

Poetry Series

Seyi Enikanoselu
- poems -

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Seyi Enikanoselu(May 1989)

Seyi Enikanoselu was born on the 12th of may,1989. A renowned playwright, novelist and poet, who devotes much of his time on pastoral creativity. He is a member of Association of Nigerian Authors (Kebbi State branch) . Some of his works include; ROMANCE OF DEATH, THE LABYRINTH, ON THE EVE OF EXECUTION, OLD CURSE, among others.

I Was Born Like I See, An Imbecile

I was born like I see, an imbecile,
I agreed within me,
I took to my fate,
I received pleasure and prestige,
No work but much food, thus, I contended.

I couldn't access the essence,
Two cloths, no shelter, no money, no friend,
Except the dirtiest prats in my corner,
Still I received regard with my bluest eyes,
I was glad.

A day, his man just entered,
Looked me two times with cricket sight,
perused my heart as it felt aghast and I wonder in race,
'No I dont want you ',
The thought murdered and feathered.

Still the drooping persisted,
He raised up and I flagged off,
looked up with great vision of intention,
Shouted within moment 'God heals you ',
'You are delivered from your sickness, thus rise and be made whole '.

As if encharmed,
I rose immediately,
Walked as a man and discovered my talent...
I cried not for merriment but for sadness

Nobody understood me,
everyone thought me in another rem of insanity, my cloth soaked with tears as,
I peered my past moment solitarily.

Now, I have been known to be a new man, nobody mention my name as before,
I become outcast,
Not intended to be seen.
Where will I start?
Who will give the same cherish?
What will my fate be?

God are you not so cruel?

Seyi Enikanoselu

Madness In Our Church!

Dancing to a ring point,
once he sits up with sweated handkerchief,
Mouth wide open with rifute refuge,
Against the podium he says.

"Cry to God this moment ";,
No race to meet the mace,
"Make me the heart of my family ";,
Brother contends against sisters.

The race just met the mace,
The feud reads the field,
None wishes to sooth the other,
until he quits the great race.

Again he decrees like a war master,
facing frownly the rolling ceilings,
This once again he satisfies my hatred,
"Anyone who oppose my prayer should die ".

Who should be granted request?
if all die who will worship next sunday?
will my master not call us crazy?
Is madness not ushering our sanctuary?

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My Night Grace

Night I thank you
For saving me from the laborious day,
For releasing me from the captivity of the sun,
For protecting me from matilda of the rain.
No rest paves way for the day
Except the matinee play at noon
After bending, grinning, squatting, and sweating hard
To axe out from the iroko massages
And sieving reefs from the river.
Another anticipation comes to me
When the blue moon emerges
That my bed pays me welcome
After chasseur has convinced my appetite
And chasse appends my heavy feet;
Heavy storm blows my weak brow a close
Oft, I am lured to see the hallucination
Of nothing else in the world
But the rubbles amongst the rubies.

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The Deaf

When the market is set ablaze,
Who is the semiotician
To alert the deaf about the impending peril?
When a hundred souls are on sleep,
Who is the professional prompter
To remind the dumb about the anticipating menace?
Does a farmer need to be trained by an agrobiologist
That a good tree bears good fruits?
When a branch is unfruitful, won't it wither?

All sleep in the dietary of blood,
Licking the fingers of ignorance,
Swinging the heads of innocence,
Yelling, mouthing, fumbling, and sighing -
Yet in awareness,
Crying, grinning, mourning, and eating -
With glorious debts.

Oh! Compatriots...
Should we keep hissing in pretence?

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