

Poetry Series

Meshack Dasco
- poems -

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Meshack Dasco(10-10-1987)

PERSONAL SUMMARY

Meshack Bankole Dada is a Nigerian born Medical Doctor who takes delight in poetry at his early stage of medical training. He focuses on nature, lyrics, culture, interpersonal issues like love, moral, challenges and injustice. He is a known positive critic focusing on religion, tribe, race, politics and relationships. His choice for poetry is gingered by reading through the lines of great poets such as Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, Shakespeare, Woodworth, Angelou, Sarah Teasdale among others. Their inspiring poems are like elixir balms of longevity to his body systems.

EARLY LIFE & CAREER

He was born and brought-up in the North-Central part of Nigeria, (Niger-State) . He is a native of Iloro-Ekiti, Ekiti-State in SouthWest Nigeria & the last born child of his family; though the road was alittle bumpy yet the boons were bountiful. He spent 70% of his childhood days with his mother, Lady Evangelist Beatrice Atinuke Dada - a prosperous trader and virtuous mother. His father, Late Rev'd James Kosemani Dada spent most of his life outside home, due to his missionary ministerial demands. Dr Meshack attended Niger Baptist Nursery & Primary School, Minna, Niger-State(1994-1999) - - during which he was assisting his mother to do virtually all the household routines and selling of Satchet "Zobo" drink, Ice Waters, Soft Drinks. He later joined his father for his Secondary school education - Okpe Isoko Grammar School, Okpe Isoko, Delta-State, Nigeria(1999-2003) & African Church Grammar School, Ikirun, Osun-State. Nigeria(2003-2005) .

He was admitted into college of medicine, university of Ilorin, kwara-state, nigeria in november 2006. Graduated as a medical doctor in march 2013! Currently, running his internship program in FMC Bida, Niger-State, Nigeria. His delight for poetry right from early medical training days has been a good source of respite for him anytime depression hangs on.

He is engaged to a Mathematician - Florence `Busayo Akande.

"a Log Of Tree In Your Eyes"

when I was lost in the sea of thoughts
I was only chewing the cud of Aremu's words
which kept on ringing in my hollows
like the tingling of a cymbal in deep-night

how could you a mortal made man
whose breath is a vapor-smoke
see a mortal made man's mistakes
when the log of tree in thy inner lenses
weak - wretched - wrecked - and - wrinkled
they were - without a hope

if in grudges and by hurts you see
let not your heart forgets itself
that this bitter-and-sweet pill still stands
you were once a failure without a judge
yet you still managed to stair the ship to shore

so let it be
and attend to the soil in your eyes
for you and the one you accused
are under a canopy anchored by an arch-judge

Meshack Dasco

"faith Like Potatoes"

Only to trust God with our faith
Only that is what might be needed to see
when the spell of darkness falls
Like the gurara waterfall.

Only to see with a heart of faith
Can tame the sight of fear
Only faith can plant potatoes in the dust
What a bounty the harvest will be!

Faith like potatoes -
Foolish though the act looks
Fruitful the outcomes echo.
I tell you all things yield to faith

Meshack Dasco

“god: A Contract Killer? ”

God: a contract killer?
Die! Die! the chanting rose -
Alas! if the die, die, is carried out -
How empty and stoic the globe would be?
I see -rather- a God who is a constant lover!

God: a contract killer?
Perish! Perish! the uproar echoes-
Lo! the immortal needs the mortals for pleasure-
So! He decides - when to kill and when to save-
I feel -rather- a God who is a contract healer!

God: a contract killer?
Burn! Burn! the schandefreude thunders-
Behold! a hair - man cannot save from fall off-
Yet, the call for a contract killer blazes like a fire-
I hear -rather- a God who is an everlasting savior!

Meshack Dasco

"i Need Not Spies"

The eye that sees via a lens
Even sees not well when the brain is tensed:
What's the gain of seeing via eyes that are densed?

Densed or tensed by what?
Of course by the neurotoxic venom of fear -
And, the cold spirit of unbelief!

It's abortive to anchor dreams on internally blind eyes;
To claim the trust of my dream
I need not a spy to help me see!

Meshack Dasco

"if You Do Not Love Me"

If you do not love me,
I say,
If you chose to love me not,
Just dare to remain idle
Just chose to be cold like ice.

If you do not want to love me,
I repeat,
If you decided to put love to sleep,
Never mind to be a man,
Never mind to be free as wind.

If you really care to love me,
I say,
If you really care for freedom,
Let your joints and tendons be strong,
Let your fingers find freedom for fate.

If you dare to know my love,
I plead,
If you dare to know my desire,
Live like a lover without an anchor,
Live to make my head swell-up like a tide.

Meshack Dasco

"make Me A Pipe"

Make me:

A pipe - -

A channel - -

A fauchet - -

Of your everflowing miracles!

Wretched - though I was -

A conduit of hope - you made me -

Filthy - though I was born -

A conduit of godliness - you molded me -

More so - I plead - make me:

A pipe of your ceaseless love,

A channel of your doubtless faith - & -

A fauchet of your tireless hope!

Meshack Dasco

“motherhood: A Mother’s Pains Turn Pride”

Such a deep feeling at the shore
Wakes up my cold heart to recall-
At the sight of the sea’s crest and trough-
What a big heart we might need to be a woman!
Not a mere woman but a mother-woman:
Whose heart can pump blood to the gold in utero,

Whose spine can support the weight within,
Whose brain can bear the load of queries within,
Whose back can give warm-solace to the newborn,
Whose boobs can feed the new miracle ad lib,
Whose goal remains steadfast: to raise a living hero,
And to die in the caring arms of loving children!

Meshack Dasco

"sacred Songs Within Strange Lands"

BATTLES may be fought without swords.
But when the walls are tall-huge
And the foes are weak-strong giants,
To fight without a spear but a sacred song is a mockery!

HOW hitchless & bloodless is the battle fought with a song!
A sacred song for that matter.
That cuts the foundation low-deep at jericho
And opened the prison gates for Paul & Silas.

EVERY battle has its weak & strong point.
Strange walls conquered can be before a sacred song.
Fearful to look at the walls it is, but-
Victorious it is to sing the LORD'S Song within strange walls!

Meshack Dasco

"sores Within A Sore"

No pain is as squeezing as their sores:
That spread all over their cores.
Yet they multiply more and more,
As if their sores are free of pain and spore.

When we entered their camps,
Their hairs stood straight like poles:
For seeing us as lamps to their dark paths.
Their mouths salivate for a messiah.

Sorrows fill their hearts like loads,
And the burdens in their hearts as heavy as gravel.
They live as if no sorrow to fight;
And their faces glow with delight.

On their guide - may the sun be
As healing balm to their frail bodies;
This is my heart entreaties,
As I listened with care to their worries.

Meshack Dasco

"when The Sun Goes Orange"

Traveling and
Meditating as I look out of the window, and
I saw nothing but a light-ball Walking like a snail unharm
Down to its big store.
My heart was fixed,
My eyes were fastened;
When I saw what it means
When the sun turns orange!

When the sun turns orange:
We feel the small heat,
We hear the beat but weak.
The hormones slowly leep,
Man by nature his works leave;
When the strength of senility
Travels down to meet frailty.

When the sun turns orange!
When the youngs - age,
And the wrinkles paste
On the skin-page;
Then more and more of our
truest persona in cage,
Comes alive as we accept change!

Meshack Dasco

A Dispute

When I feel like respite has greeted
My soul,
Wave like a roaring lion greeted
My soul.
I believe this is one of the hard things
My soul should bear,
I believe this is one of the sad pricks
My soul should dare.

How I wish you could understand
How sorrow dances in the heart
Which you have greatly pierced.
My soul loathes the barley and wheat
Just at the upsurge of this unwelcomed wave.
The more we fight it to halt,
The far away we are tossed high & low.

O trinity!
Save this soul of mine from woe(s) ,
Show this soul of mine its foe(s) ,
Then let mine heart
-dispute- free become.

Meshack Dasco

A Lustful Kiss

This sonnet never w's it created to woo a maid
But to let out the shame of lust and how it's paid.
How great and small fall under its spell nev'r to rise!
And as the urge to do and be done rise - so the price.
How could thy mouth swallows a tongue unknown?
May thy eyes be single to give light to thy own.
I pray not for thee to be lust-free
But to be chastised and thy body filled with light be.
Who art thou to think thou nev'r can't live aside lust?
The dagger of lust is sharper than the spear of Genghis khan.
Falling in lust is nev'r a fall in love rather a fall in hell.
For love has a line drawn to heaven devoid of a spell.

Meshack Dasco

A Nature In Me

A nature in me

how sweetie life is - but

a wonder yet to understand
lies deep-down in my heart;

how easily nerves flare up in sparks
like the blaze of a nuclear nuke,
and muscles depolarize in heat
like a febrile child afflicted by bad air.

i wish i can tread you down like a threshing hook,
i dare to be deaf over insolence and loquaciousness;
that my temperous tantrum to checkmate
and to gain control over the gear of flesh;
thro` the stoic brake of the spirit - by grace.

Meshack Dasco

A Pharisaical Gaoler

a jailer's a prisoner
wherefore he jails other
when in gaol his liberties linger?
a gaoler's a gaolbird:
for he's a culprit of his own ugly head.
why, so, think your eyes are crystal clear
to see such a hole on another's robe
when your cassock and aprons are loathsome and tattered?
oh! such a lovely caution from a righteous Lord:
Matthew the seventh chapter verse number one.
lo, shelve your febrile fury
to free your faith from filthy flaws!

Meshack Dasco

A Prayer

My plea - petition -
To reach selfless passions -
To attain spirit-filled peaks -
To gain control over principalities -
And - to live life in your light of lights.

To get over my odds thro`ur words
Let my daily plights vanish at your words
See me thro` my fears via your faithful words
Let me pass my moment in soberness -
Let my heart throbs for more of you.

That I might say with confidence -
I have played my part -
I have fought the good fight of faith -
I have done the ideal in truth and hope -
And - then shout aloud - I am fulfilled by Grace.

Meshack Dasco

A Return After Exile

Nebucchadnezer never was wise till he became a beast -
A beast God made of his folly to chastise his boast.
His heart never was God seen till exile broke his stiffness to dusts-

&

He returned to repent of his Pride - Paucity of God!

How great a rebirth it is to see God through an exile's heat!
Even steel could turn butter at a pinch-touch of it.
So what could refine more, a heart, than God's finger hit?

Thus!

I believe-hope that thy return a repent to fulfil purpose would be, 'Oluyose'!

Meshack Dasco

A Token Of Goodness

A Token Of Goodness

My sonnet to this effect I write:
Out of all the whole nature of life,
Goodness we share and spread
With its waves like the ocean's tides and falls,
Its fragrance like a broken alabaster box;
Give a shot of it and gain alot of it.
A good heart to all is a glad heart in all.
The disturbance - the sacrifice is - rewarding.
Keep to a world of righteous deeds and -
Light of goodness shall lighten -thy dark days.
Wasteful though the efforts may appear,
Yet the boons - who can weigh?
I see in the blue sky - goodness
I see in the ranging oceans - goodness.

Meshack Dasco

Be A Sieve, Mr Hubby

For peace to bloom be a sieveable sieve
To thy wife's sieveable discuss:
By this you have saved your head from peace' thieves.
For attention tames her than a divorce!

Meshack Dasco

Can There Be A Second Term?

of a truth, the sun in the sky can still make hay dry;
but why must you boast of drying the hays morrow?
can there be a morrow without a now?
you amuse me so strong, oh mr kaftan!
even the angels burst into halleluya song,
at the echo of your unplanned plans.
in wonder and asked in wonder- -
can there be a second term?

ah, mr hat!
i only pray you can see the most pertinents and-
amidst the distractables, that you might act undistracted.
the little ones coming behind recognizes you
even the geriatric group have an imprint of you on their brains;
the youths yell out your misfits all over the pathways- -
and the question thunders on & on in all hearts:
can there be a better second term?

oh, mr "One-Nigeria"!
this fire on the mountain can be quenched now,
if you ask for wisdom like the wise philosopher-Solomon.
there may not be an easy access to a morrow,
but still, the present-now, can be the only term we needed;
especially in a moment like this - to put an end to all misfits!

of a truth, there may never be a second term.

Meshack Dasco

Freedom In Grace - Don't Misuse

quite often - flesh's freedom
is no freedom at all.
the orgies of flesh alone -
is not freedom in grace.
the push and pulls of our nerves -
are not freedom in grace.

what do i have to say?
freedom in christ - is not carnal freedom
to power flesh's nerves and carnal taste.
the way out?
holy spirit's sensitization, prioritization above flesh.
we are under the spirit's law of life in Christ.

Meshack Dasco

Give Me Your Heart

Give me your heart of flesh
And It shall learn discretion;
If only you can give it to me wholly,
Thou shall see how free
It is to live life of great decisions.

Give me your heart
Then you will learn the true
face of boldness.

Give me your heart
For I need it more than your fat;
Let a new leaf be conceived
And all slow knees
And all cold feet
Shall live to the true eyes of decision.

Meshack Dasco

'In This Last Few Fortnights'

heart could be so heavy
especially when it's filled
with stormy wave of life's tides.
I wasn't sure of the scale
which such heart could be thereby weighed.
In this last few fortnights
weight's been lost and appetite caged.
this I wanted to be and that I wanted to be
more sorrows and unhealthy blood
makes heavier the heart
yet hustle now and then -no gain but sorrow-gained.
mortal men make sick themselves
for nothing but vanishing vanity -
trouble is made by mortal men.

Meshack Dasco

Kindness Is Not Common

Many abusers of it will pay
Without apology.
If you think it is cheap give it
Without negotiation.
Kindless guts rot.
Not a penny can drop from their palms.
Only the hearts of kindful few
Can share a breath for the dieing.
But the hearts of the kindless many,
Stink and rot with no remedy.
Kindness is not common:
If it is, how good is your heart!

Meshack Dasco

Marry A Sister, Not A Wife

Marry, Marry, if you want to -
But a sister woman fits in all -
Her heart flows well like a stream -
If only you can find one -
Happy, Happy, your heart will sing.

Hastily, Hastily, your eyes look -
To find a partner who your heart can heal -
Here my prescription runs like a labyrinthine river -
A sister wife keeps you happy for a lifetime -
Her fellowship of love rubbies cannot buy.

Meshack Dasco

Marry First Thyself

To take care of thy very heart how difficult it is!
yet twist-and-thrust thy heart seems for a bond.

To be bonded to a woman thy empty belly rumbles after.
Why must thou be married when to thyself thou cared nay for?

Even to feed thy crying tummy -a nightmare it is.
still thy eyes roll after marriage as if thou art b'n cursed.

Has living in marriage-bond become a must for thee
when thou can neither cook nor foot a single bill unaided?

And there thou chase after a union as if fire is caged in thy bones.
marry, marry, marry is a fulfilment not!

why not be true to thyself and let thy eyes see thy true heart?
Then can thou be bonded (first) to thyself and (second) by a lover.

For in haste thou possess not thy soul -but
In waiting eggs are hatched!

Meshack Dasco

'Pants Down For A Wizard Of Words'

What did you see:

A grey-haired seer?

A time-worn looking grandpa?

A founder of what all 'raws' called cultism?

Wherefore we nag the great for being great

When we beckon the heavenlies to help us great?

Again what did you see?

A poet laureate, with ikonic proof of a genius?

A troubadours, with similitude of an oracle?

An 'Ijegba' educationist, with wit wholly within?

Wherefore do we laud a great man?

For the great begets the great and the young, grey-haired shall be, someday!

Blessed Natal Day, Kongi - Bàbá èwe. Live on
to see God!

*** An eulogy dedicated to WS@80 ***

Meshack Dasco

'People Can Have Many Faces'

verily the seed of evil has been sown
with its sad sunken eyes all opened
but such a great seed of evil who can kill?

lessons have I learnt in deep and shallow
school of folly and wisdom have I been thru
folly and astute thru and thru have I seen.

godless envy - unhealthy rivalry -sicker makes
people can have many faces
but none a true face indeed has

Meshack Dasco

Please, One Step At A Time

Heart becomes hot in all
When I imagined them all
My liver weep the gall
And no one
No single one
Is ready to see how hot I am in all.

Meshack Dasco

Selfishness Is A Wild Tumor

while thinking loud on a metaphor
that best fits the word -selfishness -
cancer fits.

little bit it grows
consuming the big whole
bit by bit till none is own.

the future matters not to it
but the present is its best hit-
eating, gathering, rooted till death spits.

people inflicted by it -
succumb to 'unhealthy' sorrows
to cover their naked shame prior to morrow.

what goodt then do you have
to harbor a weird tumor?
nothing goodt comes from brooding
personal gains but personal groanings.

live life like the sun
shine to me
let me shine to you!

Meshack Dasco

The Dead Claims More Entourage

Life is like a river that never flows backward,
The grasp of death cold fingers can't rewind its course.
Darkness looms, yet the people never take caution,
Common caution to count their days in soberness.

...but...

My elegy - cannot reclaim the vanished souls!

Ah! dark was that day when the sunshine state turns red.
My heart stumbled when the news daggered into the air.
The news of the sympathizers becoming sympathizees,
And the dead dieing more on its way to the cemenry,
Claiming a score of unnotified closed ties.

...Oh! ...

My elegy, can never turn the river to flow backward.

Meshack Dasco

'Through The Storm, I Smile! '

Be gone, fury and fear:
Life has much to offer.
Halt, thou tempest! an anchor I bear -
As God lives -yielded I to His order.

When unforgiveness laid its weird touch
And fury with hatred is birth on inward couch.
A smile, though beyond touch may seem,
Still a big smile in a sinking storm beams.

Believe me you, through the storm we see
Strength [hidden] within beyond tempest sea!
We, though -grumbled -rumbled and -stumbled
Through a stormy tunnel, atlast we'll be humbled!

Meshack Dasco

Troubled Sweetheart

How beautifully precious is her spirit-
That quenches - inferno of a wandering soul;
The bottom-top of all is - her care of cares
But the pain of a parturient - who can ease?

Love and understanding - surgeon's knife
Can neither dismembered no dissect;
The bliss of love is in the understanding,
But why the ripples and waves of contention?

My scapel - scissors - sutures -
Are for love and to care for love;
Tho' hate should come and neglect arise,
My bible - my faith - taught always to care.

Meshack Dasco

'Yeah! My Hip'

never was he a wrestler
but he fought well with his heart
until he yelled his pain:
yea! my hip's been pulled out apart

but still he fought on
as if he's drunk with red wine
it's already daybreak then
yea! my hip, he yelled at him

he fought till his last
and got a reward that last on
because with his weak limb
he fought with an angel.

Meshack Dasco

You Will Never Die, "my Moses"

Since I was born and now I am getting old
Your golden touch ravish my heart in whole.
From the north to the south
Your midas touch melts my icy dreams to flow.
From the east to the west -
Your heart of succor - my soul revives.
I look to and fro in shadows but-
Respite shines on me through and through.
All grace.
I respect - the womb that housed you,
I rejoice with - the one who gave you boobs to suck,
I rephrase - the back that gave you anchor.
All is mercy.
...But...
Earth to earth, blood to blood,
Sinew to bones, flesh on bones,
You shall live to see the best of bests,
And your eyes - shall see no double
Your bones - shall be hard as diamond
Your life - precious as saphirres and rubies.
Ha!
So shall thy end - boom glory like the galaxy
And thy fate - remarkable in goodness for life.

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