

Poetry Series

**Olayinka Modupe
Oregbemi
- poems -**

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Olayinka Modupe Oregbemi(20th May)

A female writer who lives in Lagos, draws literary inspiration from the works of great literati like William Shakespeare, Thomas Hardy, Chinua Achebe, Wole Soyinka, Maya Angelou, Toni Morrison, Richard Wright etc..

Arts

Paint our eventful past
With sleek, masterful bold brushes
That their bold artistic ingenuity
May fill the colossal canvas of continuity

Sketch the vivid colours of our gentle triumph
With the prowess of Picasso
That the colourful hue and tint
May be worn like a coat of pretty colours

Bear handsome hieroglyphics
In palms with graceful graphics
That we may sit the future
In our yearning hands

Sculpt the faraway yesterday
The horns and bleating of vehicles of centuries afar
Like a beautiful Benin art
That their silhouette may nurture
My fretting steps in the future..

Olayinka Modupe Oregbemi

Dearest Wishes..

Let me not feel the coldness of the grave
To know how beautiful life is.

Let me not lie sickly on cold antiseptic wards
To know how lucky a healthy body is.

Let me not feel dark hue of blindness
To know how awesome the world scenery is.

And let me not wear the filthy rag of lack
To know how fulfilling contentment is.

Olayinka Modupe Oregbemi

Know You Not? (For Koffi Awonoor)

Know you not who you killed?
Know you not the great bard who create words
To heal humanity of swollen hate wounds and breaks?
Who can grasp this devastation in a gate western?

Know you not the void,
The yapping emptiness
You created in weeping hearts
With the brutal gun fired that sad day?

Know you not that you carry the cruel curse of Cain
To mooch and meander in the sweltering sun
Tired and weary with a lost cause
That painted tomorrow in bloody, red epitaph

If you know,
Please tell me
For your sinful holiness is a miserable riddle
No one wants to fathom!

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Love Illness

Love strikes my fragile heart
with the force of tsunami tidal wave
Blinding in intensity and propensity
Encapsulating in radiance

I am a patient of love
Dazed and dazzled on my bed
Awaiting succour from medical ingenuities
To make this heart hear reason's voice again..

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The End..

(poem inspired by the biblical book of Revelation)

In the end,
Great gloomy sights shall visit the earth
As fiery angels of battle brandish blazing swords,
Piercing the sinning heart
With the bloody feel of revenge!

Stars shall fall into our huts
Like fast dropping rains on thatched roofs.
We shall see sons of the sky
Trumpet judgement with an elephant tusk!

Mama mi,
The slave drivers shall visit the land again!
And a randy raunchy harlot shall drive bloody beasts,
Selling strong warriors to merchants for few cowries

Who will cleanse the land when
She is the concubine of all our worthy kings?
Ooni of Ife
Jaja of Opobo,
Oba of Benin
Alaafin of Oyo
Obong of Calabar
Olukare of Ikare
all clasps her wrapper in frenzied passion

Children of my mother,
Who will save our land
When randy harlots live among us?

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