

Poetry Series

Franklyn Orode
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Franklyn Orode(June 22,1987)

Franklyn Orode has been writing poems even before he turned 10. He is a professional civil/structural engineer who sees poetry as his escape point from rigors of work and struggles of life. His colleagues call him the poetic engineer.

April 12

You left without a word, without remorse
Made us pronounce your name in birth pangs
At heavens door we knocked, over and over again
A deafening silence we heard- our amen in vain

The thief cometh not in the nick of time
Why didn't you tarry till the dead of night
If the twinkling stars had bidden farewell
Won't we have summoned the drummers' still?

You heed that call, oh! the inevitable call
At twilight crest when swallows still slumber
When your children are half hungry, half naked
Scorched by heat from desert farmlands
When our batas in emaciated soles
Trod our towns like wounded beasts

So we cried you a river- teardrops like torrential rains
Oh! Akwele we cried like helpless children just born
We cried trying to find our lost umbilicals
Like we've been stricken blind by unknown deities

It was just a call away, a mere sudden call
And without delay you answered like a soldier
You are the lioness of our tribe
The black hen in whose pinions we hide

Who will tell it to our ancestor
The one Akwele loves from the rising sun
Who will tell it to the old man lying nearby
Lying in his bed of termites and roaches
His souls' soles damaged from cancerous ravage
Tell courage to come from her distant hiding

A thousand enquiries coming through
From the one taking a walk with death
Father! Father! This beast in us has come
It cannot abide in us for too long
Your sweetheart sleeps in the laps of vanity

The old man sighs
The old man cries
Calamity, now walking tall
Calamity, now speaking in tongues
Calamity, now matured, ready for harvest

A lost mother, a rare gem
A lost wife, some body's sweetheart
And an ancestor waiting to die
Amidst old frustrated children

Franklyn Orde

Children Of The Moon

We lie redundant in beds of stones,
Devils children knocking at our door
Dealing blows at my forgotten troubles
June 22 was my crime, still I asked for more

A star has fallen from heaven
With a long hissing noise
The company have become eleven
As Judas left without a poise

Even shame was ashamed of its lucidity
dancing like shadows of faded plantain leaves
Mother cupid, pardon please my mediocrity
Your beloved child is nailed up among the thieves

Make welcome the children of the moon
I do not grudge nor begrudge their malevolence
They that defy the great oracle of June
Tufiakwa! I sorry for your rotten conscience

I am the great grandson of Tafri
The last among the unborn warriors
Tell the gods to set me free
Lest I puke and make them furious

Franklyn Orode

Dear Maria

Scattered pieces of castrated promises
Adoring landscapes of flawless deceits
Lies are the pomades soothing your skin
Stings from kisses deadlier than a scorpion
And your tongue - the grave diggers shovel
Burying me deep in your menacing spell

I've been so sick from your repeated jabs
Tall temperatures defying new medicines
Beautified this land with a garden of regrets
Hitherto I climb up to your loveless plateaus
Craving to sip from your warm septic springs
Cuckolded by the scent of your forbidden spices

I should have run fast after the earliest cockcrow
And permit these irate tears to flow up my brow
Watched you burn down all bridges to your heart
The wounds from dead years, still fresh and intact
Hoping you'll return when your gods are asleep
Plunged my foolish pains into times' watery deep

Dear Maria, you are cruel than the devils' hype man
Your season I have missed like a year without rain
When next it does come, that beautiful thing,
At my broken door, knocking,
Damaged from your wrecking
Where do I begin to find the lost keys?
To get a healing from this desperate disease?

Franklyn Orode

Foolish

He made you a bed of roses, but
you opted for a bed of stones

The good fellows get the ache
The bad folks have their way

All he told you was the fact
But you jogged after deceit

You were his angel- a fine jewel
Now u are someone's face towel

He Loved you like a gentleman
All u wanted was a hooligan

He made you laugh and smile
You gave him pain and bile

His affections made us ponder
And you left him, yet for another

Dear woman you got it all wrong
His melody, was the best love song

You can't have your cake back, never
That trophy you threw down the river

Wife of a beast, why then do u cry
Trouble not God, why asking God why

You have lost a great king
Thought it was a good thing

Grateful he got a new belle
Who now makes his head swell

Love is a beautiful thing
It Brings life and blessing

He will always pray for you
Hope you'll wish him well too

Franklyn Orode

I Am One Of Them

I'm still waiting for your altar call
To breathe life into this redundant casualty
Been an apprentice in the devil's workshop
But I am too unschooled to master his trades
So I stoop to embrace these passing seconds
To catch a spoonful of her parting dowries

In front of you I sat like an impatient pooch
Awaiting crumbs from your disquieting defiance
Said my dialect is impressive, manners seductive
But you denied me courtesy, the beauty of my tongue
Language you must know is only a figure of speech,
To men without teeth, who dream of big meat
What use will it be, when they can shew their words

I am a nice Nigerian, my blood flows in her veins
Of unfertilized promises and dead frustrated hopes
From uncircumcised consciences of decorated oracles
That parade our provinces in proud flowing raiment
In every four years during their selfish carnivals
Stop the pretense madam, you have been a victim too

I am actually your brother from the same aging mother
Raped to near death before nineteen-sixty's abracadabra
Why don't our dark memories becloud our blemished tribes
Of banished cultures traded for pamphlets and broken mirrors
Which reflects not our faces, but portraits of their gods
For our true portraits, long buried in seas of irrelevance
Hoping to rise again by creepy children born blind

I am one of them,
Oh yes! You are one of us
So don't ask about my whitewashed tribe,
Ask of my valiant struggles, the manly ones
Ask about the sweats dripping from my shirts
Ask about the tired monuments buried in my folders
The well calculated volume of some blood I had lost
When I endlessly strove finding tomorrow un-promised

Study my curriculum please- It could resurrect a dead man
But my collar bones, you broke, when I dissected your plan
So sorry, madam, I should have known you were sick
From carbuncles of bias- from your head to your toes
Hence you questioned the dots that connected our paths
Said man must know man to earn bread of cold sweats
My relatives are nowhere in your godfather's atlas
So you denied me my turn to ascend up the stairs

Brazenness has decorated you with unreasonable pride
So you dare request from me some unbroken kola nuts
Seems you still can't comprehend the true definition of me
The cockroaches in my house are severely starving
The grungy rodents boycotted my miserly kitchen
My walls the geckos abhor - they think me so mean
So madam, no untruths, I am forced to confess
I've got no medicines for your dirty itchy palms

I am a proud African, principled to the core
I'll never forsake the teachings of my mother
So for your ignoble call, I'll dare wait no more
Since I do not belong in your righteous coven

I am seriously tired of these wasted waiting
on these infrequent and smuggled occupations
My credentials suffer from sweat and longsuffering
Wrinkling from old age from their endless trekking
So I will wait no more for their smelly promises
I will cultivate this land in the reigning seasons
I will plant, I will water, I will reap from my sweats
And bequeath blessings to my malnourished dreams

Franklyn Orode

Mister Solomon

Thoughts of you overgrown like relentless plagues
Creeping through my veins at hypertensive pace
Some days are too young even to misspell your name
Some nights too unclad to behold you in my shame

You have auctioned my starkness in the open markets
You have flung me to the ground in unprepared battles
You kept knocking at my door. O! my old drowsy door
It mimicked your old songs, your dreaded songs of war

You came ready with dogs to gnaw my tired bones
Invoking retaliations from some uncircumcised gods
There are nights I couldn't dream of the girls I adore
My eyes grudgingly slog lugs of sleep through its door

As my lungs inhale often, the breadth of your dread
And shadows of your ghost lie on this side of the bed
So the swallows had perched on my windows tonight
Such comfort they bring, how my dim eyes they delight
□

My obligation I swear is so contagious like bile
I have paid off interests far longer than the Nile
Though your plump principal is now as lean as a cane
Your scrapes would not wane over your unholy gain

My long rainy days have betrayed me to you
So I courted the gods that had made you a Jew
I am worn-out, running from your frightening shadows
And those times you would adorn my face with your blows

Your compassion I swear, seems crueller than your fame
I had pled for a drop since all fingers are not the same
Give me a pinch of patience, heaven will sign me a check
On wings of courage, I soar, please don't think me berserk

Dear mister Solomon, I lay me before this bench
You can cut off from me some sweet pound of flesh
For my meagre grosses come, often crawling like a snail

So I have sworn to my lord, I will not rob Peter to pay Paul

Franklyn Orode

Paradise

It will come again,
It will come to the little children
Whose poor spirits yet pursue penitence
For the lost tranquility of Eden's arrogance
The antique home of our grasping bloods
Where the river splits to Cush and other lands

It will come in rage,
It will come at the close of age
Good shall blade, brandish against the foul
And smash old traitor far from the heel
Then shall the mountains melt just like heated wax
And the moon shall convulse, the stars shall relax

It will come again,
Even to the ones not yet born
From paradise lost, he had paved a thin way
The plan of escape from this harsh prolonged stay
By beloved agape- the foremost son of God
And faith is the price we must pay for this nod

It will come with peace,
Make welcome the reign of the prince
crushing crowns and bishops, servants and knights
A thousand good years for mankind's delights
And like swift butterflies in a luxuriant garden
We will with father feast, in constant communion

It will come in time,
As we strive in this clime
A novel terrain, so wet with flowing milk
A honeyed fertile ground you'll almost dare to lick
With young merry men tickling cats and cobras
And old suckling broods leading packs of wolves

It will come like rain,
Bringing benedictions to virtuous men
Jobless physicians and attorneys singing victory songs
Empty graves everywhere, O death where are your stings?

Too frail you will be in this unfamiliar neighborhood
Come swiftly, please come, precious paradise of God

Franklyn Orode