

Poetry Series

OLADEJI POPOOLA
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

OLADEJI POPOOLA(09-02-1994)

Popoola Oladeji Abdullahi is presently a 200 level student of the department of Aquaculture and Fisheries Management, faculty of Renewable and Natural Resources, University of Ibadan. He bagged his NCE certificate in Agric Education from the Federal College of Education (special) Oyo, Oyo state. He likes to express his emotion and thought in poetic form and He likes to learn through the creative work of others. you can reach him through his Social media account.

Fb: Ohpopoola

IG: Holafocus

Twitter: Oladejis

WhatsApp: 09039658920

A Tale Of My Dream

Oh! My viable seed laid on the surface
of perfect loam in the midst of it consanguinity
I called weeds. It set forth and grew sprout,
a moment of joy! it Struggled to grow among hundred
of shoots, survival of the fittest an evolutionist tale.

Early morning I sprinkled it with water and sun
flourished it day as every man's wishes a blossom life.
It grows gradually, I arosed an irrevocable feeling, my
beautiful Rose, voiceless as dumb, and as deaf as it was,
I know when it famished.

An unimaginable day, I woke up and saw my adorable
Rose being fed by a famished goat. A devastated moment
I felt. I rumbled, and it was really a regrettable moment
for the species of *Capra aegagrus*. Mother swung me on my
shoulder and her aggressive voice echoed to my hear "wake up,
you lazy drone and clean up your dirty cubicle" I woke up and
found out that all was just a dream, a nightmare I called.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Adulthood At Dawn

I aroused from sleep by the ringing of my doorbell. Who is that I asked vehemently? Replying me in a repeated times, I am adulthood. Ah! Adult what? I am Adulthood replying me in a repeated times. Turmoil colonized my mood, a chill travelled down my spine and sweat stood out my forehead in presence of free blowing breeze.

My face gaunt and trepidation bitten me by the merciless ticking of the clock, my mind reverberates in a countless time, Ah! Adulthood Anxiety flow freely into my isle of thought.

Series of question jumbled my mind.
Shall I conjure the wall to open up and hid?
Shall I haul myself up the attic?
Shall I tell him to revisit another day when I can receive him with drum and dance and with coca cola sweating and shouting of relief in my refrigerator? But still, anxiety encroach my psyche like a swampy land dating the desert.

Ekan ni omo okunrin ku,
My gerascophobia disappeared in my sky of thought. I accept my fait accompli, a new life begins. Adulthood calm a trouble water, the adolescent menace and soothe the nerves with self-dependence and responsibilities.

Ekan ni omo okunrin ku; A man died once

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Her Heart Breaks

Dare not to laugh at them. They had made a mistake.

Desire to hear from them, they have learnt not to plant on the path of erosion when the rainy season begins.

When she comes again, he knows how many years he counts to rebuild his smashed heart and reconnect his feeling toward where it aglow.

He need to find a virgin land to portray his ethos but virtually all the land seems trite and squalor.

Do not blame him for his pride, he can pay the price.

They are feminine of different race. The termite encomium bestowed on them. Operation begins.

Have you ever see blood in the wizard mouth unless the wizard bird falls to the hand of the folks.

The city is full of their population to canonize in the heart of the prudence.

Mind you, they are feminine.

Their ephemeral lovers, Termite the masculine repugnance after eating part of the natural cake. Then her Heart breaks!

OLADEJI POPOOLA

In A Garden Waiting For A Love

The garden is calm for lovers,
with bees foraging on nectars
and millipedes moving helter-
shelter for their daily routine.
Squirrels were mounting branches
as usual.

The garden was full of insect
hovering around with no purpose in
insight. Some pat skin to suck
fresh blood, they are the demons
the gardeners left untold.

The height of trees were variant
of palm tree, some were shrubs,
they hardly enjoy the daylight.
Weeds were buried in humus, the
gigantic of tree branches deflates
the gra gra of nutsedge root.

Birds were also sighted, they were
engrossed with worms, but when my
heart sing the blues of boredom. I
do see them orchestrating hymn of love.

Time started waving to me a journey
of no return, 'I stand, I sit', 'I sit,
I stand' till the fragrance of the
garden stale. No hope she would make
the day. Until my legs cried for abode,
I kept lookIng for her colour in the
misty day that left me out of blue.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Mother, I Shall Bring Thy Joy

Mother, the tidal wave blows
toward the direction I voyage,
my sail fought tireless until it
gives up its last strength to the
battle of the tidal wave. Mother,
in thy hand lies my life, stitch my
sail with thy prayer, yours is the
joy I bring.

Their birds will sing the song of
despair, when you narrate my tale
to the enviers but yours is the early
morning birds that warble the song of
hope.

I shall hear thy voice when you call
me by the seashore, kneel and pray to
thy God. Mine is the favour of thy God
and yours is the joy I bring.

In the palm of God the mother's joy lies.
Mine is the favour of thy God and yours is
the joy I bring.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

My Plague

In your fist lies the
paint of beauty, you gild
the sky with blue that makes
the dusk envy the dawn.

Among flowers, you adorn
Rose with beauty that make
others see their ugliness
in their haters eyes.

Those cruising on Nile
The trotter of the earth
by foot when you reach where
the Earth have eye, show Him my
ugly picture to see His bias
of nature.

Earth, where is my beauty?
Have you sell it to the mogul? ,
have you give it to your
affectionate as a gift? or have
you lost it while struggle to orbit
the sun?

Earth, where is my beauty?
my grotesque face is my plague.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

My Son, Don't Cry

Calm it with prayer
the frayed home but
not to cry.
Oh! Son don't cry
for peace shall reign again.
Who will you blame for your
plight, marital brouhaha never
let your sleeping pill work.
Father, Mother tell us the real
tale why the home frayed.
Son don't cry,
for God sees thy home,
Paint your agony with utopia
wipe off tears on your doleful face.
For your home shall be peaceful again.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Only In My Dream

She sedates me with her petals fragrance,
A times, after a rainy day, her rainbow lines
the sky and descends on my heart.

She signal me with appealing early morning
dew that caress lilies. Her petals fragrance diffuses
with breeze and blows from north to south to
erase conundrum engraved in my memory.

But still, I have no clear definition of what the
signs are all about. Is this the trick Earth use to
remould a man whose heart has been broken by
girls wiles? Or is this the plan B my enemy hoax
to treat my fuckup?

But the definition was clear and precise when she
appeared in colour of Rose laced with Lily and □
petals fragrance that silenced the noisy market.
Rose is meant for lovers, with true feelings
her heart speaks.

Gecko lies deceivably on wall to prey on insect
rejoicing Night with moonlight, but hers is different,
her feelings speaks, she is neither a predator nor a prey
but a love angel that only visit in dream.

Only in my dream the love river never look back,
the odyssey of love worth a sweet tale to narrate and
only in God's fear lovers have nothing to regret than
a daybreak death.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Rise And Keep Rising

Friend, you must rise and keep rising,
there are times when life depresses us,
times when it seems we are being drowned
in water of tribulations, times when life
mirror almost slips from our hand in attempt
to get rid of agony. But to remould a broken
life becomes an issue... times when staying
to the ground appears safer than attempt to
rise.

But, friend you must rise and keep rising
until your lion becomes a lamb. Wave off
the early morning froth and desist the
ephemeral joy the noon offers freely.
The night is yours to count the number
of the stars and yours is the brightest one.

Yours is the success awaited by the shore,
the voyager shall never leave with thy
glory still you come, and yours is the
glory held not in the fist of wicked man.
But in the palm of thy God, yours
lies freely.

Friend, rise and keep rising for your
tribulations shall turn to a calm lamb
shepherd by God.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Saara (My Appeasement Feasts)

Friend, this is my appeasement feast.
This time I won't mind to bring it to church.
It is the same bread and wine our lord left us with love.

It is not Corn mosa, Kokoro, it is neither bean cakes nor puff puff you might
thought but heavenly distilled of my sage thought.

Not a money ritual sacrifice to the gods, and not kadara collector a normal man
might thought. The one you ate last give birth to something I don't know? But
with plea accept my Saara.

Accept it with love and trust
with love not with diversity of belief, not with self deception, tribal discrimination,
mental criticism, not with acrimonious past.

Accept my Saara, I am also a sculpture of clay. Not with fire the devil crafted
from the heavenly divine scripture.

Take it all and leave none;
It is a bread of love I bring for you, eat it and drink wine of forgiveness,
regardless of maim that bleeds blood of hatred and left scar of conundrum in
your heart. But yet, you need to forgive and forget.

This is my Saara (Love and forgiveness)I shall go beyond mosque if we need to
live with peace and dwell in one love.

*kadara: destiny

OLADEJI POPOOLA

The Conversation

Last night was for Linda Crige chanting of love excitement that wakes the sleeping forest. Six rounds sex... What is my concern? Nevertheless, uncle is back with Mercy Bukas. Tonight I shall spy through the keyhole.

But it was not like yesterday, my eye greeted the vixen of the moment with the intensity of the sun. But the night was for conversation! for conversation!

"I am pregnant this is the test result, four month and two weeks"...Voice seized from close range.

My eye gazed uncle's mind, though it was misty... this must be emblematic of joy I inferred.

Pandemonium broke out and silenced the smiling breeze, argument ravaged the air... uncle denied "It is for Danjuma";

Not a muttered curse from the two sides. Ogun and Sango did not awake from their tranquil sleep regardless... but Esu was at work, the curse appalled my heart not once...Who is at home to settle the rage...rather the awoken forest was marching closer.

"I never promise to marry you"; uncle glued my ears with his voice of wiles. Chapter closed.

Alas, a child will be born, head for uncle, dark-skinned as Danjuma, others for Alien.

An unfortunate child will be born by a promiscuous mother to licentious father only if not a descendant of sewage.

*Ogun: god of iron Sango: god of thunder, Esu: satan

OLADEJI POPOOLA

The Oppressor I Know

I tried to write but my ink agglutinates
I tried to speak but it seems my
voice has been betrayed by the wave.
I forced my hands, my legs but
gesticulation betrayed me more than
the wave.

The stone landed on my skull,
the one the oppressor threw to
the market. But my voice was
not heard when I screamed out
with pain, instead, he merry of
accomplishment.

I let down tears to narrate my
grievances but no matter how I
tried to bring out the pitiable
water, it is being appreciated with smile.

Oppressor kills,
They don't care you sight the dawn with
sadness and give up the last breath with
distress before the dusk.
They are human that lack humane.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Where I Come From

You can throw me stones because I cast,
or declare me wanted because I define
my fatherland. I am not a bastard.
Let me talk! You can toss the coin hundred times,
I am black, I am African.

From Oyo ile to the crest of Olumo rock,
I sailed through Erin Ijesha waterfalls
and uplifted through Sambisa forest to
Oke Ibadan hill. I reside where people
want rain to fall on a single roof.

My skin colour doesn't define my tongue,
neither symbolizes my cognitive possession.
Where I come from is where menace is a staple
food like maize.

Where I come from, transistor radio breakfast
us with appalling news; father impregnates daughter,
son kills father, two heads found, body missing.
Dapchi school girls kidnapped, Chibuk girls are
nowhere to be found.

Where I come from, course material is 20 marks,
even 40 marks. You fail to buy it, only the
polyite can explain better.

Where I come from, they plant Okra and
harvest sorghum. Don't be surprised,
it is a manipulation.

Where I come from, the labours earn unpaid
salary and stakeholders' tour around Miami
with 36 billion dollar salary allowances.

Where I come from, snakes wish they could
revenge the deformation that marred sapient
reputation. Jamb 32 million Naira.

Where I come from, cattle have equal right to
everything under the sun and if you dare deprive
them their right, Ak47 is the pathway to grave.

How I wish the space permit me to say enough.
We are giant of Africa, and everything we touch rust.
Where I come from, our first and best university
accentuates Ibadan beyond gold coast.

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Who Will Tell Your Story, What Will Tell Your Story

Speak! but in your same godly voice when
the world never metamorphosed to
what it appears now.

□

The famished tethered goat has freed
himself the owner of those yam and cassava
it is right time you keep them safe.

Mother chased them and later fell when
Adrenaline dried from its origin, Omo ma pa mi
one day it will change to Omo ma pa ra re.

Those butterflies displaying in the midst of
the creator's thorns, tell them their ancestors
never see the favour of time to question
why they fly with fragile wings
God is unquestionable!

It is right time the parrot friend the
future, hear their good fortunes and come
back to friend those thieves, then we can
have rest of mind when we left our clothes
outside to sundry in Mellanby.

What will tell your story?

A day when the wick fully soak in it palm
oil and the light of judgment day burn with
pitiless on them and those who you have caused
distress to, will appears in broad day light,
they want to testify to your bad deeds.

Let them tell your story
Let the saint river cleanse you
and sun dry off your bad deeds
then, we can bid you rest in perfect peace
before and after we left your single grave.

* Omo ma pa mi: child don't kill me * Omo ma pa ra re: child don't kill yourself

OLADEJI POPOOLA

Wife Like No Other

I am not wealthy, but still,
you keep loving and hoping
my Honey. Still, you tell me
you never regrets we form a colony.

Your tripod stand that harbours
firewood makes my heart burn
because your eye appealing skin
now appears as a colour of charcoal.

Mama Risika never ease your nerve,
she keep pushing you for war. Am
still imagining how you endure her
torments. You are now korikosun.

What of when the Sobus' gossip to
you am in a date with Yetunde, even
have pregnated Iyabo down the street.
Your replied Ese adupe...still
melt my heart.

Forever I will remember that grisly
night, the roof blown off by the gale,
the single room we dwelt was as if it
was colonized by Mississippi. Still
you never see that as excuse to run
to the mogul.

Wife like no other, there is more
to say about you. Millions of words
cannot full a Ciosan basket it only
blow away and affect sane minds.

Korikosun: friend
Ese Adupe: Thanks

OLADEJI POPOOLA