

Poetry Series

Ifeleye Ray
- poems -

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Ifeleye Ray(1984)

A Cursed Seat

the writing with the ink that cast the spell
joyous hearts that seek none but the enchantments
for the time has come to feel the lost of hell
in the seat that is placed above all men

death of souls caused by lendless famine and needs
and the cry of the poor child on lthe street for lwhat to eat
placed the curse to the seat and its there indeed
the chronicle of our dying history that splits

from clan to clan they insisted to rule us all
in the seat where the eagle raised its wings high
and two horses, waiting to be ride down to the hall
will you ride by the chariot or fly in the sky?

fly over the rocks and storms
and shout 'waoh' at the enjoyment you've never had before?
or ride through the bad surface of the earth that is form
to see, sigh of the heart and what a man cries for?

these burden had placed their future in your palm
squeeze it, throw it and smash it at the nearest walls
tears they shed never stops, not by the reading of the psalm
did you see them or your glasses won't allow you see their falls

caused by the bidders of 'Fs' that claims 'As'
'won fi eso sile, won n pa lapalapa'
they all want to sit by the cursed all over again
forgeting no one sit by the chair forever

go, going or gone but the chair keeps its pace
stop the tears, smile the face and make the path
to live and sit not by the cursed, once you are the slave
one that serve not that grip unto his parts

for the cat to eat the lion's share
within the flesh of your heart will your mind soar
trully you will divulge, the freedom that you bear
and you shall reign beyond this timely tour

Ifeleye Ray

Blame No One

BLAME NO ONE

Who to blame
for the lost of the game?
for the low and high?
it's us, yes. you and I
sacred of the world that falls
fear for the life after that banished
exit of a joyful tale of His angels and more
for it is written but not finished
oh dropping stars and falling skies
frozen lonely nights and moody days
no tears left to cry
but the call of menace in our days
this is the choice of our lives
path we follow and choose
clinch unto our sides like bees to the hive
we chase the truth but welcome fools
blood flow amidst us all
and our hands are stained by it all
our Pope roams the street with a machete
imam with the riffle in the mall
doom wrapped in attractive colours
flames we light that touch the sky
how pathetic now that evils fall
blame no one for this time never passes on

Ifeleye Ray

How Can I Forget?

HOW CAN I FORGET?

How can I forget the rays from the sun
The light from the moon
And sparkling of stars in the sky?
Hard to let go the touch of breeze and rain
The flow of blood in veins
And the glimpse of my eyes to the brain.
How can I forget I `ve fallen off my horse
The torment I see and feelings it breeds
At the battle of Evil field thousands times?
How can I forget I saw the shame and I stood by it all day?
How can I forget the time that change,
Some that won't and some that remains the same?
Oh yes... the pat of friends and scorns of theirs
I can't forget the pour of shameful wine and mocking feast.
The wriggling of insulting tongues and belittling thoughts
How can I forget the promise to still love, kind and cheer
That there I stand and hide my grieve, fear and threat
Hard to forget the shame and pain at market of Digoa
That seemed fresh as a new day paint all day on
I remember my scars and choice of fate
Like the roar of a clawless and toothless lion in pain
How can i forget I keep you in memory not to repay evil
But to invade the sin and use its scenes

Ifeleye Ray

I Am Music

I AM MUSIC.

I am music

Not because I owe the pipes organ wings

Nor am I the master player of musical notes indeed

Yet, it's not about frets of strings

Sound of brass and wood wind

That seemed loud and echoed within

I am music

For my heart beats like piano hammers to coated strings

From conduction and directives my brain baton swings

Free flow of unstoppable accompaniment blood in my veins

That my body sings like choristers from cathedral of St. James'

What I say and my ways are music that play always

I am in music

Play me high and low, loud and soft in sound

That I could soar in tiniest air till I am found

Almost when you ain't attentively around

I will rock your heart when you look frown

I am the sound weaved forming harmony

Passing through eternity of air as melody

Mixing with the fluid of dynamics in polyphony

Though, you don't like me but can't stop this cacophony

Call me music

Because my face is the gesture of loudest symphonic soul

I talk with brimming sonorous of the coolest concertos

My attitude could be minuet and scherzo

That the fugue and toccata in prints of my lively toes

Proclaimed and acclaimed as Wagner's opera quotes

Music am I

You could detest the manner I reach topmost height

In the sky that you can't lift your eyes

While some wish I could be taken to the Isle

Though I'm not a female that could be taken as wife

For Music am I and I play on when you don't even say hi

Ifeleye Ray

Ifeleye (Pride Of Love)

IFELEYE (pride of love)

Name a mountain, it won't frail
Paving ways and no one go astray
For those names that bears no solemn fate
That I deprived their gods brutality and wickedness
Despised forefathers melancholic fortress
Cherish the clan of melange joys not stress
Master recompense gifted love to the kingdom
Keeping it alive is my breeze of freedom
As the son of iron-bender, walking this route isn't forever
Yes, unwillingly inherit these phase for my forefathers
Embrace and bear it from afar
Here I approach the majestic region
Not without kindness and forgiveness, my religion
To my world I welcome love ribbons
That the mountain could be tied to the valley
The waves whispers to the topmost thundering
As the jungle bow in abject honouring
The cast off my gaze and plucked my sight
Away from days that seduces hatred and lies
My heart from angers that flies
It is blank and pure
With new breath to life and cure
Ifeleye, the pride of love but nothing more

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Mama Sing Uncommon Songs

Sing for me, bearer of infant chores
I want tunes from the taker of ancient curse
All of your deeds make me dance here and there
Song you don't sing melody i cant hear

That you lift not your mouth for
But where your body and soul comes forth
The greatest grieve you share

On your own with none of your pairs

Song you sang those days
I could remember it's such a great pain
Alone in the midst of the night
the cry of fate and tremendous frights

Pull you to life and i heard you miming
Songs and dance with accurate timing

Not drums, no chorus nor accompaniments
Passion in you brewed your musical moments

Courage that feeds your soul over the period of time
Conjured your songs to conquer beyond all dimes

This. is what it is because it's what you are
That earth goes high and elevate us to the stars

The breadth you take is caress in your lungs
The theme is your child's welfare not to run

Mummy, mammy, mama, mother... we call
Indeed, you sing uncommon songs

Ifeleye Ray

The Darkest Part

This part is deep and dark, indeed not which i can see
Either black or night out are days of mind that's not pleased
On soil that appears wide but we hide
Cover up all time like bees to the hive.

Beaming with gesture but sun isn't joined to its source.
See how impossible... But to the bearer, it is a lot.
Traces of dark dart thrown at the shadowless spot.
By the way it flies but don't know where it stops.

No tales to tell, not all is known.
If otherwise, they may cry, fight, smile or be dethrone
Low mountain on the way where demons are placed.
Shames Adam and Eve spread unto our ways

It's good that it's saved but not all
That they say it's safe won't fall

Ifeleye Ray

There Is A Reason

THERE'S A REASON

There's a reason I was born where the footpath met
That life takes from me more than I get
A reason I dreamed of what's so easy
Like walking the street with my naked feelings
The reason I sing but nobody listens
For they hear not the voice of someone dreaming
The reason I speak the truth and turned out to be the fool
There's a reason I couldn't move the mountain
That I cry not for myself but my legacy all days
There's a reason I don't make vows
Because the ones I made to abstain, yet I bow
There's a reason dogs won't squeak, snakes won't bark
Ice won't heat, eyes won't smell and hands won't fart
There's a reason I'm not as big as Zuma
The same reason I was left in the cage with a Puma
There's a reason I draw the road picture
But never look exactly like the one at the junction
The reasons I listen to fairy tales
Good to hear but far away from the truth
The reason I am me but not you
For it's good to be hated for being me than loved for being you
There's a reason I was given a thousand names
While I see it all as a false game
The reason I heard more words than action
The truth, the evil of all man could act on
There's a reason man will sleep and never rise
Will never come alive after eaten a bowl of rice
Indeed, A reason man has to life isn't enough
Than a reason he needs to survive

Ifeleye Ray

What About Love?

WHAT ABOUT LOVE?

Fierce soil and scary world
Vanity upon man and his words
Deciet flies amidst his breed
Conspiring against God's majesty and will
Forsaken truth owes the best
Upholding the word go to hell
Vein streaming demon upon the sand
Above inception of empty strive and sound
What about love?
Forgiveness forgotten by the man called god
Rain halt and sunset no more
Darkness enshroud thy heart
Sowing evil seed in thy evil earth
Propagate and watered curse over the tragic clan
For this way will turn but his mama asked
What about love?
The hope to peace, love
Revolution beneath and beautiful indeed
A little thing that governs it all
Call it power, I call it love
Say it's money but I ll claim it the more
Tranquility in men may travel ashore
With love, it is what it is about it all

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