

Poetry Series

**Oyehan Opeyemi
Akinkunmi
- poems -**

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Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi(27th of July,1990)

Oyehan A. Opeyemi is blessed to a noble educationist and His wife, Mr & Mrs Oyehan. Born as the first child and the only male child to his mother, in 1990. He has three kid sisters. He started pre-primary education in 1994. He attended numerous institutions during his primary and secondary tenure, which aided his love for creativities such as poem-writing, drama and fictions. He started writing at age 8 and wrote his first poem at age 13 'African beauty'. He loves kid and would be sad seeing children suffer because of government's refusal to serve the people fairly and justly; thus He gained interest in writing poems to correct the inadequacies of the people in power; as in his poems 'In my dream', 'Merry-go-round'. 'If I am a love poet', an adaptation of Rudy Francisco's Love poem medley, is a performance poem. He also loves teaching. He is currently working on his new fiction that would be out soon.

A Dead Living

Living among the coos.
Dead- in the making.
breathing like none,
aimless nincompoop
useless
unwanted- a weed indeed.

Inutile pedicel
Nurse-
like the obnoxious fart
nurture a doughy drained fruit.

In the society,
make no sense, make no essence
Leave no impact and no simpack.
Having you is sample.

In God's Realm.
never missed, always pissed
off all intended progress,
pray never, suggest not,
contribute not, decides never.

Living among the meaws
dead in the making.
Non-essential to many,
aimless,
abject national toy,
weed to human race.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Africa

Oh Africa, Africa
second-large chamber
advanced ocean site
unmatched mainland
substructure,
high-ranking Asia filch lead.

The lot's sanctuary
spring of stately elites
-repainting gloom to glow.
Mother of her pistil-bearing acolyte
-corporal wealthy states within.

Province of fertility
land of augmentation
magnet of all sides
pregnant on infecund soil
foundation of all plus.

Breed to none; nurse to the bone
home of the ancillary foeman
latitude for the settlers
vessel for the globe.
Black open-shelter,
place of the swarthy freeman.

Truth in our way
our fatherland,
watering seeds to fruit
our people.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

African Beauty

Benediction fall seeing her,
acknowledge Father's sacrosanct creature
Inordinate in her brunette mixture.
Structurally, she's tender.

Accustom with soccer.
Dresses in her style and culture,
like damsel desires in future.
Dragging juvenile to the corner.

Mermaid could she be or an angel?
Soothsayer proclaim not,
neither the priest could say.

Hitch the heart hot as in hell,
Africa's beauty, reporters jot
nature made you, and all gray.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

All I Wanted...

All I wanted was a woman
Whose eyes are made
For me and mine for her,
Whose glowing eyes
I'll be hypnotised therein, and
Would be my well of smile.

...whose root I would long for,
With delight and an intent
To be as one till the hereafter.

...who would always be there
In my dreams - as my heroine
Saviour - compassionate and loving;
And beside me when I'm forlorn.

...whose presence I'll always feel
Even in the thickest wilderness.

...whose good night trembles my heart,
Whose goodbye steals my breath, and
Whose anger I wish not to see,
As is mine to her.

...who would love me for me,
Love me for I'm her half,
Love me for Heaven that she fears.

...whose bodily scent favours my nasals,
And lips - my pastime.

...whose presence I would respect
And absence I fear, against being of her kind.

...whose name I will always cherish,
So appealing as her beauty, and
So heart-warming when called.

...whose physique would adhere

To my subconscious world
For as long as I live, and
Would be my dream-wall paper.

...who I'll always love, trust, understand,
Cherish, remember, care for and respect.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Awéléwà

In your eyes so tender
So captivating
I read the future of man,
The white of the snowdon.

Arewà
Maiden of chivalry,
The deep tone of your hair
Whistles the eternity in your eyelashes.

In your eyes so clear
So transparent
I read the golden age therein,
The emerald of the peninsula.

Ewà, I call
Sea-goddess of chastity,
Your walk on the silent lawn
Reminds of the classic ages.

In your eyes so radiant
So fair
I read the verses of the Universe,
The blue of the fountain.

Inamorata
The half of my world,
You kept my memory green
I know your name not; so I call you
AWÉLÉWÀ.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Farewell

Farewell- the word you thrust from me
Not within, even for all I waited
To let go I have to, for thee
Not to death nor to be hated
I learnt to deal with it like this.

How do the scars feel after wounds heal?
Did it burn or hide the hurt inside?
It burns, but I'll forget the peel,
Hurts beneath the silence 'tween my aside.
Howelse do I deal with it all?

I will let go; I will miss you
And never will break my pledge nor fight
The walls that run betwixt us two,
With broken heart and broken promises, I indite:
Farewell- the word you thrust from me.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

He Broke Her Heart

He broke in bit her goblet
shattered the ring, and her bracelet,
tugged to the right for chaos
and the kid, in the spine and the anus.

Onset
when the tumbling dies
smuggling profound trembling in lies.

He broke in two her vessel
smashed the easel, and her stencil,
dragged to the left for brawl
and the clap, in the cheek and the skull.

In the mid
vows rolling in cogent knot
weeding- the dubiety and all in court.

He broke again her heart
trooped the parapherlania, and her cat,
bent to the doorway for exit
and the pull, in the ear and the tit.

The finis
the eggs, the duo fall and faint
none a lucifer nor a saint.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Hope: For Love

Will miss, that touch the me,
to that which live in the flea

and mute me, to or not to
for thou the part, me her vein,
strength, bone and heart, I wish to
hope not that it sleeps in vain.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

I Look Up The Open-Country

I look up the open-country, blue and cloud
At the fowls of the air
Fly and swerve their flaps apart
With eyes of sweet and candour;
I see the sunburnt veil
And clouds gathering to burst ajar
A prelude of tears on downhill
Fall in from all its pores.

I look down the crust, brown and sand
At the mountain-sheep stand
On limbs, paddles on the sea-sand
Upon all tame and dark;
I see so low, the pullet's tail
The peacock style fit into a nutshell
Shivering, and erh-ing as a sick cat
Hinds freezed and slum-dwelling lost.

I look down the silt, green and leafs
At the floweret in species
Dancing, looped to let the wind pass
Plead colours to nature;
I see on them, scenic patterns
Of spikes and pistils on tops
And the scent escaping to my nasals
Even on the tower where I peek.

I look straight behind, awry and dif
At the but and ben, stalls and booth
The windows rushing back and forth
The curtains clap to the room;
I see below, a nursing mother
Tasty for the door-touch
Her baby burges about on her back
Volley-catch at her floating wrapper.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

I Will Fear Not My Woes

From childhood, you stand a siege
Hovering through my impulse, yet blooming
In the thick of your hate; the festive plague
Increases your fervor; your forces consuming;
Still I rise
Still I rise
And I will fear not your woes.

Clouded by mock, you could not perceive
As others have; and you would not cheer
My goblet in the feat, as would believe
Not; you scared out of me - the fear
Of flying higher
Of flying higher
And I will scare away all your woes.

How much pleasure you gain in my pain?
When you knock my star, my moon beams;
You kid my rhymes, my passion still sane;
My pen will bleed as my candle gleams:
My victory hymn
My victory hymn
And I will script down all your woes.

How can I, in lone bounty, stop being afraid?
Not of you, but how much disappointed
You will be, when I rode in my parade
You shall groan alone, and be dented;
Be still my riches
Be still my riches
As I bid farewell all my woes.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

I Wish

I wish I never lost the battle:
Though my head - of blood
And my hand of blade, heads
Of my past and days out-spent;
Which I started at the fore-end.

I wish I never won the mantle:
Although, it was all I wished for -
To win, and nothing else but get it
My way. Far from my thoughts
That I will ever lose the mantle still.

I wish I can have her all to me
And never lost a sight of the kisses
And the touches of your lines.
And now, I have lost the you - in me
Plus the me in you: all is dead.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

I Would Change Myself - For Love

I would change myself - for love
But my attitude towards affection, same;
I always run away from love
Tho' it keeps chasing my fame;
Now, entangled in the trap of your beauty.

I would change my musing - of love
That love are to be found, not made;
I may just be captured in thoughts of love
And wonder if I ain't love-maid
To say what I feel about just you.

I would change the taste of me, not love:
To be this or that, I'm not lost in myself;
Find a good hubby in me - thy friend, thereof
And be truthful to you in my imperfect self;
The future is not ours to know but to act.

I would blend the bond of our love
But won't try to change you, unless;
And be calm and gentle as the Pionus-dove
For I have long-searched that of your kind-ness
And alas, I found you - close to my heart.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

If I Am A Love Poet

(1)

If I am a love poet, maybe
I will have been able to describe,
Indite in black and white how much
I love you; but that is if my definition
For love is like that of yours.
I can't remember nothing but the good
Times we used to share - the bite
Of your lips, the heavenly call at my name
With your voice as rich as Croesus,
Innocent as a new-born.
Many times I try to write to show
How much you mean to me, my hands
Seize and my pencils break.
When it all started, when we first met,
I was arrested by the call in your eyes.
I'm going to be honest - your eyeballs
Were so tender and captivating; your teeth
As white and glittering as a diamond.
About how I could say I begin to love you,
The same way that I learned how to ride
A bicycle, scared...
Reckless with no helmet or training wheels
-
So, my scars can tell the story of how I fell
for you.
If I'm really a love poet, I'd write
About how I see your eyes in every eyes
And how I read the future of man in them.
I'd write about the deep tone of your hair
- that whistles eternity into your eyelashes.
Yes! I remember when I first heard your
voice,
When you asked I asked for your mobile
digits;
I could hear nothing except the scent
Of the glands that spat off your mouth,
Stealing my breath off-coma.

(2)

If I really write love poems, I'd write
About us - the evening we walked
together
Just before the birth of our first kiss,
You were heavy, I was happy. We clutched
Our hands, running towards the beach
bank.
I'd write about a day like the day
After the year is over, when we were
caught
In the rain without covers - wet, your long
hair
Flattens on your neck and your wet
apparel
Exposes your separated tits and your
tommy.
Everytime I remember how we walked on
the lawn,
I'd say to myself, 'the way she walks
Is as beautiful as her bony legs.
I just hope that one day, we'll see again,
And then I will trace your vein until your
body
Whispers songs that even the lips don't
know.
I just hope...
That I'd be able to write all these.
But No, I'm not a love poet and I don't
think
I'll ever be, especially with you; because
I can't indite all my feelings, the whole
truth
Inside me; but if I'm to decide that I really
Want to write, I would write about you -
About my sad and lonely days without you.
I'd send you lilies and roses, through the
collared
dove. I'd do anything that any man never
had
The courage to do, like... trust you.
And when my friends ask if you're my
girlfriend,

I'll say No, and tell them
- she's a cook and I'm her favourite meal.
And if I'm asked to write about love: I'd
write
To the world that you are LOVE...

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Ignorance

I'm grossly in shame,
knowing even fools have fame
while thousands elites stays in the dark
crawling to lay on their backs.

Is this only in 'area?
A whisper, 'in the Asia'
which depicts its spread over the world
and the solution, an odd.

Broad thy eyes! ye scientist.
Find a lasting solution to this beast,
whom Guru see as a foe
and Idiot, a goal.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

In My Dream

The galloped bonfire
the land at sixes and sevens
the dogs unleashed below the belt
crowned on the celibate cathedra
swerve- the bilbo of power.

The fears,
the cracking walls,
the silence
and the floods,
the hunger and cries
of orphans-children;
the torture,
the killing,
the abuse,
the corpses lined,
discriminations, isolation,
the injustice
of the courts,
the ethnocentricities,
no rules, no rule of law.

Awoke horror strucked,
What things one does dream?
All In my dream

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

It Hurts

(...for those who have ever been hurt)

To tell how we got here
is to wake the dying thoughts
of the love we shared.

To tell that I never was in it
at the onset, until the sun shines
and I couldn't help but love you.

Like this day is not pleasant, for me
so would the words in this verse;
cheerless, gloomy and downhearted.

My heart is shattered and failing,
my eyes are full of drippings
of blood and of tears.

My pain flows through my nostrils;
the wound so deep it won't heal,
and maybe you won't fade away, ever.

What is whole, now just gathered in pieces
when you let me fall with no soft landing,
and in an unguarded moment, my heart broke.

I am lost, doing nothing on my bed,
alone trying not to feel like it hurts
but I must say, "it really hurts."

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Journey To The Heart

I see soft lightning stroke across the borders,
what a beautiful world!
Flowers blooming on the flowing red sea
and on the flow are smiling faces, dancing feets
and fists; a happy garden
of tree whistling softly...
All was bright and splendiferous!
I am glad to be here, a journey worth-while.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Just Someone Different

The pearl nor the diamonds in the jar
Matters not like the difference therewith,
If paired;
The pearl may
shine
glitter
even whither;
The diamonds
gleam
glow
even scowl;
Still nothing different, from pearl nor diamonds.

The smiles nor the cries on my gill
Matters not like the truth therein,
If only mated;
The smile may
be bright
attractive
even fake;
The cries
soar
buzz
even plus;
Still not a difference, smile nor cry.

Water, tea, coffee may quench my thirst;
But you forget to ask:
What could quench my thirst
For love,
For a life partner?

I want just someone different
Not the thick
Not the me
But someone commutual
That which to complete me.

Ladies Life...

Pubescence vanished many
thinking and...
-who am I?
Love, they search
infatuation at back.
What hath thou gain?
Does it supplant your meals?

Your lay-back
a conundrum for pestle-like,
One night -
one head, one micron-tozoa
from dusk till dawn;
rounds on back-on-ground.

What is the meaning of your life?
The consonance stuttered
lined the etymology
and hell blaze underneath.

Realise soon-
the painful sweetness ends,
end the odd oldies;
six feet invites
debt of closed eyes.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Let Me Not Undergo The Pains Of Thomas Wyatt

Let me not undergo the pains of Thomas Wyatt, for
love

Even as much as I indite in the Shakespearean
Not of the Romeo and Juliet, but as of a dove
Gentle, kind and reliable - I orate in Cicerean.

Mine love for you - much too pure to be dented,
Much too holy and kind, that man understands not
For it comes not from he, but the One who created
All; and each man which his own but.

How mine heart feel, I think if you were a dream
Giving the taste of yours, thus pinion the strength
in me.

And then I know it were a dream
Let me never open mine eyes to mother-earth.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Letter To My Mystery

And let the truth be told,
 my mystery
, and be firm.

Oh! Mystery;
Let's whisper our last goodbyes, in the dew
 - when the sun is yet to set;
For the seedling that grows
 betwixt us.

Not for myself, or the sickness of my folks,
 or the displeasing perfume that
Steadily spread -
The smoke would suffocate me, but I won't let it;

Not the figment of the love-bed,
 and
 not the choking warmth
Over the beatification of the bond;

Not even the talks of the talkers
 or of the barkers,
- the bee leaving its hive
- the leopard off its jungle;

Not you, my mystery but your
 Hereness.

I believe in myself, but in the other
 I am unsafe;
I have not much
 beside
 me -
But has my mystery up against me?

You can -
 loafe me, my lines
 and be
 hurt;

My transparent words lay in solid rock;

Clear and plain

is

my soul, towards

My mystery and I.

The earth, stars and moon - all be good

I am not the earth, I am human

With desires

and denials.

I may miss you, as you may

but never be shaken

We were both

mistaken.

Not words, lyrics or dialogues, not customs

or traditions

Nor lectures or instructions;

Even amongst the best

Of kinds,

Only my delight I like, the loin I brought forth.

I have no parodies or pros, I'll wait (for mine.)

Let's bid farewell now that it's dark,

Bury our shame with the

black

out

And fade in the soft breeze,

in our sleep - the tie-in.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Maybe I Am Not Just That Guy; Maybe You Just Don't Want To See It!

I am imperfect - covered with blemishes of my past and my human-ness;
In the cesspool of temptation, I try to be sane and strive to be good.
To talk about who I was is a history I wish not to dwell in,
For I work to be better and each day I am moving and climbing the ladder;
I am bitter but not in the consequences of what I have been
But in the efforts to be the better person that I would be.

I know one can't get away with everything, and maybe it is the price to pay
But I have paid the price with much more interest in you - readiness
To be committed and give it all that it needs to work and that you deserve;
Except you cannot help but hold my past against me.
And then I thought of other reasons you may have to bring forth
Still I assure you I have never wanted something so much.

Maybe I really I am not just that guy; or you just don't want to see it!
Or you just don't want to see past my done deeds, and let's focus
On a future that can be brighter for us and the seeds forthwith.
You are so pure and faithful, and you think I don't deserve those!
I do deserve you. And I want to be that guy - tell me what it takes.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Merry-Go-Round

Veer curve recap in lassitude
back - forth, fleck and freckle
rotating circular carousel
seats for amuse, scary-fun.

Oblivious-
unmindful of their words
raise wars over disloyalty;
the proverbial statesmen
in armed arm, battled confound.

succeeded to profligates
advanced in dextrous blood,
murderers,
scavenged the stunning dark gold.

Lacklustre-
germane proponent besieged
fenced,
tensed and pressed,
miniature hush for bereaved
like a falling dried cocoa seed.

Back - forth, fleck and freckle
rotating circular carousel
spotted within, rolling;
Vision the race
of our status quo.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Morning At Last

The sun drooped
the moon smiling
like a runner-up in an olympic.
In the waves of the night-
breeze whirling
amidst the brandish of the green grass
and whip at an infirm insect.

The vociferate of the frogs
cracking crickets-
embracing the evaded space.
Affright of villagers
young and aged
during the moonlight tale.

Alone,
on-looking the coarse striped ceiling
as though famished;
blanched eyes
betwixt whims and vagaries
unveiling the secret
of daylight.
Yelling-
Morning At Last.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Orbed Koin

Its infirmity heralds
last minimal two at hand
explode the offer of multitude
the tents of sphere coin.

Unequivocal obliterating state of atmosphere
way the white alongside a paper
on complaisant guise
discernment of exposure,
expostulation over cultural mal-management;
though a buoyant extortion of pride
-instinctly preserved salute.

Bizarre kobo
rebutted thy platform old-fashioned.
Dinosaur improvise
-fractional for spent;
Progeny, though ostensible detest
-nonsaint, a pre-seasoned friend.

Preach thy origin
peerless never with civilian
politician-
retinue the conspicuous exult
requite the high-born quoin.

Over-decorated
diminishing leaflet-evantuate!
suu... suu...
This' Ours.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Poetry Is Nature

Poetry is nature,
Poetry is revelation,
Poetry is human,
Poetry is divine.

Unveiling the countrified encounters,
the evolution of the cockroach
and the mythical cactus on the arid
the front and the end;
breaking open the activities
into nature.

The words in the ink
linking present and past
to forecast the prerequisite future.
The revealed talks of the heartbeats
and restoration of tensed souls.

Poetry is nature,
Poetry is expression,
Poetry is in man,
Poetry is divine.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

The Gods Are To Blame

The onsets like the London highway
Bangs!

The booms on the north
the south-east attack,
fears in the cardinals,
in the minds and hearts of the saints
hurt as though falling into its bowels.

The flashback recurs
on the platter of cold.

The pilots-
of the vehicle-affairs
like the romance of the beggar's portrait,
the bags blot-out
lives who know feeds and kids,
terrorism excuse the call for justice;
duplicates of their old Lords,
The gods are to blame.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

The Man Before The Mud (I)

Upon the triviality of a dream
A word proclaimed a world after
...of the gentiles;
The bringer of tidings, and Warner
What they have of the Torah
And the Virgin's Gospel
The augur of whose clemency
...shall be seek.

Enkindled ardour of the blissful crib
For the dried to turn green
...of the blood;
O'er the easel of the globe
The womb and the loin
And the haunch and the sands
The aegis of whose ancestry
...shall be clean.

After whom no other stands
As the last bairn at senescence
...of the prophets;
That dries up through him
The deaf and closed heart
And seems as a bone to pick
The anodyne of whose feet
...shall be gathered.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

The Rising Heart

(for Mo')

How does Love feel?

In the heavy heaps and puffs of your cheeks
And in the glittering detail in your eye-pops
Accompanying the naturalness of your flooded grin,
Turning mildly into a masked and devised gesture;
But all in the subtlety of your lips
Or the alarmed grips of your resonance - curious
Of the many questions that quizzes a young heart.

How does Love strike?

In the fairness and probity of my bruised heart
And it's thrills and toughs grown just humble;
In the glance of your matchless peacock pink
Stealing my proud spirit, haunting my tears and fears;
So here I am pleading your fellow-feeling,
At your feet, to live forth to our happy ending
And with each other, win the winks and shrinks of the world.

How does Love speak?

In the sincerity of our looks and lips
And the resemblance of our home runs;
In the shy touch of our hands, and on the fire
Of our emotional gazes - blushes and swift
Flashes of white teeth, in the warm
Or in the cold waves of our piping times
And be very ashamed to speak through our herculean tasks.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

When There Are No Mates

Few moons gone on your new blood,
sleeping with your fathers
and grands
What can they say?
Life timed for a nod of not.
Inherited the Old ways
When there are no mates
of equal propositions but high,
the young damsel in captive,
lost to Old fat cargoes
synical old rulers of critics
engulfing the meals of the sons
drinking meritoriously
recrystallised, thewed, pressed
heaven-only-knows juice
of the white,
stealing our Jewels off sight.
-our sisters favours the minds thus.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Where Are My Friends?

I brushed, woke and slept
Noone
no friends, no foes
the day and night breaks in;
like the rainbow after the Noah's fall.

Friends are like veins
one's second on the biblical man's rib
advocate of confidence,
friends should be honoured
if not blundered trying for too much,
they are divine.

Friends-
like piercing thorns in a cactus field;
foes,
associates of scornful propositions
friends should be honoured
suspiciously,
checked for balances.

They are here, there
like the earth-sand.

Where are my friends,
-mine friends?

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi

Will It Please Ye I Die At My Dew

Will 't please ye I die at my dew,
when my petals, still fresh and new?

The sonorous call, I cry for thee
a warm embrace and smile rosy
as the mild breeze of the sea.

With mine confrere I lost all hail
my crouching, perching at thy tail,
to un-tape thy heart out of veil.

Then, I wake in mine 'hood, and ye
with a smile gentle - and never flee.
That ye say 'll not happen, will see.

Oyehan Opeyemi Akinkunmi