

Poetry Series

**Tobi Oyesomi**  
**- poems -**



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# Niger Junta

NIGER JUNTA

I detest military junta  
As much as a useless democracy  
I detest the waging of war  
As much as cross-border oppression

Of what use are the eyes  
When they fail in divine duty of sight?  
Of what benefit are the teeth  
That lost the needed crushing force?  
Of what good is a democracy  
When hunger massacres people in the midst of plenty?  
Of what gain is a civilian regime  
When the leaders feed fat on the tax of dying masses?

Shan't we force the forces of the West and Middle East  
To withdraw their oppressive hands off the Black race?  
Shall we remain aground groaning and gasping for breath  
Under the fierce strangulation and balls of heavy punches?

At these crucial demanding times of ours  
Only if the leaders of the black homosapiens  
Shall not meddle in the battle of the giants  
But effect caution and ease to make peace  
Lest our grassy land grows a bald head  
Like a soil upon which two elephants wrestle

TOBI OYESOMI  
August 2023

Tobi Oyesomi

# Peace

PEACE

An antidote to war  
Healing war wounds to the core  
Though not the absence of dispute  
Just starving one's egoistic repute

War shamefully walks into exile  
When Peace turns him fugitive like Cain  
And peace becomes the erstwhile  
Where all sorts of bane and bigotry reign

Whenever Peace goes to bed  
War would paint people in red  
Better is Peace at his worst  
Than War at his very best

At times  
Peace is birthed by war  
When by preserving paradigms  
Oppressors bargain not to a draw

Many innocent would buy and say bye  
Those once beaten are twice shy  
War is better avoided than won  
For the end is guaranteed by none.

AUGUST 2023

Tobi Oyesomi

# Sunday Igboho

SUNDAY IGBOHO

The fearless valiant lion  
The dreaded dangerous dragon  
A trueborn of Yoruba descent  
A compound in Igboho Crescent

The notorious freedom fighter  
The unusual devil-darer  
Courage is your first name  
Liberation is your last name

Your role in Ife/Modakeke war  
Leaves a memory still raw  
You're defence for the defenceless  
Ti's your characterised uniqueness

'I cannot see my people suffer'  
Ti's your motivation and mantra  
If Dada is feeble and cannot fight  
Here's his brother bearing might

We can't continue to die like chicken  
Roasted for meal in our own kitchen  
If the Authority continue their deception  
An Igboho will rise to the occasion

Sunday Igboho Oosa  
Commands his gun, you hear 'ko-sa! '  
The command is a mystery yet unraveled  
And his enemies perpetually bedeviled.

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Tobi Oyesomi

# Love In Africa

I saw the rearer  
I saw the fowls.  
My curious eyes went nearer  
and saw in the game - pretty fowls.

The rearer leaves the fowls uncatered for  
In the wicked hands of hunger  
But returns at the call of another Four  
Promising not to keep away any longer.

The visibly invisible rearer is now visible  
The notorious devil turned an angel,  
And feeds the fowls with delicacies, edible,  
But a Cain, in the real sense, to their Abel.

Nothing is this but hankypanky  
Yet, the gullible fowls dance to the rhythms  
Of the droplets of food that gets sandy  
But for another Four they become victims.

This is the brand of love in Africa  
Between the ruled and the ruler.  
I may not know of that in Antarctica  
To determine which one is better.

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Tobi Oyesomi

# Habitual Latecomer

'Better is it to be late  
than to be the late'  
not to be abused in a haste  
as a reason to be late.

□

You have grown with this nasty habit  
to which you have become an addict.  
Everything you do, you do late  
even when it has a closing date.

It's in your blood to tarry  
nothing 'bout time gives you worry  
even the day you will marry  
you'll come late and say 'sorry'.

Your time to school I hate  
not seven o'clock or eight;  
a popular title you have won  
Chief Latecomer, like no one.

You mostly miss morning assembly  
your arrival at school is after  
Maths, English and Chemistry  
your comedy is beyond laughter.

Everywhere you go, you go late  
for meeting, interview or serious date.  
This case of African time  
has done worse than world's worst crime.

□

Your lateness transcends into business  
you record low sales, loss and regret.  
Punctuality is the soul of a business  
think well about this and redress.

Early to bed: early to rise  
makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.  
The early bird catches the worm  
be informed; and so not deformed.

Remember the motto of the Boy's Scout  
'Be Prepared' as you go about.  
Like the story of the Ten Virgins  
where lateness created serious margin.

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# The Voice Of The Bell

The voice of the bell  
in school, comes with fusion  
of elation and depression -  
only the purpose can tell.

□

The voice of the bell,  
when it says 'Break time'  
or it calls 'Closing time',  
is sweet, like licking Cowbell.

The voice of the bell,  
when it says 'Break over'  
or calls 'Pens up, over! '  
sometimes makes one yell.

The voice of the bell  
sweet, in songs sung by the mass  
choir, at the Carol of Christmas  
the yuletide 'Jingle Bell'.

The voice of the bell  
heard, at intervals from the pastor  
in prayer sessions, as anchor,  
combating the kingdom of hell.

The voice of the bell,  
on street, calling to righteousness  
like the Forerunner in the wilderness  
if in heaven people wish to dwell.

The voice of the bell,  
vigorous, from itinerant king's herald  
for convergence at village courtyard  
with the usual, 'Did I speak well? '

The voice of the bell,  
saying 'bend down and select'  
to the moving throng in the market,  
helps the hustling Ndubusi to sell.

The voice of the bell  
tell the bouncing boxers in the ring,  
surrounded by spectators cheering,  
to begin their fiery duel.

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# The Nocturnal Queen

## THE NOCTURNAL QUEEN

Far, far, up in the thickly dark sky  
On royal seat at the heart of the sky  
With her beautiful radiating light  
The moon makes the black earth bright.

Far, farther than the naked eye brings  
Without cable poles or conducted strings;  
Without framework on which it's braced;  
No lampholders or power switch traced,

The nocturnal queen, on the throne, seated  
Flanked by the palace chiefs, subordinated  
The celestials query not her omnipotence  
The terrestrials testify to her omnipresence.

There as calm as can be, patiently sitting  
Watching the sluggish night slowly passing  
No sleep or self-assigned duty done  
Till the end of her daily duty at dawn.

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# Dancing In Circles

## DANCING IN CIRCLES

A thousand miles covered, from Past  
to Present. Unceasing passage of time, days  
growing old. Journeying towards our Canaan  
through the pebbly, bewhiskered forest;  
the indescribables experienced.

From the white-skinned, emanating orders,  
at first. The heralding Lords of Her Royal Highness,  
the Queen. The legitimately enthroned short-lived,  
matcheted by the tigerish khaki-clothed junta  
and bathed in the pool of their own blood. For over  
three decades, baton moved from Generals to Generals,  
adorning mouths with padlocks, like slaves in sugarcane  
plantation. The mouth lost his speech; the pen lost his ink;  
the daredevils revolted to their own peril. Oh, countless  
were the mighties lost.

Egypt, we claimed to have departed, but Canaan  
not in sight. We are thousand miles forward,  
thousand miles backwards. We beat the Bata of  
corruption, nepotism and favouritism; sing the Yahooze of  
bigotry, religiosity and tribalism; dance to the Skelewu  
of divisionism and pseudo-federalism.

From colonisation to servitude, to servility, to thraldom  
Here we were, here we still are. Our rickety legs  
make a thousand steps, but neither to North nor South;  
just dancing in circles, doing 'Who's in the Garden'.

Tobi Oyesomi

# 2020

2020

For your gifts, I'm ready ready;  
From your bags of goodie goodie  
Bless my pocket plenty plenty  
My sweet darling Twenty Twenty.

Give me blessings double double  
Terminate all my trouble trouble  
Discontinue all my hustle hustle  
Transform them to bubble bubble.

With all my exes it was story story  
Change it to everlasting glory glory  
Let's be at peace as paddie paddie  
And never turn a baddie baddie.

Smile on me daily on steady steady  
Never frown on this journey journey  
Everyday like Christmas to jolly jolly  
Shall be our union to merry merry.

Mr sweet darling Twenty Twenty  
Throughout make food ready ready  
I won't divorce you until las las  
When you shall not but pass pass.

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