

Poetry Series

**Timothy Faboade**  
**- poems -**

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# Timothy Faboade(13th February,1993)

Timothy Faboade is a graduate at Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife. He has a bachelor degree in English language and education. He attended St. Luke's Anglican Primary School and St. Patrick's Anglican Grammar School, both in Gbongan for his primary and secondary education respectively.

Faboade was born into the Sooko Ruling House, Gbongan where he spent his childhood days.

He began his writing career while in the secondary school where he served as one of the senior prefects. He represented and won numerous prizes for his secondary school in different competitions.

He gained admissions to Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife in 2012. He was a journalist on OAU campus working under the auspices of the Association of Campus Journalists (ACJ) . He also reported for the INFOCUS News Agency of Faculty of Education, OAU.

Faboade heads the Editorial Board of the Gbongan Olufi Parrot (GOP) , a media organization that awarded him as the best writer of the year in 2018. In late 2017, Faboade was appointed as Acting General Secretary of the Gbongan Youth Emancipation Group (GYEG) . Considering his successes in the office, the indigenous association made him substantive General Secretary in 2018, a post he still holds.

He has written several articles for the Nigerian Tribune, a daily newspaper and a number of blogs. Also, he is an experienced English and Literature teacher having taught in many secondary schools in Osun State, Nigeria.

# Ageing

When I behold a child clad with smiles  
Brushing off ahead of him the many miles,  
Feeling his is the world of our own  
And his free earth to be shown,  
Within me poisonous envy soars.  
Not that with the infant I want a war  
Nor with his smiles that bring me pains,  
But with ageing which me chains.

Timothy Faboade

# Eye And Sky

Which has a more contentful bank  
I once in my mind thought,  
Each with its strength fought  
Till both at night went blank.

Yet when in the morn wakeful I lay,  
The very battle at once resumes  
Ending it at once I quickly assume  
For as an onlooker I am often frail.

Very wide and large is the sky  
Spreading itself to cover the planet,  
Or let's say it's the Earth's blanket  
Designed and sewed with no style.

When it opens its bank, the lands  
Roofs, seas, heads have their shares  
And for the green ones it cares  
And the content comes in brands.

So, larger we think the sky's fount  
Whittling down the eye's power  
Which though can usurp Eiffel tower  
If not for its bounty!

But the head's lamp no season  
Knows: rainy or dry it flows  
Its fluids: in joys or woes  
And releases water from its prison.

What happens to the eye's content  
Not to the sky it vanishes?  
Or does the sky that replenishes?  
Sky's content is but lent!

How do I become a fair judge  
In this battle of supremacy  
And for the world leave a legacy?  
To none's claims will I budge!

Timothy Faboade

# Seed In Heart (To Olaitan)

When a seed underneath ground  
Is by a perfect tiller buried,  
Is it forever in the closet bound?  
And the expectant tiller worried?

It resurrects even with a better body  
Spreading its colour, fair and green,  
Joining to make nature a better company  
And the tiller's efforts by all is seen.

Not with digger I dug your heart  
Or plant a poor and corruptible seed  
On your innocent fleshy earth  
Free of the common mundane weed.

Thus for long I have tarried  
Refusing to blink my wearied eyes  
Set on the heart which has carried  
The seed, my love, and looked iced.

For an age, it seems, I have waited  
For the plant to rise even to the space  
For I want from the fruit to taste  
And wear smiles on my sored face.

The land is fertile and not hostile,  
So why would my love not grow  
Fair is my love, not futile or vile.  
Lady, see the balls of water on my brow.

Timothy Faboade

# When Winter Comes

When Winter comes, witty Nature  
Its beauties and glories evacuates  
And for a while till March vacates  
So, its fairness Winter won't puncture.

The agile sun becomes weary  
So, though not in humility, is low  
Allowing night for a while to glow,  
The sun has never been wary.

When Nature in the eyes vanishes,  
In the admiring hearts it flourishes,  
For there it's watered and nourished.  
So, by Winter Nature isn't banished.

From December Nature itself winters  
Revelling till its fairer return in March  
So as not with the fiery Winter bashes.  
Winter is but a dreadful pincher!

Timothy Faboade

# Lines Written On My Birthday

(Composed for Timothy Faboade on his birthday)

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days  
So we can obediently draw near you  
Please, add more to our days and years.  
Though from the outset the road is gray  
Like a forgotten mustard seed I grow.  
Gradually, the glory shines on my brow.  
And I am being evacuated from the mire  
Which burns me incessantly like fire.

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days  
So we can obediently draw near you  
Please, add more to our days and years.  
I'll spend wisely my precious time  
And to astray I will never think to go.  
From infancy to adolescence I soar  
Albeit the brave-less lions' raging roar  
Amidst thorns and woods the seed grows.

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days  
So we can obediently draw near you  
Please, add more to our days and years.  
The handler of the pen clocks another year  
The league of heavenly host valiantly rejoices  
Clandestinely, sylphs in their tiny voices  
In conjunction with men celebrate the Poet  
Showers of blessings in the morn he gets.

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days  
So we can obediently draw near you  
Please, add more to our days and years,  
Within twenty-four a day grows and dies,  
The sun lives and dies when the moon  
In its shyness appears white-black so high,  
Now I, the poet, am in my aged noon  
Moving without a strand of fear.



The glorious eve of my arrival had done  
Leaving an immortal memory of the Great Entry  
After twelve months have gone.  
As I am busy moulding the story,  
Teach me Lord to count my days,  
So, I can obediently draw near you  
And not move like the world astray  
Till I see my noble end in you.

Timothy Faboade

# Frailty

How short could human mind be?  
Just once threatened it forever frails  
Oblivious of the not-far-coming glee.  
It sees green light yet chooses fail  
For once before it is ephemeral threat  
Behind which lies the sought honey  
On which it's placed its very best.  
And so renders a waste the journey.

Timothy Faboade

# Father To Son

'You're about to set a new feat  
In this world of ours. You have come  
Thus far, very far from to have a name,  
Listen to my words and the gnome  
And in the mission you'll have no shame.

'In the dreams there will be some storm  
Raging and rocking the sheer sea  
On which you travel, this is a norm,  
Tempest comes before the glee,  
And above all these, my son, rise  
With your oar and mind strongly,  
And not be drowned by their size  
As this will be, my son, very wrong.

'Many a foetus dies before birth  
And flowers before becoming fruit,  
Yes, some see it as a bestial brute  
My son, life itself, to me, is a mirth.  
Stand still even if the wind howls  
Let not the waxing waves shake you,  
Pains, fears and tears may grow,  
But your lofty dream will come through.'

Timothy Faboade

# Olufioye, The First Lord Of Gbongan

Many an unharped name had gone  
Into the running wind and air  
Of time, sometimes with a snare  
When the bearer of it was done  
In this wide weary, whirling world  
Though his deeds be big and broad,  
Of him not heard was one word  
Even from his surviving child or ward.

Millions of fames of the Black Race  
Not bisected in the history Book  
After centuries of unique phase  
Possess a vague and fading look  
And later, not able to survive time  
In the modern memory mildly die  
Because they are not sublimed.  
So, away into the Space the memories fly.

Unlike there in the foreign lands  
Very far, very far to our reach  
Various trained and taught hands  
With memories the Books bleach,  
Hence, hold that the forgotten names  
Here never for once in this world be  
And that mere lies were the fames  
And the said accompanying glee.

Muse! Remember your favour to Homer,  
Whose hands moulded the Greeks  
And their democratic Athenian creeks  
The book-painting makes them formal,  
What of Virgil and how the ill-fortune Troy  
Like dead trees mysteriously fell  
And became in the Greek hands a toy  
After the hexed Paris-Helen love knell.

Muse, let these beautiful, witty bards  
As I embark on this voyage of memory  
Be my ever reliable and trusted guards

To paint for the world the true story  
Of my race, my soaring clan, tribe,  
Which grows from the old Oyo Empire,  
And its ways of life till now we imbibe  
And erect amazingly our own empire.

No Prince wouldn't desire to climb  
The throne, and have on his head  
The coveted crown when the clime  
Of his king-father passed, and weld  
His bosom to the sacred stool  
Won majorly by blood, and often war  
With the blood-thirsty, deadly tools  
And, then, perchance, many more.

Olufioye was a valiant, an ambitious Prince  
In the defunct, known Old Oyo Kingdom  
Which during its prime knew no boredom.  
A Kingdom trailed the birth of the Prince,  
Who ceaselessly eyed the beaded crowns  
That commanded honour and wealth  
And so many servants with various clowns,  
Who all helped the Crown's perfect health.

King Abiodun Adegoriolu ruled Oyo for years,  
He had many Princes and Princesses  
Who all grew up royally with cheers.  
He was with no known weaknesses.  
Olufioye, a royal, brave and happy son  
Whose vision and mission transcended  
The perfectest and strongest sun,  
Hoped to soon the throne ascend.

After his father had gone to meet  
The ancestors, Olufioye began his struggle  
To inherit the priceless, golden seat  
Known with cymbals, drums, lute and bugle.  
So, he sought for with sacrifice grace  
From all the cannonized, adored Gods  
To give their respective, expensive nods  
To him to rule and lead the Yoruba race.

He met with the Oyomesi, a Seven-man  
Group that had unspeakable power over  
The Choice of a King and the lucky man.  
They said the Oracle would preside over  
The kingship matter for peace to reign  
In the ancient, art-rich, powerful town  
That needed new blood in its vein  
After the descension of the fallen Crown.

The epoch widely opened doors  
For all the newest ancestor's children  
And his numerous living kindred  
To flex their muscles in the kingship war  
And have their luck tried before  
The holiest, most righteous Ifa Oracle  
Which was always their decisions' shore  
And their then chiefly meetings' table.

The flame of the over-heated tussle  
Spiraled and soared to the silent sky  
That watched the Princes' waxing muscles  
Just like an innocent passerby.  
It got fiery, became a furore and tense  
As they were waiting for Ifa to talk  
To their two-side broad sense.  
Muse! Wouldn't he be later mocked?

If thumbs could be allowed to count,  
If the teeming, praising voices  
Fuming from all those many mouths  
Could seal their lone out of the Princes choice,  
Olufioye would have had his way  
To ascend his father's best heritage  
And put the burning power fire at stay  
With his endowments and courage.

All the rituals and atonement the Gods took  
From this noble Prince with ambition  
Of writing his name in the Great Book  
Of oral history on all the condition.  
But nothing to show of the sweat  
As his dreams hit the evil rock

That never saw him wearily wet,  
And perhaps pitied the looming shock.

The Ifa Oracle spoke and all obeyed  
The divine voice as the last order  
That they couldn't lead them astray.  
His mind crossed the last border,  
Ran quickly out of the precious palace  
Down to the far away, very far wood  
Which needed him be more gallant.  
Towards his newest goal he stood.

Sometimes human sight can be short  
And desire very tiny and so small.  
He thirsted for the already-built court  
With a strong and muraled wall.  
Yet he was dark to the written fate  
With which he had been heavenly attached,  
Though in the illusion he'd fair faith.  
From this he could never be detached.

Leaving the stage when the page  
Of tussle was still very, very high  
Was cowardice during his unrecorded age,  
But he should rather away shy,  
Perharps there as it was then written  
Lied that which was said belonged  
To him, to be happy as a kitten,  
Where round him million would throng.

In pieces he gathered his broken heart  
And with the flowing stream of tears  
A new life and dream he planned to start  
Amidst fears of failure, far and near.  
Once the old Kingdom failed to contain  
His lofty quest, he sought somewhere else  
To test his bravery and have a domain  
And leave for other Princes the mess.

At one dawn he found his narrow path  
With some who shared in his dreams,  
In the forest of many abysmal parts

That could consume the dreams' gleams.  
They all left without a fair farewell  
Willing willingly a huge of what they earned  
To the city where they'd never dwell  
Again. A plougher shouldn't look back, they learned.

Let all Angels and host of holy Heaven  
Lead this lone leader in the league of trees,  
Oduduwa, Oranmiyan, provide a haven  
To him. Obatala, slap these tall trees.  
Oh! You gods! Rise for your blood,  
Ogun, man him from the boisterous beasts  
And the irked, howling sandy flood  
That moved to have on them feasts.

They cleared the thicket with their feet  
Which were naked and hardened  
By the ferocious soil and its burning sheet.  
Greatly, yet they were strongly gladdened,  
And had on the rise their infallible hopes  
To get soon to the perceived Promise Land  
As they mounted hills, and descended slopes.  
Olufioye, the Prince, led the united band.

The ancestors never reneged the vows  
To among all Jerichos be his sheer shield,  
And to the foes be a sacred cow  
As to their divine orders he totally yield'd.  
Unlike the God's people in the wilderness,  
Unto his great Guards he didn't rebel  
But honoured them more in the wilderness  
And built in the Wood for them a new Babel.

His followers in the tangled thorny bush  
Watered his high visions with cheers  
Despite the torrent of hunger crushing  
Their desert stomachs. That's a mere  
Test of their bravery to form a new nation,  
They held that holily to their breasts.  
How tasking could a nation creation  
Be. Failure shouldn't lead to jests!



With the beaded crown with which  
He dreamed to rule his own state  
Bond and wove together with no stitch,  
Among the people to create a caste,  
He rowed the howling wood and forest  
Letting Ogun tear down the tall stands  
Thick and thin, the forest's fortress  
With his bare sharpest blady hands.

Muse! Why didn't Poets this journey weigh  
Like Alighieri's, Ulysses', and the Greeks'?  
Wasn't Olufioye brave enough, Muse, nay!  
Names and fames they all rose to seek.  
Then, loftier was this noble Prince's quest  
Solely with all heavens as his beams  
In the dark daring all evils with his vest  
Of valiance and bravery as he could deem.

New days were born and later died,  
The sun and moon had their own time,  
All in the nature law fearfully abided.  
In the forest for a complex clime  
They were, walking, running, jumping  
Sometimes dolorously when tired,  
Many a hill, mountain, through climbing  
They suppressed and without gun fired.

Many a sea, a river their legs kicked  
Out of the way while touring the warful wild,  
Though some of their drops they picked,  
Especially those that looked somehow mild.  
Like birds they made their rest on trees,  
Valleys, hills roof, and sometimes their feet,  
With a joy that they were (or would be) free  
Or for then and later would make a feat.

He tarried at Songbe to have his luck  
Perhaps he had had the promise of Heaven,  
The Ifa's soothing mouth he knock',  
To its words his ears he never deafened.  
He offered goats, sheep and all nuts  
To this Guard for a good, valid lead

That possessed no human-known but.  
That had been his only hallowed shield.

His men, wearied, famished, unburdened  
Their heavy heads while Olufioye sought  
The face of his Guard. He unladen  
His soul with water he from a lake brought  
As they all looked up to the Divine Oracle  
Seeing smokes of their sacrifice in the skies  
Spiraling, springing without an obstacle.  
Hence, unlike Cain he had nothing to vie.

A league of livid dooms from his fount  
The Guard, whose eyes knew all, foresaw  
And his dreams soon hit a hexed mount.  
Ah! Behold the winding, hovering war!  
See your blood from Oyo horsing  
Behind you with guns, arrows and bows,  
Axes, swords, all out fire fiercely forcing.  
Oh! Noblest of all Princes, leave now!

The holiest of all Yoruba Gods spoke  
And without cloud warned of the dark,  
That him from his slumber awoke.  
Would Oyo still be another giant shark  
In his surging stream of tortured life?  
He helplessly in his closet bitterly wept  
As he felt in his fair heart the knife  
So sharp and venomous as it in crept.

Their eyes were fixed, glued to the door  
Behind which their Aeneas was sobbing  
Ruing how he had his pride on the floor,  
His pierced heart was bleeding and throbbing  
For he pitied with him all the wandering legs  
Trembling and sweating in the sun and rain.  
The two servants of Heaven he beg',  
Muse, but he did this all in vain.

Muse! Who can be brave in the wind?  
What tool can help fight a raging winter?  
Can the two be subdued and bow to bind?

On the poor mind they gradually tinker  
Rowing, whirling the embittered soul  
With their crooked, contemptuous fists  
Trampling on the soul with their soles  
How can one rise to the peak in their mists?

'My dear people', facing the crowd  
He said, 'In unity we've our strength',  
His voice friendly though loud,  
'And this has taken us to this length,  
Without fear of beasts and wilds  
We embark on this long journey  
Having our hope so high and wide  
And our tongues shall taste the honey.'

Cheered, they clapped for the motivator  
After a chorus of Amen from their tongues  
And their souls put on the elevator,  
They in unison like Angels sang some songs.  
All their sorrows at once evaporated,  
And griefs resulting from pains vanished,  
Their confidence couldn't be overrated,  
His sobs and worries too he varnished.

'Ours in this quest isn't to relent  
Though today we may be running about  
And because of our mission be bent,  
We will till we find our home scout  
All the whole wide world,  
Let's button all our poor shirt  
And hearken to what Ifa has said  
And our travour won't be a mirth.

'Here isn't our dreamed abode yet,  
There Ifa and our living-dead fathers  
Have prepared for us. So, I say let  
Us head our loads and move farther  
Till we will get to our own land  
Revealed to be full of honey and milk,  
There, brothers, we'll sing as a band  
In beautiful, shining, colourful silks.

'Oh! Mothers, Daughters and sisters  
There our children'll like lily grow  
Sisters won't be any more spinsters,  
Our joy shall be great and as sun glows,  
Pains today, heaps of gains tomorrow  
If infallible our collective effort  
Despite the torrent of tempest and sorrow  
Oh! My blood! This isn't our resort.'

None treacherous then there seemed  
Though behind was a mild uproar  
Struggling to be amidst cheers deemed  
His tongue in their labyrinths was sore:  
They never though desired much,  
Hence, saw as a waste the Prince's quest  
And quite (you may say) ignoble as such  
That clung as fern to palm tree to his breast.

The tempted minds were meekly soothed,  
All wearied hearts in the camp appeased  
Then, they prepared for the path, so smooth.  
In Songbe they couldn't for a while cease  
For the windful war of Oyo might come  
While they're thinking of having a rest  
In the peaceful village though some  
Weapons were in their various vests.

Olufioye, Son of Peace, who's well bred  
A finger against his father he'd not raise  
Nor a gun point at Oyo though his bed  
He had elsewhere, with little praise.  
He became an Abraham being led by  
His fair Fate and divine diety through  
The thickets that were very high  
And amidst hostile nature, too.

He led and was followed by his wives  
Who mothered his various sons  
With whom they spent their lives  
In the storming rain and burning sun  
All in the raven-dark, dire region,  
Of a world where that light

Led to a hidden, but deep dungeon,  
And dream died before the sight.

'My crown', she before Olufioye knelt  
And the dovelly mouth soothingly said  
These in his heart he happily felt  
'We're going as we're being led  
And from this quest we won't cease  
For waiting for us are the rewards  
That King Aole can never seize  
From us, our children and wards.'

Tejumade, the first wife of his,  
Worshipped their Lord, Olupe's son,  
Together with other women of his, viz  
Abedide, Olatundun, and with fun  
Oyinlola, Kofoworola, the symbols  
Of beauty, virtue, charity and faithfulness  
Sung with lute, drums and cymbals  
To celebrate his uncommon braveness.

'Mothers of my many successors,  
The greats behind my high quest  
Of making myself a predecessor  
Like my forefathers in their very best  
Bestowed to us a name full of glory  
In Oyo and Ile-Ife, my meek mind  
Cheers though now we've a sour story  
Because you my pillars I find.

'For our children, your children I build  
My dreams without a known sleep,  
And for others to form a great guild  
With affection and harmony so deep.'  
He said and each of them embraced  
With eulogies, love and perfect praise  
With which he often them lavishly laced  
Like noble, humble men of the aged days.

All his followers who he with reverence  
And honour in their best form treated  
And among whom he planted no difference,

Bowed, and in their journey wouldn't retreat.  
At once they left Songbe and the clan  
Towards North in the wide wood  
With a farewell from the friendly fans  
That owned Songbe in a nice mood.

They rowed the green leafy creatures  
Whose heights were a wordless threat,  
Though the travellers by this feature  
Were not quaked for they'd read,  
No, assured by Ogun, God of iron,  
Honesty, charity, nobility, and oath,  
Whose rage can silence an irate lion,  
That he would be their blade, an oath.

Sango, the fiery Lord whose look  
Can pluck out one's heart from the cage,  
Who holds the pillar of the cloth sky  
And with his tongue he hooks  
Thunders and lighting, symbols of rage,  
Helped seized the host of the sky  
From descending on the Questing Team  
Though implausible this may seem.

They got to Iwo when a new day broke  
And the sun was igniting its power  
In the horizon, when the town just woke  
With spiraling smoke on short towers,  
Goats were bleating, corks crowing  
Little ones, stark naked, in ecstasy  
Played with the nature, the crawlings  
Were elated by their mothers' back delicacy.

Green Natures decorated by meek waters  
Neat and clean finely added more  
To the offer to the eyes without altars,  
Colourful flies in millions had their shore  
On the beauties of the alluring figures  
Who gave the sights a sweet company  
That added more to their vigorous,  
The team's joy, Muse, should be many.

There Prince Olufioye was welcomed by  
The King and chiefs, sons and slaves  
Urging him not to later say a bye  
For obvious was his undaunted bravery.  
The crown from Oyo he in his hand bore  
Announced his noble peaceful mission  
And that he didn't emerge for any war  
Nor come unlike others for a division.

'Dear King, ruler of this loyal nation,  
All the Princes and Princesses, Chiefs  
I with my small wandering nation  
Salute you as we come though in brief  
From Oyo through the buses we pass  
Looking for a land to settle our long legs  
And to rise to grace from the poor grass,  
So, your Highness, a single route be beg.'

The crowned head on the high throne  
Pleased with the Prince and his people  
On whose foreheads greatness shone  
And on them all he saw a new people,  
Then with worthy wit released his reply  
That portrayed friendliness and humility  
Quite enough for them on to rely  
As they did to the inherited divinity.

'Denying seeing an elephant is a lie  
Even to that blood-y thing in the womb,  
Talking to me, dear Prince, is the tie  
That joins your father though in tomb  
And me. That royal symbol says  
A lot about you and your able dream  
And I must not support you less  
Now that your bright glory beams.

'Building a name takes a stream  
Of pains mixed with boiling sweat,  
But there will be joy when the cream  
Comes and on the path is no death.  
It's a pain-gain journey of life  
That can at the later end either fend

The traveller within himself strife  
Or all the sheer shames of life bend.'

Well said, for the King they bowed,  
Then the bards' tongues rented the airs,  
Rendering the eulogies of then and now  
Moving all Iwo's bloods on their chairs.  
'Iwo Olodu Oba Omo ateni gba ore',  
They began to chorus in one voice  
Their ancestral songs to the core,  
Then, there was no foreign choice.

Before the traveller was a long table  
Which carried Eko, Akara and other  
Good things to devour, fresh, not stable,  
Before they in their journey went further.  
Their desert tongues got deliverance,  
Their plaintive stomachs ceased the protests  
And their inaudible, poor utterance.  
They ate and drank as if in a contest.

Fresh palm tree blood and its glory:  
White foam in neat, ancient calabash  
Was gulped to end the tongues' story  
After libation to the Gods to a crash  
Avoid as the watery food flowed  
Down to the grumbling fleshy tanks,  
These they did till corks crowded  
After which they said their thanks.

When all the village had gone to rest,  
And the whole nature got their beds,  
Some high they had their nests,  
Towards a silent chamber Olufioye was led  
By his Host, with a burning lamp.  
Behind the King Olufioye slowly walked  
Like an about-to-be-muttoned lamb.  
There the two Lords nobly talked.

'Dear Prince', the Oluwo commenced,  
When the two had got their seats



Facing each other: a sign he's revered,  
'You're about to set a new feat  
In this world of ours. You have come  
Thus far, very far from to have a name,  
Listen to my words and the gnome  
And in the mission you'll have no shame.

'In the dreams there will be some storm  
Raging and rocking the sheer sea  
On which you travel, this is a norm,  
Tempest comes before the glee,  
And above all these, my son, rise  
With your oar and mind strongly,  
And not be drowned by their size  
As this will be, my son, very wrong.

'Many a foetus dies before birth  
And flowers before becoming fruit,  
Yes, some see it as a bestial brute  
My son, life itself, to me, is a mirth.  
Stand still even if the wind howls  
Let not the waxing waves shake you,  
Pains, fears and tears may grow,  
But your lofty dream will come through.'

The words watered his heart more,  
He greeted the King once again,  
A blood-father he took him for.  
He began to talk but from the main  
Which drove him out of the Empire  
To a new land he did not know,  
With a divine order not to retire  
Nor in the journey down slow.

'My Lord, my journey isn't a tour  
In the wilderness of tension and terror  
Nor its end, sir, I pray to be sour  
Or full of fear and furore or error.  
I rose to wear my father's shoes  
After he's gone to his ancestor.  
All Princes jostled but only two  
Had theirs resisted the compressor.

'In vain I sweated, struggled to win  
The seat, all sacrifices, Father, were  
Taken from me. Yet with no sin  
Cowardly, my lot fell through on a mere  
Soil. Tears became my only drink  
And branded sorrow my daily bread  
All my hopes, joy were on the brink  
And my poor life on blood red

'My heavy heart heaved hairless wings  
And flew to where I never know  
Though to Akiriwaye I hope a king  
Become when my poor fate glows.  
Aole in the tussle, Father, was favoured,  
And I had my hope hit the high rock  
Even though a thousand clamoured  
I be the next King without a mock.

'Being with Aole in Oyo is sacrilegious,  
Sometimes amounts to a deadly treason.  
Hence I have to be very courageous  
To elsewhere have my saint season  
With some in me who have beliefs  
And to me show acquiesce and love  
All which have been my reliefs  
Even though the path is quite rough.'

His eyes loosed their full lakes,  
Ah! A once happy Prince behold  
Muse, these were not for empathy's shakes,  
But the stream of his life to hold.  
Leaving a Kingdom for a possible doom  
In such a manner with no destination  
Could perhaps make depression loom  
Or integrity upon a valid evaluation.

'My son, if eye can tomorrow see',  
The host began to reply, and said,  
'Life would have been easy for you and me,  
'If good and evil could be read,  
Easily we would find our paths

Out of the numerous before us  
And stop on our lives boring maths  
Your present is better than what it was.

'I said this because plain are your goals  
Almost secured despite the various odds  
On that land you'll soon set your toes  
For by your sides are all our Gods  
Whose piety, shields cover your journey  
So far among the acrid nature and wilds  
Which are these days, Son, very many.  
Forever in the land shall be your Guides.

'Distance can't stop a hen from reaching  
Her eggs, a heart can't be away from his place:  
These have been our forefathers' teaching  
Taken though like laws as a grace.  
From today on we sign a mutual accord  
Sealed not by hand or blood, but truth,  
And between us, Olufi, there be no discord,  
And our sons and daughters shall like the fruit.'

He smiled, his rising joy knew no bound.  
He bowed before the crown's beaded feet,  
And beaded hands raised him from ground  
Back to the brown oval oak seat.  
In unity the two men's hands confluenced  
With cheers beamed on their appearances:  
They each other positively influenced  
Even after the travellers' disappearance.

The new day arrived more brightly  
The travellers slowly left their beds  
Made of bamboo and somehow lightly  
Their moved when to the palace led,  
Where heavens through the host king  
Rained blessings and abundance on  
Them: he was one of the many links.  
And happily, comradely they rode on.

Muse, so cheerful, charitable a giver  
The king was. A load of raw fine gold,

The lion's old hides and canned liver  
Neither to be, then and now, bought or sold,  
A heap of clothes and royal beads,  
And money were given to the Prince  
To please some more immediate needs:  
He had been foretold by Akiriwaye since.

They resumed their journey with a heart  
Of reaching their destination much sooner  
While looking up to their main part:  
Akiriwaye on whose words to faster  
Move because remaining was a few  
Miles to hoist their folded flag  
And make their name, fame new,  
None anymore seemed to nag.

'Oh you Prince! Where this piece falls  
Shall you build beautifully your first hall  
Where your children, wives friends and all  
Others shall gather upon your clarion call.'  
On his departure this was foresaw  
That that which them all were led  
Would on his shoulder carefully crawl  
And thence lay for itself a lasting bed.

There where it fell should the nation  
Rise like the morning sun in the east  
As promised as a would a creation  
Then, there they should have a feast,  
Unto the Gods offer their appreciation  
With rites, burning flesh and libation,  
Call on all his father's father's father  
And should not attempt to move farther.

Amidst the Philistine trees they found  
The special mappy Piece missing  
Hence, they were divinely bound  
To there despite all the hissing,  
Groaning, protesting even from his blood  
That the wild wasn't meant for man  
Because soon, they thought, a flood  
Of animals might sweep away the clan.

How short could human mind be?  
Just once threatened it forever frail  
Oblivious of the not-far-coming glee.  
It sees green light yet chooses fail  
For once before it is ephemeral threat  
Behind which lies the sought honey  
On which it's placed its very best.  
And so renders a waste the journey.

Their voices roared days and nights  
Propelling him to their tune dance  
Or else prepare for many fights  
With no hope of giving him any chance.  
Shaggy, impotent, and very weak  
They held the land was. And never  
Would they take it not being sleek  
Or else they would denounce him forever.

Where could legs go without the head?  
Or the diving fish without the sea,  
Can the blind be without being led  
Or the unvocal ones who can't see?  
Can the clay question the moulder?  
When it comes to games of wit  
Can the younger challenge the older?  
He was never shaken by it a bit.

After many blurred and blue moons  
Still at the foresaid place in the wild  
They began sickling the bountiful boons  
With smiles that made them mild.  
There in ten folds they apically grew,  
Plants conceived, and bore sweet ones.  
Then, there would be a need for a crew  
To pilot the newest land as one.

Prince Olufioye became the first Lord  
Steering the wheel and enormous affairs  
Of Gbongan (shaggy land) with a board  
Of chiefs taken and coronated with fair.  
At the heart of the village was a Palace

Where the Prince-King led and ruled,  
And rewarded gallantry and valiance.  
With the old Oyo edicts they're glued.

(Narrated orally by Chief A. O. Faboade, a Prince)

Timothy Faboade

# Of A Nation

Though we started very late  
After our numerous mates  
Who came to from heaven  
Bring us forth to this oven,  
We threaten the largest size  
We hope to like morning rise  
When we've been driven  
Into the world and given  
A fine, newly minted, name  
Said to be full of fame.

We got a face and colour  
After numerous years  
Of our birth branded with fears  
Among our peers we've dishonour.

She left when we're about to crawl  
Gave us many growth laws  
And went to her far away bed  
Leaving us to fetch our bread.

But a long rope ties our legs  
So tiny and very very weak  
To the extent that we've to beg  
When our secrets leak.

Sixty later, we can't try to walk,  
Our loud voice isn't heard  
Though noisily we talk,  
All the laws on us are hard.  
Far there she and others laugh  
At us and our ailing strength  
That takes us to no length  
Of the road and its half.

Our Moseses are our brothers  
Who like us need more wonders  
As we strive to be out of the wood  
And build our own nice hood.

Timothy Faboade



# How Do We Know

How do we know friends  
When things go smoothly  
How do we know fiends  
When we are in the woods  
How do we know truth  
When we can not think of lies  
How do we know lies  
When we can not see truth  
How do we escape the cyclones  
When we are solely lone  
Amidst the dreading drones  
And see beyond our nose  
How do we know pains behind smiles  
That beckon us from many miles?

Timothy Faboade

# Love And Oath

'Sweetest and best of all Brides,  
Listen to my mouth and my vows  
In my dreams, you by my sides  
I blissfully have: like egrets and cows.

'My love-thirsty tongue your love  
It's meant to all living ears to air  
And my heart at yours stares.  
A flawless love to find is tough.

'Like the beautiful, fresh morning  
Springing from the very far Heaven  
In my abode you'll have a haven  
Void of any form of earthly mourning.

'Oh Lady, upon truth I make my  
Vouch for you and only you  
Behold the days gradually passing by,  
Please, let all my dreams come through.

She broadly smiled and replied,  
'All my life I intend to give you,  
Upon you my heart has relied  
And I love you to make it new.

'My beauty I cherish so much  
From now till Heaven comes  
And that alone I greatly clutch  
It covers all my sums.

'A Heaven and its Throne I want  
In my earth from the very man  
Who shall be at my back and front  
Left and right and with me stand.

'A common wife's dominated life  
Never suits my special taste  
A man I'll never and never strive  
To please, not in my haste.'

Timothy Faboade

# A Symbol Of Poverty

They shoulder all the world's woes,  
They are the symbols of pains,  
They reflect from their heads to toes,  
Suffering and penury in plain.  
They beg for bread from their Mother  
That caters for the few others  
Who are in contrast with the ones  
Whose feeble hopes are gone!

Their convoys are the teeming flies  
That have a fiesta where they lie  
Like withered, pestered leaves,  
They curl with their heavy griefs  
Hovering on their heads are vultures  
Waiting patiently for their flesh  
That have no desirable futures  
Unlike others' that are ever fresh.

The rickety bridges offer shades  
To their skins that have already faded,  
Every night they roost on the floor  
And put their sorrows for that day on shore.

Barred from schools, they litter the streets  
Begging the lucky ones in the assorted fleets  
For their daily meals in the sun and rain,  
And the few treat them with holy disdain.

Their tattered rags in the unfriendly winds  
Billow to film their peeping bones,  
They sing with melancholic tones,  
Yet to them the few are never kind.  
Some have foods with many seals  
Queuing to get the ephemeral gifts  
And tomorrow when the present shifts  
They hope to get from another seal, meals.

Give these innocent ones a new life  
Their tears beg for pure clemency,

Perhaps they've erred in this Life  
Where they should life in decency.

They on the streets struggle with dogs,  
Famished goats for rotten breads  
Flung into the bins and filthy bogs,  
Their lives have already shown Red!

Give them knowledge and Book,  
Part them from the poverty's hook,  
Give them fortunate souls  
And cover their sun-burnt soles.

Timothy Faboade

# Husband's Temper

He picked his broken heart and said,  
'To where, Lady, has your soul fled  
Back to the altar or Dido's bloody shrine?  
Wait! And stay for an age with mine!

'Lady, listen, to here you're not bound  
Though as if you're you sorely sound  
I'm not a hilarious, hunting hound  
To a nice home miraculously mound.

'If flying away suits your livid interest  
And the affection you'll more detest  
Upon all the fondly love I invest,  
Fly away, fly to have another union test.

'Large for you are my dear dreams  
Full of bright, light, mighty beams,  
Behold their rays and heavy gleams  
Coming like a blue, humble stream! '

Timothy Faboade

# Regret And Renounce

'In the whirlpool I had my bath  
When looking for that perfect path  
To tread and lead me to another life  
Birthed by a union to make me a wife.

'My eyes were inaptly blinded  
As I up my heart quickly winded,  
And I am led or dragged to this wood  
In which I have the bereaved mood.

'That cursed day, Lord, I now rue  
All moves to make me glad fall through  
For my mind has travelled away  
And forced the onset Love go astray.

'Let my body be where my soul lies  
Unto my newest heart I want to fly.'

Timothy Faboade

# From The Altar

The task of making a flawless choice  
In the midst of a stream of options  
Echoed and aired by struggling voices  
Calls for patience without option.

Timothy Faboade



# The Choice And The Woman

Endless can human desires forever be  
And the great Desires' fire  
Can outweigh and beat a sea  
And ruin many an unbeatable empire.

They will for at least an age be high  
Like the Nepal stone and Eiffel Tower  
Which poke a finger each at the Sky  
For theirs are height and power.

With a choice, the mind should  
Be sealed and like a gate shut,  
And nothing, idea or matter, should  
Unseal such once it's shut.

The alternative's eyes, glowing faces  
Lure and fake the floating mind  
That at one spot swings and sways  
And as such they the mind bind.

Muse! The inspirer of many bards  
Consecrate me, a naive, to write  
And red inks on my blank cards  
As I rise to make man right.

Nature in its infinite mercy on her  
Bestowed and kept a great treasure  
Of beauty that all eyes were  
Made to adore her with pleasure.

She sprang like a fair, fine rose  
Full of incense and morning dew  
That makes butterfly's abode new,  
And the Sun, too, posed its nose.

She weighed more than a load of raw  
Gold, not on the scale, but eyes,  
Her rare figure added much more  
To make the eyes not to bid a bye.

From her infancy through childhood  
She was an emerald, new and fresh  
Like the newest comer to the world hood,  
Who has glory in pure heart and flesh.

She grew like lily in innocence  
With a fortune spent on her skins  
Treated with Arabian breath and incense,  
A pride and gold to her kiths and kins.

Her Absalomic hair, which shone  
Like status cast in brass placed  
In the sun, many a plaiter phoned  
And with flowers it was laced.

Her cheeks, so succulent without a spot  
Or an earthly, distorting mark,  
Execpt the one she Heavenly got  
Oh Heaven! Bear witness and hark!

The learned bards their precious inks  
While painting this Dame lost  
Their brains searching for words to link  
This brightest with corporeal were tossed.

Oh! A million tongues were nothing  
To hallelujah this gem gifted to the world,  
An eye-soring, heart-upsetting thing  
Known to be only good as a word.

Clad in wealthy cloaks, ornaments,  
Branded in chiefly, cherished beads  
She grew with no known confinement  
Like a product of a healthy seed.

Then, among all many maidens  
She stood upright and out,  
While for beauty others wandered about,  
She'd the attention of all eyes as a maiden.

If still by then being a living mortar,

Aphrodite and Venus out of envy  
Of this gem might grow many  
Enmity that would make them falter.

As her moon was becoming full,  
She became the only shrine of Love  
Though then she was as meek as dove  
And to herself many Adams she'd not pull.

Kings of various near and far towns  
Their heralds they sent for her hand  
In a marriage, but none of these crowns  
Could with a ring this finest finger brand.

Like long, thick drops of rain  
The Chiefs' sweats for years looked  
Just to a place in her heart booked,  
And they rumbled, stumbled in vain.

Many a man of great noble birth,  
Whose fixed gaze was on the lady  
With a heart of winning the maid  
Came to add to the thoughtful mirth.

Tillers who built a pyramid of yam  
Placed their heartily bids at her feet  
Vowing to all her needs meet.  
But who or which could be a scam?

The orators employed their tool  
Lying in-between the mouth thorns,  
But all their songs were mere wools  
In the wind, their love pieces were torn.

Men of wood and clay, known for creation  
Without breath of life too presented,  
To get their ailing luck cemented,  
Many shapes of hers for love sensation.

The task of making a flawless choice  
In the midst of a stream of options  
Echoed and aired by struggling voices

Calls for patience without option.

How can the sky Lord, Jove be free  
In this mild tussle or Juno, his queen  
Of both hatred and envy for who'd been  
So turbulenced to make a forced knee?

Would Paris have courted Helen, a Princess,  
The main fuel of the mythical melee  
If this fairest of all was at the age be  
And have rare peace in excess?

In the whirlpool of sweet tongues  
She had her hourly, quick bath  
Though oblivious of the path  
To walk all the rhythmic songs.

All made Love-rites for her heart  
That was being tempered like waves  
On the sea, so she opened up to pave  
Ways for the suitors to enter her heart.

Having the stainless, fearless one  
As her own was her only dream  
And not until that, she'd not be done  
Pointing to their faces the planet beams.

She visioned her later days with ecstasy  
As the suitors continued to stream in,  
To garner this, she added more efficacy.  
Her goal, never, was thin.

The scent and blossom of the bright  
Flower planted where water passed  
Spread and flew higher even out of sight  
Unto the minds of the ages past.

How could this trending Lovers' clash  
Be halted and fiery swords sheathed?  
That bouquet of flower they almost smash'd  
When the swords fled their sheaths

Oh fair Angel! To your heart listen  
None of all before you was faultless,  
In your decision be dauntless,  
And never try to it quicken.

Her labyrinths were disastrously deaf  
On the path of suiting her precious self  
After the unquenchable intoxication  
Of pride of being a Bride beyond elucidation.

To emotional crash she's driven  
Blind to the dooms that herald fame  
Thought that for her no way for shame  
For unto her all Adam souls were given.

Legions of legs flooded her home,  
Which could beat the ancient Rome,  
With flowers, diamonds, silvers, golds,  
In many millions, weighty folds.

Sated by all these, she put on smiles  
And convinced, all the luck-testers  
Both near and from myriad miles,  
Her seeming humblest heart they'd not pester.

Her drivers to the world more gifts,  
From these men they received  
And every day comically deceived,  
The sharing almost ignited a rift.

Oh! Fairest, finest of all damsels  
Never be buried in these luring tinsels  
That would only blur your sight  
And shred your endowed might!

But she seemed to be a deaf dog  
That would never hear the hunter's call  
Because she's was meant to fall,  
And perhaps herself could bog.

All eyes conferenced on the maiden,  
Who with Adamic options was laden,

Watching and waiting for the groom  
Who should be with no known doom

Like the Pavlov's dog, the poor salivated  
At the food they couldn't smell.  
From the norms they dared not deviated  
And their hearts they couldn't tell.

Their feelings died in the wombs  
And buried in the darkest region of mind,  
Darker and smaller than any tombs  
Because the pride price they couldn't find.

Years rolled in, years rolled out  
She grew like others in age  
As words never ceased from mouths  
Then, she began to settle for marriage.

But what of the sinister of the Affair  
Alluded to be from the Jointer, God  
Who they all expect to drive with fair  
What human race has given a nod.

Of all the men there was one  
Whose lots appeared heavier  
Than the rest present and gone  
And even quite than others steadier.

He came to her ever busiest door  
Every morning and when night arrived,  
He left for home with nothing derived  
Save her fixed words to love him more.

Several sweet love hymns he wove  
For this lady, he became a nightingale  
So, he sang scented songs of love,  
That through her heart heartily sail'd.

His great god-given face grew famous,  
His name flooded all the lips,  
In the quest, he made many men slip  
And die in all ways so conspicuous.

By earth and heaven he severely swore  
To be in love with her even before  
She arrived in this whirled world  
And that the love's beyond word.

'Sweetest and best of all Brides,  
Listen to my mouth and my vows  
In my dreams, you by my sides  
I blissfully have: like egrets and cows.

'My love-thirsty tongue your love  
It's meant to all living ears to air  
And my heart at yours stares.  
A flawless love to find is tough.

'Like the beautiful, fresh morning  
Springing from the very far Heaven  
In my abode you'll have a haven  
Void of any form of earthly mourning.

'Oh Lady, upon truth I make my  
Vouch for you and only you  
Behold the days gradually passing by,  
Please, let all my dreams come through.

She broadly smiled and replied,  
'All my life I intend to give you,  
Upon you my heart has relied  
And I love you to make it new.

'My beauty I cherish so much  
From now till Heaven comes  
And that alone I greatly clutch  
It covers all my sums.

'A Heaven and its Throne I want  
In my earth from the very man  
Who shall be at my back and front  
Left and right and with me stand.

'A common wife's dominated life

Never suits my special taste  
A man I'll never and never strive  
To please, not in my haste.'

Her demands she wittingly tabled  
Before the standing to-be groom  
Whose heart never bred lethal doom,  
The subject of this thought fable

When the night light was blue,  
They sat near a mild, fine lake  
Feeling all the nature and its hue  
All for blind Love's sake.

Birds sang and musically whistled,  
The breeze came gently on their skins,  
Against one another they nestled,  
Love, if plain, doesn't amount to sin.

'At my threshold you'll be in a Queen  
On whose command all shall be  
And your wishes in your mind so keen  
My commands, too, shall be.

'The moon in the sky and the star  
From one another are never far  
All other ladies I will quickly bar  
And their aged approaches mar.

'The proud sun before you shall bow  
After I present you to all  
That you're the mother of my Hall  
Lady, I'll build your dreams now.'

The two lovers' tonic talk reached  
The blossom of a happy ending  
And wholly, stainless Love they preached  
As the duo's hearts together were blending

Towards the altar they found their way,  
The creams of the world graced  
The most awesome and joyful day



That was expensively and lavishly laced.

Crowns, swords, pens were present  
In all forms of best of all attires  
With grandiose golden presents  
As priceless as sapphires.

The crawling ants, insects of the ground  
Dined to their very vessels' bound  
Excess wine poured on the floors  
And much more in the massive stores.

Then, at a corner was one aggrieved  
Melancholic, looking like a bereaved  
Brooding, lamenting like a war  
Victim subjected to loneliness law.

Neither wine nor cake he would take  
But the tears flowing like a river  
In his heart when he saw his rival  
He thought to be nothing but fake.

He forced out some hexed smiles  
In other to mask his sinister,  
As he ringed the former spinster,  
Who posed in different styles.

The wishers', couple's joys were  
his pains and deadly heart-stroke,  
A crooked finger to them he poked  
Where the elated souls were.

Sober, he healed his huge wound  
Having on the rise his downed hope  
Which was about to ground.  
So, he thought to cut the tied rope.

When his tolerance reached its peak,  
He bowed to the humming pressure,  
And at the back door away sneak'd  
Hoping to meet her in the future.

With everything he served the Wife  
So she could love the union,  
He almost became her minion  
In their celebrated married life.

Ah! What goodness lies in Marriage?  
Had they pictured the mirage  
That gathered at its huge back  
To make the union like wall crack?

Slowly, the Love began to fade  
As a hyper-washed, aged rag,  
It's vanishing beneath the shade,  
Then, the Prince began to nag.

Flowers, diamonds, gold, the plaintive man  
With lines, verses and rhymes sent  
And near her villa he went  
Where men had been bann'd.

Remember Chaucer and his Tales?  
Then, this should not be new  
Though on this is the pure dew  
Covered by black, big veils.

The other outside she lovely eyed  
And the one clustered to her iced:  
There's love, but no compromise,  
A backbone of the altar Promise.

She thought him to be much better  
Than the lucky man who gave  
Her nothing but much more fever  
And her interests waved.

And how could she her way out  
Find to have the beckoning alternative,  
Sometimes in the castle she'd be evasive  
And she'd no voice to shout.

A hell she created in the heaven  
Its priceless peace she wilfully whirled

As she moved to make it an oven,  
She every day and night curled.

Exhausted of all patience, one day  
The weary husband to her chamber  
Went. There she was with sorrow lay  
Having nothing good to remember.

'Oh my jewel, my beautiful glory,  
Tell me your tear-furrowed story  
That makes everything seem gory  
Perhaps I need to say a sorry.

'Pour out, my lady, all the grievances,  
Listen to my plea with no defiance,  
Loose your full dense mind's bank  
To fill in my yearning ear's tank.

'Who's troubled your tender peace  
And shredded your heart into pieces  
Why will our young love sneeze  
And yet-younger, union freeze? '

Lips glued, tongue stuck to the roof,  
Would she need more proofs?  
She released the flood of tears  
Flowing on her cheeks with fears.

Ah! Muse! Would man for the second time  
Though of different climes  
Be blinded by blemish, faulty Love  
Whose corner stone was rough?

'Oh Sweet Lady, my Love is pure  
Unity in our union is very sure  
And forever I'll love you,  
Please, let my dream come through.'

He helped wipe the rising torrent  
For he wanted to know her woe

That turned her to a ferocious foe  
Be it then, later or perhaps current.

When she eventually dispensed the flood  
That retarded her peace in the castle,  
She goofed and mired her mantle,  
Oh! Let the nip be in the bud!

'In the whirlpool I had my bath  
When looking for that perfect path  
To tread and lead me to another life  
Birthed by a union to make me a wife.

'My eyes were inaptly blinded  
As I up my heart quickly winded,  
And I am led or dragged to this wood  
In which I have the bereaved mood.

'That cursed day, Lord, I now rue  
All moves to make me glad fall through  
For my mind has travelled away  
And forced the onset Love go astray.

'Let my body be where my soul lies  
Unto my newest heart I want to fly.'  
Poorly and weakly she announced  
And his good name denounced.

Shouldn't there be perfection, Muse,  
In what the Heaven holily fuses?  
Or in its highness free fair furore  
On the blessed, canonized love shore?

He picked his broken heart and said,  
'To where, Lady, has your soul fled  
Back to the altar or Dido's bloody shrine?  
Wait! And stay for an age with mine!

'Lady, listen, to here you're not bound  
Though as if you're you sorely sound  
I'm not a hilarious, hunting hound  
To a nice home miraculously mound.

'If flying away suits your livid interest  
And the affection you'll more detest  
Upon all the fondly love I invest,  
Fly away, fly to have another union test.

'Large for you are my dear dreams  
Full of bright, light, mighty beams,  
Behold their rays and heavy gleams  
Coming like a blue, humble stream! '

The withered Love finally died  
Divided into two separate sides  
The two hearts voraciously vied  
And so the celebrated, hyped union died.

She couldn't offer the cheap sacrifice  
Of satisfaction and contentment,  
Their deficiency, in man, a vice,  
That's to the poet, an amusement.

After a moon more, she left his Domain  
None of her wealth was retained  
As the solemn family divorced  
And halted the once coveted rejoice.

With just five collars in attendance,  
The second union was sealed  
And another life she bent to wheel  
With no trace of former redundancy.  
Behind the door she started the journey,  
Her expectations so large and many  
From the new, hidden marriage  
On a frail, feeble, poor Carriage.

Before she woke up from her slumber  
The latest focus became weak  
Although she seemed much humbler,  
Her failure was there for her to speak.

'You're such a cursed ingrate  
With an outlawed, hexed fate'

The other groom, tempered, roared  
After the beast in her had soared.

He had no appetite for many words  
Yet she was terrorizing his world  
With various grudges tabled before him  
Making the life of the affair to be slim.

He wished he'd never met the Fluke  
Which had on flesh became a fluke,  
Tormenting and whirling his sored soul,  
Creating in his heart a deep hole.

The two after just two years  
Characterized by complaints and fears,  
They dropped the impasse and cut  
The rope because of her one but.

Why couldn't she be an Elizabeth,  
And join the league of Virgins,  
No man married the first Beth,  
She could have evaded the jinx.

Choice is never made when it's dark  
Or at that moment when dogs bark  
Or at a time when the wind howls  
Or at a time when the irked sea howls.

She tasted more than a dozen  
In the course of pleasing her mind  
That was later like fish frozen  
She thought the world was never kind.

The beauty, beleaguered, became vague,  
She grew to look like a vile vulture  
For she suffered from a poor culture,  
Wouldn't she, then, nurture the plague?

All the agile heaven gifts down fell  
All pride and glory deeply sank  
All these, her dooms, were to knell  
Before her life turned blank.

She floated in the turbulence of shame,  
She lost in the discontentment game  
And got bizarrely burnt in its flame,  
Having been stripped of the fame.

Her tears surpassed Noah's Flood  
She rolled direly in the regret mud  
And brooded behind a big mask  
Wailing, crying and weeping were he task.

She wished she had had a satiable  
Tongue to sing satisfaction songs  
Perhaps her marriage could be viable  
And as envisaged last very long.

That ends my tangled, tangential tale  
Whose head correlates with its tale  
And the two air what I want to say  
For today and any other day.

Timothy Faboade

# Evening Quatrain

How do we make a blind  
See what's totally dark  
To him or to find  
What the Night parks?

Timothy Faboade



# Drama In The Wood

Dreams die in the dreamland  
Before our dead eyes  
Raised before the skies,  
They die before they reach moonland.

Awaken, total darkness of daylight  
Welcomes us back to the abyss  
Nothing yet goes amiss,  
Saying it's all about night.

Drowsing, we rumble for the road  
Full of shells, blades and thorns  
And several withered corns,  
Thinking we're not woed?

Yet over there is the Morning  
Of fair, fine bliss and joy  
While ours is Night of mourning  
Some cry like a little sad boy.

Ah! When do we offend the cloud  
Whose eyes are secretly hidden  
But voice heard so, so loud  
In our ears, poverty-ridden?

The cloud's tears away sweep  
The foetus in our hearts  
That in the night bleed and weep  
After we've lost our paths.

Little children fall like withered leaves  
When stomachs become empty  
Grey hairs blown by mere heaves  
We beg, Lord, for empathy.

Young bloods, famished, in the floods,  
The glories of our dying hood,  
When the nips outwits the buds  
Get dried up in the thickest wood.

The Moon hoards its gifts  
Morning seems rather far  
Night never wants to shift  
And unto the doom we're barred.

Stenched, we continue the journey  
Of no bearing or guiding maps  
And our worries and woes are many  
To get some claps.

The whole wood like sea we row  
Our fleshes tears like rags  
As we scuff like aged stags,  
Yet the cocks would never crow.

The Jungles waiting for preys  
Patiently in ambush in the wild  
Finally! Many have come their way  
Before the beast, we're mild.

Timothy Faboade

# Nation On The Brink

The pilot, though seems very neat  
When the ship is set to sail  
With many passengers in the fleet,  
The tide is fine, yet our hearts are frail.

He assures us all of a fair journey  
On the wide, calm, blue sea  
Yet our fears, tears are so many  
Not of him that drives or the sea.

As we row the friendly watery way,  
We feel the bad odour spreading  
Among us, making us sway.  
Towards division we're heading.

Different fingers of different sources  
Of the once exploited Black Race  
Are pointed to make the odour worse  
The odour the pilot wants to lace.

'Unto your house, wretched, go  
You're making our journey slow  
A clog in our rolling, fast wheel  
Go and let's enjoy our meal.'

Another whose earth offers wealth  
Which though useless can be  
Sprays some special threats  
Roaring to halt the ship at a wee.

Then the fleet is set on division  
Yet the sea, gentle, remains calm  
But the Pilot, losing the vision  
Projects an unknown false alarm.

A people is on the brim of brink  
Caused by differences in tongue  
A nation on the verge of sinking  
After the composition of hatrey song.

Timothy Faboade

# A Word On My Belle

That ethereal being, fairest of all,  
Whose smiles are weightier than gold  
And her name all gods divinely call,  
As the brightest sun in noon she's bold.

Like the morning dew on bright flowers,  
Or like the happiest, mildest dove  
Though known like the Eiffel Tower,  
She's the humblest, best to know.

Unlike Helen, the lone doom of Troy  
Or Dido, the hexed love-victim Queen  
For her sole Suitor there's joy  
Which forever by all shall be seen.

Can't she be a rival to the Moon  
Served by a faithful team of stars  
Or the lighting Sun many a Noon?  
A lady adored by the Sun, Moon and Stars.

Her God-given beauty above the Four Rivers,  
Like a sweet incense of cinnamon spreads  
Yet she's not proud to any and the Giver.  
Some say she's a Rose, Hibiscus bed.

Where she treads, Love quickly springs  
Her words cheer the Suitor's heart  
That she honours like Byzantine Kings.  
She's the Eighth Wonder of the Earth.

Timothy Faboade

# The Two Births

His making made the Maker work  
All the Angels on the deck then  
Had their Holy Hands for the work  
That saw the coming of all men.

The Maker parted with some breath  
So precious for the First man to live  
And through him all can breathe.  
Yet unto him disdain we can give.

The Second Man with Hossana came  
But through the cursed race he did  
For the First has lost the Holy Grace,  
Wouldn't such way the second bid?

The Second with noble, humble birth,  
The Book says, shall return the glory  
And change the first way and story  
Of all that to the Maker are a mirth.

Can any good come from the cursed  
Blood in which the Second spent nine  
Moons? No. Let the expelled First  
Remain outcast and Second shine.

God, provoked in the Garden, cursed Adam  
Yet the fruit of him he blessed  
Yes, with Him are blessing and damn  
He dispenses when pleased and vexed.

Timothy Faboade

# Corruption

A beast from desert with eruption,  
Coming with stuttering, stunning wings  
Of destruction and unknown disruption  
That it coarsely, ear-soringly sings.

When it lands with a big boisterous bang  
Its pieces on all there and here  
Faces it staunchly glues and hangs.  
It swings far, very far and near.

Both the able doctors and the sick  
The beast-disease wilfully infests.  
Our cakes like water it licks  
As we lose to it all our invests.

In our stomachs it's a tapeworm  
On our strength a fluke, a leech  
All that make us look lukewarm  
And our face it slovenly bleaches.

From shrines to all the altars,  
To the young and old heads  
Among the dead and living mortars,  
It, like unbottled oil, spreads.

Corruption has come, come to stay  
Among us all, good and bad, rich  
And poor all the unknown way  
To dig for us a waterless ditch.

Timothy Faboade

# Erosion

With ugly, daredevil, red eyes,  
faster, more furious with burning anger,  
along the roads of bigger sizes  
with no destination or known Hanger,  
he runs, faster, much faster than cheetah.  
All hills, rocks and stones it dares,  
making them all whiter and weaker.  
Without digger, he digs wells and holes  
sit in and on them royally without chairs.  
All roads, paths, streets and ways  
he hijacks and swiftly away  
sweeps many heaps of dirt of ages.  
Erosion, a crawling water being, a cage  
cannot contain its sheer mirage.

Timothy Faboade



## Lizy II

Since inseparable are snail and its shell,  
Indivisible are hunch and hunchback,  
I'll the big blabbing love's bell,  
For you I'll make fond slack  
Together our dotting hearts will melt  
Either in the fiery fire or frosty ice  
How can these be felicitiously felt?  
This is not in any way meant to entice.  
Let's make all real and not abstract,  
No longer I can go in daft pretense,  
Show to my proposal some deference  
If indeed you nurture me in your heart  
As you swear by heaven and earth.  
Save me, I say, from this confusion cell

Timothy Faboade

## Sonnet On Marriage Vii (Voice Of A Divorced Woman)

'I gave you life, you showed me death,  
You made me hungry, I baked you bread.  
I found you peace, you brought me wars,  
I bestowed you grace, you set me laws.  
I decorated you a glorious Groom,  
Yet you littered me with shameful doom.  
Had I not enough heavenly strived,  
To make you, Ingrate, enviously thrived.  
I made you a coveted crown,  
Yet you turned me to a clown.  
In my tears you got your gains  
While I writhed in million pains.  
From your house I am forever banned,  
And myself my griefs will be manned.'

Timothy Faboade

# Lullaby For My Child

The Sun has gone to bed,  
The howling wind has gone to sleep  
And fishes retired to the deep.  
My child, just be royally led  
To have your holy, fair rest  
On my soft hairy chest  
And tomorrow on your mother's breast.

Oh my Child! Oh my Child!  
Towards the dreamland  
You will gently slide,  
Ride with a sweet band  
To have your beautiful rest.

Behold the birds in their nests,  
There in nature having their rests,  
On the hays their heads are pressed  
For a night that's the best.

Oh my Child! Oh my Child!  
Towards the dreamland  
You will gently slide,  
Ride with a sweet band  
To have your beautiful rest.

Let the moon, stars in the sky  
For hours stay awake  
They're the guards of the night  
They'll retire when the sun wakes.

Oh my dear child! Oh my dear child!  
Towards the cool dreamland  
You will mildly glide,  
Ride with a melodious band  
To have your holy rest.

The tempest has ceased,  
The sharks, whales, are done  
With the watery feast

To the deep too they've gone.

So, my dear, wonderful child  
Towards the flawless dreamland  
You will royally ride  
With a sweet, melodious band  
To have your sole rest.

Timothy Faboade

# Sonnet On Marriage Vi

Then, their frail hope weary grows,  
Unto the Founder they pour their griefs  
Every moon they have failure shows  
Perhaps the union will be in brief.

The womb becomes a dead tree  
Dead to all the watering and weeding  
When will the union become three?  
The third will end the womb's weeping.

Millions of fertility test every week,  
They count moons till they can no more,  
Then like a poor chair it creaks  
And they sign to gun the law.

All and the related ones expect the fruit  
That the Holy Union widely suits.

Timothy Faboade

# The Black Water Avengers

When the black water was got  
At the deep, watery region,  
All limped to get their slot  
Forgetting the will of the Union

Away they threw cutlass and hoe  
Hurried to the rig with digger  
Oblivious of the later waiting woe  
For they wanted the land bigger.

Amidst the National struggle  
For the individual insatiable wealth,  
Wrapped faces come to bugle  
When out of their reach is the wealth.

All the thirty-six, indolent, poor fold  
Their crippled hands looking up  
At the stream of black watery gold  
With their bottomless, giant cups.

Pressed to the wall, nightmares,  
Language of the whirled government,  
On the rich rivers they give chairs,  
Out of reach is the denouement.

Rockets, guns, bombs they hire  
Setting the pots of the black water ablaze  
Behold the curly smoke after fire!  
Who can stand to have a gaze?

The wealthy water mixes with blood  
Of the men erected at various posts  
Where the gold flows like flood.  
Yet, the victims are the poor hosts.

The Aso Rock's pockets becomes empty  
As it loses daily million barrels  
To the Deltans' living aged enmity.  
And the whole nation becomes barren.

They emerge in the rustic, messed Creek,  
Roaring, threatening the sandy Rock  
Which, being lazy, has a desert stock  
And to the Avengers pretend to be meek.

In their fiery eyes are sharp blades,  
In their stony hearts are protests  
Ah! The Rock is losing its Shades  
And it its many a child molests.

Timothy Faboade

# Sonnet On Marriage V

After the nuptial knot is tied  
Before the collars, the cold altars,  
And all the joyous waiting mortars,  
The duo begin a new life so wide.

Every night the man sows seeds,  
Under the watch of moons and stars  
Taking her to a land, very, very far  
And with Faith they remove the weeds.

The farmer patiently waits to reap  
What he sowed on the deep hairy land  
Bereft of the known earthen sand,  
The seeds too towards the region they creep.

Many a fail of the seed brings a trouble  
Leading the union to its first shamble.

Timothy Faboade



# How Do We Love And Hate

How do we love and still hate?  
When the cold fire of love burns,  
Hatred commando-like turns  
Towards the open heart gate.

Today love flows like a blue sea  
When another breaks, like a flood,  
In my vein is the black hatred blood  
And the two sides of a coin I see.

Both spring from the same fount  
And the same route they take  
And an impression intend to make  
But on different records the two count.

One, we, as if troubled, praise  
The other at a Calvary we brutally nail  
For we never desire its heartily sail  
Yet, the first only has a momentum grace.

How many can host love for long?  
Or who hasn't widely open'd the fleshy door  
For hatred and its divine, mild law?  
Yet, love we do profess on our tongues.

Timothy Faboade

# A Text To My Belle

What words cannot describe  
Are better left for the heart  
On which they can be scribed  
From thence they can start.

Timothy Faboade

# The Deep And The Lord

In the dark, silent windowless room,  
Where all wealth of many ages,  
And the raw and refined glory zoom  
Lies the soul's prison in a cage.

A room built on just six feet  
Which the world can only afford  
Despite the many fair fine fleet  
Which is unto the world accord'd.

There in their legion, in the deep  
Dug by some able arms and hands  
Dwell Great termites in the creep  
Ready to devour the gifts of lands.

On the gutless gifts they have a feast,  
They're the Lords of the dark Empire  
Which both Heaven and Hell rewires.  
All fleshs are reserved for the beasts.

Timothy Faboade

# Lust And Love

Out of the Five all ideas spring,  
Either immediate or remote,  
The Five to the mind are a King,  
Though they are for long demot'd.

Can world be without earth crust?  
Can the sun be without the sky  
Or man without the said dust?  
Unto the mind the Five stand by.

Yet Love higher is heavenly praised,  
For it bears good fruits in the mind,  
Nailing from where it is raised,  
And its flaws we never care to find.

Through the Five, Lust gets its way  
To the ever-yearning, frail vessel  
And towards the mind it sways  
And there a new being nestles.

The soul of Love solely lies  
In Lust, who is deeply despised  
Without attending to the ties.  
This, out of errors, we since devised.

If an averted evil the pure Lust be,  
What then of its praised end, Love  
Which from its origin can be rough?  
Or can water part with the sea?

Timothy Faboade

# Drowning

Like a little fair bird  
Caught in lime twigs  
Where its mother can  
Only wait and watch,  
Below the level of the  
Bottomless, deep sea,  
I, a non-aquatic, be.

As the little one struggles  
To escape and fly away,  
The more it's entangled.  
As I, a poor terrestrial,  
Strive to shark the deep,  
Deeper and deeper I sink.

Timothy Faboade

# Anthem Written On War II

When the sun in the East rises  
In the morning before the world wakes  
To look for and prepare its daily cakes,  
I hope for a day devoid of crisis.

Upon my roof is no hungry vulture,  
The day's dream looks so real  
And all that I for ages nurture  
Seem to be near my heels.

Like the lofty galaxy in the sky,  
The whole of me, with the ray of peace,  
Has its joy high, so high  
For I think the tempest has cease'd.

Many days have been full of dark  
When thick, dark stark smokes  
From the incorrigible metal sharks  
boomed and offered heavy yokes.

The stuttering guns are out of sight,  
Well, maybe near, I think, is a solace,  
Could the lethal stone have lost its Might?  
In them man gets his glorious grace.

How many deads can I count?  
Ashes are the short and tall hills  
Beyond words porous pains sprout  
While the sharks and stones thrill.

Where the stones staunchly drop,  
Nothing forever shall live there,  
They harvest man like ripe crops  
Yet, at one camp there's a cheer.

So, the earliest, brightest sun brings  
Pleasant, melodious, rhythmic songs.  
But will man to these dance and sing?  
For he possesses a bile-like, vile tongues.

Then, hovering is an electronic bird  
So ugly, eye-soring, and callous a beast  
Clad in a mirthful military shirt  
And on the sky having a bloody feast.

Its balls of saliva in the space patter  
On many million heads like fiery rain  
As they drop and rain, they clatter  
In and on the cursed world of vain.

At noon the sun hides its boon:  
The beautiful, peaceful dream is lost,  
Night, again, arrives without the moon  
Can the world still stand the cost?

Timothy Faboade

# A Lament For My Brothers

(For the victims of NIS recruitment exercise)

They struggle, grumble, rumble, mumble,  
Pacing around like a cathedral bell,  
The weaklings poorly on stones stumble,  
The cause, though known, I can never tell.  
The scuffle is for their daily bread,  
Questing for what is totally out  
Of their real length and breadth,  
When their weak strength goes out,  
The beleaguered, famished ones die  
Just because of their quest for fortune  
They lay on the altar their lives  
Having danced to paucity's tune,  
They fall like withered lifeless leaves.  
The few cabals show their grins  
Pretending to console the bereaved  
And happy that their wealth is green.

Timothy Faboade



# Sonnet On Marriage Iv

He that has a good wife,  
They say, has God's favour  
And upon his soul and life  
Is the coveted divine flavour.

Yet the favoured one here  
In the divine union knows  
Nothing in it but godly fear  
In which he prowls and howls.

What's it in this world that's perfect?  
Some asked in defense of divinity,  
I say whatever from Him in this vicinity  
Should be without a known defect.

That which Heaven makes should be holy,  
But its manifestation here is a folly.

Timothy Faboade

# Silent Complaint

The sore will never stop pouring pus,  
The more it's refreshed, the more  
It reproduces though not fruits but pus.  
When the wound is healed  
The spot will remain forever peeled.  
Punches on the sight every blessed day,  
If the eyes don't go blind, and become stale,  
They wouldn't see vividly again, so goes a say.  
To foreign lands the fresh crude cakes  
Are being pillaged to though.  
Rendering small the black bough.  
A butcher's son battling with bones,  
For the fresh succulent flesh are gone,  
A clothes seller's daughter fancying with rags.  
They are as productive as the stags,  
So goes another say.  
You can't create terrific terrors,  
Forget naira.  
You can't in the account cause errors,  
Forget naira.  
You can't explore the heavy nights  
With various sticks that talk,  
When there's no light for the nights,  
Forget naira in your sour stock.  
I won't have my head if I should talk  
For the servants of servants are raging  
Not that they haven't had their wages.  
The callous ones on the power corridors  
Parading themselves as nothing but saviours  
Deafening their ears to my words  
For they aren't in my world.  
Don't tell them I say these:  
They're the ones breeding honesty,  
They're the ones nurturing sanity,  
Although this can be seen in brevity  
At different centers and banquets,  
The natives of the streets are the villains  
On our face as a people they're the stains

Timothy Faboade

# Walnut

Brothers of a curly mother  
Share a thick sealed border  
Against one another  
They lock the one door  
None seems to bother  
As they manage the war.

Timothy Faboade

# Morning Quatrain

To the wall speak out  
Verily I say I shall hear  
For the wall lacks no ear  
Nor bereft of a lively mouth.

Timothy Faboade

## Sonnet On Marriage Iii

'Man', said He, 'Shouldn't alone be,  
For him, from his ribs I'll create a holy help,  
Who shall look like his real self  
And the two a couple shall divinely be.'

Against loneliness man never a voice  
Raised nor desired a God-made love,  
Which after forced became hatred and rough  
And later turns out to be World's Noise.

'Lord', he defended, 'the woman the fruit  
She gave me to blindly, briefly eat  
After she'd been blinded by the crawling Brute,  
So, before you, I can't stand on my feet.'

The first God-made family led to the first fall  
And an eternal, inherent burden for all.

Timothy Faboade

# Fame Grows And Dies

How short does Fame live?  
How ephemeral can glory be?  
Unlike bees they lack a hive  
To dwell for all to have and see.

Muse! Imagine a glorious man  
Celebrated and honoured among  
The neighbours and his clan  
For he was so valiant and strong.

Many wars he had mainly fought,  
Swords, guns, arrows and bows,  
In his domain couldn't be sought,  
None of his type can be found now.

He was not only brave, but so kind,  
Despite the fact that he was rich  
As an Emperor with no bind,  
Many he fed with bread and fish.

Unto his name he booked feats  
And for his source many wins  
And for foes trembling feet  
And enormous wealth for his kins

He dined and merried with crowns  
He himself was considered Royal  
And forever he swore to be loyal  
Unto his house and the town.

With one oar he paddled his home  
More diplomatic than all of Rome,  
With honour he treated his slaves  
But among them he hated the naives.

From East to West, North to South  
His name and lineage freely fly  
And his feats filled every mouth  
And as Abel's sacrifice occupied Sky.

After several decades of the Field,  
He determined to rest and retire  
And quench the guns', bows' fire,  
In his brown roof he hanged the shield.

Muse! On a white horse he rode  
And as Jesus, he was saluted  
With bronze, silver and raw gold  
None of these was ever diluted.

Muse, what can outshine these glories  
And the amuse in the aged stories,  
Many a lady wished him her husband  
For they too desired Fame on the land

Still agile and able, he embraced hunting  
Which had been his childhood game  
Which he loved to play with stunning,  
Through this, he amassed more fame.

One day, when all Natures had  
Up waken for the beautiful day,  
He called his beaded hunting clad,  
For the game of Fame of May.

With him were ten able hands,  
That carried his arrows and bows  
They all left after the first crows  
To tour for leisure the wild lands.

There was a thunderous, cheer  
When his spear caught a deer  
Struggling in the thick wide web,  
Then they knew it would be well.

The unlucky beast the hands shared,  
Towards the North they ploded,  
Tired, though happy, they fared  
Then, the muse musely unfolded.

Resting was a boisterous jungle



Being, trumpeting with his tusks,  
That that day was a brawl and bungle  
And like chameleon caught with tusks.

His breath flung the heaviest men,  
Suspecting they came for what's meant  
For him and his wide, large domain,  
So, he stood to attack them and their main.

His four pounded the calm ground,  
Furiously burning he swiftly rose  
Moving towards where they're bound,  
Hell-bent to fight with his metal nose.

Others, terrified, took to their heels  
From afar, their wide mouths ajar  
They watched the war with zeals,  
Predicting who'd take the star.

Behind leaves, dwarfs and trees  
They laughed when the men fell  
And at the Lord, a terror of the seas,  
who never ceased to trumpet, yell.

'Where is our valiant, wise Lord',  
Wearily, asked a nervous ward  
Helplessly seeing the Titan coming  
Towards the men, so, so funny.

Behold the fearless, fairest mortar  
Swearing to ground the grounding mortal  
That was ten feet away the ten  
Beneath a big calm tree and its tent.

Where two Elephants, they say, fight,  
The innocent grasses bear the burden,  
Two Elephants were at a very sight,  
The tussle must be graciously golden.

'Oh you ugly, senseless beast!  
Today my good people and I  
Will on your flesh have a feast

Unto the gods offer your eyes.

'You've got your days end today  
Let all the forest and jungle shake,  
Let them all hear what I say,  
Let all the sleeping ones now wake.'

The two angry Lords' fiery faces  
Met, the jungle's bragged the more,  
The men's recounting hunting law  
He stored in his head in many phases.

The two warriors bravely fought,  
All including the men stood still  
This, Muse, never could be bought  
Or could a poet tell all's there ill.

Wounded, the man-Lord in pains  
Groaned, moaned, panged and bled,  
All over his clad were red stains  
Oh! What unto this him blindly led!

The beast-Lord in triumph boasted  
The Trumpeter's anger the more boiled,  
A weakling, he thought, he hosted:  
The weakling's blood to be soiled.

Like thunder it struck his mind  
That with him was a god-given cap  
Lying where he couldn't then find,  
But the priceless was on land's lap.

The Goliath was ready for the last hit  
Tightly he held his heinous fist  
The throat he longed to slit  
Ah! Muse! How can I get this mist?

The ailing men on the myriad dirt,  
Cried for they thought slaying Death  
With his stunning, dolorous mirth  
Has come with no seen sweat.

The all-men-loved, dying Being  
Being adored even by some gods,  
For himself some dirge sang,  
He hoped his soul would lose abroad.

The gods, like Zeus for the Greeks,  
On their golden, beaded throne,  
On the mythical cap light shone,  
The cap was, indeed, a sleek.

They rose to save their lovely son,  
Hence, commanded the scared sun  
To aid the godlike, noblest soul  
Which the Great Heaven ready to know.

Later, he found the cotton gem  
And this pleased all of them  
With the frightened forest friends  
For near was the Fiend's end.

He held it calmly and very weakly,  
Drew closer to the Giant's long beak,  
Slapped the tusk with the treasure  
Ah! He fell by the little feeble pressure.

Muse! The sky's face covered by dust,  
Trembling was the strongest earth crust,  
Behold the pudgy fleshy Mount  
Oh! He lost in the man-beast bout.

Upon all other creatures, total power  
I give you to be like the Babel Tower  
Before their sights and poor hearts  
You shall rule them and the earth.

For it's writ, man shall dominate animals  
Though the domination can be minimal,  
Or absolute, it's the Almighty's wish  
That their flesh be man's own dish.

The news ran faster home, spread  
Like a harmattan fire in the wild,

Nothing of such had been ever read.  
An hour later, the world was mild.

Cymbals, drums, flutes, and songs  
Accompanied the flooding people,  
Who eulogized the man, so strong  
Shoulders high he's carried by the people.

Hundreds men dragged the creature  
And sacrifices were made to the gods  
Who saved the Lord from the creature,  
Homeward they joyfully plod'd.

The King with his staff that known day  
Surprisingly stared at the struck thing  
Taller than his abode, best of its days,  
And then honoured the fearless Being.

For a month, they trooped to eat and drink,  
Leaving him nothing to about think,  
His brutal wounds were quickly healed,  
After that, Muse, all were sealed.

How does Fame grow and then die?  
What makes it live for a while  
And then to the unknown place fly?  
Its extinction brings the bitterest bile.

Had he known his later ill Fate,  
Would he in the present have Faith?  
Later, new stories were falsely made  
And his name began to quickly fade.

They said he that could kill an elephant  
With an ordinary cap in the forest  
Would use his breath to kill an infant  
And adult all who lacked a fortress.

In vain he strove to debunk the rumour  
And to redeem his drowning image  
And his life, that's becoming a humour,  
In futile he attempted to patch the leakage.

While still alive, his precious name died,  
He died before real Death came,  
Under his own shadow he hide  
And with regrets he swallowed the shame.

All deserted the loved, fine hunter,  
At home, in the farm, at the four rivers,  
With sorrow he licked the sour butter,  
And pondered on how Life differs.

He's interred while his upset soul  
Was still ailing in its aged prison.  
None was with him, he was sole  
Destroyed, he couldn't even reason.

He wept in his heart, wailed in his head,  
Tears, sobbing, became his daily bread,  
Away from him the whole world fled,  
Then he remembered what'd been said:

'Fame, wealth and glory are fake,  
They come for plenty pain sake,  
Deception, betrayal they plan to make,  
And put their loved ones' lives at stake! '

Warning from any mouth he never got,  
Perhaps he might escape the lasting dot  
Which came like a twisted, knitted knot.  
He wished he belonged to the have-nots...

Timothy Faboade

# World Wails

She rolls and rolls in the pool  
Dug deeply by the ones she keeps  
With innumerable destructive tools,  
Just to suite the insatiable needs.

From the hexed forbidden tree  
Lying at the heart of the lone Garden  
They get the tools for fun and free  
And unto her, the host, a large laden.

Her eyes blinded, ears deafened,  
Hands tied, legs fettered, she curls  
Her promising existence threatened,  
Though growing sparingly in the hurls

Her beautiful glories in morning wither,  
Descreation, a tool, they a part employ,  
Her face, with mess and dirt, they litter.  
For her ruins the jinxed tools are deploy'd.

Timothy Faboade

# The Alien Faiths

It tears and divides us apart,  
Along several parallel lines,  
Branded with Love, it starts  
And from the dark, shines.

Said to be from Almighty God,  
We widely open our large doors,  
Welcoming the alien with a nod,  
It preaches Grace under Laws.

We, taught, submerged our name,  
We claim absence of our Father  
To adopt the stinky Holy Father  
Who takes sacrilege for a fine fame.

Unto another my brothers pray  
As a duty Five Times a day,  
Conceding to the Five Pillars,  
And the Taker of no rivals.

Each sprang from the torn Arab,  
Difficult to be tested in any lab,  
Under force and threat of Hell,  
We bow as we hear the Bell.

We are being fed with bitter breads  
By the hidden hands in White,  
All the costs lie on our heads  
We never foresee the dark light.

We receive new cry-like tongues  
As we bury in the space our songs,  
This we exchange for the Faiths  
Not suspicious of the bestial baits.

For the ages past we our stories  
Cherished unlike their Gods,  
They said, loathe the stories  
And our ever-caring, loyal Gods.

Now two choices before us are  
Each projecting the vague Heaven,  
There above, very, very far,  
Better, they say, than our father's Haven.

Like a leaf on the sea we float,  
Rowing on a tempted boat  
Like the Turks we slowly sink  
In-between the heavenly links.

We stumble, rumble for a choice,  
Envy and eyeing the alternative  
Because there's none not evasive,  
So, the two and we become toys.

In the unity, we ambush one  
Brotherly and godly another,  
Yet in the heavenly asunder,  
Each holds to have wily won.

Guns, daggers, mouths and Books  
Form the brutish lethal hooks  
Used to catch like fish our brothers  
Yet in love we hate them further.

Ah! The tear brings a lake of tears  
In the Peace brought there's fears  
Ah! Behold the Holy and Saint flaws!  
In the Grace brought there's laws.

Difference and barriers absence  
Then before the cunning coming  
Are felt when our fallen fence  
And after, they're busy strutting.

Timothy Faboade



# What Makes A Feeling

When a tear drops,  
An ocean in the mind,  
When a word finds  
Its ways without a stop  
In the spread mouth,  
A million in the heart,  
When a tongue about  
Turns to stun-start  
Its laments and regrets,  
Legions of protests  
Have flooded the gullets  
When a face detests,  
A high hatred has soared,  
What riddles lie beneath  
Emotions and how it's lawed?  
For anger to find its sheath,  
The ears have gulped words,  
For teeth to have a show,  
The heart is a nice world.  
Though these we deem to know.

Timothy Faboade

# Sonnet On Marriage II

Thousand choices before me  
Each presenting its possible best  
Hoarding its other side for me  
Each jostling for my chest.

Each I attempt to take seems  
Less better to the rueing rest  
Which my doubting mind deems  
To be better than the best.

One I'm for my heart to take  
Many have scaled through  
This and live with what they made,  
Then what rib is the true?

I don't want to be another Adam,  
Whose rib cost world the great Damn.

Timothy Faboade

# God, A Decider

Unto some a nice name is given  
The riches of the world they enjoy  
By treasure and pleasure they're driven  
Gold, silver, bronze they enjoin,  
Unto them we bestow ethereal fame  
They live a lustful life of their choice  
They kindle kingly their riches' flame  
Embellished with incense and noise.

Yet, many, ill-fated, blessed with curses,  
Whose heads carry all world woes,  
Are created to indigence and woes nurse,  
The favoured they are to give shows,  
Shows of folly, agonies, pangs and pains,  
The Creator, in His Mercy, with love  
Bestows them struggles of legion vains  
They're to enjoy life though rough.

All are from Him, the caring, kind Lord  
Unto some He faces, His blind back  
For ages, such back which is broad  
They pray, yet like vulture lordly lack,  
Still all the riches assembled in a fold  
Branded and handled over awhile  
While the accursed bend before mold  
And reap nothing but the best bile.

Timothy Faboade

# Impatience

MUSE

Impatience is a living Being  
Sometimes he is a throneless King  
And controls madly other beings  
Who his tuneless musics sing.

Long ago, there lived a man,  
Farming thrived in his clan  
In this he found himself a name  
For in his huts yams were lame.

One morning he on his bed rose  
Perceiving roasted yam in his nose,  
He summoned his two jolly friends  
Who he vowed not to anyone lend.

Towards the farm he got his way  
Boasting to make best of the day,  
He went to make the land for May  
Despite his muscle that's gray.

He on a dwarf hanged his cap  
Letting the duo have a nice nap  
While he with cutlass and hoe  
Began the day's beautiful show.

Two thousand ridges made his aim  
Among his peers this feat he did claim  
And binding by no health law,  
He prided to walk and work more.

The sun rose and set on his head,  
From head to toe was a river of sweat,  
Obeying orders of his hands,  
The two friends bite the lands.

Thirsty, from the river he got water  
Ah! Behold the agile aged mortal!

Unto him the birds built an altar  
For they thought he couldn't falter.

After a thousand he lost the count  
Though enjoying the raw wild sound  
That kept his lone listless company,  
This, Muse, is, to poets, quite funny.

The Night beat loudly its first gongs  
All creatures began night songs  
While towards their homes they plod'd  
Leaving him behind with a nice nod.

The second echoed in a dark voice  
This mixed with moan of his groins,  
The two friends were ready to retire,  
Can a day work make an empire?

To the calls he gave some deaf ears  
Saying the Dark wasn't that near.  
How lofty could human desires be?  
In bondage he thought he was free.

Many a time he dared mild Nature  
All in the name of his high venture,  
He saw the Sun roosting in the West,  
Yet, he was hell-bent on his quest.

Aim got, he prepared for home,  
The aftermath formed the tome,  
Which though folly it may seem,  
Its witty end you'll soon deem.

'Where is my beaded brown cap? '  
He asked while studying the land map.  
' Where is my fortune-taking cap? '  
His voice echoed, costing trees sap.

He climbed trees, worried resting leaves  
To the lost cap his heart cleaved,  
' Birds, trees, insects, hear my voice,  
The kingly-made cap isn't your choice! '

They all grudged against his words  
For they weren't for his proud world.  
Muse! How do the underrated think  
When man in impatience kingly sink?

'Oh! You ridges! You're never exempted!  
And, listen, tonight I'm really tempted  
All of you I'll in a jiffy disembowel  
And take my cap in you with no trowel.'

Flat all the tall ridges lied,  
Yet the costly cap he couldn't find,  
The more he was worried in mind,  
Like with the cap he wad tied.

With its might Night had arrived,  
Could his heavy heart be rived,  
He would, just for the missing jewel,  
'Cos for it he could be in a duel.

He sank into a bank of tears  
He wailed and poorly mourned  
He torn his cloudy heart for a mere,  
And in a hurry wasted the Bourne.

When the bank dried, his eyes opened  
Ah! He stumbled on the deaf dwarf,  
His ribs as a result got broken  
Because he hurried to unhook the cap and dwarf.

Timothy Faboade

# Pain

I hear a morbid, horrid voice  
Full of wings, feather and strength  
Entering all including the groins  
Moving from breath to length  
From head to toe, toe to head  
Jarring all nerves and souls  
With which it wants to wed.  
Spasm, tears form its goals,  
Short of words, he only groans  
Grinning, gnashing, he cries  
With plenty poor croaking tones  
Asking from where it freely flies.  
Bones ruptured, flesh punctured  
Leaving eyes to release the water  
Its gains Pain in man nurtures  
The tears and fears of the mortal  
Flowing through the weary eyes,  
The bleeding and brooding of mind  
Spreading through to its lies,  
Are its ways he can never find.  
Choked, he squeals, and shrills  
Yet a foot his voice can't tread  
Where he's, stagnant, he remains still,  
Thinking pain brings a bed.

Timothy Faboade

# People Of Poverty

They are the flags of the streets,  
They are the glories of the roads  
Which every nights with dirty sheets  
They flood with their heavy loads.

Their sojourn begins in the morning  
Which full of nothing but despair,  
The cloudy day ends with mourning  
When a pair of them pay death's fare

The sun rises and sets on their heads  
Wobbly like a gunned antelope in wild  
They stagger to their eye-soring beds  
With a prayer to God, their lone Guide.

Their foods are the contents of bins  
Which they struggle to vainly get  
And grab the crumbs with their grins.  
Like Lazarus' their lives are set.

They make the rich-rex eyes so ill  
When in the sheer shabby shrouds,  
Coats that costs them the least bill,  
With which they are broadly bound.

The creaky bridge gives them house,  
There they put to rest their woes  
For a while with no worry or grouse  
Because unto poverty they bow.

Their tattered clothes billow in the sky  
When an angry, hexed wind whirls,  
Howls where they sickly stand by  
And some like weak snakes curl.

Upon them should be no blame  
They are designed for what to be  
Yes, designed for no honour or fame  
Against poverty they have no gree.



Timothy Faboade

# Let Me Sing

The stream of song in my throat  
Barred from flowing like a sea  
Dammed to forever in it float  
Is howling and humming like bee.

I have a voice of nightingale  
To be heard on the hill, land,  
In the sky and beautiful vale  
Though I come with no band.

The wind is ever free to blow,  
Fish enjoys its diving in the ocean,  
Let my rhythmic songs flow  
And my drums, piano on motion.

All for my musical concert here  
In the world of mere words  
Are prepared to give and cheer  
The labyrinths and singing birds.

Let me now sing I again say  
And my voice echoe million miles  
Here my lute, tuba and harp lay  
In diverse forms, means and style.

Trees, flowers, even morn with ears,  
The moon and her companion in the sky  
All at me for songs patiently stare  
Thinking I could be a sly.

Would these, very agile, lie waste  
And my voice in prison for long be?  
What of the lines and rhymes I baste?  
Let me sing and enjoy the glee.

Million ears and hearts I hope  
To please and make so happy  
When my beats foam like soap,  
Babies ready to dance in the nappy.

So, I say it again, let me sing,  
My tongue blessed with songs  
Meant for slaves, serfs and kings,  
Let me sing even if not for long.

Timothy Faboade

# Between Lie And Truth

LIE:

On this land, in this world,  
I remain an important part  
Though I manifest in word,  
I alter many poor hearts.

TRUTH:

Ah! The alteration brings woes,  
You confuse many friends  
To self-make many foes  
For them in deceit you bend.

LIE:

It's my innumerable, able desire  
To rule and turn the globe  
And for myself build an Empire  
When I possess the deep lobe.

TRUTH:

How do you plan to do this?  
To use hook, line and bait  
And make them your Date?  
What's the Fate of this?

LIE:

Many you never at all know  
Though in many mild minds  
You claim to sheerly show  
The means you can't find.

TRUTH:

But you live an ephemeral life  
All the Empire and wealth down  
Will lie like leaves without life  
And your royalty will be a clown.

LIE:

Man will build me many more  
You're such a sour meal

Taken with myriad moral law  
Bereft of how the heart feels.

TRUTH:

Yet to me no room for deception  
My legacy talking for me  
Is quite beyond words and expression  
There you let your con be.

LIE:

Oh! Dear brother, what pleases  
Man in you and your laws?  
You torment them like hot breeze,  
But they find pleasure in me more.

TRUTH:

They do that in their own blindness,  
Ah! My love they take for hatred,  
Change to inhumannes from kindness,  
Hence, deceive themselves and kindred.

LIE:

Mine is not to ever lament  
Even though I may later lose.  
Mine is not ever to repent  
For my way the heart will choose.

TRUTH:

Let him have today his choice  
Let him shun now my way  
Let him be deaf to my voice  
Let few take what I say.

Timothy Faboade

# Anger

It roars like irked, wily waves  
On the flooded, bloody seas.  
It like a snail coming out of cave  
Walks with a great hot breeze.

It pierces numberless calm ears  
Downward towards the hearts.  
With anger, its victim's mind it steers.  
Its short, lethal time is hard.

What wage can settle any rage  
When it turns an old to a child?  
Anger when loosed in the cage  
Boils in mind like hellish Tide.

Oh! The profits it leaves can't be told  
When it becomes calm and cold.

Timothy Faboade

# Lie

On many a watery tongue  
From here through to there  
It's an arousing, rhythmic song  
Many ears see it as being fair.

It soothes many a weak heart  
And like morning dew on flower  
Pleases the poor, childish heart.  
It rises in the ears like the Tower.

Ah! It lasts for an endless Age  
Runs faster than a furious man  
A handful sees it as a Mirage  
As Truth bemoans of lacking a fan.

I have seen both Truth and Lie  
And know where the two lie.

Timothy Faboade

# Before God

I sleep and the treasures fall  
Out of vanity I search pleasure  
And in this I lose my all  
Without a plain measure.

A feeble heart of rocky stone  
I possess against your love  
Which is divine and lone  
Ah! Lord, this life is rough.

Freely I get, freely I lose  
Prodigal son I can be  
Sins there are but a dose  
Bars the gate against me.

My white garment you desire  
Is now a Harbour of stains  
I merry in one main mire  
And lose the heavenly gains.

I slip and the Love dies  
Not to come back like Him  
I stumble and the glory flies  
Making my bright life dim.

Before the Beast I bow'd  
Begging for that You own  
And gently I am cow'd  
And barred from Your zone.

In me the new Adam soars  
Ambushing Jesus, Your Son.  
I'm lost in Grace and Law  
Soon here I'll be done.

What awaits me there, Lord?  
Before you I wish to come  
To join the Angels' board  
And add to the holy sum.



Let me shoulder my Cross  
And for others, Lord, He can  
My soul the Beast shall toss  
Till you lift on me the ban.

I soberly weep in my breast  
When my infernal bed is lost  
On your celestial cheerful chest  
Which is got without a cost.

Can I take the baptism again?  
The Grace in Your hands  
I take for lust and vain  
I'll soon return to the sand.

Then your thundering anger  
That in abyss patiently waits  
Shall descend on me, a waste.  
Forever, before you, I'm a langer.

Timothy Faboade

# Sonnet On Marriage

Sonnet on Marriage

In the listless life of marriage  
Which cunningly attracts many  
Denying its legion of mirage  
Are pangs and pains in its belly.

The dark journey's possible end  
In the world of truthful lies  
All for a little time seem to bend  
Hoping to keep for an age the tie.

Like an agonized man in mask  
They keep on smiling in pains  
All struggling to save the union task  
While counting their loss and gains.

Though if it actually comes from God,  
I refuse till eternity to give it a nod.

Timothy Faboade

Timothy Faboade

# A Cry Of Placenta

From inception we're friends  
There in private living together  
Thinking nothing'll put us asunder  
Till I'm seen as a vile fiend

Through me you wine and dine  
I connect you to the outer world  
Against you I never raise a word  
For I see you amicably as mine

For nine moons you lean on me  
And I kindly providing all you need  
Nurturing you like a mustard seed  
Hoping soon to have with you a glee

You grow head bowel and limbs  
Through me you hear medic's voice  
The planters plan to buy you toys  
When they see you on me limp

Uterus and its wall are my witness  
Their sights see my whole care  
Must I be rewarded with this snare  
For being kind even in my distress

Obeying the wilful wish of their Lord  
Who tells them I belong to the grave  
They with a blade cut the fleshy chord  
And with tears I part with the Naive

Beneath the ground meekly I lie  
Seeing him blessed with a damn  
Having learnt the world is a sly  
He regrets but happy I am

They lure me out of my hood  
Cut my fleshy strength and might  
For they want him join their hood  
And enjoy their unnatural fright.

Timothy Faboade

# Anthem Written On War

They see their brothers' blood  
In the street flowing like Noah flood  
Cakes from the auto birds  
Make their story analysts' mirth  
Day in day out shells are dropped  
And slowly their number is cropped.

Beautifully they are caged in camps  
Receiving daily meals with stamps  
They are far away from their lands  
Which are being cared for by the bands  
Who never like pianos, drums but bombs  
To the melodious cries they are dumbs.

In cold, on shaft they knock doors  
Begging to remould the entering laws  
On the floor they drop their pride  
To unknown norms they are to abide  
While their heritages are being pillaged  
In their various restive native villages.

At homes are their brethren's bones  
Whose clothes are burnt by drones,  
On these flies have a glorious feast  
Praying for more cakes from sky beasts.  
To these woes we wobbly tend  
And out of sight is a near possible end.

Timothy Faboade

# Between Life And Death

Tiny is the thread  
That links life and death  
A second there is Life  
A swift in Fate brings a knife  
That shreds the weak link  
Then the boat of Life sinks.

Wailing ends the sweet birth  
When the old child wears the shirt  
Morning's joy ends in the night.  
Are Life and Death not a knitted mirth?  
Life bends under Death's Might  
In a twinkle of an eye like a slave.

Grey and green trees bow  
To the wind then and now.  
Yes, they never rise again  
And they know all is in vain.  
The fragile thread has been cut  
The cutting is like a cracking nut.

It makes body and soul part ways  
Each goes its own destined way  
One underground plods its way  
The other into the sky flies away  
That marks the end of life  
For the end death never strives.

The mouths that sing and praise  
Alas! Also lament, cry and wail  
All when the weak thread is cut  
The wholeness of life has one but  
Which makes it so undesirable  
And those who lean on it inviable

Weaker and weaker it becomes despite  
Our lucid failed effort to end the fight  
And meditate between Life and Death  
Perhaps the two can give a notice

And man no longer will appear a novice  
When Death comes with its death.

Timothy Faboade

# Lines Written In Early March

A drop in the sea I may be  
A waft in the wind I may look  
And dafter my wit to you looks  
I have in me hope of a glee.

Your milder tongue is a fire  
Burning me, making you mad  
Your fresher lips are so dire  
Thorning me, painting you bad.

Your salivas are stronger than a bomb  
Sweetnening some hearts, sending me to tomb  
For you think there is nothing I can have  
Gladdening some hearts, condemning your half.

Many more drops can make a big sea  
A load of waft can make the wind retire

Timothy Faboade



# Forgotten Shrine

Behold the besieged raffia falling,  
The feeble walls bowing to winds  
And their invaluable mural fading  
Like wafts in the whistling wind,  
The contemptuous sun scornfully patters  
Against the god's scurvy head,  
Thorns, termites, conspicuously compete  
With the remnants of the forgotten  
Rites in the choked African shrine.  
A host of ravens and vultures  
Pay regular visit to the somber shrine  
Perhaps the god's flesh is ready to  
Defiantly devour detrimentally.

We connive with the pink lips  
To blot His extensible existence  
From our altered mound memories.  
This alteration gathers in his back  
Some chameleonic shrewd neatly packed  
Laws to chastise the god, though He  
Flinches, He remorsefully stares  
At his blood being fed by some  
White hands with the unleavened bread  
During the imported conspired consecrations.  
He is stripped obnoxiously naked during the  
Empty clangorous creaky crusade of  
The chameleonic filthy fictitious Saints.

Timothy Faboade

# Exiling Festival

I did enjoy the warm waves  
Of the torrent talking drums that  
Coaxed the beaded waists  
Rotated in all the cardinal points,  
The right rites for the gods,  
The scented embroidered clothes  
That join hands with some friezes  
To canvass envies from the sojourner  
Bizarrely.

NOW

The sojourner says sarcastically  
That all the past are frivolous.  
He serves my table with unleavened  
Bread in a frosty mood with the rabbis  
Watching me pitiably crumbling  
The repellent bread under a pretense  
Like a gleeful outworn mole.  
I show my thirty-two to embrace  
The savaging holy laws in the book  
While thick bushes are explicitly  
Soaring higher on the bare head  
Of the shrine of my felling festival.

LATER

If I throw up the bitter, salient  
Sacraments and the rabbis  
Having seen I couldn't swallow  
The braggarts' bread, he would,  
As he did to my father, whip  
Me and angrily expunge me  
From the crooks' flawed fold  
Which because of I leave  
My festival unfastened,  
What will I cordially cuddle?  
Worsening the cloudy condition,  
I can't identify the spot of joy

Of my incommunicado festival shrine...

Timothy Faboade

# A Song Of Hope

A Song of Hope

(composed when in despair)

You will still get through  
You have friends but few  
Believe someone is for you  
Even if the problem looks new  
Your hopes remain like dew  
Though the road is due  
Just believe someone is for you  
Even if none is around you  
You will still get through

If your sun refuses to rise  
And the moon is out of sights  
And the stars hoard their light  
If darkness rules your day  
And you are being led astray  
And things become so grey  
And all this makes you frail  
Because you think you will fail  
You will still get through

You will still get through  
You have friends but few  
Believe someone is for you  
Even if the problem looks new  
Your hopes remain like dew  
Though the road is due  
Just believe someone is for you  
Even if none is around you  
You will still get through

Sweetness ends the bitter leaf  
Though today you are in grief  
You are so severely snared  
And for you are not cared  
Your harvests are tares  
Which make you shed tears

But there is hope there or here

You will still get through  
You have friends but few  
Believe someone is for you  
Even if the problem looks new  
Your hopes remain like dew  
Though the road is due  
Just believe someone is for you  
Even if none is around you  
You will still get through

Instead of Life you see Death  
On which you hover like a bird  
To people your life is a mirth  
And in shame you bury your head  
You will still get through  
And your life will become new  
Though none seems to have faith  
In your present hexed Fate.

You will still get through  
You have friends but few  
Believe someone is for you  
Even if the problem looks new  
Your hopes remain like dew  
Though the road is due  
Just believe someone is for you  
Even if none is around you  
You will still get through

You will attain your lofty dream  
Present with you is the gleam  
Though its manifestation is slim  
You will certainly attain it still  
You still need to be brave  
Though you are near the grave  
Do not appear a naive today  
For the challenges can be tamed  
You will still get through

You will still get through

You have friends but few  
Believe someone is for you  
Even if the problem looks new  
Your hopes remain like dew  
Though the road is due  
Just believe someone is for you  
Even if none is around you  
You will still get through

Life is not a bed of rose  
Eyes can see the edge of nose  
Verily, You will still get through  
This is not false but wholly true  
Believe something is for you

You will still get through  
You have friends but few  
Believe someone is for you  
Even if the problem looks new  
Your hopes remain like dew  
Though the road is due  
Just believe someone is for you  
Even if none is around you  
You will still get through

Timothy Faboade

# Lizy Xx

Aback, my soul travels away from its host  
With just a peculiar priceless goal  
It leaves haphazardly without a notice its host  
Just to go to adore your dauntless

Timothy Faboade

# Tell The Suitors Of Tomorrow

Please, tell the suitors of tomorrow  
To consider her joy and sorrow  
Tell them loudly to let her cater for  
Herself just to avoid her flaw;  
Please, tell the suitors of tomorrow  
To consider the danger on her brow  
Tomorrow is not sure of her existence  
Tell those hiding under her pretense  
Not to anymore waste their bride price  
On tomorrow and her plunged pride  
Since yesterday's hope is futile  
Tomorrow's fate may be villainously vile  
So, tell them to act assiduously now  
And they won't fall with tomorrow's flaw.

Timothy Faboade



# War Sonnet

WAR I

Like worn-out clothes their bodies char  
Fires from the frightful suckling barrels  
Give them the glorious, gracious garlands  
They are now the Lord heroes of the lands  
Smiling at the far-fetched laurels in their graves  
Though without brazen befitting burials;  
Lucky are those left monstrously maimed.  
They do not care about the longevity denials.  
Some go sullenly without some solemn songs  
Save the mourning and somber from tongues  
Tongues of the troubled real victims of wars  
Who surge in their grieves at their bloods' flaws.  
The error horror of gun-duel proudly never ceases  
And its agonies freeze them like ill-fated fishes.

Faboade Timothy A.

Timothy Faboade