

Poetry Series

ifedayo oshin
- poems -

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ifedayo oshin()

I am man who believe in life and living it , i live and help live.

I am not of the school of conventional style of writing, i write my poems and other works as they come to me; as i get inspired by what i see hear and feel.

I write on all issues that affect humanity, i like poems that are motivational and as well inspirational, sometimes i do write philosophically. i use my works to celebrate people and issues that i am passionate about. i celebrate women a lot in my works, so i write a lot about gender issues and feminism. well, that kind of make me a feminist, but not a hard core one.

writing poetry for me is what pregnancy, labour and motherhood is to a woman.

I pride myself as human being first and last, i do not really care about race or tribe or tongue or creed, i can not defend those groupings. i am simply human and that's enough identity for me.

I am proud to bear my name, IFEDAYO, for me, that's enough. I like to be addressed as just IFEDAYO, a Nigerian, a rich man or any of those contraptions. And i accept all people without regards to race, language and creed.

And i believe i am great, handsome and wonderful, because i am human and i am here this moment to fill my space in the cosmic.

I think this will do for an unusual profile. need i say more?

A Cue From Ancients Of Days

Look up to the sky
take a look at the boldness of the sun
behold the brightness of the stars
they hold no grudges
they come, they shine
for you, for me:
caucasian, black or orientals

Look up at the sky
See the beauty of the moon
it illuminates prison as well palace
they no know boundary nor landmark

hear the rhythm of the rains
it beats the ghetto and the golden city
see its water flows
linking the mosques and the churches
they hold no sentiments nor bias

then look at yourself
and I myself
and together ourselves
and take a cue from
the ancients of days.

ifedayo oshin

A Day Without A Day

Longest night it was
The morning refused to rise
Languidly, it wrapped itself in a dark cover
Morning dew were long overdue
And darkness took the rein of power
Wielding sword of impenetrable blackness
Stoical, uncompromising and mysterious
Cocks crowed and crowed till covered
The mist perpetuated itself
The dawn withdrawn to oblivion
The sun turned its black side
Time succumbed to the subtlety of nature
The night encroached the day
People slept and slept till spent
The day the night shift ran amok

ifedayo oshin

A Future For The Girl-Child

Start her up with school
She'll end up in tower and power

Give'em to teachers
They'll show them light and right

Let her go to school
She'll come home lawyer and engineer

Give her education
She will bring you honor and favor

Start up on the streets
She'll end up in shame and blame

Give her to husband
She'll bring you dowry of cowry

Leave her on the street
She'll come home raped and abused

Give her hawking tray
She'll sell you viles and lies.

ifedayo oshin

A Morning In Poet's Life

Deliberate late morning wake
sauntering lazily to the restroom
emptying my bowel of the residue of night before
while listening to Nimyel on Rhythm
IG Okiro's police to serve no longer with integrity
fluid and liquid released with snail ease
criss-crossing the rooms with my thing dangling and dancing
bare without care as Adam in the garden
a cup of hot Lipton lemonade hitting hard at my palette
working stylishly on my side, upper and lower burns
very lukewarm water seared through my skin
eroding the weariness and heat of the night
availed my body of the condiments of the skin
for my hair motion spray gave way for menthol cream
while searching for a shirt that fits my cream chinos pants
a switch from rhythm to link fm the theme's week revealed
Speaker Etteh's refurbishes bedroom with 400,000,000
struggled with black belt, while dusting pair of brown shoes
set, my bag sagging, struggling with my shoulder
the sky was bright from the outside
it looked like my first morn on earth
a new day never expereinced before
strolling leisurely to the bus stop
oh! how great it feels to be alive
obalende-cms was right on hand
gone was the long queue on third mainland bridge
the waterway are becoming highway in Lagos
the feat of only Moses and Jesus
it was fifteen minutes miraculous ride to work
it was the best of morning most simplified;
By content and simplicity

ifedayo oshin

A Poet's Bedside Note

This is not a suicide note
yet not melancholic fate
I do not die
even so I look and lie
check my pulse
for I live in this verse
and in many more you shall find
scribbled of my fingers, bind
by the want of inspiration
all night, I stayed action
for love of poetry
I made time grew weary
and for the sake of rhyme
I denied the due of time
so if I do not rise by morn
please care not, not mourn
and if perchance you find this piece
please, I plead, hold your peace
for surely as lives this verse
I live large, longer than the universe

NB.

Expression on the immortality of poet and creative works

ifedayo oshin

A Rose From Prose

He's found his groove again
His pen finds a fount to reign
In the smile of a lady, he muses
In her voices, his rhyme bounces
Her presence illuminates his lines
Her thoughts take him thousands of miles
His rhyme is her unfading beauty
Her personae is his poetry
Her life is his prose
With this poem, he offers her a living rose

ifedayo oshin

A Song For Mercy

Until the philosophy
That holds one up
And the other down
Is finally discredited

Until the ideology
That makes a man superior
And woman inferior
Is permanently abandoned

Until there is no
Second or third class woman
Or the girl-child below the boy
In any society

Until the basic human rights
Are equally guaranteed to all
Without regards to sex
Or paralysis of traditions

Until the ignoble and unwholesome
World systems and beliefs
That holds our sisters back
Have been toppled and utterly destroyed

Until the shape, figure
And voice of a woman
Is of no significance
Than the colour of her teeth

There will never be light nor flight
Neither will there be breath, but death
There will always be strife and strike
And efforts but no results.

" dedicated to all women all over the world, especially those who still suffer under the oppression of patriarchy of male hegemony"

ifedayo oshin

Africa Of Nigeria

From Wisconsin the American walked the streets of Lagos
To black Africa welcome, to the pearly continent
Cradle of creation, primordial of civilizations
To the thickest jungles, haven of gigantic elephants
Den of fiercest lions and colourful gazelles
Ours is the blazing sun, golden in the horizon
Rains in seasons in the rainforest
Wildest plantations, lush vegetations

The mighty oaks, cedars, and irokos
Ours is the heights, the pinnacles
Kilimanjaro, a supral-archectrural piece
Olumo, a refuge, a fortress and a stronghold
Zuma rocks, Idanre hills, and the mambilia plateau
Ours is the depth, the length
The Nile, the Niger, aquatic splendour
The riches of the earth depth, oil diamond and gold
To us belong the ageless heritages, a living culture
The talking drums, the festivals and the dances
Ours are fashion and style, regal and noble,
Batik, adire, kente, Ankara and aso-oke
And flowing African milk, palmwine, burukutu
Ogogoro, kunnu, fura de nunu.
And to us the millennium bestowed
Welcome to Africa, the motherland Nigeria.

ifedayo oshin

All That Ever Counts

1. It isn't the pen, but the writer
Not the tracks, but the runner
It isn't the tool, but the workman

2. It isn't the action, but the attitude
Not the speech, but the thoughts
It isn't money, but its uses

3. It isn't the end, but the means
Not the conquests of yesterdays but the today's challenges
It isn't the sex, but the child

4. It isn't the status, but the person
Not the messenger, but the message
It isn't the law, but the user

5. It isn't the song, but its rhythms
Not the policies, but the people
It isn't time length, but its quality

6. It is not the smoke, but the cause
Not the person, but its principles
Not the looks, but values

7. Not the party, but the ideologies
It isn't the theories, but the practices
Not the place, but the people

ifedayo oshin

An Angel On The Street

My eyes on a gorgeous goddess
transfixed, transfigured, I couldn't turn nor twist
by the chants and charm of her hairs and eyes
her eyes like emerald, brighter than Liberian diamonds
her hairs more luminous than summer sky
both entwined set her aglow and
perform a dance-drama of rain torrents
bouncy, bounteous with blush abandon
edifying her build and defying beauty bureau
I'd thought her a mere goddess
till her voice stuck my drums
locked in velvety fibres, creamy and creaseless
it appeals and appears stronger
than all I have heard ever
it sends cold chill than down my spine
and tuned most melodious music in my mind
then it dawned; her life is a sacred groove
only the called and initiated shall walk
and her space, a haven
for the heart; pure and unworldly.

ifedayo oshin

An Ode To Ademola Aladekomo: A Special Human Specie

I know of a man. A man full of gratitude and humility for all he is and all he has
He has an eternal fault: an obsession to make a difference; to make an impact
To sow where he care not to reap
And give where, he does not get back
To solve a problem not of his making
Standing as beacon of hope in the face of upmost despair
And flow freely like an oasis in the silent desert
Shining like a million stars in the steep darkness
I know of the young-man who
Drank richly of some foreigners' fount of knowledge
Years ago, way back at an ancient city of the Yorubas
An unsure future was secured, set on path of greatness
Filled with such wholesome inspiration
He caught a glimpse of tomorrow vision
And before him was set a life mission
Which he pursued with uncommon passion
To start a national social redemption
He with other berthed the ship of change and silent revolution
In business as in charity
At a Lagos unusual port, in Surulere, at Obele community
He with some inspired men and women with pen and white chalk
Walked rather than talk the talk
Breaking the jinx of decades of failure and annual underachievement
Setting loose and dreaming
Another generation of Nigerian graduates
Inspiring many to take up arms of service, destroying
reign of woes of secondary education among the tomorrow leaders
Selflessly in the spirit of giving back
That success baton once received a generation earlier
Now with duty being passed to the future runners
To stop the wanton waste
Of the so called wasted generation
Enlivening J. F. Kennedy age long mantra
'Not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for her'
If the Americans has Peace Corps reaching the corners of the world
The man and co. decided
Nigerians can have Volunteers Corps reaching the end of Africa

Imbued with the power of one, driven by a unity of one team
Volunteer Corps was brought forth to life
By men and women, grandly inspired
Ahead of the pack, dangling the magic wand of change
With deftly touch and humblest of heart
Is the man called Ademola Aladekomo
He is a volunteer; A volunteer of volunteers.

ifedayo oshin

Beauty From Behind

Find an angry person
And I'll show you
The ugly one
Ask for a demon
You shall find him lurking conspicuously
In the man of fury and rage
Obsessed in the passion
Of hatred and bitterness
Contorted face, distorted frame
Twinkled skin like the wild cat
Countenance disposed like a ferocious lion
Quivering lips, trembling fingers
More deft in actions than stroke sufferers
Polluted veins, broken spleen
Foamy mouth, mad blood
Beautifully horrible a sight
Who can behold?
The angry man the ugly one. _____

ifedayo oshin

Bed-Sharers

I am not wedded
But someone share my bed
Every night, reluctantly I lay
With power of the ray
Of the sun, passionate than a wife
Her touch tender than a life
All night, she keeps me down
Most times till dawn
She does not worry
If I am hungry or weary
Rather I must do her bidding
If I mustn't suffer her lashing
She grasps my fingers with firm hold
Placing in it weightless load
And in my mind, she plays a muse
Where myth and rhythm run loose
The night a poem murdered
Sleep in a duel on my bed.

ifedayo oshin

Believing Again

BELIEVING AGAIN

Standing before Mount Kilimanjaro in Kenya
Or before Everest in the U
What would you think of its sprawling spread or
Its imposing, magnificent, heaven-bound heights
Unscalable? Beyond reach?
But from its base to peak
Many have scaled its heights
Believing with their minds, arms and legs

If you lived before or at the time of the Wright brothers
Would you have believed man can fly higher than birds
And that a journey of two months
Can be made in six hours
It did happen.
Wilbur and Orville believed with their minds and hands
And the world has aircrafts

If you lived before Louis Armstrong
Would you believe the living can shoot into space?
And return safely to planet earth
It happened
Louis Armstrong believed
And the world explores outer planets ever since

If you were around in Bell Graham's
Would you be positive with the thought of
Talking to another person at other end of the world

It happened for Graham dared to believe
And telephony technology has taken wings ever since

Imagine living in Mahatma Ghandi's India
Would you have believed an end to British occupation
With deep seated and booming colonial administration
But Ghandi believed, hence the non-violent campaign
It happened.
India gained freedom.

If you lived in the 18th century England
Or in a remote African village
Would you have joined William Wilberforce
Believing in an end to slave trade
Wilberforce believed and so fought
Yes, it happened
Slavery was abolished.

If you were Robben Island with Nelson Mandela
Would you have believed and kept hope
That life imprisonment would terminate
After twenty-seven years in jail
Alas! It happened!
Mandela survived and triumphed
He came to rule his country as first black President

Before the internet and the yahoo brothers
Would you have believed that
Information and communication can be exchanged
In speed of light
Bill Gates and yahoo brothers believed
And the world is a global village for it.

So believe
If you are an American citizen of 2008
Or you are a member of the black race wherever
Believe that an African-American: Barak Obama
Will become the first Black President ever
And will lead the world most powerful nation by 2008

So believe
Believe that HIVAIDS pandemic
Will have a cure and
Be mentioned in history as a conquered disease

So, believe
Believe that you too my reader
Will dot the lines of history
With greats feats and achievements

That you will leave deep mark in the sands of time

So, believe

Believe that war, strife and hunger shall end
And paradise will once again arise in our world

For I believe in the power of the living words
That you my reader
Will be inspired and stimulated into noble actions
As you believe and do exploits untold

And I believe I have a great place in global history
To lift humanity higher than I met it
To be added value to our troubled world
A beacon of hope to hopeless world
And an oasis in a vast desert
For I believe, and behold I shall fulfill! ! !

For what shall be impossible
If and when, we all believe again
Like the tower building people of Babel?

Dedicated to Senator Barak Obama's Presidential campaign.20/02/08

ifedayo oshin

Better Than Worse

Fire razed house
War torn country
Famine plagued town
Flood ridden city
Would you rather be there?
Or where you are?

It could have been worse
It could be better
Be grateful in all situations

Some languish in jail
Some in coma on hospital bed
Many lie stately in the morgue
Would you rather be numbered in their lots?
Or you'd prefer your position?

Some do not have to eat
Some have but can't eat
Some do not have to drink
Some have can't drink
Some do not have to wear
Some have, can't wear
Would you rather be among them?
Or you'd accept your situation?

Some are waiting for sentence of death
Some are waiting for the lethal injection
Some are gasping in the gas chambers
Many are in a crashing plane
Some in a drowning boat
Many in colliding cars
Some are in burning train
Where would you rather be?
In there or where you are?
Some no longer know what time is it
Lost in time, they have lost time
Some no longer know
What day is it

Living dead, walking dead
Some can't in the present
They're condemned to prison of the past
Flying in the hollowness of the future
"It's nine a.m. on Friday and you know it"
Which would you prefer?
Their states or yours?

ifedayo oshin

Blessed Be The Igbo Of Nigeria

It's dawn
but the birds are still hanging on the trees
the moon's just leaving the scene
and the sun getting set to rise
at Tejuosho-Yaba the pulse of Lagos city
a horde of people hurriedly
they woke the slumbering dawn
And set packing the dumb dawn
the seeds sired of the lions of Arochukwu
like a swooping eagles on carcasses
they converged in hundreds
singing the sole song of all marketplaces
many were they
who had a date with their daily fate
blessed be the Ibo nation
the most industrious, ingenious
of the most populous
Black nation called Nigeria.

ifedayo oshin

Bookstrings 1

I arrived earlier in time
To witness the great work of creation
When from the dust emerged the first man
I saw the destruction of the Noah's world
And the reconstruction thereafter
The earliest civilization on Egypt soil
Unfolded before my very eyes
The reign of the Greek gods and
The might of Roman, I shared
I walked the streets of Paris
On the eve of Robespierre's revolution
The triumph of Lenin, Trosky and the royal guards
Were mine at the proletariat Russia
With Cromwell I drank from victory cistern
In Britain in the battle against the crown
In the boat beside Columbus
We discovered the new world, America
In Berlin, we sat and scrambled
For Africa's partition
From the rocks ravines of Kenya
I fought in the Mau Mau's rebellion
Behind Ghandi, I walked
Paving the streets of India for independence
At Capetown, I teamed up with Mandela
For freedom in apartheid South Africa
I saw the the CIA at Congo Kinshasa
Murdering young Patrice Lumumba
At Lagos and Accra, I saw the magic wand
Waving over the peoples in the hands of Zik and Nkrumah
On stage with Bob Marley in old Rhodesia
I danced redemption song on the first of Zimbabwe
Last centuries, yesteryears, yesterdays
Today, tomorrow on pages and lines of books
Open before my very eyes and mind.

ifedayo oshin

Bookstrings 2

I have been around the world
Deepest, darkest corners of the globe
Down south, up north
Up high in the air time countless
Through routes criss-a-cross
Many times on sea sails
I have seen the world greatest cities
Lived in the thickets of the sahara
Several nights in the African jungle
Mingled with red Indians in Guatemalan forests
Been in and out of oval office
The white house the Americans pride
I've felt the might of the Kremlin
In the Duma of the Aryan race
Gone under below the earth
In Australia, the lone continent
Gazed boldly at crown of Elizabeth
Like a Duke in Edinburgh palace
I've dined and wined at the so rock
In Abuja the power place of Africa
Been amused and excited beyond expression
I've let flow flood of tears
Felt pains and agonies deep to the marrow
All on the platter of books
And behold! , the wide world
Before my very eyes and mind
To wander and wonder.

ifedayo oshin

Can I Trust You With A Little Secret?

Can I trust you with a little secret?
Would your ear promise
And your lips not betray?
Would you fix me in my past
And my present considered a facile?
Would you assume the divine power
And pronounce a second chance from afar?
Would you be human and right
And think me unworthy?
Oh, would you be so vigilant
And be quick to see the my eye specks
While I ignore the logs in yours?
Would you judge by sight and sound
Or by the spirit that see further of the two?

ifedayo oshin

Chants For Amina Of Zazzau

In the thickets of the forests and grooves
On the paths through the deserts and the wild
Walked in the robe of nobility
The one who defied the wind and tidal wave
Who throned on a mighty white horse
Decked in regalia of a consummate conqueror
A blue-blooded woman that ascended a throne
In the reign of men, under a the glare of a proud race
Her power and dominion beyond the great Elizabeth
Her rule grim and firm than Margaret Thatcher's
The wind and wave did her bidding at battlefront
She was ruthless and wise in governance
Her sword thrust to the sand blood and hearts of men at war
Bent on conquest she knew no defeat
Bu spoils, plunders of warriors, kings and horses
She held court over men of wisdom and age
She dispensed justice with dispassion
She rode home in triumphant sound of trumpets
To the waiting arms of loyal subjects and servants
In the days when women stood in full heights.

ifedayo oshin

Complimenting

Down the aisle, they sauntered
The lame groom and blind bride
The groom their sight, the bride for their flight

Inside the rehab home, they applauded the generous comedian
The one left-handed and his one right-handed mate
His right became his left, and his left for his right.

The aisle or the rehab home
To make the life's journey
You shall give and you shall take

My strength for your weakness
And yours for mine
When failure and success are never final and certain.

ifedayo oshin

Contrafusion

the light fades
the dark spreads
the cord snaps
the string comes unstuck
waterfall ceases
river runs dry
the sea retreats
the mountain flees
the hill runs
is this the end
or the beginning of an end?
or beginning of a new dawn

ifedayo oshin

Crime Of Being Hiv Positive

The Doctor delivered the news
like a Court Judge
in a final death sentence verdict
'You are HIV positive! '
At the clinic corridor
the Nurses had gathered
Like Eagles converging on carcasses
they fed fat on my 'pitiable' frame
muttering and whispering in low voices
'that's the lady'
'the new member of the club'
At home, in the living room
the family gathered in dead silence
mother wept, as if mourning my death
'all my efforts down the drain', she wailed and wailed
father gazed at me
like a psychiatric home returnee
'what a terrible end! ', he lamented
At work, in the open office
my table enjoyed expanse of space
'Hi! ', they would wave at me from afar
To call my name was like catching the virus
they would rather die than shake my hands
In our street
people peep behind the windows blinds
'don't you ever go near! '
parents warned their children and wards
many fingers pointed at me wherever i turn
'see the results of promiscuity'
they'd say to themselves
in the local shop
i need not to queue
'just come over here awhile, my dear'
the shopowner would cajole
giving me special treatment, i never got before
everywhere i turn and go
i have a name tag
and see huge price tag
of being an unfortunate victim of HIV/AIDS

ifedayo oshin

Day-Birth

the dawn burst thrust through
the belly of the night
wary by the abiding presence
of hosts of milkyway and the mighty moon
the morning break forth
like the chick from its shell
setting free and loose
the dictatorial sun
in a long reign with enchanting energy
and wanton warmth
behold! to us, a new day is born

ifedayo oshin

Definition Of Reality

Reality?

what you say and what i hear

what i see

and that that i think

how i hear

see and think

what i think i hear

think and see

what i think i think

Reality?

a mixed grill

of truth

half truth

and truth

of garnished with

illusion, allusion and submission.

ifedayo oshin

Dovecoast In Kwara

Come away with me tonight
Honey, with your spirit light and bright
And your arms brave and broad for the flight
Of love to the lofty nest of love
Like doves pecking on a lone cove
Wing to wing we rove
Hand in hand like newly- wed termites we stray
To find a palace where only we shall hold sway
You my queen and I your queen on love-bed we lay

Me and you tonight at the coast of doves.

ifedayo oshin

Eden In Abuja

I saw her ☐
Gliding up the rock
From her shining dark abode
Her skin array of hues
Smoothly shinning under the sun shower
Illumining the rockview with her
Resplendent majesty and beauty
Soft yet strong
Coursing up in a slide
Holding on in style
She reached and coiled up on her throne
The peak of the mountain height
Wherein she played the royal guard
Doubling as a queen
No crown adorned her head
But it was regal
With her fork-tongue playing tantrums
Added up to her queenly regalia
So crystal, yet far but near

I saw her
In the wild and thick forest
Of mind and thought.

ifedayo oshin

Enjoy The War

Strive not for strife
But confront conflict on all fronts
When it strides past your ride
Dispense with all disputes
Spare not your fangs
When fear rears its ugly head:
When it rains; have a free cold bath
If sun shines, dry your clothes
At the reign of darkness
Find the inner light
That lights your path undimmed
If the flood flows
Swim afloat on lifebuoy
And if fire rages and smoke rises
Expect the afterglow
When horde of odds assail like bandits
Never retreat, nor surrender
Turn around, turn aside,
Never turn in nor turn back
Enjoy the war.

ifedayo oshin

Escaping Gamut Of Gobalisation

Escaping the gamut of globalization
found a haven in the cradles of civilisation
on a lone noon ride
i rode on a lane by the countryside
savannah anthills in unison rise
with towering trees and other soft greenies
in festive and feverish dance mood
to the tunes of gentle storm
that makes mockery of
the blazing heat of the ruler of the day
foliages, branches and leaves
gathering dust, gathering momentum
for a crackling regenerated transition
at a wet cessation permitting a cycle time
of dryness and brownness
on the lone lane, lone noon i ride
through Shapade, Ode-Remo, Iperu and Ilisan
A gentle rider and reluctant bike
and a healing gentle storm
my companies to a humble destination.

ifedayo oshin

Except You!

I am hungry
I could not eat

Thirsty,
I could not drink

Sweating profusely,
I could not shower

Aching stomach
I could not care less

Father called
I did not respond

Mother sent for me
I did not go

Friends and folks looked for me
I dodged them

Except i see you
Except hear your voice
Except you become mine
Oh! Most wanted of women

ifedayo oshin

Fun Of Rush

Why rush me
Rushily
To rush up
Your rushy job
When rushing
Rushily
To rush up
The rushy job
I was rushing.
To rush
So as to beat the rush?

ifedayo oshin

Gender Justice

Let the rule be changed
That gives woman leave of maternity
Must now for men give leave of paternity
For a child came in the fraternity
Which woman with man shared

Let the role be changed
That man may be househusband
As she's conditioned a housewife
As it is for the goose so for the gander
When lioness hunts a lion eats of her plunder

Let the rule be changed
That makes her a punching bag
And the man a boxer bent on conquest
For in the ring of matrimony
No victor no vanquished

Let the role be changed
That makes her a cook, cleaner, and all-carer
For to live as helpmates
They both agreed and joined

ifedayo oshin

Give Me Back Myself

“Underdeveloped, Developing
Third world, IMF field of play
Debt burdened, disease ridden”
How dare you brand me
And call me names?
Names my fathers never called me
Give me back myself
Un ravaged, unraped
Unscrambled, unpartitioned
Lusty, strong and healthy self
Pristine, pure virgin body
Give me my hands uncallused by sugarcane plantations
My unbended back
From centuries of unpaid labor
Oiling the wheel of industrial revolution
Give my youth
My proud and black youth
Before your wanton lust and violent rape
Give me back myself
Before you took me unconsented
Give back myself
“Massa and missus

ifedayo oshin

Heading For The Hall Of Shame

it is the moment of shame
in our national political game
when our leaders fan the flame
of impudence and impunity for reasons so lame
At Abuja, they cut and maim
our constitution, for vain aim
displaying wanton lust and claim
to power, so wild they cannot tame
soon, inshallah, they are frame
will hang loosely on the wall of the defame
in the hall of shame

ifedayo oshin

How Come Is Morning?

I stayed action of the night
I dared to stare at the dark
I robbed my eyes of nocturnal vacation
Turning insomniacs by ever sensuous poetry
I shamed darkness with a bar of mangled wax
And rode on the back of unsuspecting dawn
To see how dark turns light
And see the dyer that blends black into white
And catch mother night in labor pains
To see the midwife that delivers a bright morn
I sought to know the secret of a new day
And how ere the morn is born?
Is it like a chick hatching with a kick?
Does it sprout like maize plant spewing out of earth lips?
Does it slump like a mango fruit in nature obeisance?
Or like waterfall gushing down the Erin-Ijesha heights
Does it come peeping like a babe
Poking headlong from birth trough?
Does it come with cat's discretion during excretion?
Does it come with thunderous report of the savage sea
Or the gentle hiss of the solemn spring?
How really does the morning come?
No sooner had the thoughts formed
Than Mother Nature came stealthily
In pretence of answer brought
Lo! It's morning and I awoke
A new morn is born before I arrived

ifedayo oshin

Human Linkages

We are all linked
All who have ever met and interacted
By our thoughts, words and actions
These three will always track us
Linking and making sure
All outstanding debts
Of love, justice, pains and pleasures
Are fully paid
As we make our way through life
If earthly circumstances hamper
A physical meeting and repayments
We shall meet and pay in
The plane beyond the physical
We will see in dreams, trances and thoughts
We will pay and receive in kind
Surely we will meet again
Except we lived it all out the first time
If we hold no debt of burden
Yet will be linked
By our thoughts and actions
Sending blessings upon blessings
To our world
We meet by what we think, say and do
Wherever are
Good thoughts and actions in the furthest corners of the world
Will inspire same elsewhere
Wherever it finds roots for it.

ifedayo oshin

I Am A Sycophant

I AM A SYCOPHANT

I love eye-service

A great deal of sycophancy

I am big on people-pleasing

I do eye-service

To Him whose eyes are ever on me

I love to make Him feel good about me

So I flatter Him with praises

I honor Him with dances

I sing of His past deeds as if they happen yesterday

I thank Him for what He has not done as if it is already done

I never miss opportunity to impress HIM

I am always all over Him standing, kneeling

Atimes, I roll all over Him on the ground

Many times I jump up on him like squirrel

I often weep because of Him for no sad reasons

I never miss opportunity to boast about Him

In my sycophantic eyes, He is above reproach

I can never complain about Him

Because I am his biggest fan; He can do no wrong

All His ways and words are eternally right in my sycophantic eyes

Because I am His pleaser

I dote over all His published works and theses

I am a collector of everything ever written or said about Him

I make Him the theme of my songs and poems

His friends are my friends and His enemies, my enemies

I never miss opportunity to show Him off

I dropp His name to flaunt my connection with Him

I place Him higher than my loved ones

His ways, I walk, His words, I utter, His kind of life I live

In my sycophantic way, I write Him this poem

He is my God...in whom I live and have my being

ifedayo oshin

I Am Because You Are

Who is a king
without a crown?

Or a great music performer
without a listening audience

A cocktail party
without cheerful guests?

What is beauty
without a beholder?

A work of art
without an admirer?

What is wealth
without none to share?

A joke, a story
without no one to hear and laugh?

And what is life
without no one to live with?

Who am I
without you?

My eyes without your sight
My mouth without your ears?
My heart,
without your fond memories and living thoughts

My existence
without your presence and absence

Who am i without you?

For I am, because you are.

ifedayo oshin

I Have Always Known

I have always known
That you are interested in me
And I would fall in love with you
That we would be together in this place at this time
That I would feel exactly this way about you
That once I say yes there's no saying no to you
That this thing we have would end in sizzling romance
I have always felt pulled to the aura of your majestic presence
Those Strong arms of yours would wind round my waist some day
Mesmerized by your great speeches
The lyrics, harmony and richness of your words and voice
I have always been taken breathless by
The beauty and depth of your creativity
Lured by the vastness of your wealth and measureless influence
Fascinated by your high-sounding and influential names
Awed by the company you keep
Amazed by those who daily seek your favours
Impressed with your smooth operations
Ever from the first time I met you
I have found you ever so irresistible
As a young-man with no pimped heart, but dimpled face
I have always known LORD JESUS!
That you and I would be in love for ever
That I would be yours to keep forever

ifedayo oshin

I Have This Feeling (Daily Positive Chants)

I have this feeling
That some things great are about to happen today
That this day is about to go down as one of my best days ever

Chorus:

I feel it in the richness of the air, and the gentleness of the breeze,
in the freshness of the garden trees and flowers;
I see it in the brightness of the blue sky, in the boldness of early morning sun
I hear it in the threatening grumble of impending rains,
I hear in the rhythmical flow of the brook, in the melodious songs of by-passing
birds
I have this feeling, I am having all the best of today

I have this itching in my ears
That I am about to hear some great news
From a great, but least imagined expected source

I have this feeling
That my phone is about to ring
That I am about to receive a call of a lifetime

I have this feeling
That what I have longed and prayed for
Is about to be delivered into my hands

I have this itching in my hands
That I am about to collect some mind-blowing letter
That I am about to count all the money I have never counted before

I have this itching in my eyes
That I am about to behold a glorious and noble sight
That I am about to see success in person

I have this feeling
That I am walking at the threshold of a great experience
That I am a just a few steps to a landslide breakthrough

I have this feeling
That it is my day of blessing

That my angel is about to find me exactly where I am

I have this feeling

That everything is right and working today

That I am up and doing, contented and fulfilled

I have this feeling

That my darkest night just ended

That indescribable joy just arrived my door

ifedayo oshin

I Know Who You Are, Olubukunola

I know who you are
You are the morning
Virgin ripe like the full bunch Benin banana
Crystal clear like the revered coastal river
Bright and bold as the Bantu warriors
Resplendent with the radiance of the sun
at first peep from the ozone horizon
You are the one
who shines out my darkness
you are the one who turns up
and I am lit me up all inside out

I know who you are
You are the high noon
Drying up my tears
Charging me up with effervescent energies
Scorching drying all my foes

I know who you are
You are the evening
Descending gently
You come and cool your way into my wary soul
Your call forth dance drama
With evening showers
You call forth the moon
To hold out the impending darkness
You seduce the stars
To shine my soul to glory
And inspire my mind to creativity

You are the night
You prepare me ready
Lulling me with gentle breeze
To a sleep of sweet dreams

I know who you are
You are my most precious gift
My jewel of value inestimable
You are the love of my life

My inner wheel of strength
The clue to the puzzle of my life
You are my complement

I know who you are
You are the bird of flight
That gives me wings to fly on high
You make me cover mileage in minutes
You give me wide lead among my equals

I know who you are, Olubunkola
You are mine
The human angel
You are my God-sent
My very best next person after me

ifedayo oshin

In The Shrine Of Inspiration

Well I wonder!

What, which inspires?

the bathroom door that collides with the wind
and exposes its guest?

or the gaping window that

gives peeping space for my neighbours's eyes?

is it the thick dried browned soap foams

on marbled wall, painted white by

colours of many years?

is it the tiled surface floor

whose yellowness is turning brown?

or the morning cold Well water?

is it its impact on the body

lukewarm from the heat of the night

and residues of mosquitoes in the bloodstream?

or a token blessing of seasonles patronage

of the shrine of showerers?

well, i wonder!

what which inspires?

when every morning in the bath

songs dances, ideas run wild

and thoughts splash and flash

and poem like this

find a space at the contours of my mind.

ifedayo oshin

Incest-Icide

We walked, whispered under the watchful
Eyes of the moon and the stars
In desolate deserts, gardens, and streets
We were like the last surviving members
Of an old cabin crew
Then we knotted a tie in the hermit's hut
At the end of the season
We became three, actually two
For she that came was
The chick of the hold hen
Our joy knew no bound till the ripening of her age
A step into the second decade
Then the man, who shared all this with me
'T was even he that raped my daughter
: He had been to a seer;
'By the child shall a child come
To end my night of darkness
And open my womb for another child; a male child
To fulfill, he, my husband
Must take like Abraham, our Mercy
Not for kill, but to lay
The only child; our daughter
As a man with a woman'
So saw the seer.
And thus heeded he
Under the roof our union
The man, the father and my husband
Plucked and plundered the only fruit of our union
Lost and in lust spilled a pristine blood on a cold floor
Thrust and quivered between his daughter's thighs
My husband and her father
Laid with his daughter, my daughter
As with me
In my pains I writhed
As I cross the boundary of life to death
But to my eternal regrets
I heard the abominable wails
Of sacrificial lamb saying
"Mother! Mother! Where are you mother?"

See what father has done to me!

ifedayo oshin

Is It Early In The Day?

Is it early in the day
Is it early in the day?
Is my fingers faster
than my heart
Or my heart beats faster than yours
Are my eyes running ahead of my, your legs?
Is this a contagious disease or plague of two?
Are these common symptoms
or an isolated case?
Are you immuned against the ancient poisoned arrow?
Am I the only one who has caught the bug?
Do you feel what I feel?
Do you see what I see?
Have you found a cure so quick,
Whereas, I think what ails us is eternal?
Is your timepiece + or -?
Is it early in the day?
To make little wishes and see them
To think that this is for real
To believe that this our little thing
Will see us all the way and outlast both of us
is it early in the day?

ifedayo oshin

It's Time Of The Day...

It's the time of the day
When my friend lurking all day came alluring
Pulling me on to the bed of romance
Lost and caught in her cobwebs of passion
I cuddled her with artistic hands
And with a lover's deft touch, I caressed her
Struggling and wriggling with pained-pleasure of love
Her skin so pure, so pristine
Light, rich and fluidy was her black blood
Oh! It was her first time!
Oh! It felt like it's my first time
Lone long evening, in a desert of a house
Lone like survivors of plane crash in middle of a nowhere
Save for a peeping white fluorescent
An indifferent radio set
And a compromising notepad
It's the time of the day
For my new black pen and I
And our copulation conceived for us:
Creases of these poetic lines.

ifedayo oshin

Like Enemy; Like Friend

My greatest praise goes to you,
My enemy if you perchance exist.
My teacher through, thorough and true
For tutoring me the most and deepest
When a friend's pat lull me to slumber
Your stinging slap sharpen me awake
For teaching me all I must know
But I must not do
For showing me
The bad, ugly and wrong
That I may know and do
The good, beautiful and the right
For giving me the sting of betrayal
That I may know how not to hurt others
For your sharp, stern and unfriendly look
That I may know the importance of a smile
And when my friend's sweet words
May let me off guard.
Your sharp rebuke keeps me posted
A reminder of my weaknesses and possible danger
For knowing me than anybody and even myself
Because you have a tab on the files of my life
And so my consultant on self research
Many thanks for being my best
Admirer, critic and guide
Giving me a huge sense of importance
For what more is an enemy, my friend;
If you perchance exist
But a friend in the other boat.

ifedayo oshin

Living A Goal

Life itself is a goal
Once born, one must pursue:
For to live is to dream
And to dream is to live
what greater goal there is
Greater than today's challenge
Sun, moon and the stars
Night, noon and day
Set for us all; a sole goal
From dawn when we rise
To dusk when we lie
So, if you have risen today
And are living through the day
You have a goal
And if you lived through the day still living
You have achieved
For to live in itself
Is a goal for us all to pursue

ifedayo oshin

Love On A Needle

two nights
the lone bird showed up
with withered wings
on the pole with two lines intertwined
chirp, chirp, chirp, he chirped
with gleam of hope that dimmed into gloom
dark descended, departure delay
away still he must fly
when his beak pecking mate
again did not turn up
another night
Yet dark veils still
Wrapped the lone bird with love
Perching again on the top
With withered twigs of hope
Sinking with the sailing trees
In an island away from his mate
Only hope made him chirp
And hope made him also glow
with waiting

ifedayo oshin

Making Positive Positive: A Song Of Hope For Plwahas

When is positive negative
Or right wrong?
It is when living positive

I am living positive:
Now, more responsibly
I take responsibility for all my actions;
My life in my hands
I choose life over death
Wellness over sickness

I am a living 'positive'
Now, more rightly, living and doing
Surrounded by all that is positive
I make the best of now
Enjoy this moment, one at a time

I am overcoming positive
With gratitude for everyday mercies
Finding and enjoying beauty and bounties, abound about:
the smile of a child; the chirps of the birds
the swinging music of the street trees;

I am positive; HIV positive
I am a living witness; a survivor of the scourge
I am living, I am positive
Positively positive

I am a HIV survivor
Beyond the put down of virus
Above societal stigma
I am living, I live
Making positive, positive

People living with hiv aids

ifedayo oshin

Mercy Killing

At the turn of the time at nine last night
Sprawled swimming still with the tide
The wheel against her will in her on pool

The doctor masked with eclecticism of electricity
As Mercy laboured last breath for mechanized exit

Mercy was not killed, it was mercy killing

To spare the tree, spoil the fruits
As advocated so legislated
The doctrine of rightists and leftists

At the top of the hour at nine in the night
Flushed, flowing free down the drain
The flight against her right

The doctor pointed patron's panacea
For Mercy missed first breath for calculated death

Mercy was not killed, it was mercy killing

To seize the clog, severe the cord
As directed so acted
The song of activists and their likes

Well was it mercy killing
When Mercies were killed
At nine last night?

ifedayo oshin

Modern Narcissus

I love me unlike Narcissus in Greece
By the reflection drowned in self worship
True, self-love precedes love of others
For self is mirror of love of neighbours
So says the golden law
One who has not from within
Love genuinely felt
Can and will not reach out to another of love
So I love me and so dearly
For then I can and should love you.□

ifedayo oshin

My Pink Lady With Yellow Candle-La-Bra

Tell me friend
How best to paint a woman
Brilliantly colourful and extremely fastidious
Who is an African princess
Blending aggression with femininity
And radiates grace, charm and suppleness
The marks of womanhood
A woman who bathes in array of candlelight
With an usual candour for candle-la-bra
Chatty, cheery, and pardonably cheeky
Materialistic, Modern, and Maiden
Exuberant, Extrovert
Rosy and Rounded
Opinionated and Opportunistic
Meticulous and
Annoyingly Anorak
A woman who is gorgeously trendy
A wonderful volunteer, a touching friend
With big searching eyes
Talk about the lady also known as
MEROMA.

" this poem is written in honor of a friend Meroma Anyaoruh"

ifedayo oshin

Not A Suicide Note

NOT A SUICIDE NOTE

This is not a suicide note
Yet not a melancholic fate
I do not die
Even so I look and lie
Check my pulse
For I live in this verse
And in many more you shall find
Scribbled of my fingers, bind
By the want of inspiration
All night I stayed action
For love of poetry
I made time grow weary
And for the sake of rhyme
I denied the due of time
But if I do not rise by morn
Please care not, nor mourn
For surely as lives this verse
I live larger, longer than the universe
So if you find this piece
Please I plead! Hold your peace

ifedayo oshin

Now Only

Days fly past fast
As the eagle swooping swiftly
To the assembly ground
The place of an unusual meal

Hours run fast
As Lewis on the course
The Olympian in victory strides
A bid for the medal of honour

Time goes to return in turn
As the mist at dawn of dusk
Just now wet and cold
Then sooner dry and warm

Life moves on and on
As sunrise to set
In a course of nature shifts
Living and working the cosmos

This day this hour
This time this life
Now only we have
For then is ever never.

ifedayo oshin

Ode To The African Lady (To Opeyemi Helen Araromi)

I'll never fail
thee to hail even when I ail
with ginger ale
I'll be hearty and hale
even though I face a gale
steady still will be my sail
and surely, I'll be on the rail
by your side to tell the tale
of how I fought tooth and nail
to get you this bale
of finest Arabian veil
to shield your skin from growing pale
and for your eyes not to wail
even if the sun may trail
but if I must go, I'll mail
and send you flowers by pail
and a puffy puppy without a tail
or a big barking male
born and bred in Yale.

ifedayo oshin

Omnipoprescient

I am omniscient; I know all things
All people, and you;
Minds, thoughts and feelings
Are before me open and bare.

I am omnipotent; I do all things
I weave fates and control destinies
Give life and take life at will
Keep the past, allow the present, and wrap the future.

I am omnipresent; I am present everywhere
In the depth, in the height
On earth and beyond
Everywhere at once.

Yes! I am--
A creator, an author, a writer
Of but one book
Of pages of life and all.

ifedayo oshin

One Thing I Ask Of Thee

One thing i ask of thee:
one thing before i finally close my eyeslids
one thing that means more than the world
one thing that makes all complete
one thing that make all my days forever
one thing that i'll appreciate till my dying days
one thing i seek most to have
one thing only you can give:
Give me a moment in time
A minute of a lifetime
A tiniest space in small side of your heart
Extend me a hand of friendship
Tell me for once, you love me
It'll be greatest words you ever say
This one thing I ask of thee
This once, of thee I ask,
Most wanted of all women

ifedayo oshin

Oozing Bark

Reflecting her
in shadow and shade
of mirror of my pen via mind
was akin to the painter's pain
trying painstakingly capturing on canvass
a restless village belle
wearing purple pride and gray with grace
she posed nude and covered
her eyes larger, lustre and lusty
wandering; darting forth and back
her lips; pursed and poised
and quick; quivering with spraying of
poetry, poison, pain and praise
an enigma that surpasses the chameleon
natured, but also nurtured
cool blacky now, lily white then
she held him by his tool
captive by her starry stare
capable of freezing the soul
and so the portrait went uncomplete...

ifedayo oshin

Our Leaders Have Gone Mad Again

They are no here
Though we still see them around
They have moved on
They have let go
They are dead
But they still breath
Dead, dead living
They're living
Living, living dead
They have stepped into the threshold
From here to nether
Loose and lost
They spend time and use space
In lunatic extravagance
They run, run beyond
Behind time and space
They have eyes
But no more can see us
Like stray dog
They can't hear our thundering voices
Our Leaders have gone mad again

ifedayo oshin

Our Leaders Have Gone Mad Again 2

Democracy in my country:

Freedom...

To speak

And not to be heard

To vote

And not to be counted

Or to be counted

Never to count

And choices between

Free-doom/dumb.

ifedayo oshin

Oval Sling

The sleek sling has struck
Now my haly hear is sick

It bleeds profusely in the innermost
As the sling traces out its host

With the liquid cord of crimson hue
And no medic could find a clue

For it's sickness of the hearts
And all mortals are patients

ifedayo oshin

Peak Perchers

I adore them all
The winged lots
Whose constituency lies
High in the expanse of the air
And make abode of
Peak of pinnacle perches
Who
Exhibit adroitly
The primordial inherent beauty
Of flight and light
Which input and inform
Man's participation
In the kingdom of Air
And who forever serves as
Man's spirit reminder of
Its eventual ascent-flight
Over into the beyond,
Birds of all features and feathers
I adore them all
But Dove and Pigeon
I celebrate with a passion. _____

ifedayo oshin

Pendulum

Round and round
The spherical movement
Of our spheres
In its accord we move
Through the course of our itinerary
Coming across our old
Manifesting as new
Living through it thoroughly
Changing in forms
But the kernel remains same still
Growing in manifold
Round and round
Like a rolling stone
We gather no moss
Futile ever, our unending journey
So far so downwards
Vanity for progress
We celebrate in frenzy
In science and technology
That removes humanity
Far from primordial purpose
Our admiration fanned to
Burning and blazing flame
In fashion and surreal beauty
Dragging us down
Beyond the time of Eve
All this we revel
Wildly with passion
Round and round
Deep down the drain we dig
Burying our world in darkness
Beyond the light of days

ifedayo oshin

Permanence . Death

Spent strength
Drained, the river to its dregs
The wax to black mass melted
Dead silence, now music, so long and dead
Crashed, edifice in ruins, once so imposing
Grey and crackled, foliages, once living greens
Permanence icy cold usurped prominence
Steep darkness in full broad day-light
The diminisher visited our number again;
At its best, so umpteenth times, dealt us eternal fatal blow
Like marriage gone sour, body and soul estranged
The spirit in flight of horror and confusion

ifedayo oshin

Perspectacles! !

'PERSPECTACLES'-'the sight of the blind'
Perspectives according to the eyes
Spectacles perspectives
Spectacular perspectives
The eyes perspectives
The perspectives of the eyes
The thoughts of the eyes
Fired by eye-sight
The in-sight; the sight within
In my own eyes
In the eyes of my mind
In my mind eyes
For the eyes do think
With a horn-rimmed spectacles
It is spectacular!
It's the sight of the blind
The vision of the visualless
It's insight; the hindsight and sight within
It is perspectacles!
And its spectacular
The blind see
The blind see still blind
Is it a miracle?
No, it is a spectacle
It is particular
Well, maybe a miracle
But it is spectacular
It is PERSPECTACLES

ifedayo oshin

Place Of All Of Possibles And Plausibles

there is a place far not from us all
where visions are clearer than shining moon
dreams brighter than rising sun
and hopes surer than breaking dawn

A place where you and i could rise
rise aloft, furthest of the Everest
described the sea surface into its deepest
and hang between earth and heaven's highest

A place of all possibilities and plausibles
where greatness and glory are grilled with golden glows
poverty and misfortune mingle like searching singles
and mediocrity moulded into mass mess

A place of chameleon dynamics
where positive and negative have firm footing
sublime good and basest evil live and reign
where love consumes and hatred burns with equal passion

A place near us all
a place within a place
a place inside of us all
the place called the human mind

ifedayo oshin

Proudly Naked

In the dark
Beyond the reach of light
When the day is clothed in black cover
And color, height and size exit the stage
When all, without exception is levered
By the highest commonest decimal of nudity
Devoid of illusion of furs and feathers
Tempting the eyes of shameful and shamelessness
In dead dark night nakedness
We return to beings called human
United with the effervescent rhythms of nature
A turn, and back behind the beginning, we are
Turning the time to timeless Eden
Stripped of all trappings and wrappings
Of façade and fallacy of fashion;
Vile fame and vain fortune
Base beauty of clothed eyes
We become knotted with the elements
Stark naked as we once were
When nude culture was the couture
In the stark dark night
We stand naked and true
Naked; pristine, pure and proud

ifedayo oshin

Raining Questions? ? ? ?

who is it that turn the knob of the sky
and let fall, waters from above
who, can measure amount of rain
that touches the mother earth's head from the sky
how many are the minute downpour at every minute
who can tell where the rain stops and starts
where really does the waters come from
how many quantity does the ground gulp of rain content
how many does it give the rivers and the seas
If noone can answers
then, let the waters fall, clatter and spatter
for the rains are here again!

ifedayo oshin

Roads And Routes

There are ways everywhere, if only we will create it.
The roads we take today were once impassable yesterday...
Humanity can take different roads and routes to more exciting places,
To discover more new world or discover the old anew
It all depends on us...

There was no way in the sky till we created an aircraft,
No way on the sea until we built boat and ship.
There places we are not reaching
For none has dared to create a path to it
Although, it seems impassable,
But I am convinced there is no place we can not reach
If only we will create a road and means to get us there.

And atimes, we need not search further,
For there are ways open but we do not use
Because we fail to see it
Many routes used by the ancients
Many more that has never been trodden
Some other routes used in far and near lands unknown to us
There are ways everywhere, if only we will discover it

There are roads inside of us, but unknown
Leading to places locked within our souls
With promises of love, strength and magical gifts
There are routes within us
Leading to the longed-for heights
Where we can discover and rediscover ourselves as we could be
There are ways everywhere, if only we look sometimes inwardly

ifedayo oshin

Romantic Healing Balm

All morning all thinking
Negative, ugly and.
Hot
All day, all moody;
Sulken withdrawn and
Edgy
Then you came
Flashing a dashing smile
That lit my day abright
And set my soul aglow
At the touch of your fingertips
My pains melted away
The velviness of your voice
Spread sweet relief
Round my body
And brightened up
My cloudy sky.

ifedayo oshin

She's Gone At Last

Irresistible Rose radiant under the midday sun
Indomitable Lioness hungry in the wild
Inconspicuous Chameleon patched on a plant

She's gone
With her heart of gold
Feet of clay and her darting eyes

Gone like a chaff
Before the gathering storm
Like smoke merging within thin air

My African diamond
Beautiful than the black night
Gone beyond reach, before my eyes

ifedayo oshin

South Africa's Blue Summer

Spring

springs forth with Usain's sprint
Like thunder it bolts in speed of lightning
Sullen cold winter lags
Out of breath in nature tracks, it gasps
Nature re-covers with green grin and lily white smile
Bathed with conqueror's shower, in sunny glory it basks
The grown and growing lightened of season burden
Clothes and caution thrown to the winds
In utter abandon boobs, bras burst loose
Like stray dog willing to make home of anyplace:
Male's imagination in horror flight
Kindled fire of fiery, unbridled passion
To Eden's couture, the profligate returns
Guilty as charged, they bare it all in chagrin shame

Was it too cold for comfort
or better cold than brazen?

Is this a shameless summer
Or do we invoke a spirit of another icy c

ifedayo oshin

Sum Of The Total Equation

Could you be the sum of
the total equation

Could these be the results
of many years' efforts?

Could you be
prayer answered?

Could you be
the reason I am here, now?

Could all the misses and woes, past
Be the gain of you?

Could you be the missing parts
of the knotty puzzle?

The balancing constituent of the equation?

Could you be the key
that opens the golden gate?

the sure door
that leads to kingdom of fulfillment?

Could you be the one
that makes all fit together?

Could you be the one
that makes all things complete?

Could you be the missing link
the total sum of the equation?

Could it possibly be you?

ifedayo oshin

Tales Of Two Seeds

I will enter deep down to grow
And my root in the soil bow
My stem I spread within the loamy reach
So my bough trunk shall in depth breach
Then I'll let out my branchy foliage
On it I'll display my flowers in cleavage
So my offspring be born bountifully
To serve mankind generously
My foliage for man's cover
And my branches for birds' shelter
SO SAID THE MUSTARD SEED

I shall not take a fool's risk
Rather my smooth body about I'll frisk
I won't dare the darkness of the deep
Nor my eyes uncertainties to peep
For if roused my root will be broken
And my stem on spread-spree will be smoken
Neither shall my body be scorched by the sun
Nor unstable seasons my life run
An my branches to great to house little brood
SO BOASTED THE NUT SEED

And so resolved in unison resolve
Therefore, there and then they're destined
Each granted as wished and willed
Both prospered as prospected
The mustard in manifold manifested
The nut natured as nurtured
Now fortune telling lies with time
Which will be well of the wishes
Then one day scratched up a squirrel
The naughty nut from its niche
AND IT A RELISH OF MORNING MEAL.

ifedayo oshin

The Beauty Of The Dark

Just now the sun is set
Leaving behind a blank cloud
Then another scene evolves
Alerting the nocturnal world
To the clarion call
A world gloomily and dimly lit
For the brightness of albino's lens
And the sharpness of bats' and rabbits' sight
And a host of nocturnal beings' activities
Then, also signals the concert
Of the croaky and coarse ones
Down in the muddy arena

And without the dark beauty
Giving our world a spreadsheet
That parades array of stars
The sky playing host to million of
Galaxy guests from the Milky Way
Which cast men spellbound
With their splendor and grace
That lit up our world abright and aglow
And give us a view
That of the upper storey
Whispering wordlessly
Of the little wonders of creation._____

ifedayo oshin

The Child Of Creation

You were there
When I drew the first breath
And voiced the first sound of life
At my earliest arrival
The child I was to you

You were there
Suckling up my first meal
Greedily and innocently
On my mother's breast
The little soul I was to you

You were there
Weaning and leaning on all my four
Rapturously babbling off
My first muted and mumbled words
The babe I was to you

You were there
Toddling playfully around
Fumbling wobbly at all
Within my cherubic sight and reach
The child I was to you

There you were
When puberty attended to me
And adolescence my host be
Alongside its juvenile entourage
Still a soul so little to you

You were there
At the ripening of manhood
When the spirit is aglow set
In the light of my full moon
The child still I remain to you

There, you are
At point of the diminishing returns
As the circles closes, and severed the silver cord

At the ripening rots and forms
The child of creation, I remain to you.____

ifedayo oshin

The Drama Called Life

The dawn is down
And the dew is due
So the stage is set
Light rears ravishingly
Beautifully bright
Out of the embryo
Of mother sun
The morning round
In view
In full open
Advances darkness
Sunset restage
Weakly dull
The dawn is up
Dew is spread
The night is gathered
Scenes for men
A drama of life.

ifedayo oshin

The Eloquence Of Silence

We speak too much of so little
Like we truly know that much of so much
Yet there's so much
We know so little about
Speech ought to be
For knowing minds, not talking lips
Those who know as much ought to
Speak so little of much
Not of secrecy, or pride
But of eloquent silence
In which pure knowledge find profound expression.

ifedayo oshin

The Priest With A Saxophone

he came, his sword unsheathed
like his forbears in -deed
cutting through thickets of injustice and oppression
he plunged deep into
the hearts and the heart of corruption

he came, a priest in lyrics robe
made an altar of music
he called forth saxophone
horns and drums did his bidding
lyrics, rhythm and harmony were his adornments

imbued with power of music
he cast off cassock of white lily thoughts
and embraced the gourd of black wisdom
necklace of cowries adorned his neck
he pulled down frontiers and fortes
of imperialisms and all isms

he lived Africa
bought and thought Africa
he died African....

ifedayo oshin

The Rule Of Thought: Ideocracy

I have found something
Greater, stronger than democracy
Making every person
An equal player in the game of life
I have found that, that
Wields control where incursion has never made
Beaming white light in the region of blackest darkness
Widening the horizons beyond its marked borders
Rising to peak only years before unattainable
I have found that, which
Conquers fortresses of pervading poverty
Breaking barriers with ease of an effortless breath
I found what and who rules our world
The unseen but felt heat that stirs the pot to steaming hot
The gentle and quiet brooks of immeasurable depth
The strandless strings behind all thrones and seats of power
I have found that, that
Turns the obscured and scorned to cult heroes and heroines
Turning millions jailbreaks from prison of ignorance
Setting them free from captivity of oppression
I have found what rules the world
What demystifies ancient crowns
And humbles the haughty might of men and women of modern powers
I have found it, that
That comes in a small pack
Wrapped in fragile protective cover of thoughts
In the deepest corner of focused imagination
Delivered by intensity of a burning desire
Sustained to maturity by gridlock of firm actions
I have found the magic wand of greatness
That which makes you and I the beautiful bride of the world
I found among the Wilbur- airplane- brothers
I found it in Albert -inventions- Einstein's workroom and rimmed glasses
In Emeka- modern computer- Emeagwali's thick black hairs
I saw it lingering on Bill - microsoft - Gate
I found it behind YAHOO, GOOGLE corners
I saw it in YOUTUBE, FACEBOOK pages
I found it in Kanu Nwankwo, Pele's laces and Maradona's soles
I found it in Micheal- thriller- Jackson

I found it in Chinua- things fall apart-Achebe
I saw it following Wole – kongi’s harvest- Soyinka
I saw dying with Claude –automobile-Ake
I see it hanging out on you
I feel it in me, i see it in these lines...
I have found IDEA.. the ruler of the universe

ifedayo oshin

The Script Of Life

Life is a series of stories...

A big intertwined script of large cast and stage

Every person a script-writer, an artiste, a director

There are writers who conceptualise scripts:

They make others the objects of their creative whims

They gave others voice not of their own

There are directros who guide its intrepretations in roles:

They make other see as they do

They guide others to destinaton only them know

There are cast of artistes who give life to the stories

They fulfill others' dreams

Bringing to life others' innermost vision

And they are more

Who applaud the aristes—innumerable sepctators

Who wrote your script?

You or someone else?

Whose script are you acting?

Yours or some writers-your parents, your friends, your spouse, your mentor.. or society?

Who is directing your roles in the larger than life script and stage?

Whose role are you playing yours or someone's else?

Who is the lead act in your soap opera?

Your parents, your spouse, your friend or society?

Are you a stunt act or the real big act?

Are you even an actor?

Or is your act in watching the actors

ifedayo oshin

The Sum Of All Beauty

Eyes that captivate with the precision of the eagle
A face with the radiance of the sun
Head fits for a Princess' diadem
A smile that disarms with the ease of a snail
Laughter that intoxicates into sobriety
Heart that cheers with brightness of the stars
Lips that charm like DIBIA's chants
Voice that stirs a storm and calms sea surge
Hands that rock with loving tenderness
Bosom that nests warmth and wonders
Legs with deer's gaiety and strides of an amazon
What's much more than this much?
For this is a perception of a persona
And summation of the beauty
Of an African Princess, sired of Arochukwu's loins
The marvel of creation called woman
The woman called chidiEBERE.

ifedayo oshin

The Table Mountains Of Cape Town

THE TABLE MOUNTAINS

To what shall I compare thee
Oh, awesome sprawling masterpiece of nature?
Is it the Sinai of Mosaic Israel
Or the pyramid of Egypt?

Welcome to the end of the world, or is it the beginning?
Where mountains wear crown of splendor
Adorned with shimmering brightness of early morn sun
When heaven's tip kisses mountain top
With lips of nature in her most pristine, undiluted self
With runaway innocence beyond the earth reproach and corruption
Graceful, bold and gigantically imposing
Its royal robe perfectly cut of
Meadows and greenery tended by the dew of the dawn

Come view the mountains in the cape
Come, and go, cleansed and cured of all impurities
Trapped in its sharp, cold and warm embrace
Come, see the Sinai
In the west of the black south

Oh! Is it burning smoke or icy cold steam
That engages the cloudy sky at the mountain top?
Or is it the blazing sun, icy steam and thickly fog in trinitary unison?
A trio in a race of space
Wow! Its dawn at sunrise
The mount stirs and time stand still
sun submerged, the steamy, smoky fogs lifted
Revealing a golden morn like the first day of creation
Come see another wonder of the world in South Africa
In the fortress expanse of Cape Town
Cape Town, here I am!
Enthralled, entranced, I am endeared! ! !

ifedayo oshin

The Wedding Of The Millenium

the groom,
the sun, deified the time
and denied the dark its peak,
shimmering in his faded orange apparel
his eyes brilliantly blazing, brazen and bold
found a gazing spot
at the heart of the brown sea
and whispered with quivering lover's lips
'come up to me and taste of my love'

the bride,
the sea, deified space
with wrapper of blue wound round her waist
flrty, flitty and fidgety
her body danced with seductive rhtym
she spread sprawlingly on the spaceles sandbed
a bride expectant of a reluctant groom
burning, she bellowed from deep below
'come down and prove yourself a worthy lover'

the priest,
gravity, kitted in a monk's garb
ritually performed the nuptial rites
toyin-blakkie was the bride's lone maid
Abdulkarim and I, the twosome groom's men

Hosted by the surf and sand of Kuramo shores
the three for the deaprture of one
feasted on a garnished gargatuan fish
there the sun found walked the aisle by his bride

ifedayo oshin

The White In Every Black

In every hideous frown I see
I know, relish and can tell
The beauty and riches of a smile
And I discover,
The poverty of a frown.

From every words spoken
I learn and can tell
The comfort and magic of good words
Timely and rightly uttered
And I can appreciate
The pain and worthlessness of bad words
Thoughtlessly expressed

With every hatred
I feel and enjoy
The invigorating power of love
And find
The deadening weakness of hateful heart

From every negative thought
I see the light, the flight and might of positive ones
And,
The darkness, the failure and dullness of negative ones

There is white in every black!

ifedayo oshin

This Day

a day has just gone by
like a plane with speed of lightning
some made the best of it
many worst, still others, nought
whatever, forever, the day is far gone
not me, not you, could bring it back

but the day returns today
with basketful of missed opportunities
and blossom of fresh fruits
for the wise to pluck, fools to glare
another day looms like rainfull cloud
it'll be here but no sooner gone
not you not me could hold it back

a new day's here grab a minute, make it a millienium
say a kind a word, heal an aching heart
share your bread strengthen a wobbling feet
extend a hand uphold the downtrodden
for tommorrow is but unfound illusion
and yesterday exists only for the dead
for only you and me can make it a day

ifedayo oshin

To Be The Best

Be the best that only you can be
Not for self, but for service
Be the added value to all people on your life-path
Be the reason
Someone wishes to live another day
Be the reason
Someone would try again
Be the reason
For somebody song of joy and gratitude
Be the world to one person
Be the best the world is yet to see, hear or imagine
Be the best there is to be
Explore and surpass known bounds and limits
Reinvent and recreate stories, histories and facts
Write none has written before
Speak like none has spoken
Sing like it has never been done
Live your own life, the best life
Then you'd be the best
The very best of you.

ifedayo oshin

Truths Behind The Truth

Do not look for me in the color that covers my skin
My stark dark black skin
The Clothing enlivened by my immortal spirit
A gold-wrap of a priceless gift

Do not search for me through the color of my eyes
My bleary brown bulging eyes
Its sight transcends time and space
With visions that illuminate and liberate

Do not measure me by my height or size
My dwarf height and huge-bear size
I stand taller and higher from within
Reaching lofty heights and farthest horizons

Judge me not by appearances of my body
My awkward, uncharming, substantial body
It's the first wonder of all creation
Where unfading beauty finds a nesting place

Judge me not by my clothing that does not fit
My cheap, threadbare clothes
Save by the priceless clothes of glowing dignity
Adorning my soul like the sun does the sky

Do not even bother with me tongue or accent
My deep guttural down south accent
My words are words of life for life
The best of all that is audible

Judge me not by what you think, see or hear
For every piece of me, you see, told or perceive;
As there are spaces behind the clouds
So also are truths behind the truth.

ifedayo oshin

Trying For A Baby Boy:

Unspoken, unwritten
Subtle but strong demand:
From husband to retinue of in-laws
A baby boy is it! !
Frantic in efforts, feverish in thoughts
Turgid with trauma
Incomplete, insecured
For the seventh time
She pushed her luck too far
A baby boy, she must have! !
Sick and tired
pulling through the month of decision
Weakened body, frightened soul
Lengthened labour, heightened pains
Hemorrhage heralded the horrors
Attended by uterus rupture
Followed by tragic drama at cesarian theatre
All for the baby boy
A'las! It was a big, bouncing baby boy
A motherless baby boy! ! !

ifedayo oshin

Unedited

From the first page I open to the book of life
Written in fluently opulent language of:
A fleeting cloud and crisis-ridden sky
In cries of hues and halos
The milkyway beyond our horizon suspends the moon
That rules the spheres after noon.
And the sun accentuating power of the day
As dawn gives way for the reign of the morn.
The gigantic trees dwarfing the toppling heights
And mighty ones defying the winds
The vast desert and deep valleys from great loft,
Fleeing rocks beside imposing architectural mounts:
Embedded in thick forests and jungle wild and wide
Beneath them silent waters runs deep
And mighty blue ocean rushes and gushes,
Deep red sea furiously fumes at nothing.
The fountains from the heights run, splash, flow
And fall down the drain and plain

All on the pages of unedited nature
Unspoken language that resounds in all worlds.

ifedayo oshin

Up-Rising

UPRISING

Rise up black woman and you all of other colours
Rise up and grab your fallen baton
Passed down from the hand of heroines past
Rise up from the grave Amina Zazzau
Thelioness who hunted for lions to eat
Rise up lest her exploits be forgotten
Rise up to sheer bravery of Aba women
Whose nudity deadened men's manhood
And broke the chains and shackles of injustice
Rise up to the gallantry of the Dahomey women
Whose fists waded off mighty warriors
And secured a kingdom and its men
Rise up in the spirit of Pupupu
She who was first to ascend a throne
And berthed the Ondo kingdom
Rise up in the spirit of Efunroye Tinubu
A lone voice that drowned the voices of million of men
Whose wealth fuelled the economy of Egba nation
Rise up in the power of Moremi
The woman who dared what men feared
To unravel the liberated her people
Rise up in the spirit of Funmilayo Kutu
The tigress who retreated before nobody
Rise up in the spirit of Sawaba
The nanny goat that played host in lion's den
Rise up girls and women
From your kitchens, markets, stalls and offices
Rise that the dreams of heroines past
shall not be in vain

ifedayo oshin

Versification Of Alice

If the sun shines
Vicious that the hands could hold its heat
If the wind whirls and wails
Turbulent, with fierceness of rushing water
If it becomes icy cold
That it could freeze the mind
If the sky, sullen and sly
Suddenly wear, without a tear
And the heaven unlatches its showers
Unceasing regardless of the reigning season
If cold and heat engaged
In a no conquest duel
If there are mown meadow mountains
More than human habitat
With hills spreading and sprawling
Springly shares expanse of space
If the valleys are fast and vast
Height-locked by conniving hills and mounts
And the plains, plain and plane
Laid bare of thickets and thorns
If you keep ascending and descending
In rhythmical crescendo and decrescendo
If the landscape is strewn
With mingling lily white egrets and sheepish African cows
If summer, winter, spring and autumn
Rolls, in seconds, minutes and hours
If all faces reflect Mandela
And most voices resonate his accent

Then, it is Alice, another wonderland!
The little Xhosa town; the University town of Fort Hare! !
Eastern Cape of the South of Africa

ifedayo oshin

Voyage And Carriage

When flood of stream
On your path cross
It invites you form an encounter
In the eyes of the storm
Is the way to go
Count not the leading
For it is yet another voyage
A sail of discovery
For alas you'll come ashore
Are you lone in the desert?
Stay there and learn all that's
For it's your stepping stones experience
And it brings out the man inside
The flood is the path
The stream the carriage
They shall lead you home
Turbulent the sea may seem
Calmness is the sure end.

ifedayo oshin

What A Woman Is Not...

She is a woman
Cool calm and collected;
If placidly, she tugs and lags
Like a sheep behind every successful shepherd

She is a woman
Sweet, simple and soft
If she has a voice –low and faint
Like a maid in the midst of masters

She is a woman
Blonde, big busted and beautiful
If she lays the bed and her body
Like a mother –cow in the hands of a milkmaid

She is a woman
Educated, enlightened and enthroned
If it's all practiced in the kitchen
Like an eagle flying in a cage.

ifedayo oshin

What If.. A Poem Of Question

What if..

..present and age-long, time-tested truths
are but loopholes and hollow of falsehoods

What if..

..The present world as we know it
Is but endless and infinitely sprawling orbit

What if..

..There are more to the sexes
Than male and female

What if..

..There are other outer and farther regions
of human settlement untouched by civilization

What if..

..a white smoke heralds
The reign of a black African Pope

What if..

..Today persists and perpetuates itself
Ending the turn of tomorrow; of another day

What if..

..All you have left is not another opportunity or chance
But a few hours to your last breath

What if..

..Christianity will diminish to near extinct
And on its ashes a new religion sprouts

What if..

..Fundamentalism overtakes liberalism
And democracy is dislodged with another `cracy

What if..

..The lips that give you kiss of love
Is same that tip you off in betrayal

What if..
..Your worst fear
Is the clearest reality of your life

What if..
..Your damndest dream and greatest fantasy
Unfolds before your very eyes

What if..
..The wind of time unfurls
Your best kept worst secrets

What if..
..It depends on you
To salvage our collective humanity and heritage

What if..
..You were permitted for a day
To be a Nation's President

What if..
..You have a second chance
To live your life all over again

What if..
..The most loved one
Left, or is lost, mad, blind, or dead

What if..
..Your seemingly firm foundation
is actually standing on a slippery mud

What if..
..Your greatest worry
Dissipates into the air like thin smoke

What if..
..Its your last day
To walk the face of the earth

ifedayo oshin

When Positive Is Negative

An outcast
fit only for the lepers' colony

A burden
big beyond bear

A huge bear
too ugly to hug

An unwanted stranger
to family, friends and foes

A perfect tool
for Government's propaganda

A clean cover
for Health Ministry's graft

A sure means
for Activists' foreign AIDS and funds

A goldmine
for multinational pharmaceutical giants

An alien
in the place of her birth

Technically, they also call me
HIV/AIDS positive person

For nicety, I am also known as
'PLWHA'

Why then do you wonder
That we're wheeled into morgue slabs
Time before our fixed time.

ifedayo oshin

Will Change Change Part 2

For history is wont to repeat itself
Ever reneging, constant turning on the hinges
For the old in nature's obeisance
Enter oblivious existence
That the present may succeed the past
For things now visible and feasible
Were once formless vision, thoughts and whispered words

Does change change?
Will there be housing unit or tourist centre in the moon?
Will a white smoke produce a black pope
Will monarchy be separated from British democracy
Will Christian and Muslim find a common ground?

For the present order and scheme
Were the embryonic idea in the belly of the past
For just above some 100 years ago
Popular commerce was the transatlantic slave trade
The equivalent of 21st century crude oil and narcotics
Long before Wilberforce crossed Hull's bridge

Does change change?
Will terrorism go the way of the dead and forgotten
Will Palestine find Stately peace?
Will Osama ever find the salaam in Islam
Will Hamas and Zionists find a common factor of human race

For barely 15 years ago
Apartheid's spectre stood stoically in South Africa
The Black now reign where they once toiled like lesser humans
For small-pox once held terror court
Near and far, leaving more casualties than wars
Dreaded like its 21st century incarnation -HIV
Less than 50 years ago
Black lived as slaves in sugarcane plantations across US
Now US first family is full blooded black
Does change change?
Will HIV become a mere word of old English
Will guns and nuclear weapons

Enrich and adorn our museum in 25 years now
Would Iran be rich in Uranium or people?
Will peace find a permanent seat in security council?

For it was Kings and Princes some time before
Reigned over lesser mortals as Lords and Masters
of the known world called empires and kingdoms
Now the emerging relics of our collective past
Wall-posters of where we have been, and regal tourist attractions
Government houses now in place of kingly courts; parliaments for palaces

Does change change?
Will semantics of poverty change to... say... property or plenty?
Will there be equality of the classes
Will woman truly be equal to man
Will there come a time when the day will not break?
Will science conquer death?

Some time ago
Women were best house-keeping, voteless second class citizens

15th Saturday October 2009.

ifedayo oshin

Will Change Change?

1.

What will happen to change?
Will change change as all things?
Or will it develop immunity
And embrace hypocrisy?
Will change resist change
And go against its doctrine?
Why, will change change not
Should nothing be permanent, even change?
Since change is also a thing.

2.

Our world changes daily by seconds
Our lives in the roller-coaster of time
The noon gives way to the moon
The dawn turns dusk
At intersections of these:
One enters, another exits
One moans, another mourns
One rejoices, one regrets
In the space and space of time;
A jungle becomes a haven
The oblivious became renowned
Riches become ruins
All on the altar of change

ifedayo oshin

You' Ll Always Be Beautiful

You'll always be beautiful:

If even your hairs were a handful scraped to the skull
Or plenteous and bounteous like the mane of a tall horse
If even you were slim to the bones
Or plump, rounded, and fat
If even your skin glows and shines like a babe's
Or it is scrawny, scaly and wrinkled
If even your voice is sweet and sonorous like Nightingale's
Or it is husky, hoarse and bland
If even you had the strides of angel
Or the clumsy walk of the aged.

You'll always be beautiful!

For your beauty is uncorrupted
And the beautified of you is incorruptible;
Your soul that never wear
Your spirit that never tear.

Because your beautifier is ever at work
You'll always be beautiful!

ifedayo oshin