

Poetry Series

**Olugbenga Ayoola.O**  
**- poems -**

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## Olugbenga Ayoola.O(1983)

well, am native of sagamu, i was born in 1983 in ogun state, i attend pramary school among the oldest school in nigerial during the colonial master, also i attend secondry school at makun high school in 1998, i finish my secondry school in 2006, now am moshood abiola polytechnic at abeokuta, am study mass comm, i had develop my heart deeply in poem mean creating am try how to furthermore my education to any help call me on this nos 08069844940

# A Son Of Albino

Oh! My people  
Wind of last night  
Was sullen in our hamlet  
Is a bitter wind of albino  
Which fall our beloved tree  
And empty albino house with tears  
While a leafless tree standstill  
A son of albino jump thro the night gate  
He falling deeply in dust of no return  
And deflate the hamlet soul with tears  
Beside the filed of no grass  
Oh! The tree of albino fall  
In the field where ball didn't bounce  
And sleep in land where echo regret

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# Am Hill Billy Man

Am hill- Billy man  
Who sat on crest in north with bliss  
And dim light war in east  
Who took west yolk from cave  
And set mat for gold in south  
Am hill Billy man□  
Twixt white and black stay  
Who make tranquil water for lake  
And drizzle dew to meadow in night  
Who quiet virgin forest silent at night  
And cease our foe night war  
Am hill Billy man  
Who naught nightmare  
And quiet evil owl  
Who sparkle star on sky  
And setting sun to all nations

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# Dry Your Tears You Lass!

DRY YOUR TEARS YOU LASS!

Oh! You lonely heart

Sick on stone of love

Gaze million of love past

Through the gate of love heart

You! Lass of morrow joy

Weep in street of solitary way

Oh! Open white heart for new saviors pass

Soil opens the pregnant of land

For earthworm to burrow,

You are rose of Sharon,

You look like lily of a valley

As a lily among the bramble

Just like your love among lad,

Dry your tears young lass

Man is blow trumpet love to you

Our land whisper of joy to your side

African love lorn, dry your tragedy tears

Maker listens to your woeful ballad

You lass, let joy circulate your heart

Because your flower still fresh

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# I Will Call Your Name

I will call your name, skepi  
I will proclaim your name skepi  
Skepi, your name is like honey bread in my lip  
Which dropp me bounce joy in my heart always  
And provide me million of taste in live  
Skepi, your physical charm show me way of love  
And guilt my eyes the yolk of love on earth  
Skepi, my dream show me two pole on north  
Which remain me profound love bliss  
And led me to success line without delay  
Where the milk of love are given to lad  
Under the leave of all lover  
Where coins are cherish more than cowries  
And love is honor than gold  
Forever your love will dwell in my heart

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# I Will Call Your Name, Skepi

I will call your name, skepi,  
I will pronounce your name, skepi  
Skepi, your name is like honey bread  
In the inner of my heart  
Which dropp joy in my mind every minutes  
And it provide million of sweet for my tongue every hours  
your physical charms show the pleasure fruit  
Of great delight in your life,  
You lass; I admire both day and your night  
Skepi, my affection will show you  
Way of peace and night of your joy,  
I will drive you to the point  
Of your dream in life,  
Forever you shall sing song  
To the bed of heart

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# If Heaven Descent Fire Winds

If heaven descent fire winds  
Where all soul will stay  
If land is mortal, where grass will live  
And if whole days is somber  
How our shadow will appear  
So; if star drizzle like morning dew  
Where our heads will hide  
If winds blow heaven fire  
Where all birds will play  
So; if we lay our heart on hot mat  
And lost the heaven peace  
Where our soul will stay  
Ah; what delight of lion having no teeth  
And bliss of fish having no tail

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# In My Night Dream

In my night dream  
I saw a beautiful girl  
Which her arms across her breast  
Passing across the love road  
Beside the king palace  
She was calling the moon affection  
To the square root of her heart  
Oh' she attractive more than sun  
I ask her in melodious voice  
Which love did you admire?  
Between moon and sun  
She said, I prefer moon  
The silent friend for all nations

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# Iron Hand

Let the wicked soul be plant  
From the iron hands of our lord  
Let our tenet book be open  
According to the words of our maker.

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# Let The Story Foretell

I sat on treetop of the world like a bird nest  
Looking the celestial bird on the sky of the world  
Fly from north to south with wings  
And wind blow gently to our nation with peace  
Peace circulate our field of the world  
Yet our little cattle bird eggs are not hatch  
And our table of the world is tremble with fear  
So, our affair of this nation is sweet and bitter  
Our ancestral drum is soundless to our culture  
Thou old man, let story foretell  
Because old age know the past  
Old age eyes see beyond youth see.  
Old age eyes will not deceive  
My clan and my niece  
Keep the old age world  
Place it deeply in blood  
before old age bird fly out.  
Let our nipper know the night fire.  
Thou old man, tell them our night rose.  
Let them know our ancestral drum.

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# Life Never Tire

From the sprout of buds to the wither of the leaf  
From spring of the river to the dry of the river  
From the man birth rate to the man death rate  
From the sunny of the day to darkness of the day  
Life never tired and life never end.

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# Man Never Tire

From cool to the hot weather  
From sunny to the raining season  
From light to the darkness hour  
From strength to the weak minute  
Man never tired.

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# Nelson Mandela

He was a man of hero  
A man of choice  
Who pass through the world darkness  
And sacrifice his two son for his land  
Because of his people freedom  
He was in cage for 27 years  
After his freedom granted  
He restore the glory of their land  
Not because of his selfishness  
But for the sack of his brotherhood  
Today he was called a world leader  
Even though his no more  
His soul and spirit rain forever  
And forever we shall share his history  
And his spirt will dwell within us forever

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# Our Freedom Comes

The interment of Abacha was a mystery  
The sky smiling to the rainbow  
The thunderbolt sparkles here and there  
The winds blew and toast all things  
The moon and Star jubilate  
Ha! The great despot past  
There is noise up and down  
The women shawl loose for joy  
The whole world mouth agape  
The people razzmatazz here and there  
Ha! The trouble house fall  
The road busy of smoke  
The hills shake of pleasure  
All the prisoner slough their skin  
The emaciated body stood up again  
All the tree bends and rejoices  
Is like a maid get freedom  
The whole Nigeria gives glory to God  
Nigeria political has a good omen  
Ha! Our freedom comes

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# Tears Of Warrior

Tear of warrior is like stone of death  
In the heart of township man  
Where mercy denial sinner  
And dry bone calling death  
At the eyes point of sword  
Where crown silent of fear  
During darkness hours of gun cry  
When war wind blow hardly  
And scepters can not stand  
In the present stone of evil pole  
Where tear of warrior bitter  
And dropp illness of death  
In the hut of hamlet soul

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# The Mighty One I Know

The mighty one I know  
Who speak and command the earth,  
Who summon the sun in their palace,  
You are the father for all creators,  
The glory among the glory,  
O! My lord my soul,  
Moon and sun testify your glory  
The grass justify your beauty,  
All soul glorify your mercy,  
I said, your divine throne endure forever  
Your royal scepter is scepter of equity  
Your majesty is forever,  
Ho! the wicked soul inherit the sorrow heart  
The righteous soul inherit everlasting joy  
You are honor forever,  
My lord, woe to the wicked heart.

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# The Race Is End

The race is end  
The shadow are cover the earth  
And the moon is moonless  
Star also is starless  
Our drum is weak  
No more dust again.

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# The Wickedness Is Evil

The world of wicked is world of evil  
Their act makes life to be empty  
And their poison is poison of sickness  
So, the heart of wickedness is evil  
Their way is way of death.

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# The Wise House

## WISE HOUSE

I stood in the middle of the poetry,  
We move forward to the wise house  
Where all soul of the bard laid heads  
Under the precious stone of the wisdom  
Where million of head obtain knowledge  
And their pen is mightier than sword  
Their paper is stronger than stone  
Under the feet of the creatures  
A place where winds of knowledge blow  
And the light of wisdom shines  
I shall put my pen on the stone of nations  
O my paper shall white than snow

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# Thou My Mother

Thou my mother  
You re the driver of my car  
In you palm I cry and I laugh  
Your rapper is my urine cleaner  
Your bed is my play field  
Betwixt your lap I puke  
And your water heart I drink

Thro the authority of our maker  
Who choose my coming to your side  
And guard me from your harmful lion wall  
Who save me from red river of my father hut  
And make my blood to be bitter for night evil doer

Oh! My mother  
Even if my leg deny your side  
And your breast deny my tongue  
My blood will proclaim your day  
Forever I will blow your trumpet of joy.

Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# Thunder Sword

Man did not fear man  
But the hero fear death of hero  
By the dangerous thunder sword  
Thro his shine sword and bright eyes  
That bends all head of tree with arm

Oh, thou spirit of thunder,  
No sword no spear in his palm  
But his hand sharp more than sword  
And it killed more than fire

No man can face and defeat  
Thro his molest fire of his mouth  
The lightning echo on sky bewilder heart  
And thunderbolts annoyed with mirror of man  
Which no man can harm on earth.

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Olugbenga Ayoola.O

# World Is War

So, this how world is going  
The sun and the moon change to black  
White and black ambivalent themselves  
So, this world is going to an end  
Ha! My people are wicked  
They stone me  
Upon wrecked me down  
Upon living on garbage  
Both day and night know me  
No family no friends  
Am extreme corner  
Moving here and there  
Am untidy place  
So, World is war

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