

Poetry Series

YomiPearl Edward
- poems -

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YomiPearl Edward()

I Shall Not Be Moved

Like brimstones straight
From the backroom of hell
Life will hurl its missiles
I shall STAND, still
I shall not be moved
With torrential drops
From the nimbus cloud
I shall be drenched in the rain
Of stolen justices and muffled voices
I shall STAND, still
I shall not be moved
I shall STAND, still
My voice shall soar, still
I shall not be moved
The sun shall rise again
I shall not be moved
My hand shall in halleluya praise
I shall not be moved

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The Beginning Of Our Last Dance

Ayan, o!
Skillful riddlesmith
On your singing gangan!
Drum it loud!
Drum it sweet!
Courage!
Faith!
Honesty!
Pride!
Our weapons
To chase out these locusts
Feasting on our earth's fortune
Let the horn blower
Blow out the mucus
From his running nose
For this night
Is the beginning
Of a long night...
In the morning of my life
Mother told me
What is worth doing at all
Is what we do well
This rehearsal
Though tearing our muscles
Is the chronicle
Of our steeping exodus
As we march to ominira!
Awoko!
Songbird on the zuma rock
Tinbulate
This tinbulation
To the man pursued by the masquerade
As man faints, so does the heavenly spirit...
Let Sango know
That we are not helpless
Let Ogun know
That we are fearless
Tonight is the night
We stop running

The night of the beginning
Of our last dance...

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The Drunken Master

Shon-Sir!

Marooned enforcer of the republic
Roasting under the naked sun
At the flash of murinaira
He licenses night-raiders
Mowing blossoming palm fronds
Who refuse to wet the ground
Keepers of the gate
Who let in the goat
To devour our isasun
The blackangels
Guiding jealously
Morality and service
To the final resting place
The drunken master
When the nightghouls raid the street
He chickens under his wife's wrapper
When the coast is clear
He emerges,
Pouncing on the wandering fowls
For constituting public nuisance
Foxy bloated dark terror
Plaything of the commandos
Daymare of the roadriders
Playmates of the nightraiders
Shon-sir!

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The Republican Pig

Gudu gudu gudu
Our treasury balls
Swings in his bloated belly
When he belches
The smell of our rights we smell
A bottomless tank
Has no limit...
The man carrying a huge elephant carcass
And at the same time
Trying to catch a cricket
Hanging in-between his toes!
A faltering hunter
Wanting to kill the aparp and adan
With a single shot from his catapult!
The republican pig
Sentencing himself
To eternal jolliment
In the stench of rulership
Let him know
Ghadafi was not an accident!

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What Will It Take?

To live
And savour happiness
What will it take?
For the dying to meet his Samaritan
What will it take?
To rest in blessed assurance
That really after toil
Come bountiful harvest
What will it take?
For the man atop Aso
To know Kirikiri is not a blighted den
But an Aso in reverse
What will it take?
What will it take
To make caged voices sing again?
What will it take?

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