

Poetry Series

Stephen Olufemi Omolara
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Stephen Olufemi Omolara(08-09-1970)

Stephen Olufemi Omolara was born in the agrarian town of Ode-Aye Ondo State, Nigeria. He got his elementary education from L. A. Practising School, Ode-Aye, and proceeded to Daniken High School, Ode-Aye for his Secondary education. In the year 1983, young Stephen discovered his poetic abilities under the guidance of one Mr Ijiwande who was a teacher then. His first set of work were not documented but rather rendered in his native tongue, Yoruba, at school competitions and special occasions.

However, Stephen wrote his first English poem in 1987 to mourn the death Mr Ikumawoyi, the then senior tutor at Layelu High School, Ode-Aye.

Stephen is also known as a musician under the name Ambassador Lara Steve.

He obtained hons in the field of Sociology and Anthropology from Ondo State University, Ado-Ekiti in 1996.

Stephen is married to Eunice Olubunmi. They are blessed with children.

A Pain In The Ass

I am too moved to be moved
Too empty bellied to be hungry.
Every day I live a stranger to myself,
A riddle boxed in mystery,
Why I survive I cannot tell.
I was a proud Nigerian,
Dead yet living.
My pride, a victim,
Of assassination by my folks.
Bombed out of me, yet I live,
In the gory of senseless glory
Many prides massacred the bokoharam ways,
How I am surviving I can tell not,
Fears, I feel no more;
No boldness comes my way
But brick wall of fear I become
The one in me, I feel,
Turns the one outside dwarfs.
The fire is intense on the roof,
Yet the house owner smiles and dines.
Popping of guns, our fire crackers,
The Kaboom of bombs our drums!
Welcome to the party!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

A Second At A Time

A second at a time, a minute as it comes,
an hour as I see, a day at a time,
Life I take. life rushes in, a shadow.
To see tomorrow no one can tell,
With heavy sigh we bid
Whoever go, to go well;
To think;
we shall see if surely they see after death.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Alagemo

Alagemo, so light yet tread with caution,
Lest the earth quakes under his tread
Alagemo full of disguise, yet hids,
Lest by an adventurous one get killed.

Listen to the rhythm before you dance,
The mouth that praises can curse,
The hand that pats can spank.
The heart that loves can hate.

Alagemo, the world is delicate.
Don't look too much for detraction
Neither move too close to attraction
The world is too cunning brother.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Almajeri

With arm stretched in my front,
The extension of my arm you see,
Sparsely populated with coins,
The round little bowl I admire.
The only tool I know.
And every, this I wedge,
In me, the legion of hunger to fight.
They know I am here
But me, never they see:
The pimple on their comely faces;
The tares among their wheat.
Everyday many I become,
Never here but always here.
To every crime, my side, the fingers point,
Even when it seems to lack all points.
'Cos me, no one to defend.
In the comfort of the street corner breed
Like roaches happily fed on crumbs of fallen bread.
Curl, in the dark on my stony beds,
Down town where we stay,
For this, I know I do not have to beg.
To reasons, they say, I never bow.
What is logic to a man seated upside down?
May more logical for me, your house to keep
When down and out my name is.
Why saying angry, I always am?
When you are foretold:
An hungry man is an angry man.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Beast In The Cities

The road was long, very long, so long.
The journey was tough, the kicks, the punches,
Stake, in the most sacred, hiding part of a woman.
Cudgels not for thieves and kidnapers,
Descending on the innocent head of a damsel.
Can you watch the dancing steps?
Can you see my tears flow as I am recalling?
No arm around my shoulders, no whispers of it is well
As I punch my sorrow on these helpless keys.
A forlorn look on my face,
A hopeless thought in my heart: wake up big sis
Can you share my pains? Can you feel the aches?
I mean the one in my heart, not the attending migraine.
I cannot punch these keys any more...
They are not the culprits, we are;
Victims victimizing victims. Who wrote that?
I cannot remember. Wole Soyinka or Chinua Achebe
Not that I really care who, in this my demented moment
The choice of diction neither do I care.
Lions will not kill for fun,
What do will kill for? In war and in peace,
We kill but cannot eat. Humans, I mean, not goats.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Cradle And Grave

At the feeble hands clutching the air smiled I.
It cackles as if my fleeting adult's thought in comprehension.
Ruefully smiled I in thought of that, I little like this was
Not care given to the world of vain
On others shoulders my cares and worries rested
They, irksomely, pleasing I that gave little care.
In wobbling and tumbling toddled I, all hands to guide.
Now with crown sprinkled with grey, I swear,
But now even down the steep tumbled I, not a wink they give.
Others' cares on my shoulders now I bear.
These, no one near care enough to share.
How wish I my pensive thought this chubby fella can hear?
Twice in life their attentions you gain
Twice in life their care you get:
When forcefully announce you, your arrival
They stridence of your voice attentions command;
And when silently lay you in your gravy last apartment
Sorrowfully they bid your soul depart to rest.
Cradle and grave similarity in difference.
The first wholly occupy you with life abound
The other in eternal solitude, life forever departs.
From cradle to grave.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Death Why?

Death is too much a coward to answer me;
From Death I asked: "are you afraid of the older ones?
Oh the flesh of the aged, your teeth they 'ill break!
Or too wise are they for you?
Their ways may be too logical for your 'killing" narrow mind to
comprehend.
Then the young you are focused on, the young, the vibrant;
The infants you crush and commit infanticide.
The youth in their haste into your net they rush.
Why Death, why?

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Eko Akete (Lagos Nigeria)

Eko akete,
Where our wisdom is lost,
Where our identity is missed,
Where blind man leads full sighted folks
Where emotion is an alien
Where secularity under plays religion
Where leaders are led on goat's string
Where men are beast to men,
Where thieves hold rallies□
To the applauses of their victims,
Where all wisdom is lost
Where folly plays in high quarters
Yet,
Eko akete,
You're home of wisdom.
If you know too much you're of no good
If you know too less you're a bike
If you're moderate you are of no use
All are horses for the home-boys
Eko akete,
He who hugs you hugs thorns
She who kisses you kisses bristle
He who sees you and runs not
Has pains in ankle
He who waits on your promises
Invite poison to his heart
Eko akete, the home of wisdom!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Happy Birthday

Why didn't you tell me?
Only to hear in the air when the birds sing it!
The singsong of birthday so sweet.
Happy many returns I join them sing!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

I Am Immortal

I cannot die this I know so well.
I am nature and nature is me.
Same as we are, we move; flow together as one.
One from one and the other back to source.
One from one same as one.
I cannot die because I am love
To God, the source of life, connected
One is one and so it will be.
If sleep in death's chamber, die do not say.
My flesh mix back with and go back to nature;
Dust unto dust and ashes to ashes.
And my life, you say?
... Goes to the only LIFE living;
God the big LOVE of days.
You see, die I cannot.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

I Love You Mama

Mama I love you.

I remember, though faintly, the delicacy of your milk

I 'll never forget the hen that kept the hawks away!

With your feeble waves

The wolves you kept at bay!

With your belly emptied, you let me suck away.

With nothing left to give, you give me all your heart!

Sweet mama, how can I forget you?

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

I Rule The World

The world I rule, in my heart I do
The crown I bear, with my LOVE I wear
Who wants to rule the whole world, with her sores and puss?
When with LOVE, a wonderful world create I
Where there is none greater than LOVE?
Who cares to be the boss?
When with LOVE we can care all for one
And one for all?
I am a creation of LOVE
With fluid of her breasts I am strong
In warmth of her womb there formed I
In the rays of her light I glow.
On the throne of her laps reign I the king!
Who cares to rule the whole sour world?

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Just One Way To Love

Just two ways to go;
One broad, the other narrow.
Just two days to live;
Today and the other ever
Yes two ways to live,
one eternal other ephemeral
Just two ways to die,
Temporal and permanent,
But only one way to love;
The sacred strait eternal heart!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Letter To Prof Wole Soyinka

to the stone that sharpens axe,
kudos.

to the stone that grinds pepper,
kudos.

to the bird that swallows snake,
kudos.
to the woman who swallows man,
kudos.

to the man who swallows lion,
kudos.

to the hunter who returns
from exploit, when the day breaks,
kudos!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Live For Love

If I had the chance to live
I would live for Love
If I had a life to chance
Would be chanced for Love
If I had a song to chant
You can tell: it would be chanted for Love.
You take my Love:
my life you take.
A life without its Love
Like broth without its salt.
Unwelcomed by the taste bud.
Give me Love, you have given me life.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Love

Love, a cup I hold;
I've drank and from whence I am drunk.
The cross on my shoulder lay.
In fear I whimper;
in care I whisper the sweet nothing
meaningful to only one.
Love! Every day we see,
yet 'tis the stranger we'll never know.
The best of man it stoops, the wisest of him,
it makes, apple to joggle.
Love with many faces and;
Yet with no face, in many places yet a destitute,
causes many harms yet earns gratitude. Love!
The first mystery begging resolution!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Love In Mourning Cloth

Love clothed in odds this much never have I seen
Or ever I found so shrouded in mysterious misery.
Wounds from Cupid's arrows in ages past fester.
Her heart ache with longing,
His sweat reeks corrupt desire.
What want they, within grab.
They must not because it is taboo!
It has been given to and taken by the passers-by
During the wait in the valley between.
Her eyes bore well of emotion within his heart;
his touch laced with lethal provocation.
Her voice, a hot knife journey through the butter called heart.
Won't you tell me your names?
That I may write your tale on the tablet of gold in my heart embed: .
A tale that forced my tail between my legs.
Tell it again, I beg of you.
That from this I may learn.
'tis like on this path myself once found,
Love in mourning cloth.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Many Faces Of Love

Love they call it but it get me confused.
To my mummy, it is called love,
The one for my babe affection yet it's love
The one for my work, dedication yet love it is
Love just another name for caring for my baby
When engulfed by passion, love in action
They say my devotion to God is love for Him
My dear Love,
How many faces hath thou?
Like chameleon you change cloth
Yet you come in beautiful colours
All to you good attributes put,
You are gentle, caring, persevering and enduring
You make me feel so much an imperfect being.
But with you in me I feel so great
The world you make so worthy to live in
My heart you made a world of its own
A planet that houses so many loving people.
I can be in so many place same time
Cause with you I am every where
In the hearts of those that love me.
Love how great you are?

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

My Fairy Tale

As I alighted from the express electric train,
My eyes traveled to the happy people;
Concentrated smiles of contentment playing
On the nourished faces
As they were belched out of the sub-way,
Chattering of their beautiful day
I smiled to the tram that blocked them from sight
But not good enough to block the happy echoes
Of the happy trident voices,
Ricocheting from brick to metal walls
Bouncing with laughter, saying,
God bless Nigeria! God bless Nigeria!
I picked my ways through the speck less street,
Hurrying my feet to meet my honey-heart,
Who was to arrive through the leisure cruiser
Ferried on the debris-less water way
Accompanying her recuperating mum
Who just won the battles against osteoporosis and renal failure
Thanks to the free medical services of the world's best government
I belched, the rich aroma of balanced food
Spiraled the food pipe into my mouth and nostrils.
My heart raced normal, for no children books to buy
No children school's tuition fee to fear;
Oh, the oil wealth is on the jobs.
We are lucky people; a blessed nation with good governance
Unemployment, the song of the sloths only,
Job creation, an opportunity flows like rivers of water.
Somebody touched my arm from the rear
And a strange voice from a stranger land softly said:
Honey, there is no kerosene in the stove and in the news,
The Government just moved the price of PMS to
One Hundred and forty Naira.
The school bill, the PHCN bill and landlord's note are on the table.
What? I retorted. 'And where is your mum?
She looked as if she heard a dumb spoke
'What? ' more confused than I was,
Mum died a month ago from lack of medical care
I opened my eyes wider, jostled into reality.
Welcome to Nigeria!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

My Love Come To Roost

I want to see you when I close my eyes
You, I want to see, even in my day walk.
I want to feel, yes your touch in the passing breeze.
The brush of your lips then still wet on mine,
The ache of my heart makes my soul rage
In silent wail, till now.
Yet I was told you left, a decade ago.
Can space and time pull love apart? Nay.
The way you took my eyes eternally glued.
'Cos I know through same my love will come to roost.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Online With Nature

Together we flow, nature and I
The breeze caresses my cheeks, it tingles.
Whispering sweet love that no mouth can tell,
Chorus by the birds in trees and crickets in the undergrowth.
The water from its rock wraps round my ankles
Two lovers in the peak of passion.
We tangle from all angles
It speaks, its speech spurs me to action
All nature gives I know I can handle.
The Lilly, the basil, the hyssop, the rose and all
Tell me how much nature caresses
After I am gone, I will be all nature.
And my kind may be so rare.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Psalm Of Thanksgiving

Though with no harp or cymbal,
No bull or ram on this altar I offer.
I still sing with joy to Him who is able,
To bring from the dead he that hath gone
To creator of life and death;
The decider of who is who is not
He makes everything possible unbelievably
Though I was gone He brought me back.
I saw my life ebbing out of me
But a strong firewall He built round it:
A feat, no man can perform;
A standard, no man can meet.
Jehovah!
This is my psalm to say thank you LORD.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The Broken Salt Pitcher

Something happened, one I never forget.
Whether caused by a Demon or an Angel I cannot tell.
'Cos a moral lesson was taught from a sin so grave.
This farted in my mouth and poured in honey.
Honey I love; fart nobody cherishes.
My siblings and I were playing like normal kids,
In the visitor's chamber after mama left for her trade
Papa never came home easy, for his work;
Itinerant trading; from coast to coast went he.
That fateful day, whether Devil's or God's work I will never know
Bang, bang, bang, the ball I threw went
The direction we could control not.
Set in motion for fate to decide.
With a loud crash, the pitcher hit the floor.
Salt and enamel all mixed together.
Just then papa stepped inside.
Who broke this pitcher? Nobody responded.
Straight to the room he went.
I, conscience pricked did the confession later.
But papa said something else was broken.
With confusion all over my face I said nothing was.
He shook his head bitterly and said there was;
And it was something bigger and greater than a jug.
Trust, he said was broken, 'cos my confession came
Just a little late after I killed his trust in me.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The Cross I Bear

I STARTED
WITH STEP SO FAST AND ASSURED,
I TREK FOR LIFE
I TREK FOR SURVIVAL
ARMED WITH "PAPERS" AND CONFIDENCE.
EVERY CORNER I TURNED
EVERY PLACE I VISITED
THE STORY IS THE SAME
NO VACANCY PLEASE OR Milder;
WE SHALL CONTACT YOU SOON.

I GROPE ON,
DAY BY DAY I STUMBLE
ON THE ROCKY FLOORS OF OFFICES
WITH HOPE THAT HAD DIED
RESURRECTED TIME IMMORABLE
I MOVE ABOUT, A GHOST,
WITH LEG TOO WORRIED FOR CARES
WITH BODY TIRED BUT NOT RETIRED.
THE GHOST IS EVERYWHERE
DANCING TO THE SAME RHYTHM
NEVER LEAVES THIS REALM
YET IN ANOTHER WORLD
HANGS ON SPIDER'S THREAD OF HOPE
SEEKING WHAT HAD BEEN SHARED
LONG BEFORE HE STARTED DREAMING.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The Humbled Poorman

When you say you are humble,
I look for your greatness.
When you say you stoop,
I scan your height.
When you say you are a giver,
I spy your purse.
If with no pain you stoop no sacrifice made;
and with no lean purse you give
No great deed.
It takes greatness to be humble as
It take height to stoop.
In my confusion I see, a poor humble man,
or do I say, a humble poor man or
Maybe, a humbled poor man.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The Mad Season

Ah ah ah ah, he he he hee hee
'xcuse me, clear the pitch
I have a strange song to sing
With a stranger rhythm that induces
Frenzied mad steps that ache the body.
Yeah, the mad season is here
A seasoned wine that changes bottle
With the politics of "me live" others die
Season of mourned consciences
Consciences massacred in "gory" of money politics
In this mad season alone
Are you dancing?
Oh oh oh, you're stepping on my toes.
Ok clear the pitch a little more.
Now listen, eh ey!
The surviving consciences in mourning clothes crying out in silent voices
Ah ah ey! Voice muffled with the boots of
The mad dancers,
Ah! In this mad season,
When king dances with feet upward
The crown covers the murderers' faces.
Their lips apportioning the killer poison
And the mad dance continues
In the mad season,
Smoldering iron shivers
Fish sweat in the Arctic,
Oil congealed on fire
Ah ah ey, its flu is back with the raging fire of insanity
Ah ah ey, the dancers change hands
The madness take a new dimension
Yet an old wine in a new bottle
Eey, le'me go before I catch this madness
'xcuse me, le'me call the psychiatrists.
Strange things than stranger happen!
The mad dance is squashed,
As the new rogue is crowned!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The Melody Of Love

The tac toc tac toc of your heart against it bony cage beat
Seeking expression unfathomly so sweet
As you sweetly lay in my arms
My eyes in sleep I cannot close
So that I don't dream you away in oblivion.
Will you still be here when I wake?

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The New World

The world's upside down
You wear your coat front -backward
You think upside down
You make me feel awkward
Yet I am not that surprised.
Cow milk, you took
In place of mama's milk
no wonder you moo,
Jump and chatter when you dance
Cause like monkey you rode
on mama's chest
A right that should be your dada's best.
Your behaviour isn't that strange
No respect for grey heads
For cow have not
Neither do monkeys in their colony.
You care not if you commit felony.
To your neighbor you care not
'Cause already you've gone nut.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The River Between

I can see you clearly in my head,
The sleekly cut mouth
The almond shape eyes,
The aquiline nose that honours the face angelically
The little clear desert that encroaches the deep forest that crown your head
The smile that cobra made disharmed.
How can I see not; the pearls that crested your parted lips?
My heart aches, my arms armed, my body longs
To love, to cuddle and to feel.
In dismayed despair I desire,
In lovelorn I aspire
To cross this river between

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

The Wing Of Wind

The bird, with the wings of wind they fly
Aeroplanes on the wing of wind they glide,
Our lives, on the wing of wind they soar!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Thinking About What The Trees Are Thinking

I ponder in my heart if feelings they have
Or thought of their own posses they.
I am thinking in my mind if they too have souls
Or do they think we are unfair to them
Felling them in prime and green.
Our beds and fittings we make.
Do they in silent agony bear the pains we afflict
When the axes or saw meet their marks?
Oh, or the heat of the 'chadding' fire we cause.
Are they happy when the birds perch and rest
Or glad the fowls find meals in their fruits?
Would they be glad if today I fall
Dust to dust, nourishing their roots?
I am just thinking of what the trees are thinking.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

This Can Only Be Love

I look thru' the window, the sky is blue
Yes the turtle doves are cooing
The same song I dreamt I sang!
The wind gushes in through my window
As caring only as love can be.
Lingering still, the perpetual fragrance,
The uncommon delicacy of your nectar.
Emphasis laid on the buzz in my heart.
Humming the tunes of the turtle doves.
This can only be Love!

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

Total Reflection

In looking into the mirror you're all I see.
In slumber in my waking you are so real I can touch.
The thundering silence of your presence,
The deafening flapping of your winglessness,
Just the the proof I need of your perpetuity.
The rhythm of your life's pump
The beat to the steps I dance,
The waves of the seas of blood in your hoses,
Evidence that you feel that which I feel:
Anguish, pain, love and all,
These I feel in your Kisses!
My wingless Angel.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

What Of If?

What of if I died while writing these lines?

Or you departed before reading these?

What would our foot springs might or might not have written in the passages of time.

What softness would our palms might or might not have pasted on some stony hearts?

What smile would our hearts might or might not have painted on some squeezed faces?

How deep might be our foot springs for good or bad?

Let's allow Time, the accurate story teller, tells our tales.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara

When Wisdom Is Lost

When wisdom is lost what do we use to find it?
If the head is cut why should the cap become prominent?
Where the wall is broken, who clamours for keys?
When the man is burnt who still looks for beard?
'Tis only a fool that looks for the mark of cut in water
He only can look for the tracks of flight of birds
Or better still want to know what the corpses eat in the grave.
When wisdom is lost, the elders dance naked in the markets
Passing calabashes of palm wine in merriment.
Sleeping while riding their bicycles.
Where wisdom is lost the cobra looks like a rope;
Yes an ill wind that blows no one good
Oh why should the footless die fighting for shoes?
Or the toothless die for bones?
I am confused. Yes logically paralyzed.
On the wheel chair of wisdom, I see
Where the elders defecate in the open
On paths where their offsprings tread,
And in market squares where it must be
That in four days they must be back
When the offenses of odor its peak just reached
That means logic stand on its head
Wisdom lost its path
Then in the town of the blinds,
Where a one eyed man is found,
Who shall be the king?
Let the young flies be warned,
The animal that is slow lives longest in the forest.
But it needs little wisdom to know,
That is the fly that is ill advised
That enters the grave with the corpse.
When you prove me wrong,
My apologies I will tender;
And my ignorance I must admit.
Before warned, I was told, is before armed.

Stephen Olufemi Omolara