

Ezio Olubelleau

# 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.

Ezio Olubelleau



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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.&quot;

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.

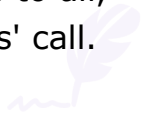
Eyes that gleam,  
With memories' beam,  
A river's stream,  
Flowing with a youthful dream.

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.

Ezio Olubelleau



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# A Tale Of Twelve

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

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, &quot;Free my wife.&quot;  
The elders delve, &quot;Show thyproof, &quot;  
The government slow, &quot;This's a strive.&quot;

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.

Ezio Olubelleau



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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

Ezio Olubelleau



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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.

Ezio Olubelleau



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