

Poetry Series

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA
- poems -

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OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA(29-05-1991)

Omoyajowo Olaoluwa was born into the family of Omoyajowos' in the early 90s. He attended st Mary's primary school Ode-Ekiti and later attended Federal Government College Ikole Ekiti and he graduated in 2009. He is presently a student of Adekunle Ajasin University, Akungba Akoko, studying English Education. He loves reading and writing.

Where We Live In This Century

I have ever thought of the description of the world
All description to no avail; for the world is easy to define
Men in it, hardens its description!
How beautiful will the world be without men!
Will there be sense in a humanless society?

I close my eyes to unveil the darkness in men heart
They kill and destroy what they can't build
Human abattoir among asylum fit humans
When some mind could see; majority go blind

Is the world full of darkness?
Why do we walk without seen shadow?
They drink from the horrible blood of mankind. The cannibals: inhumane
The catastrophic daily calendar leads to waterloo
Scavengers of our time...

Is there peace among men? Yes! No!
Peace is a state of mind; for I found none here
Men occupy an empty vacuum; fully cloned with evil
For I look to see; all I see with ear are wars

For we taste war and smell are victims
The hopeless are not hopeless: they rush to rest
From this dark Niger area...peace to the sons of men.

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

2010

You close a decade indeed you are wreckage
You laid impact within us and not homage
Your evils have arsenal, without asking you dish
In goodness and evil you dwell and manifest
He has made you so for us to learn
In your earlier days you invade with speed and spread the message
The crown was nowhere to be found
Suddenly you reveal in your black apparel
In your revelation you are as devilish as them
You take the treasure without pressure
Before you take, you almost spread enmity
Not almost you put us in the state of anomie and detest earlier unity
It is within you that we heard of boom, you are a doom
You laid many to rest, yet you never rest till last day
You are unjust in Jos in Abuja you jam
In the Niger delta, indeed you are not better
You take innocent treasures and damage hearts
I thee pay my homage to you all
All is not yours but it's them that is not well

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

An Unusual Rest

I have as well ask my soul and others souls
In this nation and even the land beyond
All my questions are like the lizard nodding his head
They all pretend to know the solution but yet nothing to show forth
The internal thought is this when we man rest
They all have numerous view, yet inconsistency
Some say, education will make me rest
When they have it, they say further I will have it
Coz money will offer me the salvation of it
The educated say when I am wealthy
They all fulfilled their wish, yet they have it not
I ask them but you have it, they say need are unlimited
If you acquire all in the world, will you have it
Some say we have rest when will have all, how can you!
Yet they do not have, glory be to him who gives rest
Even when they say they don't want it
Yet you will give it to them without partial

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

Ancient Path

Ancient path, thou are mighty□
Ancient people though are lucky
In favor and in the omnipotence of the mighty
You that sharpen and shape, your majesty
The way is too rough for you all
I mean you in the hall, a limited call
Present living, make the mighty your wall
indeed is him, only you can be whole
Ancient path though are straight to eternity
Please, Abba father, barter from all this mighty
Move, kick, beat, punish and shine to you in plenty
Enemies are plenty and ever ready
Excavate, plough, and grade me to fit your temple
Never let me play pool, like him in this circle
Stock, plant, sow, and breed me for you
So when you come I will be ripe enough for you
Then on the ancient path I am, in this court
So I will be able to proclaim that path
Which I hope, and am made part
Of the mighty, which will ever last?
At the end crop and harvest me Christ

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Anger From A Close Associate

Hatred makes heart melt
Especially from a close dear
It makes hands feeble
And the spirit often faint
All knee weak as water

An angry soul a sword sharpened and
Also furbished
It is sharpened for a sore slaughter
It is furbished that it may glitter
Faster to destruction
It is a terror in the hand of a thoughtless man

Thou art skillful to destroy,
You shall be a fuel to the fire.
Thy blood in the midst of the land;
Thou shall no more be remembered.

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

Cats Among Roars

Always in total confusion about where to throw the stone
Observing nook and cranny on the same tone
Invariably I sing the songs but in low tones
I believe within myself that I will plan where there are no thorns
Always perceiving and never tasting in my mood
Are mine not a lake, yet nothing to bud
Observing the omnipotence of my mind within my spirit, over my kind
All in me and yet, my body still subject to such kind
What should I do, when should I do and where should I do, do
Patience I have, all the rest of my life, yet never in good mood
I carried it all alone and it is invisible to observers
Of whom shall I, at what time, who is the giver
Showing forth in my eyes, of whom shall I eye
Sooner or later I know I will overcome and tie
For it awaits me and feel as I do, one of likely mind
I will be shaped, constructed, and formed and ready to be bind

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

Forceful Parts

No longer at ease, Nija as a whole
Aliens joined you together as a whole
Though it is because of their hoe
Three different parts with different colanut in their pocket
In sixties, you started as an infant country
Though with different county in your bounty
Cakes in your hands, yet do not know how it taste, unlimited bounty
Him that separated thee with Niger and Benue
You have much like less, childish play
Tears in the eyes of the proles, in plenty we have little
Think not of today, for millions of it waits
Three forceful parts, we ever stand on a toe
See the toll, feel the toll, affect the proles
On your bitumen they are ever full
Ash, always affect the lives for you to be full
Unemployment sleep besides thee, yet you yawn
Yet yours have nowhere to lay their heads
Care, dare and share with whom you have
Rich soil with poor yield, fertile unfruitful
Him that makes you in parts await your trials
Three heads will find no direction, surely in disarray
Falcons are ready for the falconers call
You know it, all awaits the humble call

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Hazard! Hazard! Hazard!

Men are hazard, danger to inanimate,

Oppressive to the minerals and resources.

Covering the seed of the less privileged!

An ego of oppression! Wine of turbulence.

Dangers to fear! Precious heartless being

Disturbance to the eco

Two legged, two hearted

Sorrow to heaven!

Ever learning; never understood

Earth is fed up of men!

It has no choice... Would have vomited,

Still vomiting.

Food for ants... Sleepless sleepers,

Occupants of graves

Food for the termites....

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Inability To Get All

A life, full of dark ages
running before God, i know not
wanting to get the needed; inability a source of deep sea
rivers from the eyes.
imagination a light in the dark.
inability to see its negative. above water is sea
dreams rushing thru.

A place like home exists in the desert
am not a kid, self denial a watchworld
when to drop the treasure i know not!
the main of life is in its inability to get all.
imagination a key to get all.

Can it be likened to what called faith?

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

Is Not In This World

It will be finicky to talk on it
It's case harden to come to conclusion
Where is that rest, as we keep on searching
It is quiet lugubrious for us not to see
Despite hungry search for it
I have seek virtue, despite all vices
Truth is with me, yet I know him not, where it lies
Promoter has I be, even when life demotes
Ipso-facto, there is no rest in globe
Always toiling, toing and froing like a twerp
Yet I have nothing, am I not in 1984
Even though is free, yet where is my liberty
The fingers on wall are inane to me
What a global village in blush
Though I am dexterous on ad persona, but what is lip beeping
In my ante-natal stage I thought life is diamondiferous
But it was a mirage, yet I ask for modicum of your treasures
If you refuse, I know I will surely have one
Pessimistic is out, out of this, for I will have it
Scrupulously listen to me; I will have a scrumptious of your treasure
Though life is gossamer, but you only put me in station
Your power will de-escalate in a minute
For when I dropp the seed I will have the lasting gift
Though I may receive diatribe from you in this world but I know!
For in you there is no rest which I like
When sleeping, sitting, lying, idle or resting as they call it
You will be wrong to say you are doing nothing
For life is an enemy, but yet I have a treasure.
I will grab it when I dropp the life in me...

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

Liberty And Freedom

Who is a man in the face of frustration?
Who is him, when he is alone in face of persecution?
Three things we make man an animal
Only liberty and freedom makes man to be who he is
When he wears his proudest, remove his apparel
He becomes a humble soul, for it is his breath
When he boasts of his freedom, segregate him
When man finds no one to talk to, he is demoted
When he talks, never let him hear from people
Alas he will regret of his humanness
Upon all, lock him up in the presence of food
Never let him see any man
Never allow him to have access to knowledge for this is principal
In wisdom and understanding, deny him the privilege
By this you imprisoned his soul and body
Likely to this is madness and next to it is insanity
Yet we have people that fit temple in this situation
The greatest key of suffering, nowhere to lay heads at night
There is no joy eating in abundance
But the love and joy rely on when we all eat little.

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

Mere Men

In the tabernacle of sorrow, yet they smile
Some are empty yet they move
In the agony and acrimony of honey tears
Yet they say I am living
They clean up daily, yet they are dirty
In the treasure of the circle they lie
Always wanting to keep the monkey from the door
Yet they are intruders
With negligence they call themselves rulers
In sky they look and feel no blue
Yet in them a point of controversy
Counting it in seconds, some minutes
In hours yet you talk and never walk
In days they date in open gate
In weeks they are week, in months they are moths
In years they have no ear, what are you!

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

Mosquito Being

Who are the wicked? Jealousy, anger and strife? No
Promising and bribing you; dirty hands,
Promising us a better future!
He needs my finger and yours alone.

A century of recklessness, unloving lover
Bent to do evil! Give him a thumb; a tomb!
Killing without mercy!
Not with knives... by stealing the lives

They are the wickedness among us!
They eat and sell the needy: stealing more than enough
Not with mercy...
Our heroes fallen at war: They fashioned death traps...
Just for governance!

They steal in bags... they Robb us daily.
What makes them different?
Legal robbery/immunity
Senaterrors, house of robbers!
Polithiefians! ! !

Why do they think they are of better shoes?
Making my people hungry...
Help help help
Giant monsters...
Mosquito.

Livings berrying livings...
Berrying the unborn.

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Na Watin I Like

I cry aloud, yet can't be heard
Am sorrowful in my bottomless pit of joy
Why? Ask I, while is Mr. Money
Him satanic instrument yet admirable

Sit on my legs, she does! Absence of norms
Peck me, she has no option
Sit on my laps which are your portion. You loose your seal
Just because of Mr. Money 'abi beko'

iphone I must use yet you wish to loose your tone
ipad is my portion, all without motion: uncover your pad
Blackberry I must have; that is what campus speaks
Woo unto you: you seek expired items. I mean woe

Please what will you use where we have?
Wireless joy, awesome happiness
Beautifully mediated love and gladness
Will you ping or 2come with these
'Ohun aye asan' come in HE calls

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Telephone Conversation

I have a phone and i do call you
my network have i raised among all tongue
my network does not fail
and my battery never fail
i hide phone in the secret place of man
there sim and number undetachable
i call to converse with them day and night
for God call once, yeatwice, men perceiveth not
in dream, in a vision of night...
to drum instruction into there ears
to take pride from him and from his purpose
to keep his soul from pit
and his life from perishiing of the sword
multitude of phones are busy: many reject calls
forgetin i create them.
many are unreachable for they seal their hearts with hot iron
some does not stay awake when i call
call to kingdom; call to service
call out of net and call for purpose
i owns you! ! ! i am alpha and omega.
all flesh will: must tremble at my feet on that great and
terrible day! ! !

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

The Silent Heart

Crawling towards me, I felt it was of no use
Walking towards me I felt it will be controllable
Running to my heart I took the shining emotion
With an uncontrollable emotion, within my nation
Considering my soul this is what it reiterates in seconds, I can't mention
Considering my footsteps to where it lies
Like champagne to my mind, I got intoxicated
To reveal, I am not capable and able
Suddenly I ask myself, thus you love where you are unable
Can will have likely mind my soul despairs
Suddenly, he replied me how did thou love
He said you hate yourself and love another
I asked why, he said, don't you think love is dangerous
With boldness I told him, favor me for I own you
He replied, move e ahead and make it known, I was unable
He said, go ahead and take the fruit for it fits your table
I took courage; I rushed in, rushed out for she disposes
I was mad, and my soul says, insanity rest in the place of love
I rebuked him, he said, what makes you different
I thought it within me, am I not mad
But my mind favors me and adds more of love
I stood up, rise up, already in the top, to meet my nation
And I keep on saying; I will go today, for it is the day
I will go tomorrow for it is that day
And the day keeps on coming and going, I am pregnant of love
Unable to get to love nest, living in ecstasy, also in lovelorn race
Where will I give birth? But I wish.

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

The Warring Of Ours And Theirs

The only constant thing change: they say
war is also constant: don't you war
For war is a change. eminent
I keep on warring day and night
Warring against evil; warring against soul stealers

For our government war against assylum dwellers
Men that kill men without passion: happy within
Wickedness against flesh and blood
Blood like an ever flow fountain
Descends to the lower path of the earth
Troublers are never troubled

But an eye watches the miss happenings among men
For war is inside and outside
For we cloth with weapons; well packed and package
Am an army; for I fight many unseen
Yet heroes of faiths make a clarion call
Watch they say, stand firm

Saxophonist, pianists await the jubilation
The jubilant of a conqueror
For the deeds in the deep shall be revealed
See me and war, a we not same
To live is war, to war is war
To be save from dead is war

A war to war, not as those that destroy others
It is our blood for the coming generation
For we are the general
For in our bosom, things fall not apart
For the centre can be held
Where we sing and joy till the end.

OMOYAJOWO OLAOLUWA

To The Married

I have to bow to negate row
Am fair, that i dance not in fear
I wore fear to make straight the fair
The pulse seems low, but i eat pulses
Aisle to the altar marriage not a butter
Has my sight loose not the right site
I know her like no one
While has things suddenly go asunder
Am right i did the rite
In the stairs of life she stares me off
Is the union a bed of rosses?

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Unreturned Treasure

The sun shall seize, moon will despise
Just like the days of josh
If and only thou continue to retard
For all I have, I have given out
In no return yet I am still expecting
In everlasting doom I will set the world
Responding to the loneliness of mind
Exacerbating the joy of my soul
Yet I say no retreat, for I wont
Yet thou say no surrender
Listen, I have determine my determination
Still what I lack, offer thee
I have wealth and you have joy
Come to me, I will butter your bread
though time is hurrying, yet my emotion
Reiterate I will tie thou down
Expeditiously, I need you
Though your love conscripts me
Not for what they do, but for zenith which is our stool
I need thou, though I breathe thee
You have my vessels, yet I seek thee

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Wallow Apart

All i know is what will not be for life
time will come when the sun will not dine
It wont gives as mans demand
man will be drunk with its light
A day will come when moon will not keep to time.
All astrologers will be fully drunk with foolishness
the rain will pay more than its expenses; aren't it now
sun will do more than the desires of the beings
Men will forget pen for there will be no tent.
Power will become a thing of the past with no history
Every thing will wallow apart.

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