

Poetry Series

jodekss gloatkenf
- poems -

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jodekss gloatkenf(April 29th, '90)

I am an earth-man with an ill-common trait when it comes to having fear and faith in my Father in heaven...I am a black boy from Nigeria and am profoundly proud of that...I mind naught to die preventing the good name of my family and to die and die again, again and again without a gain to respect the name of Jesus christ of Nazareth...the source and the end of everything about me...My cognome, pen name, fictitious numenclature or sobriquet is JODEKSS GLOATKENF but my real name is EMMANUEL KAYODE. I write when I won't write, I won't write when am writing...Shalom aleichem...This world need to end soonest! Care, I do not...I am forever myself, I am sourced in nothingness...but for in every nothingness, there is always something else...

A Dancer's Note Shared By The Beats Of The Silence.

Now, I do bouyance into the waves of nothingness
Just now nay, coming out with nothing less
Note, naught than something else
If I were moulded in the shape of a dancer
And not a bard to be from Nigeria
I would want to waggle like a winning wind with wierd mowering power
Underneath the peakest place, dancing direly at the point devoid of a simba
Aye, for the boastfulness sitting in the seat sized for shameness is as tinier
As it's when there are beats interwovening twixt one and other
In order
Come here and sit there now
I am pointing out the escaping pincher to you you funny folly very against my mo
All you can see is the window
If I were a dancer, you shall see me dancing every mo
See, a good dancer will never dance only in the inner inn in betwixt an ante in
the dance studio or even out in the main show
But a good dancing head shall move to and fro at all mo
Okay, move manicly with the movements that moves at all mo
Aye, dance to the tango shown by silence entangling the same with the way
hailed even by big bro the beloved and bereaved "Sango."

jodekss gloatkenf

Fore For For Ever.

I hail hearts that can still take a sip
A nice time to heads that lack a stout shape
Albeit, live is a short trip
And the world being as a video
VHS, eject, rewind, forward place 'n' pull it in, ...
And nudge the play button unlike a tapeless radio
What will she show?
Well, I just wish I could play for ever
But I need to play for ever
My names
For fore for every generations
Aye, I'll make my name and cognome breathe for ever.
This is all ment for a signed up sane soul.
Here
We all flip out the triggering iron in zero
You dropp your bomb
I may dropp mine and mayn't
That may be cos I cherish infinity in this limited land
Those that dropp theirs
May escape being vapourised
But me holding mine go along with it when it goes boom
Irony of situation, this is
It may be you in my shoes
And my legs may fall in yours
But
My name shall live for ever here
And my repute shall grant me a stay in the incoming
The beauteous phase.
We all want to be a don
Here, it's cool let's keep it on
Let's let love go on, on and on
Let's play pious
This is the master key of master keys
For us to live for ever young perhaps
Old in peace nah in pieces
It isn't nice to rest in pieces
Being fore for ever takes embracing every chances
All we need isn't being all time gaga
But being saga, and can be bestowed upon by is, our Father.

jodekss gloatkenf

Life's A Process.

Ever close your eyes
Ever stop and listen
Ever feel alive
And you've nothing missing
You don't need a reason
To this for this won't thrust you into prison
Let it the day go on and on
Let the rain fall down Everywhere around you
Give into it now
Let the pain permit through
Now to it make a baully boo
You don't need a reason
Let the rain go on and on.
Peep through the strokes of the rain
See the goodly size of lads skipping ropes in the rain
Enjoin 'em in that state
You don't need a reason
Let the mo move on, on and on
All the route to make through
I am a wild guy
All the route to make it through
I am a wild boy
Life's a process
You've just got to get possessed by being pious
Just a grace from above
By the one that's all that's above
Life's a process
Let it all go on and on
World of a wild child
I am one
Listen
Ever take your time
Just part of the helter skelter?
Well, is everything not in kilter?
Just find the tiniest space out of the higgledy-piggledy
And think about what is right
It's your right
I am sure that I am right
And this right is right do it right

Now, the left is wrong for the right is right
You don't need a reason
Let that go on and on
For
Every summer sun
Every winter evening
Every spring to come
You'll see every autumn departing
You don't need a reason
Let these go on, on and on
Life is a process
We are all part of the process
Every process starts
For every process ends
Life's too tiny so exhausting it is meaningless
Life is a process
Let's make the final defaults
Be of beautiful products please.

jodekss gloatkenf

Mad Love.

Mad world indeed.

I embraced her last night then, I was bold

This night's tell-tale is a negative in a foggy fold

She said

What I said

Didn't back up what we said

My words are zooming in into a single word

Hatred

Loved

Afore was the thematic expression stowed all o'er our visages

Now things have peregrinated as in, dawdling within banks of murks.

Well, all I wish for her is to take her to manifolds shores

And do kinds of sailings

And not just that not for once

But now,

My heart has nosedived out of that show for now

For a heartless heart is worthless in a valentine balling show.

Mad world

Mad love but not odd

Hope am right or what do you expect in that stead!

What I love most is now what waggled unto and volatilised

Me, so, she hates me, ah! Isn't the amity, since, betwixt more than a decade?

Now my heart is pumping amid

Piled tons of thorns twisting-twixt amid

Broken bottles with shattered

Shells of sinful snails soaked and stowed somehow.

O lovelorn orioles, why now to, a scary crow?

Well, though solitary I am just now, nailed with my titchy window.

The loved, take solace to embracing your new nest and make daily a crow

Naught to say anymore perhaps I shall nest in 'Ondo'

The loved, let me say bravo

The pain my pain pains but won't percolate beyond my bone marrow

At least, see you lovelorn, perhaps in the morrow.

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Madman's Mind

Aye, let me let go what I let in
What, leave that and flutter into that filthy gutter
Hit it,
Heat it
Eat it
It's your favourite sweet salad
What! Aye, let me look for a shining shoe
I have got to put on a pretty pinafore
Curveteous sweather with a head cap heading for cold weather
I have got to have this done
Don?
Are you insane?
I meant done not don
You, a don?
Pounce and flip into that gutter who willed you a willing will?
Who dares give a grudging gut?
Now, trust and thrust
Sir yes sir
I am therein what's the next step this hour?
Dig in the filth and feel satisfied
Ah! But the worms The sticky spittles
The long dead chicks
The ants matching flappily
The songs of the splashing water from that side that stink
The kids buttock being washed therein
The haggard head throwing in their brushing sticks
Hens and chicks picking feeds
The urine passing out of that passing preacher
And that?
And this?
And those?
And these?
You've got to bequeath upon another choice please
Choice?
Won't even give an alternative lummoX
Attentive oaf, those are magi to add to the dish's delicacy
Munch that filthy
Gutter you mad man
Munch it we've got lots of delinquency to bring to life

Who shall incarcerate us, with a knife?
No, not lots of luck but lots of laugh
Don't make me laugh
Yeah, do it
I am doing it
Hey! Those escaping worms musn't escape
If so, your tool I must scrape
You dirty-headed ape
Do it
I am doing it
Ah! Compeer
They are watching me over there and here
And so what, don't care
If I want, I may make you dead through that KIA
Continue gulping that fine lads decayed feaces
Gulp 'em all as in crates of coke and yawning of yawed youghurts
Do this vaster I need you to be hale
Or would you want a dark ale?
No?
What the...
I choose for you, I give you fate
Break that plate
Quintessence, the last time you brush your teeth
Was the last time you didn't
Eighteenth
Now, Eighty-eight
Right?
Done!
Wake up
Jab up
Look not the eyes of anyone
Mind you you are the one
You aren't mad
You are the best one
You aren't mad they are all mad
Aye, see, see that cute cab
Break its side mirrors
Deflate its new tyres
Blast of its winking windscreen
None would dare screech that you'd sin
It's you that are always right
They are all wrong, so left

You, you are right right
Yes, that yew, cut it and munch it down
Sweet, they are
Take it as your popsicle
Roger roger
Done and it's really of savour and exquisitely sweet
I would love to die more of the same death
No, continue your fluttery-hobblings
Aye, slap that curveteous belle
Touch her bulbous bag and smile
She would run away cos she knows you are gorgeous
Don't entertake being nervous
You are the best, remember?
I am going
Ah! Done
It was interesting, the bags branched into my hands as of foam
It was soft and pretty round
Yes, you enjoyed that
O that's very evident.
Yes, sopor a bit
No more bite
Relax and be free
Now is your break time
Locomoting shall loco in a few minutes
Enjoy your lucidity lump
Up
Get seated up
Get down up
Beg for many money
Request for paper money
Any with a coin give a dirty nock
You've got to smoke
Beneath that dock in an incoming clock
Beg
Contort your countenance naught
Take on sobreithy sobriquet by smiling silently
They shall favour thee
Humans do pity
You see
They are pitying and pushing to you big money
Humans are mad you aren't
You are the best

What!
A coin?
Chase him
Run after 'em
Take a stone
Done
Haul 'em at 'em
delet hesitation
Here is your station
Baul like a lion
Squeeze 'em like a famished boa
Devour 'em like a dying Dino
Treat 'em devoid of respect
I won't
You won't?
Aye, I won't
What, how dare you!
How dare you mutter nah or snooze
From your back, ooze
Blood now
Cut yourself now
Cut it I command thee now
Do it now and kowtow like a crying cow
Do it and never flout my commands again mad man
Yes, do it mad man
I am doing it
Yes, let the blood match out
Yes, gulp it
It's your blood, gulp it
It's taste is tasty taste it
Now never hate
You should've known me better afore this date
When irked, I may spur you to fall off that bridge
When you are dead
I am just going to pounce out and
Embrace a fresher body
That's the culture and we're for ever steady
Put off your cloth and dance Azonto
Didn't you hear that info
That music sang by Davido
Dance to it in Azonto nay to tango
In abject nude

With your curved cock jumping up and down
Do this to chase away guys and damsels in gown
Dance like a dead man chasing a fiendish gost
Dance from here to Lagos' coast
Don't hesitate
In fact
Only Heaven can free your mind from my shackles
Mad man
Remember mad man
You aren't a mad man
You are just a merry man
All those over there are those that had gone loco
Mad man
Sir!
You aren't mad
You are just out of your mind.

jodekss gloatkenf

Nothing's Straight

Morny...

Noting these things, is a must for thee

See, to me

Set down this set down

This is another graceful dawn

We are still cos we're all loved

By Love himself

Listen up...

For life shall always be in an askew mode

Reset it always by being bold

Since the first morn, it'd been like that

Yes, the morn, perhaps noon

Who knows, perhaps it's at night

Nay, in the morn or in the noon

Cos the twain had to trudge down to

The central square afore the munching down of

What was accursed

Nothing's straight here bloke

Since that mo

The more earth-man move to make it straight

The more, perhaps it signs up for, a newer strait

Life is in its dire days

Heaven is now peeping at, to see who shall be picked

For the fieriest and

the furriest time for that foe is fully at hand...

Yes, this tit-bit isn't a first-hand

Nor would it be the last-hand

Try and understand my stand, friend

Try to be my best friend my fiend!

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The 2nd Coming Is Coming!

All man must die but naught all man will die to live again to gain...
Nought all, at all will die to gain again...
For the 2nd coming is all ready coming
The 2nd coming
When even my mummy
Won't be able to speak for daddy
The 2nd coming when daddy mayn't sight anymore my mummy
The 2nd coming when me
And my girlfriend mayn't repeat doing
Again our usual kissing
The 2nd coming
When, short down will be of night partying
The coming
When he that loves sinning
Won't be able to sin again
The 2nd coming
That shall pounce on when naught's expecting
Beware, of this thing
For the second coming
Is all ready coming?

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The Last Nightmare...

The nightmare I'd during the last nap
Was so infuriating as of a pea-brained pig pestering
To sit with in the selfsame seat
I hobbled forwards from my far away facade
The swag was neither salty nor sinful
To intake the tit-bit better than the afore-said face
I found that tiny room I embraced it warmly
Seated
Quietly attentive to the echoes marching out flutterily via the mouth of
The speaker
Was direly presently away
Near far way way in the far way in the spiritual side
Picking each words from the same state and perfectly hauling
Each via the slimmy channel created for...
Aye, I think I was kind of famishing or meanly thirsty
Lo and behold
For this is roughly purely a giant abode
A synagogue with the same semblance
The content therein are direly familiar
But the amity twixt is unfamiliar
Back here
In my hand was a youghurt
Gulping it
In the front of the speaker and being attentive is of a huge percentage
Then, see that hypocritic tit trudging toward this tasty taste
With this objective and aim to litigate
I could hardly perceive the sibilance of the pattering produced against the tiles
by him
I think, I was pulled out
A big slap but missed
Not missed
The middle finger touched my right cheek
I think
This stink
I went ballistic
Hyper-irked
With why-this and what-was-it-I-did plastering the contorted countenance of
mine in the same state
I peeped at his guilty-filled visage and warned his butts against such

For all attestated nothing is wrong
But all knew it was wrong
What's wrong this is wrong
I know it's wrong
But he's wrong
I think all of us were wrong
I collected the microphone and used my flat tongue
And bauled
If that is repeated by you again
I shall give you
Thunderous slaps not two
I let go now cos the abode averse such verse
I then zag back with a poisoned mind and
Heart was of acrid
And have my keister seated
And then I came back from that world to this world
But instantaneously, I re-shape the sword
Via prayer by the name of He that is called
The word.

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They Judged Me Before

Yesterday

They judged me before they even know me

An ogre they called me

In this mornny

I termed 'em all living souls that're long dead

In this afternoon they brought with 'em a big roll of plead

Pleading me for a pact in the stead

Nay I hullabalooed

'Em all I booed

This is all to have me fooled

I am done dealing with you

Flow out of my rubbled room you, you and yew

You oaves of acrid heart

You called me a raven-dove

A donkey-dragon that cremates without making a move

All of you I say to you

Go to hell or else I'll sue

Second chance?

I have given you daemons more than 666 chances

Go and jazz your second chance

For from now on, I belief naught in second chances

Tell me please

Why is this cosmos

Suffering in her sick state o'er the same illness?

jodekss gloatkenf

This World Will Never Wait.

Peepers of this world,
Kiss the ass of these words
Aye, for the sake of He that died on the cross
Dump wobbling after the world.
For the world is good at waiting
But he has never waited for one afore
Check out the epoch as the fore
For
The world is like a shadow
Guised in a behemoth silhouette
Yes, the world awaited you
You embrace him
You embrace the silhouette
Checking out the silhouette
What you will see is an empty set
For the world's exactly in a real disguise
The world awaits none
Cos he knows the time is no more prime
Put into shreds your old attire
Sign up with that white empire
For this world shall leave us all
Not all of us shall leave this world.
For it's written
By Him, not by your keen kitten.

jodekss gloatkenf

To Adeola On Her

The merry mo has pounced in at
last

Your birth day resusitated my
consciousness from that stony
sopor

The gate of real reality got
opened to me at last at exactly
04: 04

The vow avowed afore need
being fulfilled for
Isn't today really my cousin's
day?

The twenty-fifth is truely to
thrust to the phase of being a
lone and a nine

May Heaven handover to your
head crowns that shine

Bequeath upon thee the giant
grace to celebrate the same

Many more than three hundred
and thirty-three trillion times
more

Happy birthday Deola, you this is
for

Munch many meat, gulp gallons
of any drinks but naught Gulder

Feel grig, entangle with fiends
and friends with a good and godly grin

Mollify mumsy and Praise your
pretty papa properly

Nay, extol Abba first, I mean
these meanly

I am sincerely yours, may God
uplift us all now, anonly

I can sight your site at the
toppest top

Deola, today, feel manic non-stop

Jodekss and his family bawled to the world

That o happy birthday Deola, may the
love twixt continue, ratify so o
God!

jodekss gloatkenf

To Tosin

Early in the morn this day
I woke and saw the sun smiling
With her tiny little chums being in the selfsame euphoric state
At the same hour
I wonder why wonder started wardering me
What's all these?
What! A dancing rainbow?
What! The moon is dawdling out of her fancy facade?
Attained in a glimmering pinafore
Doing tango
So suffisticated that it compelled my baully bravo
Aye, for stars themselves draw nearest to my
Window's mouth for a sonorous chat
All the winds in all the cardinals are enjoining.
Aaaaah! Is this a day-dreaming?
Why all these this day?
Why is today so special?
Jittered and perplexed, I was
Dawdling in my curveteous cave, I was
Toward my cellular
Muttering indingnantly at myself
I have got to log in to facebook
I have got to tell this to a dear friend of mine
Tosin...
Wow! I was in,
The notification pounced on in as thus
Today's Tosin's birthday'
What? So this is why this day
Is so special
To the extent that celestial bodies joined to jubilate
To blaze the bliss to make more elated
To make Tosin more glad.
Tosin
You've got to know these things
I sighted a lot in the morny
Aye, things beyond the boundaries of my ken
Ehm! Telling these things to you to me thick beyond giving thee many money
Hence, happy birthday to you Tosin
In fact, catch this fact

Heaven from above jubilates with, in even
Even
Ballistic beings that gallop in the galaxy are busy hauling
Their giggling gifts
All cos today is your day
This day, hullabaloo to hell to feeling ire
Entertake manic mood
Dust away blushy mood
Make even folly fiends be your friendliest friends
Embrace this as a tiniest token from me, Jodekss.
Tosin, sincerely yours
My heart, soul and body say, congratulations.

jodekss gloatkenf

Whenever I Ask And Whenever It's Given.

Whenever enquired for more
What is seen percolating via dirty scalp used to move beyond manifold
When they are in
They take charge
Charging up
Those that are charging down
Those that need being refurbished
They are so filled with valourity
Valour and an alienic goliathic stance
Mighty enough that makes to question big time
My questions
Just within a sec
A micro-sec
uhm! It's beyond that
It's lesser than a micro-sec
This is getting too powerful
Growing too goodly
Assisst o assisst!
O assisst Heaven!
Don't let go while yet riping
Let these abilities suit
Not to quicken the titchy time given
No, not like it happened to those with in the same gene
Now they are gone
Albeit, that was centuries ago
But they went too soon
Let go, perhaps too late
Purge please of errors in this state
And in the end, aye of cause, that gate
To opening it wide for, don't hesitate
Accept the plea to purge, you that
Gave this day's date
Intercede, without thee, it will all fall off this plate
Now, good to go, hate
To be late
Thanks Pa, for this special trait
Thee I exolt
Jab up now than I thought
And the testimony shall be hotter, to be honest

Than the hottest, but shall be moderate
All via you, please mutate this taste
For thee know what
all love and hate!

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