Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo(14-07-1991)


Oluwatobi Ebuka currently lives in Lagos, is talented to speak yoruba, igbo and hausa is gospel music maker and poet

To a family of the Adebayos, His father's name is Pa Johnson clergyman and mother a trader. Sir Toby Ebuka is best known for his series of poems and songs put up by him, which focus on teachings and of his poems is written in his early quill still writes up to present.
The faith,
That wins;
Is not attained
But obtained.
Not a faith changed
But rather exchanged.
It is not suppression,
Only expression.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
(the)nothing People

They do not lie.
They just neglect to tell the truth.
They do not take,
They simply cannot bring themselves to give.
They do not steal,
They scavenge.
They will not rock the boat,
But did you ever see them pull an oar?
They will not pull,
They'll simply let you pull them up,
And let you pull them down.
They will not hurt you,
They merely will not help you.
They do not hate you,
They merely cannot love you.
They will not burn you,
They'll only fiddle while you burn.
They are the nothing people,
The sins-of-omission folk,
The neither-good-nor-bad,
And, therefore, worse.
The good, at least, keep busy, trying,
And the bad try just as hard.
Both have that character,
That comes from caring, action and conviction.
The honest sinner with God and Satan.
They know the price of everything,
But do not know the value of anything
They scream about national character.
But, given the chance,
They live and practise family character.
Or sell out their own quota and the character
Or scatter everything, like the fowl
Who says:
Scatter and scatter lest another eat!

_- - -Anonymous.
Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
A Lazy Man's Prayer

O God, I cain't believe it's new-day,
Mystery art thy works, I cannot learn;
Thy providence, no man can repay;
With many treasures or which he earn,
But Sire, O God, see that I quave-
I slept o'ernight withno taste of food;
Within my seared-neck, my throat cleave
I'm now in kind of faint mood,
How this I suffer an ox's type?
My stomach cries and blood sickly seep;
When even would my farm ripe?
As barren lies my mother-sheep,
Mine nanny-goats gives no birth;
Blest me, For I ne'er begged before
So I remit my heavy debts;
I rely on my wife, bless her too more
Pardon me, if it be my foul sin,
Descend thy spirit, let it fill me in
Thou art my father, I'm reborn!
And today I become thine son!

#TOBYMOSES

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
A Man In His Prime

When he was a little child,
There was no conflict in his heart
He was so fearless and wild
Now he remind all that have past
When he was a youth in time gone
And most of his nights are full of dreams
The things he could have done, better done
But now he say, O! life is not what it seems.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
A Soldier Man And His Country

.....That man was a commander of wars,
Who fought and saved Nigeria's walls.
And his name was a roaring dust
To the of a skilled captain
of football dribbling across the field;
But now, he's retired and so weak;
Weaker than an old toothless woman.
.
.
He's hungry and poor, he feel sick.
Cups of tears drop down his cheeks
Because his pensions were owed.
He lighted his cigar and let out puffs
He look up at the pale sun and smile,
He remember his dexterous varlours
and gave out a demonic laughter again.

Sir Toby

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
A War All The Women Fought (The Aba Riot Of 1929)

Pooh! pooh! ! pooh! ! !
Did you heard that?
That was the sound of bullets
The gunshots of the British soldiers
On a sun-bleached morning of November,
At the eastern heavens of my country
A day the embittered toothless sheep
Grew teeth and bitted the colonial masters
The race then was taken by the cripples,
And the swift ones turned flying and flying
For nine or ten hours on a dull, cloudy day
They bound their breasts and chased the warrant chiefs
It was a war fought by all Ibibio and Igbo women
Was though of stones and palm leaves;
As they marched on with their mocking song,
"If we catch them, we will sit down on them"
But it was a fight for light of salvation
For the land of the igbos as a society;
Against the abuse of widows in the villages
The darkness of corruption of whites' indirect rule
From the big taxes their past mothers never paid
It was a stepping on a "struggling snake battle"
And on the night that darkened that dormy day
Some pots lost their cooks at the Ewanga Opobo
And their children rained many tears;
For their patriotic blood been splattered
On the day when you will tell this story again
Remember to doff your hat for Nwa'anyeruwa,
Remember to hail Nwago, Nnete and Udoma.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
A Youth And His God

Turn now to me!
In days when thy desires are firm
while the heats, the colds, the warmth
Are pleasant to your mortal body
when the years are not shortened
when they are yet regretful to recall
Before the day, when the shepherd
shall tremble at bleats of his sheep
And Climbers shall cease to tour
for night is come and they are weary
The oracle shall think too little
and shall talk too much words
when sons of the smith shall not wear
Pendants because they are all rusted
They shall fear for every bit of noise
and sleep will become so difficult
Seize joy in every days of thy youth
For ages comes fast with lasting infirmities
There Is no deeds sacred in man's existence,
and their creator will judge every doings.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Amn'T Gone (Sonnet II)

When haters spew up, Gone's he!
Their confession- reveals who I am
And once friends moan, Where's he!
O! my strap then devil drove of harm!
Yet appear not in much awes, Am he!
Standing in radiant rack of your heart,
Writhed-shadow at purple-moon of eve;
Amn't gone today, I live ever yet!
Have soared above hovering ether,
If suckling isn`t young to die at sunset
Old boys not unethical to live hereafter;
O love remember me but if all men forget,
Tell the world, Amn't gone today,
And no life depart unless heaven takes away

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Amn'T Gone (Sonnet III)

I have seen it, but not how its looks,
That mermen are betrayed by the sea;
If they sails into angler's nets and hooks,
Even leopards, giant elephants by dark tree;
It be something so morose than grave,
You turns your back, Speak of my misdeeds
Accuses with your flatteries and rave;
Let's shed tears but death for his greeds-
If so, with harps, horns or loudy spide;
Let no man sing of lamentation or sobbing,
Pray but gods weep me to a bed laid aside;
Over another fall of man only by sorrowing;
May I count it as pity for my hateful misery,
For your much griefs, tears is not necessary,

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Amn't Gone!

Certain, ye not can fight it for me
For If tempest can fall off a sturdiest oak;
Thy oath to hold it for me?
But wilt clay long live than a crack?
Dotes in waves, sweeties in gusts
This olden planet once forbidden
And withno giving a kiss to crusts?
Not for me, for 'Twast fore-written!
I may survive not b'witched hex,
I may die on noon ye away from home,
That mournful journey upto land of dead Rex;
Shall open mine sins, en fiends upon rome,
Who frove as foe, will share my owed debts,
Weep not as nights will pardon my guilts.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
An Ideal Wife

Count your wealth, plentitude of gold,
The crystals of the sea, weigh your jaspers;
The goldsmiths refines them, if they are old,
Buy it from menfolks that sells topaz;
But an ideal wife's priceless than all
Nor can be own with coral of cush;
With precious jewel or onyx mined raw,
Her grace is beyond a flower's lush;
More fairer than emerald and turquoise,
The rubies of ophir never can compare her;
The cost for her surpasses jades and sapphires,
Treasures there are, An abundance of sliver;
Even ornaments and pearls are as common as rockbars
Yet an ideal wife is as lofty as yonder stars

Such as tree is known by its fruits
May like the virtuous apple tree of eden
Yields a blessed kind of sweet fruits;
As it burns, if fire in tent is hidden,
So she is, loudy, injudicious, An uncultured wife,
Like an old patch in a fine garment
A tameless wanton, weird, full of strife
A rod of scorn that strikens spirit with ailment
Unmend, piercing deep the bones like swords
But, how wise's an ideal wife, wiser than dove
Which gives her hubby wits, healing words
They are friends and he trusts in her love
Youre lamp to house of he that marries her
Who then's wise, that he could find her?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
And God Took A Sheet

And God took a sheet,
Then wrote down his mind
And men he gave spirit of wit,
To gather it all with a bind.

And there in its pages,
christ is its grand subject
What awaits sinners as wages
The happiness belivers will get.

And these words too he gave,
Read it to turn from folly
Believe it to be safe,
Practise it to be holy.

For it contains light to direct you,
It is the map of a traveller,
Staff that guides a pilgrim through
and the christain's charter.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
And I See My Death

Holla, I see my death
With my two mortal eyes,
Brave though, I am a bit afraid
To enter, to collect this voucher
From the gate-keeper of death
And cross this bridge to other side
I've got few days to live earth
So I can't tell be it day or night
He is coming to take me away
For i can feel a pierce in my liver
A strange man in black mask
Has struck me a big knife
I'm seriously loosing much blood
Are you to cry when I am done
Or laugh loud when am gone?
I'm going on a journey I didn't plan
On a road I have never once seen
My soul is at stake and I don't know
Who would win the bet, devil or God
Can prayer offered turn a fate around?
Or your weepings, awful screams, pities
Make it a lie, fail or be denied?
Can my goodwork done extend its days?
You can pity it, you can't avert it coming
I've seen my death, it can't be cured!
Only my grave and casket is not sure
But when you hear am gone away
Remember me even when you pray
Forgive me and so your heart be free
Write as many poems of death for me
Sing and celebrate if it needs to be
Pray my soul never be won by hell
For the way am going myself can not tell.

÷TOBY MOSES
9: 31am
21 June 2017
(this is not a poem but what am feeling right away, your pity can stop it).
There's a song little babies sings
on the ease of mother's back;
even if none plays guitar's strings
The Soloing are oft loud and wack.

it's full of energy, brood and tense:
as a great artist would earnestly jump,
if hail by claps of thousand audience
and with the hands, they'd grasp up and up.

The air, and beats their legs together;
i believe them to see angels, they're angels
that fly upon their heavenly feathers
they know much musics, they're the church bells.

though i am always feeling hates,
if no one none the mother help the chorus.
to think that babies are illiterates,
and rather let the grooves down to pause.

But there's beauty in their songs,
if scholars would dump their books
wise men would learn to play gongs,
and the drumming be done by fools.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Bad Cohort

Every wrong manner and evil fault,
Is answered to company of bad cohort;
Like that blind man shooting a catapult,
Aiming to cause others come to same hurt;
So influences until you becomes firm,
And even more notorious like them

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Banana Island

If i remember the night at banana island
i cant hold back the smiling
sitting in the heat of the commercial bus
looking out into the third mainland ocean
we were all on long tared bridge
pointing to the fishing men on the boats
that would be my greatest joy
if I ever travel again to banana island
Do you know that people build estates on waters
tall and beautiful, i have ever seen?
life is new here and the breeze blows cooler
we party the whole day down
I remember that we went swimming
with those lagos slim girls
splashing and laughing
like we gave no care to our worries
i think you have ever been to banana island
strolling down its busy streets?
music buffing from every corner
everyone you meet smile atyou
they are happy to make you friend
they get you drink and tell you their names
if I ever travel again to banana island
I'll take you along, my dear.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Be Water

"Be like water making its way through cracks.
Do not be assertive, but adjust to the cracks
You shall find a way round or through it.
If nothing within you stays rigid,
outward things will disclose themselves.
Empty your mind, be formless. Shapeless, like water.
If you put water into a cup, it becomes the cup.
You put water into a bottle and it becomes the bottle.
You put it in a teapot it becomes the teapot.
Now, water can flow or it can crash.
Be water, my friend." - Bruce Lee

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Bliss Of All Mortals

The wind blows comfort,
But himself is not at peace.
The sun always trek the Skye,
Still his course are never complete.
The rain falls all through Augusts
Yet every planters still complains.

They say; Money is good!
It be answers to all things
And if you get it, you have all.
But I have seen a very rich man
Crying every day and every night,
Then I say, 'what again is his wants?

They say; Food is sweet!
And wines delights the lips
If you take it you are satisfied
But I've seen a child kicked by his mater
She argued, he was fed to the fullest.
Then I say, 'why do we need to ask for more?

They say, Marriage is mirth!
And falling in love is blissful
When you are in love, all is complete.
But I have seen a wife who is hateful
And will allday quarrel with his spouse.
Then I say, 'why do roses hides snakes and love stings?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
B'ójútirí

B'ójútirí
L?nú wí,
B'?iy? oko rí
Gbogbo etí oko
Pàtàpàtà ní’gb?
B'or?? odo rí,
A ke sí-o sí-o
B'ewúr? bà rí,
A ke m??-me?
B'àngūntàn rí tí?
A fí igbe ibosí s?'nu. (11)

Ùn bí ohún ojú rí
L?nu ng s?
Kí se bí tí èèw?
Bí?bà bá s? tán
Ìw?fa àsí s? ti? I?yín
?r? ?nu dúniyàn dàbì
Kànnàkánnán tí à ng tá ní ìjù
?nu omo aráye o m?n
Bí w?n ng se k? is? tí?
À ní ko'rí ?ní o màsùn

Kí !?da ?ní o mà sì togbe. (22)
Ohun tí mo m?n ní pe,
Orí tí yíó d’ade !?la
Lèè mà sùn orí ?ní loní
W?n ní ibí kí jù ‘bí
Ìbí tí à bí erú là bí omo
Ng bí bo tí wú às?dá ní pínín
Kosí ?dá tí lèè fí làkàyè s?
Ìye ?sàn tí ?y? omo r? kàn
Yio o dá bí à bá fí b? í? ?I?rà
Gbogbo wá kúkú lá ng gbíyànjú
Ko sí ?ní gbàdùrà ko bí’m?n ?I?. (33)
Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Cast Is The Bait

Cast is the bait,
Hold the rod in your hands strong
As no world dare tell your fate
Which your hook would come along
Be sure your stand is firm,
Maybe you might lift up a monster
Still if you miss it, men may affirm,
....."he tried yet cut his human-like finger! .

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Chameleon

Over Africa, On a windy winter,
That downpour afore september;
Which frightened at manifold time,
Many dew-traces are yet on earth;
It be chimps, rodent's pretty clime,
When the woods were dried for hearth.

Scooted I, on that rough lanes,
Likeas grubs, Humming cloy tunes;
Lo! Came my way, A noble chameleon,
He stripp'd out quietly amid crevices;
I stood buried in fear, maybe I go on
Glittering as jewellery refined thrice;

Wondered I, If him be royal king of gulf,
His visage greener than unripped stuff;
Winking his gladless eyes in its spheres,
That flashed as strokes of demented thunder;
Lifted `s heavy head marred of herpes,
Slowly, Drew it back, Up and nether.

Perchance, he meant to greet me,
Or share a smear of his sad life with me?
If as he was betray'd by a brother,
Through his heart, a zeal blazed;
Speak to me, even your lips are bitter;
His wordless mouth mildly disclosed;
Like that an old man would spit,
I Know thy shardy tongue's full of wit;
But you look apale and suffer rash......
He looked at me and plodded he apace,
Why you do chose to live as pariah?
Shall I inquire of things in your grace? .

_____Why that way, O noble chameleon?
why this clever manner, why yon?
Within mine thoughts I queried,
Do own you duo, or spare life?
Are legs hurt in thorns of weed,
Or brutally trod on a large knife? 

For I see your heart full of hollow,
You conceive all ground as shallow;
Jeck! and so tread it with best care___
But of this no man shall take heed,
Is there no one on earth, you fear?
Go away, Go to your nest in the reed,
Climb high and cloak in crest of yew,
For other ruthless man may kill you,
Or kick you away like a filthy cur,
Come someday, wise man of sedge;
Among all crawlings in the Pasture,
You are wisest, If wise sons of men judge.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Chasing The Tempest

I've seen an antelope looking for okra,
He is like man toiling to succeed with his valour;
Weepings of oppress`d flows as runnels,
And no comforters to be their channels;
But better it is, A man who die at birth,
Happier he's than eyes not contented of wealth;
Why? , they saw no evils done in`s world,
No fear O` death for men of old;
Yet what lackest ne`er be countest,
All`s like struggling after the tempest;

I read upon table `f my heart,
Meanin`less! As vapour from the earth
Solomon had treasures, All gone too useless,
Of what use`s wisdom, when he died so wiseless;
Love’s deceitful, cherishes's foolish,
And what do pleasures accomplish?
If Man amasses marigolds, rare rubies,
Than any great kings and provinces;
Beneath the sun, nothing be newest?
All's trouble to spirit, trying to catch a tempest.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Christmas At Church

At christmas time!
Church hall set paints for old grime,
Joy flooding the day hold men all dutiful-
Priests tread as flying angels in beauty blues
There's smiles upon every little boys' face,
A virgin play her fingers with flowers in vase
Put one to her chest like a baby in her arms.

At christmas time!
A big black upright piano thus hymn,
"Holy mary bless all mothers' womb;"
Fill the oil of our cup with moresome
Our days and ages, these candles not cease light
Nothing more pleasing, your peace is right!
To see you someday shine so lovely in your glory.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Cotton And Oil

In wafts, you do spread your white lints,
Chases the sun to dry the baskets of fibers;
Sons of crofters do pluck fuzz for mints;
You are high as dove or chaffs i`winters,
You are cotton, worthier than diadem of alloy,
But if your whiteness is besmirched of oil,
And by what dint shall it be pure as snows?
Rejected, Lifted away by tempest`s tows.

Nothing's beauteous as utterances of wisdom,
Those fairy gilds which falls nether like meteor,
Away from sky, enholds simples i` whiledom;
Fairer he's, of virtues than marigolds inheritor;
As misers, Who's he that prevents his name;
Modesty, requited with grace and fame;
But Immorality gives as dogs in their pen
And defiles as red-oil spilt on white linen.

He that slithers off a climb may fall;
Who loses his feet from peak of mountain;
Topples not but his bones dumped in pall,
Ne`er stand to scrub away his clothe of stain;
Cups are bring to brook free of grimes,
Not a well full of dirts and dead-limes;
And men do sets on tables, pure napery
Not that veil, blackened and inky.

He exalted of great splendour;
Upon zenith a` where he seat,
Hidding himself in wretchs of stour;
Let him brag not of his great feat
Let him look back and call to mind;
Men shall merry, if rose can turn rind;
Or pinnacles can thaw down as candles
For cotton and oil ne'er ally but bear blushes
Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Crying Men

Evenso all men were made earls,
Still they steal from themselves pearls:
Him with abundance yet desires more,
Than within his huge abode may store;
As beggars are ne'er done of ambling:
Greedy one risks his chance in gambling;
Whilst yet thou know not this:
That world's full of plenty vanities,
And no thing priceless is e'er new;
Heart gets charmed when craving induce;
Thus contentment from little is fair,
Wealth's boastful, wasteful, wild as steer
But he not grateful upon mere penny,
.Will ne'er be satisfied if he possesses many

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Curse God And Die!

If I was born about centuries ago,
With vulgar voice and full puissance,
Of beastial gallantry that laughs at woe,
As who strangles dragons by their tongues,
and throttled aleviathan with his manes,
Fought hades and executed its banes,
I shall lift my head yonder sky,
Curse God and die!
I know he shall summon me of this sin,
Stay and give ears to his alibis,
To be sure whoso that lose or win,
Inquires him of what your demise is!
He prove to me why spares the worse,
And good men taken away by force,
The just punished, it maybe trity-sacredness
Those lacking scruples, for their stupidity
I shall ask of nights full of loathing-evils,
And sweet spring-buds falling,
By windstorms and unfed weevils,
Withering away at first-blooming,
But if you die, withno his wit, O brother!
And my judgment discarded, unanswered
I shall plead my rebellion and repent,
Then let men prepare for unbeknown-death;
Young and old, Short and tall,
Poor and rich, Great and small

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Do Not Die!

Do not die
Wheeze back breathe of life,
Open wide thine two eyes
For healing's ne'er in knife;
Nor needle that goes in either
Black storms that come will past,
So long- It's temporal;
Naught below welkin stays last
Things will get better rekindle thy hope;
Lard pig may come flying high as nape,
Cold slow snail may speed and lope;
Wake, uncoffin thyself from this drape,
Beggars known may come to give;
The deserts lown may surge tide
The dead may still again live;
With strong faith, ride on, ride
Just once more, you may- try,
No man's birthed to die, do not die.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Doctor Matthew Adenuga{a.O.B}

In the town where my father was born,
In the braveland of the brave-men
A young lad in his youthful age,
was popular as Doctor Adenuga;
And a spoon to orphans, a servant to God.

He would nurse ailing hearts;
feed them food with his last kobo
In his sport short-knicker wears,
you could see him got a round tummy
but if he takes beers, i don't know.

Until a sad day in the june,
when his green gardens were budding,
his table full of meats and drinks bubbling
Young Adenuga pinned his right foot on a nail
he bleed and could not healed himself.

once again, he remembered one hymn
that he's fond of singing most vigils
"Emi ni o bori isoro o o o
Boti wu k'ogun na leto o o o
Oun se omo oluku beni i i i"........

Lying in his room with much pains,
in his whole body, no sleep, no rest
because there stood death with him
At night, he was welcomed by angels
To journey with his fathers, to meet his maker.

Adieu, the Great warrior of faith
wealth could not buy you health,
the earth and its things will end here
O sleep has closed those kind eyes of yours
and your head death's hand has laid in dust.
Don't Cry, Mama!

Dont cry, mama!
I feel the pain than you,
Stand to your knees, papa!
Ices are melting in my veins too
Hells are blazing in mine brain
Bloods running down my bandage
Mama, breast your crying baby again
Worry but less about this mange
You aren't at fault, papa!
I will care for my swollen wounds
Dry your teardrops, mama!
Things will turn all better rounds
Kindest heaven will soon rearrange
Everything to its correct flange
Someone is banging on God's door
I know this isn't what you long for
Though, this isn't the real CHANGE
But another real Chain of bondage.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Fly out, O dream, of your night-shell,
Come down off the roof of wild sky;
Foretell the fair fortunes and wish me well
Attend so quick for the attacker's I,
Sink into this soppy bonce, your wand
I'm sure you will not, poor fool dream!
Your spells at possum dare not stand
Olde thief, that alone robs at moon's beam
Hide no more in mirages, O monster of nights!
Strewing ill-haps, all days and ope noons
Thus seek men's breast buried in mighty frights
Dream! Do you as falling stars cause sibyl swoons,
With evil threats to madness enchants diviners
The plague as it dreads sooks, saying some prayers?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Dream (Sonnet 2)

But dream, As of creed in mortals' wits
Each trembles, if sleep brings him to bed
Adores you like a god at heavenly portal sits
To be his fair blessings, disguised in one's head
Which heralds man's fate, too many thoughts
Be it black-dooms, pretty-fortunes, green-lucks
This had I debated, often been my plots
That fortunes is as ease as plucking a rose from its stalk
Or drains no sweat, As scattering grains to caught chicks
Then how often shall your foolery be, O dream?
By your crashed envisions, fouls and dreadful risks
Of truth i sue you sometimes sail upon stream
And bare glens, loughs withno bream nor pisces
Let the panbearers ride, if steed do turns their wishes

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Dream (Sonnet 3)

Plain be beauty of thrilling dawn
Shadow-black and Deep-grim of night
Whose elegance glids, As of glittering sun
What be the goodness of your immortal spright
Show me the pure image of your pulchritudes
Was it formed of moom's fawn or grass's green
Much as rose's red, isle's gray, purple of thistles
Like topaz in diadem or tresses of a royal queen
Dear dream, surmise I you must be a king
Who hangs but his unknown nest, so high as sparrows
But what names a king, nabbed with his knave's ring
Why climbing in through holes of windows
Creeping, cutting hollow spaces of doors
To scare men's nap in devil's mask and horrors

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Dream (Sonnet 4)

O dream, The Sword of Damocles!
How long shall you fill past sorrows to memory
The begone dolours, of falls, of defect stumbles
Whispering to heart, the lamentable story,
And would you ever be a clown, a Jester
Bring here little moth which envy the eagle
Hasten less the field, that fears hard winter;
Neither the cry for petals be of stinging nettle,
For one ne’er help over which men has no controls
All’s mystery, Death, Dream, poverty and pain
But as for me, Dream hunts, Dream cajoles
Like many hurling bolts of lightnings withno rain
Dream! Your charm’s such, Wheedle me so much not
What help renders calmness upon the sea after a great lost

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Dreams And Shadows

Dreams, ....ushering shadows
they move and step when we do
tyey too cease, they scare away
when we stop, when we stop hoping
shadows, ... guiding lamp to our destination
they keep us running forward on and on
tyey leaves us happy with our dreams
like little children do,
Enjoy walking under the moon
though we are bound to troubles and tears
many sad nights when we lost sleeps
we think of our fallings and wounds
like wall-gecko, we lost tails...
and also like them,
we do look new and young in the morning
we greatly believe much in them,
As cool piercing music;
from distance on a cold night
though they seems backing us sometimes
when we face walls and blockade in life
fading away if we walk along valley of trails
yet they make us look up at some wonders
the stars that shines in our gaze
the things that keep us dreaming more
they make us believe in flying beautiful birds.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Echoes Of The Night

A strange man with big feet
Tip-toeing the little stars
smokes coming from his teeth
As his laughter goes bass-bare
Echoes of the night,
Evil yelps of witches and wizards;
Crickets and adders on reeds- bite,
Rough snorts of the wild lizards,
The Screeching of mating owls;
Whales and Mermaids' raves,
Monsters and vampires' loud growls;
Screams from gulfs and graves;
The war-cry of demons and gods,
The clanking of their swords.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Elegy For A Nameless Child

The revelry of your birth, the revelry of your birth,
Came as latter rain on earth;
With woo-hoo played from zither
Sinking down every ears of livings;
Trombbing abroad as clappings of mighty thunder
Quaking tombs to share the fair tidings;
Passers-by stopped, Rushing on and o
Like team clad of finest ribbon

Och! Och! He's a young lad!
Lying on bed like tender lotus' pad
Too soft and wany as ripped almon
His cheeks dimpled not, Nor defined folds
With churny visage as burnt diamond,
Diddy eyeballs akin to muddy marigolds
That swept round corners of the room
And like swimmer drowned in gray doom

Of a sudden, His head he raised
Like all that went through his gaze;
Were too fearful to bore alone
A barren silence across the wall,
Clued us, He's breathless as stone
If as a bullet landed in my skull
I stood paralized, Ached-freezing,
Lamed of words, Robbed of reasoning

Paving this punt of fogged agony
Better to sail within than been loony
Along vale of my breast in bravery,
Yet my bittered eyes betrayed me;
Rending my sight blind and tear
Throes broke my bones like dry tree;
The pangs, The groans as uncontrolled whelp
Like a stabbed man yelling for help
O blood, Tears, Fires, clangors, Tempest
Thousand maelstroms that scoopes a sad rest
Deaths that gaits bye like clever thief
How hasty's you, Otime, O naked death;
Woe's world, What an undone grief,
A tata would smile his mother's dismal breath
Even though soothing words neve

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Epistle From Death

Though, you may fret that I tarry
But death held me down, Pardon!
Like a wounded beast, He's angry
As I wore no breastplate nor Iron
Myself, Was afraid of his boiling rage,
Yet I begged and he gave this page

Bid everyone, To soon pay a visit
To very last consonants of my words;
Tell men to enjoy their brief feasts,
What they pine for, Tomorrow becomes bywords
That Life's but a sigh, A breath,
Refer them, This epistle from I, death!

Can men be compared with anything?
Nothing but a drop of mixed-sperm,
Even if they are barleys, Roses-budding
Still, The same fate awaits them
All from dust, All returns to dust,
And as vapour, All begone, All lost

Then mankind, Which meaning is life?
The distraught, Whenlife worries about itself
Life! A madman that turns mirths to strife
With every wealths man hoards to himself,
What contentment gives earthly tastes,
When all these do decay, Everything wastes

Magical acts confounds, By evil charms
Seeing an elephant from a hat disappears,
Pleases the eyes, A trick full of shams;
As night-moon goes, never in morn reappears
So is goodlies of Life, Short and fleeting
Like fair wanton, Temptingand teasing

Hark, Hark, Heed a wise man's sayings
That the deeds of life are grievous,
And a fool is proud of his hiddings;
This is awful and It's also perilous,
If, His life is asked on a whim
None is most miserable but him!
(36)
Whosoever sings a frivolous song,
His ears too listen, To its clangorous noise
Anyone who does evil knows, It's wrong
Yet awaits whom to satirize him, So he poise
Since none can reveal your mucky depths,
Take this scorn, It's an epistle from death!
(42)
Which monkey can leap traps like our leaders?
They enacts, themselves infringes the laws
When widows profanes, they be their executioners
If you errs, Who would check your flaws?
But death's coming, To pluck you down nave,
And make your home a cleft of grave
(48)
He that obeys statues is not harmed,
I have conceded everything to be meaningless
Like toy built of clay, crushes if crammed
So are men, Weak, brittle, So firmless
Cry of his name in his bounty field,
When he's gone, but none would yield
(54)
O head of goverment, head of states
The headmen, Jury, Our knights
Whom do tour overseas and overstates,
Farewell, Farewell, Man upon the Zenith
That seat is as frail as dry-twigs,
Once it breaks, All birds to sky, swings
(60)
Then said you, Elders gob smelt as swines
This be another toddler singing berths,
Even it's witless and lack rhymes,
But heed to this epistle from death;
If my requite is thanks and that's all
My wish is greater, Though gift's small
(66)

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
O Mine mater, faithful virg'n!
Unto her, The glories b'given;
Hath she b'sought upon her Man,
Thou found, In eyes of wealthy nation;
B'hold, On route of death, she travell'd
Fought mi'htier wars, thus conquer'd;
Brou'ht me home, laid me to her bed,
Caress'd gently, Mine babyish head;
Wrapp'd, In the warmness of her compass,
Though in her hard days lay my genesis;
Fortune futures, canst foretell her gloomy nights,
Whence sleeps I, with playin' abacus;
Saggin', down honey of her breast in my mouth,
Meekly, I look up, the sympathy burn'th
Through her eye, her breath;
O fool me! , I hath to say thank thee amah! ;
If I am ill, She'd fed on her tear
Her griefs art meanin'less to her,
On that Africa downpour in september;
Whence every children cri'd for shelter,
On streets, the hide 0'seek, jumps in loam;
The howlin' and hellish Scream,
Suffocates, The dreadful play of rim;
As pup, I chill'd in her blossom,
She'd be mine coat, mine jackets;
On her Knees She prays;
O thou callous rain, she quoths!
Watchin' through the garment of clouds,
That halos mine eyeballs;
Those lullaby wilt slain me to kips,
Thine carings art Incompar'd to angels;
Nor canst give of the lazy moons,
Thine wrought more, worthy;
Or forty bags of shekel can pay_
Today a chap, Thou hast grown me wholly;
Thine old affection, I feel, times I lay lonely
O mater Durst stay afar me,
Come back, O mater, Come nigh, come!
Thou virtuous creature!
Dampness of thine arms, Lay Me;
Blest, stand'th thee, thine names,
'mongst thousands;
Thou worth, a gard'n of lilies
A basketfull of rare jew'ls,
A corronett molten'd of glazin' stars,
A kingdom built of chapit'rs
Bravo! , Thou hast buy me prides,
'Mongst kindred of kings,
Whom, Thath dwelt on earth,0'sky above;
Canst steal her heart from me?
Dope me, So her, I disclaim or
forsake....?
......Far it be!
On royal chariot, If I ride, 'round the world
Fear not, I shalt brace mine steed,
T' Submit homages, 's epistle 0' lowly bid;
Hither, standeth thine backyard almond,
Thine integrity, wilt I uplift,
Pledge, To forsake not;
Thine far-fetched didactics to strampet
Fear not, Ev'r Thine cleavage wilt b'mine cot;
Fear not, Hark, At thine ear, Mine
whisperin'
Thine cherished son hath return,
Mater! , Am back home with fain;
Give to me thine kiss of life 'gain.
Dedicated to My Lovely Mother
#Sir Toby

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Eshiu

The most evil being, Eshiu!
Threatening and ill-figured Devil;
the giver of quick wealth
Eshiu, Baleful dagger of death;
Trickster of the whole world,
Deals with misfortunes and odd;
And proves yourself, A brute,
To whom offers not your tribute;
You do raise up the corpses,
Drags the livings by their noses;
Tho' your garden grows no flower,
Assists in enhancing the Power;
Derived from nature's herbs, greens
God's linguist, Full of differs keens;
The genius and master of languages,
From mankind to sky-God, carrying messages;
The prime negotiator, Divine messenger
Negativities and Woes enforcer
Lifts away sacrifies, at every gateways,
In crossroads, lurks on highways;
Where you digs accidents with spades,
Elegbara! The arch-lord of hades;
Orisha of unpredictabilities and chances,
Who rejoices doom, at woes dances;
The causer of calamities,
You hampers all fertilities;
If oxen breeds not the jenny
Or lad impregnates not his Maiden

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Everything

Everything is nothing,
yet everything cost something
when you have got to give a thing
hold back nothing,
but give everything;
when you try to hold back anything
then you will loose everything.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Fairy Days

When all heads were quietly laid low
On up soft comfort of my pillow,
I imagined little, of the world I met
Then mother gave me to this planet,
When monkeys and men were brothers
And large hounds be their wives' guilders
With hot yams swallowed together in one bowl
Hundreds of old Moonlight stories were told
A blueish cloud, blessed moon and stars
Chilly settled rains inside all sitting jars,
Silent nights, you behold things glittering
On most way to the stream, noisily dinging
You could feel grounds full of cold shades,
Wet and soft, so broad flowers lacking fades
And their sweety perfumes filling the space air,
In the woods, tender cades-there and here
Kings'palace be made of few bricks and fond
Many honey hives hanging trees' neck around
The birdies were fed, new songs were heard,
Every moments be as seen a hill of bread
Merries-as if swindlers wins their big-bam,
All hearts, they made to leap as young lamb
Little girls backing red toys and not babies
Boys ever-busy building their mud-parishes
Justice and truth measured equal and fair,
words drunk in single gourd, falsity so rare
I wish hand of time could be turned back
To those fairy days, considered as 'dark'.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
 Faithful Grave(Sonnet I)

`Tis noiselessness I felt therefrom afar_____
Lets follow`e hot blown shara foehn to`t rest, hereafter!
Art thou scared and a`read; O dare lover!
Wilt thou lead me up to whereat crawlin` briers; wilds roses growest?
Show me, Where every spirits art embitteredst?
Whither every silence uponst earth at dregs`f twilight goest?
Ow, Hither be whence son`f man enjoys cold dreams!
Tell to me, who`s there; Knock`s marble rooms!
Those tours within a depart; Isn`t hitherto`e pilgrims?
Thither`s land O` doom; A bed `f dark shadow, Ho!
`E quietude`f the noon wilt benighted heavy dusk, O no!
But oft quoths sweetheart`o love me, innit so?
Shalt thou henceforth desert hither me?,
Or stand thou a`distance and throw dust a`me_____

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Faithful Grave (Sonnet III)

Truly, Men quoths thine walls art forbidd`n,
And it be thy granary beetles and roaches feeds therein;
Meknows, e`er art thou faithful; `Tis thou, trust I not `e bedouin!
O! The dominion nature armourst thee; wast magical and fair!
A claim o`er each creature; in so far as `em drink the air
Aye, Thine impartiality; thath giv`a equal stands `f dukes and panhandl`r,
Beseech I,0 help awaken uponst thy impure beds
Awake `e sleepy saints, i' thine manger; Sharp'r than shards,
Bravo! Bravo! thou; whom owns`e brave mens' heads
Ne'er I choice to condemn thee; not mine, not mine mouth!
Everyman ain't no time, To ruminate thy great worth;
Thou slamm`d thy door of dust in`s face, and sentencedst him i'wrath
O faithful grave, n`ver hast a cow!
Pri`thee, Hast not a cow!

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Falsity

All the world is but a fool,
Made to falsely believe myths as true;
Which the gods formed to be such weak
That do cringe too, If they speak;
They set death for their fleeting life,
Made lad live, merry with his wife;
To dance and enjoy- very life's vanity
Of that he never feel self-pity;
You toil and toil and wander as stork,
And you pursue like that of hawk;
When life's conserved in the gods' stead,
Must you lament over loss of dead;
Mourning your doom, fate and grunk,
Why not drink much milk and get drunk
As you are object moulded from clay,
Nothing but serve gods and to them, Pray
To feed on beasts and till the earth,
For this be chore, Man was given breath

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Father And Son

O my child, o my child come!
Let my words sketch a sheet
In your heart, let it build a rome
Time's swift, it's a running feet
Life is cold and an unclear fog
Where it begun it will also end;
We wear it as pair of scarlet tog,
There's no mend when it rend.
Bones shows no spray as flap
But therein be a rotten decay
Blood is so warmer than a sap,
yet within thousand worms lay;
O Child, i call but you give no ear
I shout your name, none say sire!
Day comes by, if you find me there
Looking at you, I won't be that squire
I will hide in scary shadow of the night,
You will call also, I will not lift my head a height.
: Toby Moses

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Fly Without Fear

'When I was soft and young,
My mother had thrown me
In the air, up, up to the sky;
Then I had mastered,
how to fly high and safe
And now I've grown up,
i teach myself to fly
more and more higher
even in storms without fear.'

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Folly

Eye which looks is not holy
No mouth that speaks is pure,
Every Men's wits is good as folly,
And too weak to err in each lure
The gods made us intelligent as fool
Our sights beyond its lids cannot see,
A wound behind his neck, he can't view;
Then whoso gecks do praise himself a smart-ree.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Game Of Love

Like card-players desiring ace,
Be it black, white or any race;
Place one down- when one i place
So unclean is every youthful days;
When all loves is a burning lust,
Lecherous suggestions is a must;
Which heats the heart as fireburst,
But if spinster and lad stakes their prove,
Lust do turn genuine love;
Strong and balanced as rock ne'er move.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Girls And Guns

Girls And guns
Boy and bombs- -
Two grenades' sprays had darkened the sky
here and there- were crying for help
Houses straining against houses,
Thick fire surged to cocoa-house heights.
the clashing, the swelling of dust and wind
Nigeria-Every news are now reporting
the hunt had done away with the chiboks girls
another hard explosions piercing the air
A little girl clawed out of the window
grasping through the smokes with one hand
holding her stomach with the other
A man followed her up with a gun
and fired her again and again
the killing have led madaugiri army here
but the bombers themselves have vanished- -
in shambiza forest maybe, the police believe
there is this assassin who headed the gang
he had put the students into a big lorry
and drove them to no trace
in the past few weeks, reporter said
those acquainted with him in the force
have had him as an ex-trained soldier
but his cohorts are young girls and boys
how do you then hunt A-million gang
if you kill one and a thousand seek your soul?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Glory At Dawn

A glory, a glory at Dawn!
Glinting as moon's giant eyes,
Gladful as queen in colorful dyes,
Charming as scents of ripped musk;
The goodness of many stars in dusk,
A day adored by psaltery and horn;
A glory, a glory at dawn!

The dewy tulips in autumn morn,
A saucy fragrants of fresh rains?
Springy nettles feeding birds with hains,
An apple fig plowed by eve's blade
Breeding canopies and lofty shade
A thin daffodils with rich petals upon,
A glory, a glory at dawn!

Of drought, graves that hides-unborn
You remained as rock before tempests,
Thunders, shakes, blew the starling's nests
Some sad hues, musics from hell-holes;
Sudden as if your death had come close
No man healed, buried you nor mourn,
In waste place, you decayed as melon.

Scud a gun unto the sky, scud a gun!
And steal some jupiters, purple or blue
Dance froing and troing and continue
O what a merry and an end to misery?
In presence of hundred kings this be;
Every anguish and darkness is gone
Now comes a glory, a glory at dawn.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Go Away Rain!

Go away rain
Another day come again
Every shadows wet and bain
Some things you spoil and stain
Do you think all men are fain
To turn houses a floating train,
Rooms are now pool, they have got to drain
Go away rain
Another day come again
Or do you have something else to gain?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Gone Again (Ogbanje)

We have destroyed your iyi-uwa*
Yet you are dead once again
But now that you are gone again,
There is no tears for your death
There is no shadowy rays to fear
Now you've closed your white eyeballs.
You the fiery son of a bullet
Nwa idemili, nwa sina mmiri!
Wait, dont go yet! Look up at that house
Cherekwa nwa, Lezie ndiiche* no ilo ahu!
Fly not away yet to that evil forest□
.....The woman calls you nkemjika*
She is so weak, she feel been cheated
She is broken, she feel been shattered
Don't do this to her again..................please. (15)

You make her spirit curse her chi*
Gini ka I choro, o bu ewu ma isi aturu?
How long would you make her a fool?
How long would you be a sojourner,
That goes in summer and returns at winter?
Why not stay to suck on her heavy breasts?
Do not go down beneath that dark caves
Ejezina! ......biko! ...............biko......ejezina!
I should know you hear the whistlings
Of Nza*birds from branches to branches
The noisy strikes of many snapping twigs
Rustling footsteps coming through the dry leaves
There is a demi-spirit there leaning
Upon the trunk of that palm tree,
His earnest waving is for you. (30)

He is not there, (31)
Don't give him ears.
Things are fine here,
life is fine too.
come here and stay, come and stay
Why would you prefer an iroko tree
To mother's warm and softer bosom?
Or share sleeps in the tiny-ants holes
When other kids are eager,
They eager to play with you?
Things are fine here,
life is fine too.
come here and stay, come and stay
come here and stay, come and stay.
Come and make her a mother too.

@ Lagos state 2018 Sunday 4,

*iyi-uwa: a whitelike stone which connects the ogbanje child with spirit world, but when digged out and destroyed the child would not die again.
*Ndiiche: gathering of elders
*Nkemjika: the one I have got is the best.
*Chi: the supreme God
*Nza: a kind of very little noisy bird.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Gray Blood

Gray blood,
Flowing dirts and little rubbish
Through my bones, So dry as rod,
Out from languors and languish;
Boiling summers and harsh winters be;
Some sunburns know of these tales,
It was heard, but now I see;
That old men and snakes sloughes scales,
But like baby birthed in days ago;
Crying for milk and knew nothing
With clueless heart and feeble soul,
Gazing at stars, moon, wonderous thing,
And shouts of lullaby, ho, hey and hee!
Though comical but was witless to me
Gray blood,
From red turned grayier than ashes
With heats which can dry up a flood,
Murdering all men of their breathes
After all brows with my life leaped,
Naught again in this world, I fear
So I do mock my heart that plead,
That grave yawn, My death is near,
For scions hopes unto dews or snow;
As parleys too waits for wintry rain,
But what hope have I to merry now
When I shall sleep down the drain,
Sighs and give away my breath
And only rest that awaits me is death

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Hail, King Of The Jews!

Hail, king of the Jews!
A crown of hawthorns on's head,
Offer him more bitzered wine from yews;
Poor Nazerene, come do that thou said,
To destroy this temple, made by man
In three days, build a new not by man

Hail, king of the Jews!
He wails, ELoi, Eloi, Lama sabachthani!
For shepherd's beheaded, and sheep withdrew,
As one bereaved, is he calling Elijah again
Like he feel another betrayer's kiss on's cheeks
Or that vinegars spices some dead reeks

Hail, king of the Jews!
O, Away the high cross, Let him down
Woe! Woe! , he saved others and his crew,
Then save and fight yourself down
That we may clean those spits on you
Falling on our knees to worship you

Hail, king of the Jews!
Celebrate, For today Jesus is alive
To hear this, O what a good news!
May his glory ever and forever thrive
Tell of his humble death, victories and splendor
Of his triumphs, stories, fame and honor

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Halt Thou Rain, Giv Us This Day!

Ho halt, Halt thou graceless gushin` and sleetin`,
The sunlit thus cryest to tour`bout and forthshin`;  
Meknows, Thou fallest withno but restrain,
While to sowest lives on creepin` narthêx sittin` n Lain;  
Watch, T` its swan, The cygnets hadst swum!,
For kittens hadst curled in`em mater's warm;  
Halt thou rain, Giv` us `Tis day!
B`thou courteous, whilst to be ev`n today;
Pray I thee, mine maiden toingforth home,
`Erself, She`d prayed unto lucks, `tis day or some,
Hitherto I`Lone, yearnin` upon my pillow,
No tweets thither, O` sing throu` window,
O Come, Make come mine love at journey,
Abode, Am dyin' of `er affection nowt honey;
Ere, I brace thee, we busy couldest play Aztecs balls!
Plantin' soft amaranatos, draw it as patolli on Walls;
Mefeels, Thine comeliness of `tis ram in thy cleavage,
Wreath me, Spread thy hugs like thath glory in tender foliage;
Halt thou Rain, Giv us `Tis day
Halt, For-on mine missy, thou canst pave a Way!
Harked I, Not titanic, Sea is thawin`; Iceberg hadst frozen,
Jonah drivest `e ship; `S legless shipmates albeit`re dozen;
Tellto her, Ne'er thou board the merchant`s train!
Medelights, She ridest home i'a little speedy wain
Halt thou Rain, Giv us `Tis day!
Or whilst I hearken of `er words she mayest say!
Perchance, thou keepon thy fluents unbroken,
B`sure, Doth thou sprinkle those lavenders o`er the garden;
A fresh drink `f ardor, Fill every jars to brim,
My mistress comesforth, Halt, I put the house as knollin` and prim.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Home-Coming

Alas! Alas! A rain comest, down this heaven
Hark, Hark as `e mad thunder barks;
Throwing grenades of lightnings;
Now `ose hanging stars are nomore

Alas, Alas, Like that rain he comest,  
Go, Go fledglings away to thy nest,  
Come in to gate, ye folks oer the east,  
No shadows, let no man again wrought;

This is time to sing our songs of sorrow,  
Come, Come, Ye anglers on lake that row,  
Save thy helpless life for the marrow;  
For it be when no shall seed or sow

Alas, Alas, petals dying, roses falling sund`r,  
For no man knows when it may pour,  
Raise thy eyes upon sky in every hour;  
Forthat tempestuous waves O`plethorar

_____It even may fall now, bye and bye  
All sucklingsshall shivers`n cleavage,  
All rocks, hills wilt roll away and leave,  
Mountanes, temples; shall be razed and consume

When you see this rain falling,  
Shrubs on that day ne`er fain, Nor`ey clap or dance to its trobbing;  
Come floods, Come gales, nothing shall remain

Let all men watch for it comes anon  
No bees gather more honey, thereon  
Cripples shall fear and hop as stallion;  
No Fathers shall wait for 's children but run!

Those harvests in farm wilt no one bring to shacks,  
But if the rain comes, there be n'more famines,  
Lightenings that leave some thousand cracks,
Breaking graves to awake deads in sepulchres

Men who watch moon shall look dim and dran,
Like they wash their faces in pool of blood,
This is nothing but second coming of son `f man
He may come as storm or fire, Tempest or flood

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
How To Die

when you are still a soft toddler
If sucking the milks of your mother,
Cease your sighs between her arms
You will catch cold, sickness and harms;
To Lay among her breasts and bosom
Give her an ugly ache or maybe some
If you wish to rest your head save,
on the pillow of your broken grave.
Or if at full man, win evil with good
Your sleeping grave is your two shoes
do not tie a rope on you neck either
Death's on your bed, kiss and hug her
The way to live life is the way to die
How to weep is not through the eye
if you wish to live, love nothing but love
Eat no earthly birds nor ducks but dove
the day we are born ere we give our first cry
Is the virtuous, it is a good day to die.

Salte

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
I am not mad!
I am not mad, Help me!
Free me, I'm just a little bard
Writing lines, As you know me to be
Throw, O bestial devil, Throw!
Your machete, Your kegs, Your sace,
Roll, You bloody witches, Roll;
Roll and throw, Your fiery axe and mace
For I'm betrayed and tied up by love
And my mockers barks at me as dogs
My friends with jests round streets, Rove
Untie me, lest i go down the bogs
When worlds, mourn a lad in his prime,
That lost his life as wilted-reed afore spring-time

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
I Beg Nowt But Fame

I beg nowt but fame,  
Bid thee hence, O death,  
For virtue I seek, not a name  
O come, draw away mean breath,  
Granting me, fame of thine  
Some what bounteous and great,  
That no man can hast as mine,  
Unto men thou doth giv' If they haste;  
Keep this oath, show thyself generous,  
Now I see men doth becomes famous;  
Honored, Respected once they Land  
And renowned If they live in Sand  
I ergo decide to dash thee my breath,  
Then thou requite me thus, O death!  
A deal of exchange breath for fame  
So hast I all, A fame, A virtue, A name

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
I Don't Know Why I Am Loving You- Love!

i don't know why i am loving you-love.
i don't know why i do answer- yes
i don't know why i am dying for you
I don't know why i write these words
i don't know why i call them poem
i don't know why i don't know why
.....i don't know why i ask why.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
I Frown, If Others Beam

I frown, If others beam
As goods friends do weep;
But never go with him,
To his grave and sleep;
If he comes by night,
To knock at their gate;
So ghoully appears in sight,
Tells them, he's the late;
They say go-to-hell!
Closes all doors, vents well

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
I Keep On Asking Why

There are manifold 'f awful grudges,
That often troubles mine heart;
And binding it for knowledges,
Byond heavens and beneath earth;
Some feelings I saddles are more braver,
But I ne'er turne away from its Lion;
So wondrous for me to tame or think either,
I wonder at that lofty eyes of the sun;
That do stand to mop-up oceans`n rage,
Why are gauging clocks upon every walls,
Toils to count-it-down for my days;
And pray against me for blind nights?

______Ofttimes, I wonder why,
Tho' my love's quiet as tomb's walls;
Humble, meek and like lamb, So calm,
Yet roses'beauty do burn her galls;
And do unplants them in Strife____
Her lips like fossils do glow;
And her mouth full O`arrant lies,
That she do swear to me astruth
She thus girds herself and quoth;
Truly, I love, ne'er would betray you,

I wonder why, At their worth_____
Tho', the vermins are feeble people;
But farmers withholds all hath he away;
I wonder why, why and why_____
Why sons of men are trustless,
Who do cry in loud prayers;
Against my quill `o go dead of ink;
Ris'gainst me every mornies,
To bewitch my head, full of foolery and bunk

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
I Know Why Birdies Sits On Roof

Albeit, Zephyrs silently blow east and west!
Every walls stand as tho` ey conceives nowt;
Birdies in that kind, fly retires gently
on roofs!
Mayhaps, Ye knowest not why they doth so?
But why they doth so and thus, I know;
Forsooth I know why birdies sits upon roofs?

Birdies! They just dount sits upon rooftops;
They eavesdrops covins and counterplots;
They pry falconer's conspiracies 'gainxt them;
Therewith suspicious feathers` ey doth sits;
From zephyrs yon gently blow` ey spy secrets,
Ife` en zephyrs travel bye and bye at its helm;

Zephyrs! just dount gently act as bedumbs,
Believe me, they oft hast walking limbs;
They doth lift and carries gathered rumors,
By this, Parrot had learnt to shut `s tongue;
If he suspects the hunter's gait from distance;
Men tame not theirs, flatters mouth's doors,

Walls! Walls whereof hast hidden burrows,
Truly, their ears art listening hollows;
On walls men lean to gossip and blathereth
Forget` g, birdies upon roofs thus discerns;
This zephyr that passeth thus gleans,
Every standing walls thus harketh

Sir Toby Moses

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
If death is sweet, a rest from this restless life,
#Patrick_Poirson, sleep well and lay your gentle head;
If giving all roses of flower would halt swirling strives
Why not we give everything, for all froing and toing to end?
We only can much pity it, none can stop a coming train
Death is such a debt, a disease; it can not be cured
Clocks that counts is liar, man that foretells is a villain
O those who can tell divers of lit and if it is off-turned
if you love humble minds and sacredness then you must,
Weep some tears for this dove whose wings is broken
O come hither and let's mourn this lamp falling adust.
For we are cheated, we are robbed, a gem is stolen!
Since when death flew away with my brother and made us part,
if people we love dies, I have learnt to sweat it out, to take heart.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
If E`en I Fall

IF e`en I fall,
Fall I wherefrom crest doves doth chirps;
Cold hands and feet hereupon astray slips,
Like dry fronds, winter wind whereof plucked,
Heart rendest broken, thereof a friend trusted,
Or ego of me, cremated my soul wherewith woes
As warblers piercest deadwood, slain by grievances;
Fain not! Feast not! Wilt I rise aheight as sun is tall;

If e`en I fall,
Pushed of slanders, Withno droplets of blood,
Knock of calumny that bedeath than sword;
If I stumble, therefrom shots of conspiracy;
Thy viperlike tongue; similitude to bullet, so lethally,
Blaze`g as coals fetched outta bars of hell,
While am ne`er timid of what canst do the cruel;
Fain not, Feast not, Wilt I cross the sea withno scull,

If e`en I fall,
But upon `tis slippery mud, called earth,
Lo! `twhere everyman mayest succumb, fall `neath,
Swab`g dusty knees, Valiant ones only stand`st,
If am away as pile o`dews, when flares com`st,
Shalt I shineforth, Gleam`g as arc of moonbow;
Strength and hope burn`g thenceat Job`s elbow,
Sores therein`s feet, yet arose fearless as wall

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
If You Betray Me

If You Betray Me
i can only do nothing;
where a two road strays
and to think left or right
would be a mistake.

........
If you betray me
i'll only remember the vows
you kept with me alone,
that many fires will not break
Nor high waters gotta climb.

......
If you betray me
To Me i gave you enough and all
it took all my times and life
And i never pooled it at bar,
Nor cast a lot for shinny car.

......
If you betray me
i can only do nothing
i'll only stop and ask,
if i have been the one
who betrayed you or you.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
If You Merry With A King

When you merry with a king,
Or gracefully with royal men- dine;
Ne'er then to that table- bring,
Your gluttony for the fresh wine;
Nor greedily takes king's large
claim,
Lest his anger come upon you
That you lack respect like the Jew
And be chained up in burning flame.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Ihe Onye Metara

Ihe onye metara
? si na onye ?z? mere ya;
? kat?ro gi akat?, bo gi ebubo

Nshi nke ya kamakwa ? lie ya eli
Egbe di ya n'aka, nku dikwa ya n'ukwu
O jizi efe n'elu, mgbe chi obula jiziri eji

Nan? onye nzuzu na-al?r? ?g? nye obodo ya,
Eze nke na-chere ka chi jiri tupu o puwa ije
n'ihi na abum-?nu ad?gh? ebiri n'elu osisi
Onye akpu-obi n'okpuru nkuchi mu?nwu
Chefuru onye na-ah? site na nkpuchi.

?nya n? n'?kw? ag?,
Ugbu a ? na-ar?? otu nde ar?r??
Na-nu?kwaiy?, nakwa otu nar? ekpere
Ma kwuo si - bikonu, nke a b? nke mb? m ge me! .

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Is That All There Is?

Is that all there is?
Sealed in history,
One day the world will perish
Is that all there is?
By one supreme God,
And One doomed diss;
Is that all for the world?
Mohammed_who splitted the moon
That risen christ drank his blood;
Is that all there is?
After man lost his only life,
And no rebirth after this....
Is that all there is?
Pains, disasters and wars
Or luxuries, comforts, vanities that vanish
Is that all there is?
The bitter agony in hell
The eternity of heaven's bliss
Is that all, is that all?
For me, for you, for mankind
If we yield unto death's call?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Isaiah 24

The hand of the Lord,
Empty the world and lay it waste
its inhabitants scattered abroad:
what to the world befall this fate,
as to the priest, so with the member:
As to the master, so with his servant
As with the maid, so to its teacher;
As for the seller, same be for the merchant
for the lender, So for he that borrow
as with the taker, so for the giver of usury
Bound everyone to toilings and sorrow,
For it is said of the voice of almighty.

Roses fades and greens withers straws
The earth is defiled by its inhabitants;
they have all disobeyed the laws,
and broken its everlasting convenants
the land is under a strong divine spell,
Its kindred, each bearing their guilt,
The crowd are flogged and expell
And very few are left behind atilt-
All wines and minerals sour-
The bottle has fallen the drunkard,
Every worship places in closure;
Drums and piano are mute and sad.

We moan our city in desolate;
The gate of our countries barred,
Horses and sheep halt their blate,
Their owner has left grasses ungarnered
Men that flew from sound of terror,
Have been drowned into a deep pit;
The earth is shakened in great horror,
it sways like a cottage loosing its sit;
The lord almighty in wrath has reprove
the powers in the heavens below;
And kings in the darkest matter above,
Lord God will reign as all earth will knee low.

@ 06.06.2020
For the coronal virus pandemic.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Lamentation

Not the dead or lost, I revile
That I lament and mourn sore;
Neither regret him gone to exile,
This sun I shall see no more;
Do I cry for and show pities,
I groan for the land and sea;
Kingdoms, nations and great cities,
In dirts, I spue and wallow as he;
Overwhelmed by wine and knows nuffin
Even as bitter as a man would wail,
Upon her lover laying in coffin;
The pain like my foot ceiled anail,
Woe to you, priests yet to come;
For temples are polluted with vices,
Prophets craft dreams, deception of some;
They deceive, seeing nothing, divining lies;
Whilst I weep, its because of thee,
O ye maidens and maids not born;
For the evils your eyes shall see,
The land which you would tread upon;
Is spoiled with lewdness and nudity,
Where they shall press your breast;
To bruise you of your virginity,
Hew you down as twigs from its crest;
Do not come, do not come!
I will do these things for you;
Men full of great shrewd and wisdom,
Thus write much books or few;
Your wits would naught bring;
And your discovery be laughed at,
Come not with summer nor the spring;
Go you other world, divert your path,
Serpents, wolfs, the land is not save,
Mankind shall spike you as vampire;
Stoning you to bare bed of grave,
Cease, burn you up with fire;
Have you not heard or been told
Worse which silent ones have seen?
Those buried beneath belly of sandcold
O hide till every chapts turn green,
Till the blue heaven yield black
And stars give no lit but dark
I Know not why I lament for thee
My burdens beas that set for conceived donkey
And like from my heart its flesh is torn,
Although I shall receive no thing in return.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Land Of Promises

Large is their tommy, and uniform can't be tucked
The men are all in lines, push themselves slowly
They are aged men- they are old soldiers
these are men used to command- military power
there at their faces, their eyes, the way they say words
Their bodies are old, but there is strength in that room
old men like them, robbed life from young
"yesterday's pot that causes today's death"
they are men whose names you already know
they are from the land of promises-
where they say milk perfumes the sky
where every mountain murmurs oils
Trees and flowers are full of drinking ale
It's in the wall-posters that smiles at you
then, not long ago, their manifestos were firm, fully understood
now, but youths looks undiet and used
like lasted culprit in a killer's prison
and Didi's racks flatter than a chap's chest
The Children of their land fights plates with street dogs
Get them talking on the tv screen,
the sweet word will go out immediately
they again comb you head with promises
For it is the only way the minors are fooled.

@20

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Let The World Blame Her

O, sheila, Sheila, SHEILA!
She-ila, Sheil-a, S-H-E-I-L-A!
What, O gracious wench?
Rolling in this dust of shame;
Alone here like old forbidden tower,
Why the snorts as hungered antelope
Sipping your sweats and tears;
And yield no reply to many callings,

Ouch! Ouch! oh God of the world,
O my joy, Her pride she find not!
Alack, the purest gold has gone!
And her virginhood is no more;
Her long-kept virtue, Who blagged away?
Of maid's esteem she cease even to bear,
More is she, like a pretty rose-plant
Flowering but upon a wasteland;

O fie! Fie is she, She's fooled
Like Mother-eve before the serpent
Now captured after long, hard siege
That cruel dude abducted her away!
Not here, Not here- Not here,
No flower here yet disflowered;
No not here a single virgin,
Lives here nor there in Nazareth!

Let the world blame her-
For her rare goodness she lost,
She is now as much good
As a cur which roves at streets;
Caused bachelors going around,
With dazed-head to chose a wife;
Brazen Hubris! , beneath her breasts;
There no atom of coyness grow,

Let the world blame her-
Ofwhat hoaxed her to such crime -
For this disservices virtuous mothers!
But why can't she wait of patience?
That bridal night, upon her right?
It is true she defiled the bed;
And raise it up be as matted as byre

Let the world blame her-
Let her be chained for infidelity
Watch the whole of her body,
All like burnt twigs been spent!
But now you cry, then cry and cry,
To where my *maiden-head go? ,
Ain't I been cheated of the mirror!
Disforming me with messy colors?

In finest outfits and red ropes,
You paint-up yourself;
Could you then be as her,
*Even holier-than-holy mary
For like brief delectations of life,
Such fleeting as son of man,
Would smile on side of his eyes
As sun could piss on heaps of dew;

Your glories alike royal hag, Jezebel!
You plucked the beets unto hungry squirrel,
What a hateful disgrace on earth,
That your lamplight is out;
Aforetime the bridegroom comes
Let the world blame her-
Myself shall disvouch this offence;
And verdicts her alone, guilty

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Life Is A Poem

Life is a poem,
Full of diverse rhythm;
With odds and rigid verses,
Lines written of restated stanzas;
Many readers gets bored at the theme,
Quitting at its long and regular meters;
What a delusion of languages and hard tone,
Disregarding ideas the poet hid at epilogue;
Forgetting life is such a dense ode,
Only who can persevere discerns the message

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Life Is Stupid

They say life is blues or a funk,
but i argue that he is stupid.
the play he makes is a noisy junk
he weirds a youth to a pig, and the old a kid
i have too a step i learnt from my dad,
that makes me either drunk or half-mad.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
L?j? Ti Iya Agba Sun

Omije t'oju mi poro-poro b? sil?
L'?j? t'omo Moradehun I? s'?run
?kan mi dabi ikooko ti a s? lul?,
Nigba mo gb? igbe ?kun l'?nu
L'?kun
Ti t'omode - t'agba fa 'juro,
Nigbati mo ri ?p?-eniyan bi
?wara-ojo
Ti w?n ng y? k?!? l? wo m?nria
ni koto.
.
.
.
Se bo 'ba gbej?, iw? af?f? ti '
'nr?,
Ki o ma se si ariwo tabi kikun
Bi ko se ti ewe-igi ti o ng w?
J? ki gbogbo ?iy? oko dak?
didun
?m? eniyan i ba siw? pakaleke
di?
? j? ng se daro, atupa ti o subu
lul?
Ti ile fi dabi ahor o inu eru?i.
.
.
.
Aw? osumare ti o di akisa
Ko s?yin ojiji ti o bo sanm?n
Ookun duuru olohun didun ti oja
Ti orin fi dabi ariwo ?m?de ti ng
han
? j? ng se 'daro, ? j? ng k?dun,
Alanu kan ti o l? s'?run
Iya mi agba, m?nria-moradehun.
.
.
Mo ni ? m?n s?r? iku, e mi o beru,
Igbin tori iku s?ra ? si ikarahun,
Agb?n s?ra ? d'omo iya ?tu,
O se bi ib?n le pa e
f'?gun
Sin gb?r? tori iku buruku tin pa
ni,
O gbagbe faka-fiki 'ji,
At'agbara ti ng gbe gbogbo 'gi.
.
.
.
Mo ni kilode ti ?m? ?da fin sun,
Ni w?n gba ti w?n o tun ji pada?
Kilode ti ?m? eniy? fi ng
sunkun,
B'ojum? eni ba re 'wal?-asa?
Bi enipe a o ni pada gbe wa dide,
Ko ba j? 'ya sare l? irinajo eti-ile
Ng o ba kuku ma reti ?j? ti iya
oode.
.
.
.
Sugb?n iku wole, O mu ?nire L?,
A kuku b? 'ku, iku o gb?ran, iku
fariga
O ni gbogbo igi lo dara ni'ju
lot??
Sugbon tani ninu aw?n ?m? ?da
Ti ng j? pade ododo l? 'ba ?na,
Ti yio asi fi sil? lalai ja,
Tabi ?w?n goolu ti yio f'?s? re
k?ja?
.
.
.
Ki l? o fi se 'diw?n fun mi?
Ki lo le t'?ja l'?run bi omi?
Tabi ?m?=?y? l'?run bi 'gi?
Mo ni o dari eemi ti mo un mi
O ju ti if?nu-konu eniyan l??
Kini o le da bi ololufe mi otit?,
Ta 'lo le se bi iya-agba tabi ti yio
Iya onidodo olododo,
O fi ran s? si w?n loko
Gbogbo ero oko fun lowo;
O ta dodo fun w?n l'eko,
O fi f?k? f'?m? r? f'ara eko
?m? olore, ti f'awo b'omi f'?r?
Iodo
?m? akin bi asa, ti o gb?d? sa
fun riruu odo.

Sun re o, ?m? w?n ni'le L??si,
O f'?rin s'?fin di'? lo fi
If? s'?ru d'omo a un pe say?y?
Itura at?gun ti lana ni'ju fu'?m?
?de
Idunu ojo ti m'ara gbogbo ewe-
oko d?
Anu kurukuru ti ba 'gi igbo wo
gbogbo ?gb?.

Maa sun, Oluf?,
Maa sinmi, k'oo si maa gbadun
Ni'bi ti ko si ?kun di?, ?rin di?
Ni'bi ti iro iji lile kii ti dun,
Ni'bi ti ko si aar?, tabi aal?
Ni'bi ti ogo ti ng dun k? k? k?
O d'ar? o.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Love-A Hidden Snake In Rose

Before men and sun at heaven-toward,
Love sworn then, I vouched and believe
Her most oath, To ne'er be such froward;
As all loves do bring and thankfully receive,
O why mine love give hers like adder
Drenched me in blood, To peck her face,
I be singly placed low in grave rather;
Of her smiling at my black disgrace,
Whilst you and death shall sheath your dart;
Even when they mean to speak me truth,
Will better trust men's belly for their heart;
Neither pluck roses Nor touch its sweet shoot,
All ignorances I surcease on this awry note,
That love is a hidden snake in rose

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Malaria

I think,
he'd gradually dug his hole:
Along a finger-sized of my window
Last week he had came too often,
Almost everyday, he'd been bitting me
And leaving me some serious warnings
As a seer would do over a lurking doom
He had his plans but i never yielded
First it came as a joke nobody laugh at
when i felt a dizziness i couldn't relate
Like nobody knows how it feels within
For a virgin to free her monthly pains
As the dead too don't know it well,
how helpless their mouth be at death
And the night in which i think,
The devil snatched the details from him
Was this last night i felt all my bones
Got weak from this hell flogged sweating
It refused to stop until that day broke
The man i am seeing in the mirror is not me
At last i am sick and i am going to die?
Is anyone praying for me in the next door?
O what can the living do?
Well, i am waiting for my concoction
To be cooked??
Some herbs and a little barks of trees
Cooking up slowly on burning smokes
An african man would always survive
I think i am right if i say,
this is the worst malaria i've ever had,
i mean this rainy season of year 2020.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Many But Few

I've seen Little,
Observing an old bettle
Dragging itself along,
A long-decayed log
Things below horizon and plain
Mystery no word could explain
A span spent brief, undone
A windy flames Of holy sun,
That made apple field grew blight
Myriads moons, shady and ghostful night
A fed beast that halt not to leap
And hungered but a meek sheep
One and half scale robbed as two
A ruling fool, wise in servitude
Evils that came so slow
Much tears shed out in woe
Birds that qurreled on tree
Over a dead little bee
Fathers, instead of farming
Teach their children gambling
Snail beneath a lake a-warm
Demi-owl flying in man's arm
The same but wealthy lass
Hid their purse from beggers
Beyond a mountaineer's view,
I've seen many but written few.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Me-In The World Now

if the clouds let its bullets and bolt
Now i doubt it to be for a rain,
when i hear from miles noise of a sort.
Mine liver drops from its brim,
And I Look for the wall-clock,
to know what says the time.
The days are swift and fleeting
tommorrow is a hell to be built,
and its sun too deadly to walk in.
he cuts women's head like a knight
his shattered teeth are so rooten,
i fear to look at sky for moonlight.
you will find little children's blood,
and media-men will report nothing
the next morning in all our hood
i think evils when strong breezes
sweeps along my door and window
whistle rough, upon the dirty seas,
my heart wars sorrow of things i see
i run and hide for men in black kits
they're police, they will arrest me.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Mortality

Mortality, A book not read by the astutes-
It's a fool's voice known by multitudes;
A Story not told by our grandfathers
A lullaby not to be sung to toddlers
Life's Mirth no heart has merry,
Struggles continues as powers tarry;
___As none has lived so wise to finish his task
So, the day death is your turn- -you don't ask.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
None Born Mad

They enacted wedlings, instructed the maids,
To don and show their nakedness;
In skimpy, Pitch away those staids,
Since our wenches found no shameness;
With that nor blemishes of mind,
I have myself ruminated upon it;
Even if they were born blind,
Should've been a law stood against;
'Fear sometimes to see my fellows,
With painted hairs like a trigon;
And jeans full of grotty hollows,
Think my words, not to scorn;
Not as who later lose, drops the card
For I have seen none ever born mad
?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Nothing Blind As Ignorance

Is there a doom mysterious as hell?
Is there boulder not crude in appearance?
Do valued nugget not enthralls as evil spell?
Is there any blindness as ignorance?
Which but from realm of shadows,
Bound to enchant each man within this globe

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Nothing Gold As Sun

Nothing gold as sun,
Nothing fills as air;
Nothing like fire- burn,
More than dishiest sun-so fair
Thy eyes are glittering topaz
Thy smiles spreads lilly,
One is my moon, millions are stars
Thou art me, I am thee.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Nothing Phony As Nothing

Nothing twirling as earth
Nothing shadowy as ignorance
Nothing worrious as mystery
Nothing bewitching as vanity
Nothing so sweet as mortal sin
Nothing brief as man's life
Nothing phony as nothing.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Now Or Never

The earth is washing away,
Its stones gathers no more;
The giant sun is dying down,
That any moment from hence;
It might take the world along;
When all else will be gone.
And every mortals' tasks be done
So give me your love now or never!

Like a sounding lightening in the sky,
Slashing through but swiftly disappearing
Such brief is mine death and life,
Any hour i might breathe my last;
You know the doomed world we are in?
.........As If we even don't belong here,
I see no one to trust but you alone
So Give Me all your love now or never! .

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Nwanyi Di Oku(Sexy Girl)

Nwanyi di oku menu m ebere
Biko wepu anya gi n'aru m, wepu anya gi n'aru m
They are charming and too gay
for me, i'm afraid to look to them.

________________________
It's as daring that of mighty warlord
I am feeling blubbery chokes, I want nothing grease
I feel heavy yokes, i am sweating blood!
Hills are falling down, come bear it seas! .

________________________
I feel smokes and my heart's shell
is impatiently melting within  like I'm riding
Riding, riding on the hot bars of hell
I'm charmed, I can't think of nothing.

________________________
Nwanyi di oku menu m ebere
Si n'iru m pua, jegharia kwa; biko si n'iru m pua
Your thighs are like joists of god-frey
And breasts as two sweet pawapaw.

________________________
It slay, but I wonder how to tell you;
How would I tell you, you to go away from me?
i'm burning, i'm on fire, give me rescue!
I'm floating a-wind, but a perch I need.

•Toby Moses

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
O Life, O Woe, O Foe

Mock no man of his woe,
Everyman has his intimate foe
Read these lines, solemn and low:
For a spirit is been bereaved now
We have a fiend, you quite know
Life- will cause you rejoice-ho!
As little child should fain-O!
Whom pater call for food to show
But will forbid him to eat so,
This is tragedy of never-merry soul;
I wonder as you wonder how.....
Why all earth enjoy snow,
You alone sees sun glow:
See our hands have hole
That we do lost few or whole;
OLife, O Woe, O foe we were bound to?
If any punishing you with blow,
Take no offence, Let him go! .

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
O Little Bees

O little bees!
Let all the buzzes give peace,
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees;
Keep mute, Every hums be at ease,
Where have you all Zoomed,
To see if the flowers' buds have bloomed?

O little bees!
Let all buzzes give peace,
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees;
Watch your sting and mind the grease,
Are all your tasks ne'er done,
Then fetch in vine groves, three or one

O little bees!
Let all the buzzes give peace,
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees;
why so hasty as rough western breeze,
Upon dreary travails and moils unpaid,
Which men requites you with sudden raid

O little bees!
Let all the buzzes give peace,
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees,
Poor bees! As Poor poets like I will accuse;
Too strong to toil, Too weak to eat,
If your nectars ripes honey, Men do plunders it......

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
O! Never Say Ye Lovest Me

O! Ne`er say ye lovest me!
From cozen nurtured i`thy heart's lee;
Sweetly as caesar`s clown: thou oft-speaks,
O! Ne`er say thou lovest me!
If thy eyne art of whom visage
Doth drawl praises and bare as many shrieks;

(6)
Whereupon thy sin pul`ing thee thereto hades`lake
And merely if thou blames thy pledges as mistake
Covertly whilst shalt thou run on thine hee,
Fiery faun roars; Whence pierced-devil yell
Then hate me e`er only if ne`r thou afread of hell,
Haste not, Haste not love, likeas steed tied to wheel

(12)
Ifsoe`en all figs on nature grows but raisins,
Heretofore trees`arms fettered unto stormy gales and rains
Know thou, every sons of adam heavily art bound
Flow`g seas, every vales turnest honey-wines
Therein moislsome, With sweat dropp`g from their holes,
`Tis thence they eat; gathered their almond

(18)
Whilstsoever all the ilke and world`s an ice-field
That`s mystery of life, All the world must yield;
`Twould be a naked feet we wade through all
Fie's beauty and distraught upon beautisome of mine!
For `ey shalt wither as grass: wilts as pine
As dreary as summer with sun maketh roses fall;
(24)
Lo! Never is`t deathless as colleens`age,
Hidden malodour of flowers art as dung i`glade;
`Tis thenceward that ill-taste of love unveil`Tis thenceward that ill-taste of love unveil,
Eke, Belike bedecked delineation and portraits doth fadestEke, Belike bedecked delineation and portraits doth fadest;
Thusly goest pulchritude away virgin's breast,
Mayest avow collect thou moon; the rocketeer neilMayest avow collect thou moon; the rocketeer neil;
(30)
Flails not thereof; why `tis gleam of purest tan?
Gladdens thy lofty eyes not, Neither its roanGladdens thy lofty eyes not, Neither its roan;
Stars gilts, fine art gilds as costly diamonds,
Flashing, yet no enow pleasure of a saved loveFlashing, yet no enow pleasure of a saved love;
O Love, Ne`er starest nor clamour to haveO Love, Ne`er starest nor clamour to have,
Uponst runnel`s osier, Uponst evergreen mounds;
(36)
Amidst young rocks, fortified caverns full of ariledAmidst young rocks, fortified caverns full of ariled,
Thither be no stand of apples thy lips doth willedThither be no stand of apples thy lips doth willed;
Tarry hither, for my love 's right; mine heart intentextTarry hither, for my love 's right; mine heart intentext,
Forsooth, As magnet wiltn't disown `r darling iron;
Fastened and tightly sealed inward and uponFastened and tightly sealed inward and upon,
Each so dearly and close to nextEach so dearly and close to next;
(42)
And canst pass betwixt no airAnd canst pass betwixt no aAnd canst pass betwixt no airAnd canst pass betwixt no air,
Hold my hand, `cause tapered

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Obedience

Not tired eyes with broken heart
Expressed with thousands sighs
Wars and woes that holds its dart
Not life full of much wants and cries
Not heavy loads, never expiring groan
Not piercing stripes and torturing rods
Much meaningless complains and scorn
Not amen of a fool that serves two lords
Not in many books nor wits of the wise
Not restless works, not much suffering
Not much prayers not many sacrifices
It's true in ignorance we bear much burden
God, yet remains merciful and kind be
But our obedience is all he need.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
On A Prophet's Death (In Memory Of Prophet Oyelami, Baba Alasepe, Ikire)

Wide and far his tours had been,
Where men picked what they could not carry
Disasters he had forsaid, wars and mean
In his holy record, heaven's map be;
That the street is narrow, bends no points
Now the prophet is gone, the weight of sin is sold
But his words has stayed and took eternal joints
And the life he lived, very little is told.

The clash of belief, he had fought:
Those who failed to accept his god
Never let the case rest at court,
How he knelt to wail like a stud
O Lord! drag these heavenly sheep to me
Though the devil's strength, world's pursuit
For reasons that were not supposed to be
Made them to their plans more resolute.

Blessed lies the head of this cleric;
Faith in God's religion which so,
Defended he till his health got sick
Here heaped some stones to lay him low.
For the death he embraced with loathing
And since he lived life opulent but raw,
Trode the pagan's land who wears no clothing
History is his picture I can draw.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
On His- -Birthday

Written for ISREAL ADIMCHINOBI

ON HIS- - - BIRTHDAY

The first day- - -you were heard.
that tuneful sound, the soft slicings
Out of your piano- - - we all were glad
And walked you home with ovations and clappings
.
.
.
You remembered that glorious evening
You and I met, that woke the desire in me
When you: Isreal Adimchinaobi was singing
With those half-bursted drums at the abbey
.
.
.
I was happy to share you my edges and bends
And that of yours you also did explain
though been my mentor; we both became friends
Taught my little bird how to soar above plains
.
.
.
Your friendship has filled my dream
Beyond what pen can write in word
Far beyond waters that fills up the stream
For walking you my s to the lord!
.
.
.
You woke my rains awakes roses
I am climbing heavens and shooting the stars
My brain now see clear beyond my noses
What the requite of your goods done are
.

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
If i fail to kiss you at your face?
If i fail to give you the best i can do
I have heard you mean to dance with your date*
To blow love into the air from many candles
.
.
.
To cut and share the sweet sugars of your bake
Because #today is really you D-day
My throat is me a bit i will take
and merries all the day
Be happy and be gay!
Today is your #birthday!
How old will you even be today?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Pamin'ku (Wayward Wife)

Pamin'kú!(I)
O si fi suuru se ?s?;
K’?b? ton ny? b?l?,
Le to ? j?un?
Îjà lóni l’?la, jaga-jigi
Ti mu ? ru p?l?b?
O da bi aja ti nse aisan.

Bi ko ba si Nile, (ii)
A dabi pe a ko akisà kurò n’iná
Bi o ba wa l’ò?d?
Òd?d? a paiya sókè
Bi at?gun lile tiko r?jò.
Ok? ?rù, Àlè ijamba

Il?kun ile w?n-a ro gbámùún, (iii)
Ir?k?k?, hilàhilo l’?san, l’oru
O ti s? ara ? di asiwín;
A ma das? bi ?ràn igbo,
B’?k? wí ení, A wí ?gb?run
Ojojum?n sáá ni ìjà ko ni’simi
Ariwo gè-è ki tan nilé w?n.

W?n -ran- w?n -ran, Ara o bál?(iv)
Ah?n r?-a jo bàlà-bàlà;
Enu r?-a ro pàkà-pàkà,
Irun ori ? dabi ti ?dajú éléw?n
Orun-un mu-un, ?gbín akitan oko
Alapa’ke o le w? f?m?
De’bi ti yio ba f? eyín ?nu.

Aw?n ?m?de tin yà fun ?(V)
Bi ?ni y? fun ìjàl?-èrùn,
Aw?n iyawo’le a fi ?w? t’?ra w?n

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Bi o ba sèesi k?ja l'ojuđe.
W?n-a p'òsé shùún-rùn-shùún,
Aw?n àgbà a wo ?sù ù,
W?n ní o ní'gberaga.

Aigb?kb? ni Ak?'gbà. (Vi)
Al?s?-m?k?-l?run o lérè
Es? p?l? ni ko se ile-aye
Suru, it?riba ni irin ajo aye gbà
Bi a ba pe'ni ni onifun raii-rai
Onifun na a si pa'fun ? m?n.
Pamin'kú obinrin, tunwa r? se.
.
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@tue, may 19 2020

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Passengers

passengers in life, all we are
Passing thro’ crooked earth together,
Up, up and down, up and down- -
Time, our faithful driver - zooming on;
One man is dismounting and waving goodbye
Two and three, rushing in from aside.

Passengers in life, all we are
each man alighting at somewhere;
Some at where their gods 'stops the helm'
Some for a reason known to them,
surely everyone has where his journey ends,
I too will soon get off like my friends.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Patience And Greed (A Tale That Turned To Parable)

An avaricious man, for numbers of reasons,
Most of his friends were just as him too
Greed the father of patience and a trapper
Tramp so lacking, seemed Lazarus was better.

As if the cost for any error in life
Was several whippings and knocks on head,
But as far as I can cleanly publish;
Patience graduated as a skilled brickie.

He heaped them vows not to tarry,
Poor wife of greed had welled down tears
And asked in prayers for him"Go well my son;"
To feet patience rose, headed for the downtown.

The world, for him, moved too swifty.
There he made money like anyone there
Enough that a heart would lavish or give
But thought of his parents won't make him live.

Since to look at times was dark,
At his arrival in the village that day
He agreed a verdict with his mind
To rest his weary head behind.

Before I save a stranger floating a-coast
Or create life for a walking corpse,
What his kind of man is, I must clue
The king must ask who fathered you.

Allow me! O king, said patience;
I don't know where I came from, either
Iflew away when my father wasn't fifty
And now I myself is two-and-thirty.

You will wash your body, o stranger
I'll make you sit, as my slaves will usher
At where my friend dwell, you'll remain
Sleep some hours and find your home again.
So there in he laid, that cold night,
A lantern and just a coat was given
Where doors and windows spared patience hooked
And asked that a meal should be cooked.

Many minutes passed and nothing was done,
The spouse were there, the man had heard them
Muttered, what should we offer this stranger?
For how say we too are sick of hunger?

But for their grumbles moved his sympathy,
The stranger opened his bag full of money
Removed, and gave a note from it's brim
The old man said nothing but only stared at him.

Between the sleep of that night,
The life of the man with no name was trapped
Greed and his wife stabbed him in the face,
And was secretly buried like a nut-case.

In morn when dews on earth were few,
And on natural things the sun had shone
The king rode out to Greed on his horse
To prove him whom the stranger said he was.

How he claimed his name to be Patience,
Greed to be his father, a son of this soil
That he flew away when his father wasn't fifty
And he himself is now two-and-thirty.

You see our tale has turned parable,
That a Man's ill whim for wealth is evil,
As Greed with a rope jumped his wall,
Who knows, if he is gone to end it all.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
People's Hope

While everyone affords to hope,
All eyes were made to dream;
Could hopes survive and dream cope;
And with our hands achieve them
In a land full of scathing repressions,
With selfish autocrats in each positions
I watch events as they fall and rise
Since myriad challenges faces market's grain;
An unstable economy, that distorts price
Credits and loans now hard to obtain
That plain picture, I have no idea
The fate of tommorrow's children would be

It's a knowledge, We all even say
Such flopping of men's hopes and dreams
Be heaped on poverty of the day,
This lack of opportunity in large reams
Has often been people's strong notion
There's but one thing out of mention

More brains is never the need,
The youths scours where world is white;
When old thinking still yields a seed,
The public reliance on share of national pie
Hopes and dreams may be tossed in fluid,
Yet not for men that makes their hands build

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Petals And Blooms

Petals and blooms,
Brides and grooms;
Ornate upreared graceful and broad,
Sweet, blushfully near meandering ford:
From flushed bed, good all fresh;
With fruits appears as angel’s tress,
The world, with no them is bare:
O’er-dusted, veiled, naked and unlare
Fertile or barren as fowlless woodland
Lads like me shall one day pluck one in his hand.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Pooh Earth

Pooh earth!
Why did you pray,
and birthed a poet like me?
Why so careless to grow him with fishes?
Look he has turned this foolish..
who plays and swings heavy word?
As naughty child running with sword
Now he jokes at them around
He is got a brain round and,
He is lack human's tempers,
He writes on black papers
For only the blind to see;
fools to know, the learned to disagree.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Poor Shepherdess

A poor shepherdess, Days of yore
If her asses bleats at grains' store
Whipped them with her heavy brass
Grain's for me and for thee-grass!
But after the shepherdess died
And the grains no one to hide
The shepherdess was in grass-lain
And asses ate all grass and grain

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Lost in the jungle
One little monkey finding his rundle
Sick sticks' barks weakly chipping
Woods' dead leaves sadly dropping
Beneath an igi iyeye's crests
Canopied by some quails' nests

There dug a green old still lake
Can't tell if therein lived a single hake
No legs of man has his way found
Or set eyes on its shapeless bound
Restful shadows all over creeping
Strange two fearful footsteps squashing

Coldness, silences and evil's blind dours
The featherless squirming on their fours
Countless ghosts missing their graves
Grey smokes puffing from empty caves
Heavy black plovers' monstrous cawing
Rotten skeletons of an anaconda lying

Hollowy well with algae covering about
A thick polluted fecal smelling out
That a jungle wanderer ushered me home
it's a lie, touch me I'm reading out a tome
I was lost and sought for days or more
Lost like you too on these lines, pore

This jungle wanderer is just a hunter
And this poem too is just a potboiler.

• TOBY MOSES

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Shit We Dont Eat

There is a shit we don't eat,
to my younger brother's dog,
Is the best meal to break a fasting
A prayer was said by a kid
At church today, We all laughed
Until we shed tears like drunkards;

On the expressway,
there is a fat deep hole
but nobody sign it out
or place a caution board;
I walked close and looked down at it
and saw inside millions of dead souls.

I came across a cat in the shrubs,
And later found him that night
hovering with wings on the black sea
There is an handwriting on the wall
Written with a black charcoal,
though it is bold but I am not cleared;

is anyone else stopping to read it?
Or we say the one who wrote that,
Wore rags, he must be a madman.
Because he is from an unknown way
But he is he sitting on the half-moon
He is planning to destroy the world.

he is the thief coming by-to rob,
the man of the house is a fool
to stand and watch the window
with a pistol and a big barrel?
When he is coming with no guns
But by the shit we don't eat.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Simple Poem

I've found a simple poem
It's just an easy rhyme
Or call it music if you want
It's just a simple poem

"To live this life is free
To hold its gold is a fee
Naught will stop what will be
Just live it the same like me.";

I've found a simple poem
Will turn you again to its verses
Like a painted word in today's paper
Will make an old man clean up his glasses

"To live this life is free
To hold its gold is a fee
Naught will stop what will be
Just live it the same like me.";

I've found a simple poem
Of monk that kiss and house that flies
To fool the sense in human's theory
Will not make you doubt simple lies

"To live this life is free
To hold its gold is a fee
Naught will stop what will be
Just live it the same like me.";

I've found a simple poem
Of a black bird and a fairly yellow fit
Both vowed to another, Beauty was true
But in Love's heart there was deceit.
&quot;To live this life is free
To hold its gold is a fee
Naught will stop what will be
Just live it the same like me.&quot;

I've found a simple poem
For the young, old and weary
The bruised, whose wound is deep
To relief weeping mother, may be.

&quot;To live this life is free
To hold its gold is a fee
Naught will stop what will be
Just live it the same like me.&quot;

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Song Of An Unwinged Bird

I wish I could fly,
Fly, up, up, up and away
In that warm and unstill sky
Like that strong eagle, so gay.
Oh well as all the buntings do!

With my feather flashing wine,
in the orange paint of sun;
How long will I long and pine
That from the purplent rayon:
Looking down, down at the earth?

Observing hidden evil deeds
Of men____watching their toils
I could show which sows seeds,
Or ill-weeds upon the soil;
So scorn of truth for lies might halt.

I wish I could fly,
Fly high, to join those broods
On toppest mountains so high,
Picking my grains from redwoods
As joyful as withno swink nor haste.

I wish I could fly,
Fly above, the oceans' waive:
Throwing my game in zephyr and tide
Time when summer is gone, I dive
And sojourn in place unknown to men.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
SONG OF YULETIDE EVE
#SirTobyMoses. (2012)

Atwhere herd of crescent saturn lies, offa`ay I come,
Sing`g and sing`g mightily coo! , coo! , coo!
Long-after springy of summertide
Resonant`g, Peace! , Peace! , Peace! what a goodly echo!
Wonder, Heaven is full of dance, beautous cheer
Let`em hence be free; All so crews and saints discharge

`Tis immortal skylark of god, I chirp, that is`y, I chirp and fly
Lo! A jingling nature, countless mistral neptune,
On his wings, he chirp abo`yellow tunglen therewith joy
And brightened `opart, draws upon earth come shine;
Merrily, Merrily be roundst cluster of coronas that clings
Tender rodor swim, swim i`mixture of purple flashings

O gentle winter wind, Blow upon more bigger thrice;
Of fain ho, ho! , Together wherefore count we stars ether
`Tis slays gaze`g yonder, For mona drop blaze
Then`ey wilt jest and derail; if thou doth all number
Begad! Wander`g wolcen hast paused, That he lost its own way;
O mercy! he hath forgotten call`g the sun to play;

Ole! Ole! Ole! ; When therein tavern at bethlehem,
Him too whimper`g, thence intrigueuth herod to mown;
Grazing oxen watched oke borne little and calm,
Worship Jesuse, king of kings crowned to o`erthrown
Shepherds, Magis celebratedst yon nit; Khrist is divine,
Blow, O world; Blow horn with a bow; He`s alive!

Eh! Eh! Fair engels torch but`r virgins`waxes,
And cause`em glow aslike oped venus` beacon;
Lit`t up, so every nation's eye_______ witness
With air of life, Mothers fill thy kids` balloon
Paint thy flights moon-marigolds, Ride skylark, Ride!
All shadows resings a song say`g, Rejoice, `Tis eve o`yuletide,

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet Of Love

SONNET I

Now I thoughtfully consider love,
With admonitions from lads who took the risk,
Of so-fair charm, which dragged him as chained slave,
He begged her fingers ringed in such brisk;
Oftentimes of nature, Mine curiosity do ask,
Nothing but would this fate defeat me too?
The spring's green, yet petals wilts if they bask
My prime be halted by a mistress I woo,
If love's divine, were vamps made to slay valiant men?
Yet solitude's bitter, devious kisses is dreadful,
A man's wound punched with mighty keen
Why lust a holy crime and lecherous hunger sinful?
For I perceive death sweeter than incurable disease,
I hate to be Loved by a maid's tease. (1)

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet Of Love 2

THE SONNETS

Show not my eyes that mysterious world,
To fall of fairness, Many by desperation rise:
There falsities lives, truth razed of fiery scold,
Many in their seductions, Many in their tricks and disguise
They flock as stars, so grows their devilries as tares,
Many win riches, fame like tiger of his predation
Many chastises as gods, grant to evil deeds spares,
Many leap the bar from tyranny, hail of oppresion
Fashions muzzles for varlets and men below stairs,
Ye calumny plucked from darkside of Jupiter
As notorious wolf dies, his bloody cub enliars,
O slaughterous friend, Take me not thither
Where veracity belates, Justice receives prizes,
Prisons and graves that hides myriad of filthy vices

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
SONNET XIV
If you have assured surety of no doubt,
Or struck hand in pledge for another;
And so ensnared by word of thy mouth
Or what you said or argued with a brother
You have been trapped; then do this.
Free yourself, free yourself now
Since that you have fallen into his,
Hands and entrapped of what you owe
Go humble yourself. press your plea
With your no sleep
To your eyelids like a slouthful flea
Little slumber never let your eyes keep
Be sure you are free, like a gazelle from a bowler
Like a fowl from the snare of the fowler.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet Of Proverbs II

Take heed of your father's directions
your mother's, never count as vain;
a garland to your head are instructions
each adorn your neck like golden chain
and when sinners comes and say,
in ambush, let's wait for someone's blood
and harmless soul, let's waylay
that we swallow them alive as flood
join not them, don't give in!
they will say- come, throw your lot,
of which their feet rush into sin
upon their paths set foot not
for their end will come in a while
much quick like a twinkle of an eye.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet Of Proverbs Xii

O! do not go nigh her door.
Lest you give to whom is strange
And your years to whom scants all
your own wealths from your range
And toils of yours enrich another man's tent.
At the end of thy life you later groan
When all of your body is spent;
How I hated discipline, you will moan?
How my heart spurned discretion!
Why my teacher I had failed to obey?
And listened to their very correction
Of utter ruin, now I have come to pay,
The cords of sin held me away;
And my great folly led me astray.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet Of Proverbs Xiii

From your own cistern, drink!
A running water from your well
Must your spring dispersed its brink?
And your stream overflow its cell
Why not yours alone let it be?
And your sweet founts be your choice
That your share no stranger with thee
But your wife in which you ever rejoice
Your beloved wife of your youth
A loving doe, a graceful deer-
Let her breasts than apple fruit
Satisfy you always, hug her so dear
Be ravished in her bosom a lot
And not the bed of a wanton, a harlot.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet V (Ain't Gone)

O but deepen not yourself in sorrows,  
Yet to fill yourself with guzzleness;  
The melancholy of my doom, pitied woes  
Lest despair lambates, more gushings oppress  
Sprinkle on your head not ashes nor soot  
That i may suffer no vitriols from all men  
Nor bitterly groan or raise your voice as coot,  
so is uncultured to ululate and scream in your den  
Fairer that i become moss upon the earth;  
Than your weird sighs, brooding tears i behold  
To bare your head or wear a mourncloth,  
For this be the custom of the world;  
For the righteous mortal shall die,  
Same soul who sins in dust will lie

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet Vi (Amn'T Gone)

When am vieled in rusts and heavy stones,
Mulch my cairn with melange of wreaths
Behind a yew, hid and plant my bones,
Defend it from her, keep the secrets secret
So its bosom, remembrance it ever give,
Of a black cone and the black quill;
That was ill of lust and thus not survive
Whose wrong fears of death wraithed and kill,
Until a naked grave balked his tender honors;
As scorch of wild sun makes chives trim,
As dry tinder to fire losses their vigors
There no hot wind nor flood strikes him,
Where my love would put no sweet roses upon
For tempest if blow, blows all, all begone!

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Sonnet VII (Amn'T Gone)

Let maters care for their grizzling bairn,
And the dead bury their dead head
If be man that slay me to eye-watering cairn;
Gouge no eye for eye, yet wish him no ill instead
When not every deads has but earthy graves,
Some were throttled, with rancours, cruel loathings;
Many a man not foiled nor dead of warwaves,
Yet whom right halberd avenges those blood-floatings
That bails injured souls from their unseen anguish,
They are villein praying for shadows of dusk,
Or weary slave snoozing for a vim-replenish;
For i am like them, Nothing but dry useless husk
Am good as not grass, worms or crawls of earth,
Let heaven judge men, evils, deeds and death

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Stealthy

Think not of folly but wise,
Mink slinks for vole and mice
That winks, Ne'er of cowardice,
And stealthy of a cat,
Is not for peels but rat
As well as steal from pots, fat.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Strong As Death

O that love, which loves you!
Is such strong as naked deathe
And how pleasing you are too
If it makes you moan in lieu of breathe
You can't escape, you are into its charm!
Its flames, many waters cannot douse
Its warmth, like you wear earth in death's arm
And your whole life it will take control
if you flirt it or play it as dice
it's not all men throws the ball twice
so treat that very love, I mean
With Most respect and much dignity.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Tale Of A Cruel Governor And His Minister

A minister ridden by an evil will,
Down a dark cell he was led
And governor held the reason and seal,
To bring him out for a behead.

Just before the death sentence nearer crept,
Princess and priest had came for his pardon
As hole dug by many mice gets no depth
They vexed the king, he gave warnings to everyone.

The night he could face the bitter odd,
The governor danced, rested but lost his wake;
News-finders came by, but minister left them no word,
But only swore never again go to politics.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Tale Of Poverty

I have tasted,
and drank from its cup
nothing as such so bitter.
i was once the cold body,
Wrapped myself In White clothing
but the grave rejected my corpse
i have once pretended my head dead,
Liveless.....Lying straight in state.
Along the Public streetway,
where every feet walks bye
but every one avoid the road
and cross over to the other lane.
i have felt a kind of hunger
that death could not beg from me
my stomach had once cursed me,
....and i heard it loud and clear.
Days of a year were hellbound
I pray they ceased to come-by.
i am a shame to street-beggars,
when i pass them by, dropping no coin
they shakes their head and hide back their tears
i am their reason they thank their gods
little children make me their friend
all for the scrumbles i’d take from them.
i'd doubt my dreams to be true,
because i think they come from my much thinking
of course, i must be sick of malaria.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Temptation

Dead and cold,
Too dear to be sold
It's devil's gemstone,
No! not a topaz but cone;
Oh so fair and charming!
How I wish it is mine?
how do one turn down this invitation:
they call to be temptation?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Black Ghost

The ghosts of Africa,  
Trundling and scuffling around;  
Upon purlieus, hut-tops and facia,  
If thousands rain of stones pound  
Call out, search but none found;  
Was believed there's reasons for it  
That purveyed sorts of cleasing rites.

Such quaint-wont of folks then,  
That wore them with terrific awes;  
Even elephants laid not such in den,  
Neither young koalas in their cases;  
Not in Africa, Perchance of frightful lours  
Or the terrors of yon disastrous hours.

No child dare played ten-ten___  
Nor any sheep raised a bleat;  
Like a Lackey, A martyred alien,  
What made them fools of this habit;  
Were those joyless gales from iroko trees,  
The black lurking cats, skulking witches.

That lanced and feasted on men's blood,  
Conveyed to murder at such scary time;  
In gaunty graves, dells and deep-ford,  
How as spider be in snowy clime?  
Were cowards' heart spurted by fears and cold  
With whom by daylight proves to be bold.

The imagination of this make-believe,  
And untrue sciences, great superstitions;  
Some indictments which many conceive,  
And infer today withno reservations;  
To look mirrors at night may burst calamities  
Devil appears therein, Wring you for this!

All of these beliefs were observed,  
If you walk under a scorching sun;
With his heavy strap, long-conserved,
From pole to pole, bourn to bourn;
A ghoul shall brutally flog you
And be compelled to serve a monkey-push too.

At noontime, never brush your teeth,
By this, your mother foams and die;
Squash not your spittle with feet,
If so, you suffer harsh throat-pile;
Your father forgets to punish you
When your eyelashes are hid in his shoes.

Playing kids in Africa ne'er whistles,
Some says, It wakes, maddens the devil;
Rages the spooks, and that cobras bristles,
Call it evil but It's for no evil,
Our lack is nothing but to promote,
Obey, Respect tradition in Africa and remote.

#SirTobyMoses@2015

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Curfew (Oro)

Death has ridden-by the palace!
with horse and his hunting arrow,
and dragged the king to no trace
Another king is to be enthroned.

who weep or sing him Lord! Lord!
who's the next to dress him in his deathbed?
To Feed on his heart, drink his blood
Drink it, With the skull of his head?

The dogs are out barking here
Like baby-rabbits having their prayer
the old ones with arms crossed there
The Gome! Gome! of town-crier's heavy metal.

Moving about and about, everywhere
wondrous and loud, it is growing
The death-news has flew to marketsquare,
Theterror to pack every goods and sellings.

And Now, the moon is fading to red
there's still human-killing in my countryside
This time, seven heads is demanded
to make for king a cleansing sacrifice.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Evil That Man Do

The evil that man do
he says it's of another man;
and will fling the fault at you
gainful though, the ill-game he ran
As when days favoured him.

he was a dog, he never eat,
his own feces but rather bury
Guns in hand, wings in his feet
to fly on dark winds along gallery
He has lived to kill and killed to live.

Only a fool fights for his country,
A King keeping late nights parade*
for a curse never settles in a tree
and giant under a cloth of masquerade,
Forgets the one who sees through mask.

The hurt in leopard's legs,
Has brought upon him hunger.
now he plead a million begs
a little swears, a hundred prayer
and say- please, this is my first time! .

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Faith That Wins

The faith,
That wins;
Is not attained
But obtained.
Not a faith changed
But rather exchanged.
It is not suppression,
Only expression.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Farmer's Song(From The Book, The Found In The Lost World; My Upcoming Adventure Play)

(Song)
Let the sun be drunken,
Of our salt sweet sweat;
And the soil and the earth
All our cutlass and blades blunten.
*
*
...The whole world is gone holiday
I'm going to plant my yamseeds
I will pill, I will till and I will fill
I will not defer not even a day.
*
*
It gladens me, it is my daily exercise
Our hoes have made our hands heavy;
Stronger than the sons of egyptians,
Come and dine with me at no price.
*
*
I eats the choicest, full are my cups
Let us feast and drink, for tomorrow we'll die
Do not be idle my dear sharpest blade;
You are my heir if I die, you will bury me up.
*
*
No dollars to sew the frock a skiver's rend
Hoohhoooh, but I am rich yes I am rich!
Greater in forth of greater men
I'm a friend of so many friends.
*
*
......when they were lazy to sow,
It was I who increased their fathers;
The whole earth may betray their brothers
But not my iron gold not my honest hoe.
The Fool I Wish To Be

Madman's rest, a old drunkard
Flight for fight- a poor coward
A beggar who still gives free
that's the fool i wish to be
A spirit that dwells in a lamb
That never choose any to harm
Or sheep of meekest head
Not a tiger with grey beard
Fools who suffer in brain, bends
So I e'er forgive if men offends,
And neither like Lion, roar
Nor bark like dog or boar.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Forbidden Fruit

'Before i tried my bite of it
I felt uncivil and churlish,
I never taught of leaves as clothing
Neither a hide from tunics of a boar
.........I was free, yes I was free;
Smooth-floating round, sliding around
Like as of a little naughty child,
Running nakedly up and down
streets, no world scold my nasty play
I felt no shame, no shame it pleased me.

We were two but love made us one
I was an angel and he was immortal
We were like two beautiful fawns,
He was sliver-blue as a new moon
And i was red and gold as setting sun
We were adam and eve in old eden;
We were sacred, the first to taste love
A day i asked for something different
I sought his favour, my heart desired it
I wanted it but he told me I couldn't have it.

The more and more he tells me
More it made me more desirable.
I sensed he was frightened,
Seemed he was withholding
Something tasty from me.
Yet I pressed for it even more
he cautioned as a doctor would do
his patient that I couldn't eat it.
........I felt light within as he kissed out
Golden thousand lotus from my opened mouth.

He brought it out of his bag
It looked bold and straight
like a spider dragging its web
He spoke tongues, tried the magic
and he turned me into a tree
with roots growing above
and branches waving beneath
He threw a stone, a stone at me
And I fell for him a ripped fruit
As he groaned loudly like a ape shot in the chest.

__________________

His snake bruised my head,
I loosed my immortality to 'yama'
I ended up dying that day;
and was buried without him
To spread roses upon my grave
Nothing is holier, 'I taught
I felt less guilt and less innocence
I remained beautiful and untainted
despite the muddy and all dirt;
He spat on me, despite all that was done.
÷2017
•Toby Moses

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Great Wager

Men Wise and brave to this table,
To bet(of) that which you profess;
You're blind...i might cheat the gamble
I am deaf, so unpack all the chess:
let those who can see and hear,
The Justest judges; kindly should be
To show atheists page skipped in fear
whose wits taught, learned them to agree,
like no God who gave light and life;
As by preacher's(old-saw) of hell's fire,
Caused me await whose fingers ain't five
To redeem mankind, schemed in his quire;
Through water, spirit, thunderstorm or blood
Of sure, we both lose when we die,
if at the dusk of life, there's no God
But if there's, ye atheists lose and cry
And when this table is turned overdown,
Everything, everything i win, even this crown!.
# Toby Moses @2015

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Man Who Killed Jesus

Good heavens wilt bless this fair sleuth,
Who kill`d Jesus, Hast I probbeth and grabbeth!
Wherefore now, know I, Whom`s deadliest murderer,
`Twasn't Judas slew him, wherewith smacker;
Hurled, thou a codiote, hid thy face as harmless donkey,
Oh come all, Shalt hang we this cruel fey?
Why did you slain the begotten son of God,
One Who saved`s folks, therefrom sin's rod;
To bow for no idols, wrought by heathen
Whom preach`d truth, paved way`o heaven;
Wrought he tokens and countless miracles,
Yet he healed o' sabbath, The Kikes Lambastes;
Told them he came not to condemn the law,
But save us from teeth of death, even from his Jaw

And why may he fred the nabb`d furnicators?
To equalised hisself as God of our ancestors?
He forgot, We are motals and he's divine
Why say then the heaven, world was thine;
The world where truths are vieled with darkness,
And our handiworks needs no lightness;
Men's heart qua depth of blind hades,
So it wasn't yon dragoons whipped him wades;
None knew of the perfidy, Not john Nor peter;
Albeit, you remained mute as lamb afore`s slaughterer,
But now I know who the murderer is,
Let's not curse, Judas nor James for this
For all mankind rejected, smote him their sword,
Aye! , Lo, The slasher is the whole world!

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Rabbit

He Was a good carrot-munching animal
my friend's father sold him to me;
for much bargains and some thousand naira
Like a slave struggling for fetters free

There in a cage- -I brought him home,
but times went by and we turned family
Nights and every morning, i'd rome
Rome miles, for his cut of green barley

and eager the wakeful bunny'd twirl
His nose like a toothless aged-woman
Before the bite of his fresh meal
pure, pious, slow, clean and hale- -

like a virgin maid before a mirror-frame
From the head down to his cottontail
he'd groomed himself party-ready the same
His world, his imaginations, the quiet lay

his straight antenna-like ears, the black glowing eyes
his humane heart, his loneliness, his humble soul
Lavish me times kneeling by his side
and made my secrets known to his earlobe

but there was nothing else i had,
than to let him go and tell him bye
like locked grain of sand from the hand
than to cry and cry and cry

Than to yield to my mother's solace
raising me up in her dearing cheer,
On a morning I walked to his cage
That I could not find him there

But behind his death was a foe
My brother's mad dog who'd bite
Ate him up and took to his toes
In the middle of the night.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Rich Also Lack

Why that the rich also lack,  
With money load up in sack:  
Unpeopled and beggers also give,  
Who in much naggings do receive;  
That Kings and princes do cry,  
Be not as plague for their pride;  
Looks Scares, the blind also dream.....  
Tells underworld's emptiness and grim;  
The righteous falls and dies away,  
Twice or thrice, satan also pray:  
Above sky and the world down,  
Things comes slow and hastily return  
Long was it and will be again,  
O'er and o'er but earth will remain;  
None else knows the reason why,  
Why all things to nothing's worthwhile! .

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Roses Beneath The Cross

Life is an enterprise.
And Love but a merchandise
A give and take comprised
For all men, Pain is the prize
To those in mornrise
With tears, burning their sacrifice
Lifting their heavy crosses, they compromise
And move it huge, small, some of slim size
Many drag theirs, some have theirs sliced
All heading to a place where skulls are cruised
Knowing before it could turn beauty rose,
Everyone must to submit down a cross.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Sexy Pastor

Right On my TV screen,
there she sit with her bible
neatly opened on the table
she started and say,
the topic of mine sermon
is'ungodly dressing is
an abomination to god
but all her own assets
were out from her white bra
and horny and ready for hot sex.
with her creamy tits partly shot out
her wet legs were naughtily spread
now i have seen,
what i dont want my eyes to see
and things i have believed to be idols
i have meet a satan on the holy altar
the whole mountains are upon my head
now i am grieved and confused
and i cant tell what it is kind...
i am watching a pornography
or a biblical preaching?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Sonnet 2

Come not here, Not there- -O adulteress!
Do warlord fights when laid therein grave?
Rove away, Rove away, beauty of slyness,
O preying death, Give me no seductive wave;
Of umpteen wreaths and glamours outward,
Painted granites, glossy veneer of marbles;
And yet dead bones, rots and decay inward,
She's a tombstone, Her graces are sad fables;
Sweet as honey, On a bed veiled upon cavern
Cloying to teach git a game that cost his life,
Come not here, Not there- O undear maiden!
The brief mirth in immoral wife?
Myriad are the sufferer of your unkind plot,
My life is a green bud too heinous to cut

(2)

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
The Sonnet V

Its flits as flag planted upon a mountain,
Waters of river running her banks through;
Swirling o'er and o'er, froing back again,
And as restless flower on tempestuous pool;
Why wood-yellow sun, bare-moon high there
Haltingly turns, slowly as travels the earthworm?
Whirlwinds comes and quickly returns nowhere,
Things changes thus fades to no arty form;
Clock that counts is a deluder and a cray!
For the universe convertly do deflect,
Like hank of entwined clouds on sunny day;
Weird but this eso teric knowledge i suspect,
The world's rested upon an orb of pendulum,
Swaying around, round as that dangling plum

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Wounded Tree

There was a tree of my ecstasy,
And its ways you too will applaud;
Its arms, did shield sorts of canary,
If storm blows away earth and skies:
And the tempests and ungentle flaw,
Frights brave ones to find their hides

She's out, blasted wet and cold,
Losing those never-blushing flower;
With sweet fruits blooming manifold
After the bolts are gone, old and young
Sowles and bends her green hands lower,
Some whipped her clubs, scythe and prong.

Oft stones, Some cuts her with knife,
She cries sour saps, night and day:
Bleeds ugly pain like a labouring wife,
Her barks peeling down as bulwark of troy
She grew worse, her roots turned gray;
And as mushroom kicked by little boy.

She fell, her flowers, fruits, nests__fell
No soft wind blew, upon her gount lave
No man came around to raise her upwell
All buntings flew, no sounding tune nor trill
O tree! you are hurt for good things you have
Like virtuous men slashed, lying queit and still.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
The Wrong Turn

I've chosen the wrong turn, 
what i dont see has made me run
Im following this blind man away 
now everyone could have their say:
It seeming am sitting on a sharp poke
my friends now dont laugh at my joke,
my reasons are clear but no one tend
To ask me where this turn would end.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
There Is An Empire

There is an empire,
In that empire no mortal lives;
On its lane no human travels,
In that empire, no day nor night;
Upon its sky, no darkness nor light,
There's no burst of rains and dew
No woods, Nor green grass strew
Yet no drought nor dearth of food;
There no man sets stones apart to build,
But in that empire there a hidden throne;
And an invisible emperor, On that throne,
Some unseeable gladiators, beside the throne;
Unseeable gladiators beside the throne,
Invisible emperor on that throne;
Hidden throne in the empire,
No man sets stones apart to build;
Yet no drought nor dearth of food,
No burst of rains and dew;
No woods, Nor green grass strew
No darkness nor light upon its sky
In that empire no day nor night,
No human travels on its lane;
No mortal lives in that empire,
This empire is in the world to come

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
To A Little Girl Murdered By Her Father

Have you tasted a sack of bee?
if she sings, sweet was her voice
Little girl, you were tender jelly rose
Before the rude hands squeezed you
You were but a soft fall of snow
Before the earth smutched you,
He knocked you kicks and blows
Before you fell and died that night.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
To My Brother (Oluwaseun) In Death

Dekko, dekko! my cniht stumbled as giant sculpture,
Altho` doughty yet fell likeas ancient colosseum;
Chest-binded leak`g dust; Trampled below her toe,
To war, To war; she doth matches withno mece nor fultum;

Extreme in parade; A rapier sharper than lion's fang,
Crafty lamb; Slayed thou big fox with scythe of grim-reaper;
Seeds of delilah; slay me not t`is day, O gorgon, O hag!
Fairy as lily of dale; All promiscuous men doth suspires after;

Therefrom a crowd, thy lovely visage thus wheedleth,
As ringlets madest of aureates, Oft-tempt`g to heist;
Lo! cannot men live withno her seraphic kisses and warmth?
Great be a man dyin' a bachelor, This he is the greatest?

O lord! Whither, Whithers my cniht, my brother?
Thou gone upto a place; The sun goest afore twi-lit?
Sapientwith sweet sin plus seduction; she won`r hanker,
Much as satan kills e`en can ne`er creates a mere maggot!

Verily, Verily, I knew my brother wast temptedst of vagrants,
Still, if he remainedst him stand and succumbed not;
`Ewouldst hast been mightier than many stronger tracts,
`Ewouldst ruled over universes and the whole planet;

Right and o`er every nations and their king___
And upon golden moon, thither he hath`s seat;
His bedstead amongst crystal tunglen
I only scribed a dirge but she killed thee, O cniht!

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
To My Mommy

Mommy!
You are the creamy moon,
On the night
of a new year.
The whole world run happily
Round the streets,
screaming your name.

Mommy!
You are the broad warmy sun,
On the morning
Of every church day.
All priests bend their knees solemnly
and pray for you
shalom! shalom! ! shalom! ! ! .

Mommy!
You are a beautiful woman,
As a little sea-eyed girl
Dressed in purple.
Holding a rose in her hands
all the children love
to pick your cheeks.

Mommy!
I am alone gazing at the old photos
The sweet memories
Are coming to my mind.
Mom don't worry about me, i'll soon be home
i love you mommy from my heart
God and all the saints knows it.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Toby-The Tombdigger

Wish a tombdigger, i was made;
Carving caskets, with axe and spade
Who could sing the most bitter elegies,
A lissful pity for quick monumental obsequies
And within my closed doors, i laugh:
The straiteneds, may plead to pay me-half
When he must embalm his poor father;
Would go console, make mothers less sadder
When their impish son wears a big rope,
As hoaxers, do give raring but doubtful hope
In death of such unjust lord or tyrant,
That thousand haters unbless and rant
At me, to engrave his stone, rest in peace;
Yet if their tears rush and gush more seas,
I would have it as sweetest testimony;
Each day would my prayers wish all men a coffin
Even with my solemn love for a dead friend,
I would shroud him grave to rejoice his end.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Transfiguration

Here I was- lovelorn.
Nursing my wish for farandole.
After that cold shady rain,
When all men pick their walks
And the old ones gaiting by;
Like little chicks crossing gums
All earth's gullies turned sealet
The night was very damp and quiet
And its hovering was as snowstorm
Few flies and colubrid could hiss;
The moon's cloak was densely soaked
All the stars were beaten so wet too
.....And lost away all their disco lights
That night you came home, O dear love.
That night you came and hugged me up
You came- you came calling my names,
You brought home some flavorful flowers
As your soft hands combed them in my hispid
I stood springy as the height of a tree
You folded me tight to your warmth
Crossed your neck and kissed my ears
As you cleft me 'tween your two boobs
I felt a bursting of spark deep within me
I held you hands, then we transcended
Disembodied into the heavenwards,
I became cherub- you turned harpyja
You put out your wings and I clung on
You led the tour and I simply followed
You asked me questions but I couldn't answered.....
Just because your mouth was wordless
And I couldn't understand that language
I spoke my thousands oaths into it
And your many faithful vows into mine.
We jumped boundaries of many worlds
Some lands were berries, seas were liquors
We saw countless fine supernatural arts;
We saw flying men from the smokes afar
And we beat feathers together to greet,
Some tweeting musics, lights and polished bodies
But O! that night faded into a morning,
I woke up, but you weren't beside me.
I am dreaming or you never came home?
But if you have come home, come to stay.
So I pray the rain bid us such a night
together, if not forever but once again.
♫Sir Toby ~2017.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Trust None, Even Me

Be you and trust none; Nor thath eats thy flesh, drinks from thy blood;
Beloved, trust none; e'en me, albeit amn't paranoid;
But whilst thou must trust, only trust upon most high God,
Believe not, Men's falsity; empty art they, so Void;
Bittin' and gashing down the breast as like edged-sword;

Ho heck! , Why doth men hurts and not loyal?
Himself ain't a Saint-seraph, but a mere mortal,
Hitherto, Hath I hired the moon, hereafter he b'thine referral;
Halos thee withal marrigolds than lilies
canst enthral,
Honey lips wilt flow lyrics, e'en withno
rehearsal;

Lo, Believe but Never trust men!
Learn therefrom perils of those thath hath fall'n;
Lose him only life, To a cheetah in a kitten's
skin;
Live desert'd better it is, Than die in bosom of devious affection,
Life is dear, wisdom, courage, all brings
admiration.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Turpitude

'A wicked man,
will inherit fiendishness
He that have wrought of turpitudes
Do make its harvest of corruption;
So it's death,
to share a bottle of wine
With a friend,
who has refused to forgive
You of your offence'.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Two Things

Two things, I Pray For
O God b'yon heavens!
Harken, For Pray I, Two things
Fame nor Honor nev'r gives unto Me;
Lest, the ruthless wench swallow me up as grave;
Whom her teeth art cuttin' as shards;
She thath delightest in killin' kings,
Slain my soul in the gates,
And share my flesh to young eagles,
But Disown me not purple wools and silks,
B'fore I cease my breathe,
Two things hast I demand of thee,
Give nether me poverty nor riches,
Lest am filled up O' strong Wines,
And profess I, thine word art Lies;
Sweep away thine teachings as dreams;
For affluences art not forever,
Nor crown to every generation ether;
Lest, Forget the laws, and quoth I, Who is God?
But Withal bounty portion, Feed mine gourd;
Lo, A sand is more weighty,
And a stone ev'n heavy;
But the slanders of a liar is heavier than,
From lies and vanity, Let me Abstain;
Let Me be Poor nor havin' lots
Lest I tread in dust thine tablets.
Amen!

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Wallahi - -Na Lie

Wallahi- Na Lie
Ebri Mallam sef don wise;
Allah! My prend na di prize
Awa-ra-wa wey get beta date
I go pass you for di gate,
Sii down hia mek you wait;
Elo Lo mu lowor nibeyen fun
Chere M ebee a ka m bia, i nu?
You don com lagos fom mugun
Gofment promez, you turn neck
Lotto result na wetin yeu dey check
Na yur mumu go mek you reck,
Wallahi- na Lie
Aboki Sef don open eye,
O boi, na so naija tek bi.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Warring Peace

Thinking how the world would make peace,
Is like waiting at new-york for titanic to reach;
It wont while your heart would blow,
Thinking of its sad news, you know
To erase an ink with a pencil,
Or try to know where the word travel
where then do you start to alter?
it is always a near hit to a dark matter
but peace is made for the deads, wars for the living.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
What If It's True

What If it's true
that this day we see
will be the last to come
and there will be nothing else
we will call the marrow.

what if it's true
that we will turn to statue
when we cease this our breath
when our body is given to the sand
and a mere story will then be told.

What if it's true
that our souls then is immortal
it is still alive on the surface earth
whispering and wandering
on the four wings of the wind.

what if it's true
that something so strange
to history will soon happen
when the preacher's foretell
will then come to pass.

what if it's true
that a fiery warlord is coming
he once fought the hills and the seas
he has fought many wars and won
and his men were known for it.

what if it's true
the world will lost all to him
he will run after her and kill her
he will not spare his children too
then after will he set his new throne.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
When Men Slept

And when men slept,
Enemy and his legions crept;
sowed tares amidst wheat,
other closed under their feet
while some opened the soil:
with spider darned owl's foil,
And rats chewed crop in barns
and wasted every of their earns;
Dogs barked at strangeness in sky
cats with glowing yellow-like eyes,
Stood scarily hunting upon graves;
Bats flew in and out empty caves
And mother of vampires sitting afar,
picked down thousands precious star.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
When We Die

When We die
Do we again lives on?
when darkness shuts our eye,
Are we in new body- reborn?

When the holy-killer kills____
Where does our spirits- wend
If breathe from our nostrils;
Takes wing and off- ascend?

If it flies away as unroped kites,
If blackness covers a lamp- doused:
Do flesh and soul but reunites?
At where the yellow flame goes?

Must death at all times bereave,
And flash his teeth of conquest?
Is any world lying a-yond grave
Or below after our breast we rest?

Are we only decayed by heat of sun
Turns mushroom, flower at night
Blooming upon wood and bourn
Purple, red, green and White?

When We die,
Do We the thought of life- lose
Or feel for our mourner's cry?
Have We any other chance to choose?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
When We Were Young

When We Were Young;
And i guess that wasn't quite long,
Crying was an habit we all grew,
we talked to cats and we knew
How to jump at flying plane;
we go falling round, happy and insane
We go hide and seek, hide and seek
Good was every friday, it ended the week
At church we'd danced the choir's song,
Do you remember when we were young?
*
You remember when we were two?
dragging away our mommas' shoes
Checking out our fits in her dress,
We made much stains and sticky mess;
Talked much nonsense when we were wrong
one may say, it because we were young.
we turned to grow naughty bones,
Climbing trees and throwing stones
Boys comes building up house of ashes,
Girls goes cooking up pack of trashes.
*
Together we cut, shared our ice cold
we never worried about growing old,
we were too lazy to read our writings:
we had no good care for everything,
Victor knew, Mine was to play football,
I and Tobi always desired it- afterall
To be the best star we could be;
Flying our jersey like those in tv
but all our dreams faded away,
we traded them for another by the way.
*
Now ourselves have changed,
And things left behind look strange
we have lost the memories of events,
the real beauty of places we went
When we let our legs to kiss of the sea,
When we climbed the park sliding free;
they are what we talk now if we meet
Or cry hard about in our secret,
as we watch our old photos one by one
Because some of us feels we are now alone.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Where Is - All The World?

Where is -all the world?
Those we played together in mud?
Where are those days we had funs
Along the streets where we had our runs
In the naked harmattan of every december
Would Laolu, Lekan, femi, mayor still remember?
Is anyone of them also thinking of me?
Can I still trust one if now I see?
One more, give me one more life
That is free from fears and strife
Like the one I had when I was six
When I could go in through and pick
Some ices from the thunderous rain
Setting block to cause some floods drain
One more calming through night
Peaceful, withno dream to fright
Like that I had in mama's lap after that rain
When I thought*no maid at labor feels pain
O moon come shine long and much plain
Before the marrow will come here again
What is this stinging my heart so rough?
Someone come turn this music box off;
Let me tell if it be choir of men's solo
Or some demons whispering to my soul
For this is too heavy and isn't raw!
And bloodily digging on my brain
's skull
Let me only hear a piano's note whisper
Or something before my eyes disappear
I want to yield slowly those angels' calls
I need a voice to speak from the walls;
Where is -all the world?
Those we played together in mud?

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Who Wilt Preach

Who wilt preach,
In all wisdom, Warning everyman;
How say you withno thoughts of breach,
To defend Justice and Scan;
Every scandals and filty vices,
Without receiving bribes or Prices?
Would hearts think it once?
To speak of the past regicide,
Than he dies of his conscience;
Slave rather live dumb, An Imbecile
He knows truth has noplace to stay,
And whosoever shuns evil, becomes a prey
Who wilt preach,
Ambitiously against Injustice and dishonesty;
Appease righteousness to our reach,
Pleading our case with integrity;
Standing up to check, The course of Law
Sharpening that sword, On federal-crooks' Jaw
Who wilt Preach,
And never leave the He-man but spaces;
Or, either, turn a Running-ostrich
Unveiling falsities, With some shows of paces;
As engraved upon altar of all men's tongue
To bravely proclaim it, With bells and bong

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Why Can't I Change

Why Can't I Change?
or something,
just change me.
Why Am I too weak
that i stumble and stand up
every day i try to walk?
why do I follow the way
thousands of men go.
why not i stray,
to the road not taken
why do I choose to wear rag
when there is for me fine cloth?
do i need to return like a dog
to my vomits again,
to get myself satisfied.
why is it hard for a man to be free,
why is my salvation been dragged,
or does it not belong to me?
or the one who gave me is a liar?
can't just something
strange just happen,
can't love just fall down
for me like a heavy rain
that hurry a tiger
and antelope to share a hole
or i am fated to die this way,
why can't i change
or something just change me? .

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
Winterfall

O sweet winter fall, fall again
Fall this season, kind and plain;
The earth await you with fain:
Much planters need to plant grain;
Little boys up the streets-complain
To get those grasshoppers slain,
Green frogs suffer a large blain;
They want a pondbed at river-ain:
O sweet rain, O sweet winter rain
Fall hie but harm no violets in lain
Lest all mankind turn unkind as cain
To scold you and not refrain.

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo
WITHIN AND APART

Things fall, Within and apart,
That everyone bear a part
Of each tragedy and sad art,
Sages who claims to be smart;
Cannot surmise but a fact,
Who know, If the gods' act?

Like hungry dogs, After a mouse
Which hound these dreadful woes,
Firring us daggers, Like their foes
Corpses belike litters at every poles;
Alas! Cryings, Tears of bitter souls,
Rushing as if an estuary flows

Oluwatobi Ebuka Adebayo