

Poetry Series

Orifah Samson
- poems -

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Orifah Samson(12/06/1982)

First son of six children born to the Mr. and Mrs. Aimola Orifah Obadun. Attended Kekerume Primary School, Ekpe, Akoko-Edo, between 1986 and 1992. Attended Ekpe Mixed Grammar School, Ekpe, Akoko-Edo Local Government Area between 1992 and 1998. Attended Adekunle Ajasin University between 2000 and 2006 where he had a diploma in Public Administration and B. A. Ed (English Studies) graduating with second class upper. Concluded the National Youth Service Scheme in 2008 at Holy Rosary College, Uwani, Enugu, Nigeria. Taught Literature and English Language at HRSC, Enugu and Gloryland Secondary School, Igarra, Akoko-Edo before bei employed by Edo State Information Communication and Technology Agency where he was trained as a docuware manager. But works at Edo State Broadcasting Service, Benin City, as a broadcast engineer. Just completed a masters programme in Communication and Language Arts at the first and best university in Nigeria, University of Ibadan, Oyo State, Nigeria.

Chains And Pains

3.CHAINS AND PAINS

Chains and pains
Form the two sides
Of the coin of life
Masking the substance of life!
The chains
Of slander;
The chains
Of libel
Upon my slippery tongue!
The chains
Of trespass;
The chains
Of encroachment
Upon my troubadour feet!
Pains and chains
Of poverty
Upon the land of my mind...!
Chains and pains
Upon this time-bound life
And yet when a soul
Is let loose
From this tethered life
Of vain struggle
And vain possession
Streams of tears
Irrigate the land of callous minds!
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Come Back Home

Come Back Home
Come back home
Arewa
Oduduwa
Ndigbo
Sons and daughters
Long gone
In search of greener pastures
Without a feedback!

Come back home
When all is said
And done
And there's no headway!

Come back home
Now you're still
Hale and hearty
And our fertile land
Is lying fallow
Come back home!

Orifah Samson Obadun

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Eclipse Of The Stars

ECLIPSE OF THE STARS

The true stars
Are done and gone!
And this constellation of stars
Up the sky
Under the dark continent
Are long star-crossed
And in eclipse...
Stars northern
Dazzle stars eastern
While stars western
And southern
Groped in the dark
Fumbling for the future
Long lavished yesterday.
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Hard Times

2. HARD TIMES

The times are hard,
Man is bad
The rhymes are sad,
Man is bad.
The times are tough,
Man is rough.
The Chinese say:
Men go bad
Only once they get rich;
While women go bad
Only once they get poor.
And as if we've come to the end
Of the road;
Hard times succeed hard times
Bad men succeed bad men
And sad rhymes succeed sad rhymes.
But in the midst of this seeming endless
Successions of hard times
Sad rhymes
And bad men
I hear the voice of history
Saying:
Men tough and rough
Times hard and bad
Rhymes sad and bad
Never ever outlive the eternity of time!
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I Hear Crying Wombs

I Hear Crying Wombs

i'm reminded in deep pains
the indescribable pains
i watched mother hen share
when the hawk swooped down.....
on its chicks
like thousands of our Chibok girls...

I can hear
loud and clear
all over the world
crying wombs
asking for the fruits
of their childbirth pains
asking for their safety
asking for their freedom
asking not just for their children
but asking for our tomorrow's wives
asking for our tomorrow's mothers
asking for our future...

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Irony

Irony

the rich work like ants

but eat like elephants

the poor work like elephants

but eat like ants...

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Let The River Flow

LET THE RIVER FLOW

In the sacred name of pipe-borne water
They dammed River Ojirami
And with billions of naira
They laid pipes to carry it
From village to village
Long, they say, before I was born
Since I've grown a man
I see no water running
Any where
But year in year out
There're budgets upon budgets
By Abiku leaders...
Who will tell them
River Nile runs from Egypt
All through Ethiopia, Sudan, DR Congo, Rwanda
And Burundi
Quenching thirst?
Who will tell them
River Niger flows from Guinea Highlands
All through Mali, Niger, Benin
And Nigeria
Quenching thirst?

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On Mother's Day

On Mothers' Day
Will they beat their chests
Today it is mothers' Day:
A child is left in the cold;
Babies are sold like articles
From baby factories;
Nannies abduct babies?
Except they do not know shame
Anymore!
Here and there
A child is left in the shelter
Of a harsh cold
Yet a mother is bold
To say
Today
She deserves celebration
She deserves a position!
Well, if she has a conscience
Still alive
Let her listen to herself
If she has a memory
Or heard folktales
She would recall
Those days
Mothers were mothers
Of the home
Of the neighborhood
Of the community
Of our nation
Behind honest men
And didn't blow the trumpet
For they were mothers
And their children
Good fathers and mothers
And leaders!

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They Too Are Idle

THEY TOO ARE IDLE IDOLS

We too can be idols

If fed by chance.

And as long as

The undone is undone

Let there be no drumbeats

Nor gunshots

Nor songs!

We've lost the strength of our voice

Filling the vacuum of vacancies

To the rhythm of endless thirst,

Hunger and hopelessness

In the land of the plenty

In the stranglehold of prodigal fathers!

The drumbeats of hunger,

Thirst...

Do not call for a dance of celebration

In a sober season!

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Voices From The Valley

VOICES FROM THE VALLEY

I hear a thousand voices:
A thousand helpless voices
A thousand homeless voices
A thousand defenseless voices
A thousand hopeless voices;
A thousand voices
Of lamentations
Falling on deaf ears
Of the mountain
Who should better imagine its ugliness
Without the valleys!

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Orifah Samson

Without Quit Notice

WITHOUT QUIT NOTICE

They littered the drains

When the rains

Had not come

They left the drains

Untended

When the rains

Were about to come

The rains came

When they were

About to sleep,

Sleep

They couldn't sleep

Anymore

The littered drains

Overflowed

Flooding their homes

Making both the Shylock landlord

and the tenant

Helpless

Homeless

hopeless...

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