

Poetry Series

Olorode Olorunleke
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Olorode Olorunleke(22 may)

Olorode Olorunleke is Nigerian from Ogbomosho North Local Government of Oyo State. Born into the family of Archbishop S. O. Olorode (retired) and Prophetess Abimbola Olorode on the 22nd May in Lagos, Nigeria with a twin brother Olorode Olorunjedalo. Attended Saint Micheal Primary School Ibadan, Oyo State Nigeria. Then moved to Saint John Primary School, Idi-Oro, Mushin, Lagos, Nigeria In 1999. Graduated from Ransome Kuti Memoria Grammar School Moshalasi Surulere Lagos Nigeria in the year 2006 but re-enrolled into the C.M.S. Grammar School Bariga Lagos State in the year 2008 and graduated in the year 2010. After graduating from CMS Grammar School, gained admission to study law at Olabisi Onabanjo University, Ago-iwoye, Ogun State, Nigeria from 2010-2015. A Legal Practitioner by profession practising in Ibadan, Oyo State Nigeria.

Heal Our Land

On this busy lane our works do melt
Yet life in nature non could query
Fighting it from birth
Till in grave of less worry

Our hope is laid
On the teachings so given to the heart
Build our hope and let us glory in the lord
For all works are in vain on the mother earth

How pleasant is it being in heaven?
Than the waste we're in this land
Has history not repeat itself in our haven?
Forsaking God in the choice of whom to lead

Our choices are daily base on our glutton
Setting aside the future that's laid before us
That in ignorance do press a forbidden button
Making us aliens in our house

Yet celebration galore
In a self made failure
Oh our land is sick
In pain the saviour we seek

Joy from the inner mind is key
Not one from Taaoma and Macaroni
This in a minute can make one pee
But only leverage on our money

Heal our land please
Please, please heal us all
The pain is much
And groaning is bigger than a mall.

©?olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Life II

This journey of life has made life off itself
Daily chocking to embark on Temple Run
Running it with no mind of Joseph
And it clothes the young with gun

Life himself works hard
So he works but eats the crumbs
With all the resources he's made
The head eats all with no remains

What a devastating lifestyle!

Come oh come
He's come to make his usual sacrifices
Pocketing all of life income
One that should have been sent off this place

Of what use is a head full of greed?

Go your way
For our brother is no need of you
Things have been out of way
That he dares not pay even lesser due

Sweating out blood
Making out cries of blood
We say be far from our man worker of iniquity.

©?olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Life.

This journey of life has made life off itself
Daily chocking to embark on Temple Run
Running it with no mind of Joseph
And it clothes the young with gun

Life himself works hard
So he works but eats the crumbs
With all the resources he's made
The head eats all with no remains

What a devastating lifestyle!

Come oh come
He's come to make his usual sacrifices
Pocketing all of life income
One that should have been sent off this place

Of what use is a head full of greed?

Go your way
For our brother is no need of you
Things have been out of way
That he dares not pay even lesser due

Sweating out blood
Making out cries of blood
We say be far from our man worker of iniquity.

©?olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Den Of Love

Come close to me my love
You've been such a great friend
From time immemorial
Your heart is dove

And your simplicity not a man made
Your ingress makes great desire
Setting my eyes on you, my heart leaps for joy
Not for the opor stationed at both ends
But one in you that's not loose

Love is beautiful
Yes it's cool
Yet RIP to the victims
Break, oh break out

When his den is hot
Live and don't die
When his sugar makes you lie
Speak out, soroke!

Lest you drown in his lake
Let no one console you
When six feet opens its mount
None will stay to care for your heirs.

©?olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Gossip

Come up here to hear
Things which have not been heard
You who chew fow's anus in no fear
Do all you've done make you glad?

Dear dear friend

You see that gossip kills the future
Don't you know, he's a timid lad?
A coward that doesn't hit to pasture
No wonder he never grows

His talks are how he is
No wonder the Juris count him not worthy
Run from him and live
Let each conversations heard be verified

Run run, my dear run

Please oh please
Send him out of the household of Christ.

©?olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Tyranny

From the brook of hegemony,
My heart is dazzled on what could make a life in this tyrannical context.
Tyranny? Oh this has eaten deep in our hood.
In our honoured attires they're ushered to the state house.

All thought with the purity of heart they've come
To flush the stains making us stagnant
Yet blindfolded to making us lamb for their kinsmen.
Peacefully our agitations were spelt.
In return stray in display and clean the shit.

Justitia, oh! Justitia.
Where have you been?
Why allowing your veil open,
Scales and sword dropped?
Your priests are sabotages of your prowess.

While the culprits in their jets cruz on the streets.
No honour to the dead.
Those alive are half dead
Who's here to save us?

Neither Amotekun nor Sunday Igboho could.

All of them are of the same clan.
Even the human right activists are not humane.
A brown envelope is enough to shut the mouth.

Dear creator.
In you we put our trust
The voice of the voiceless needs you
Else your beloved would cry like Abel.

Olorode Olorunleke

Perpetual Light

Switch inline in the wake of light,
The Illumination engulfing our ray,
Bringing rain of no self ignite,
The perpetual light we all do pray.

Oh! Pa Emmanuel Abiodun is gone.
One whose heart is so tender as sheep
Loving all with no self known
In glory he's self made cheap.

Who could have known the day
For us to've wore Elijah's garment to switch the time
Not minding the cost of what to pay
This wouldn't have been, haven't ceased the time.

Alas! Let not our brains switch bellow the feet
For manufacturer knows the expiration of his product yet he lies
The D-day is a mystery in our heart
Adiye irana kinse ohun ajegbe not to make ties.

See oh see them roll up in the sky
In purity they sing praise of the great maker
Fully robed in white not the priests of Justitia
Bowling to our king and maker.

Lori-iro our affection is shown
Not that our widow's mite was glorified
Be it, the heritage of them in six feet wouldn't be down
None to be blamed as it's a normal trend.

Come on dear beloved ones
To hear what the preacher is set to say
Rend your heart not as clothes to repentance
For all you do, you pay.

Oh! this world is not our home
Adieu!

Shield

In the wake of dawn of a cold furnace
Creepy in the heart is made manifest
Making our opened eyes close in all manners
Just like them that cut our breath short

For the gain of their purse
Could a shield be a dangerous den
In this cage we've found ourselves so long
Who will save our souls from these hungry beasts

Claiming to be our friends
Our grundnorm is not their watch
As jungle justice is their key to Justice
We're not free

Our liberty is choked in their fierceness
Having mobile is our crime
Dressing nice is our sin
That our image is a purified fraudster

While the real ones are saints through money transfer
Leave us alone
Set us free
That the labour of our heroes will not be in vain

We're your future
We're strong and powerful
We're not criminals
We're the youths

Say no to the police' brutality
End police blood thirst
We're your voice!

©? Olorode Olorunleke

Olorode Olorunleke

Better Breathe

Deeply my heart range in an exotic motion
Neither for food, nor shelters
But of that which creeps itself around us
Who is man

If not for the breathe of the maker
That makes all to live
We're a piece of a drop-off leaf in empty bowel
Yet our hearts arise against the maker

The great fall of Lucifer
Not minding this
The love of a father still holds
Beyond that of the father of the prodigal son

Making the son be nailed
For smooth adoption and a better breath to dwell in us
Cursed is anyone nailed on the cross
Despite being cursed

Sent this better breathe to be a guide
But in all means it's glorified an enterprise
While He's the best one would have as a companion
In silence he cries for a better place to dwell

Your heart, my heart and our hearts
Knock, knock so He's knocking
Only if you can let Him in.

Olorode Olorunleke

Ode To My Father

Each day of life
Our minds are set to get that which brings joy to the heart
Not that which had been from birth of the earth in Eden
Created free to explore the love of a father
Whose breath the dust is made to live

A glory laid in cum the generational growth
Bond in gene which cannot be laid to waste
Not as one in our world that thorn is mixed with wield
A question left to ask from mothers

How pleased my heart is to whose cum my birth is made
So tender in heart
Yet his words shake the earth
As all will be in awe when temperament close his eyes

Yet in no time calls back to pet
What a man in the fullness of a virtuous woman
Though no sooner to his birth than the father kicks the bucket
But grows in the thick and thorn of life

It is not surprising you're Samson
Not one whose fall did laid by a maid
But one whose heart is made of gold and good mother
A teacher, prayer warrior, mentor, friend and all one would say to be a great
companion
Omolofa mojo

Olalomi omoabisujoruko
Ijakadi katakiti loreofa
Ijakan jakan tiwon jalofa

Won losoju Tani
Wonlosoju poroninu oko
Ibasoju oloko, ibalawon

Omopinre, laare
Okan kogbodo jokan
Tokan gbajokan

Ijanidaa, laare

No wonder your heart is the key to peace
As no grudge is laid in it
Hear me well oh good mother in the skin of man
Fear not and never be dismayed
For the time of harvest is now
That your heart leap for joy
Not as thieves awaiting the day of harvest
Your harvesting is till the end of age

Olorode Olorunleke

Agile Bone

Come over oh little in skin but giant in heart
As I make a Clarion call on that which tint the ear
Your great work is made manifest in all ages
As none can outturn that which is laid in your strength

The glory of the young lies in their strength

A true tale from ages
This the ego of the foes do lay
As nothing could come out of their Jerusalem for their joy embrace
When being weak and lame to do that which is in turn.

Sweet odes are made making you dwell in everlasting dream
You're the future of tomorrow
While their prodigals are enthroned to take their stead
Hope your itching ear is not turned to my words?
And your mind is not craft in hate of them

Life is worth to live as no birth is made to waste
Have you been to the prophet for the next phase?
Let not your reply be no
As those in default are in celebration of gnashing

Indepth joy should be the basis of survival
When it's lost, switch to one that craves for it
Survival is not in essence the genesis to be enslaved
Not as the landmark being made by the political I.T.T.

Alas

My back is aching as that in labour
Not that in birth but of that which affects the agile
Masturbation, drugs abuse, sexual harassment, indecency, cultism, thuggery,
cyber crime
And all which stand against natural Justice, equity and good conscience

Know the Lord in the days of your youth
It's not an admonission but an order
Put away that which kills the time

As tick tock says the clock
And invest in all that last for life eternal
Nation building, inventories, research, humanitarianism
With these your name is gold
Not as the slave masters at our ealm of affairs.

Olorode Olorunleke

Assurance

In the early hour of a glorious day
When my pulse could neither breathe
A marvelous chorus I sang
Yeah I did sing
Melody whose tunes none could comprehend
Ori mi wule nigba ti mo gbohun orin won
Is the frequent sound that hit my ears
That ruling the dunghill is said to be a new lease of life
As her words are mysterious to tint the ear
No love is it that came out from the one my heart is pleased
Yet Siamese nature of mine she's said to be divinely ordained
All thinking is gone as all is laid for longer days
To puzzle on wasteful existence without the pleasant one
A journey of suffering and smiling
One which our land is best known for
That those that ought to have the taste of Stephen at the market square
Are the righteous being blessed on the altar
Oh hear me well
I'm not so righteous of failed promises
That you're on hold to be feasting on
Let your love be known to me that I reign not on the dunghill
As that which is laid in me is for everlasting assurance
That in love and grace generations will be made through us.

Olorode Olorunleke

Anti Touting

Looking back at what life has made of us
Thus our shallow thinking would of no help be
Could it be the six years gymnastics of head bent on ink that aroused?
And the merriment of enclosed nights for bar that makes us lean?

That after all these our lot is glorified with peanut
Peanut? Yes peanut
So astonishing that their defense is calved in mentoring
Of what good is mentorship when the tummy is daily weeping?

Even the abdomen in struggle has nothing to gain
That our daily cry a focus of their campaign
Yet In their good worth raise war on touting
While there's skeleton in their cupboard to rise

Of what good is a war expressed to be empty cymbal?
When there's Judas in our midst?
Feed the hunger, I'm saying feed the hunger
And let greed that thus lingers find its way to the cave

In all these, our wall will be closed against lizards
Making unwanted entry to our walls
Then all will go home in peace and smiling

Olorode Olorunleke

Gain

At the dawn of each day
My heart puzzles on what life tends to pay
So tensed
I am

With no help that I tend to blend
Having no choice for fear of blame
Who then can my plight be shared to
For all are lizards that none knows one with an ache

Gone are the days where a problem shared is solved
May those days have eternal rest
In Lamentations I am
Yet in praise for having to breathe

This world

Oh this world - Filled with venoms
Even worse than that that exit us from Eden
Greed, the father of all
Like envy, lust, hate, revenge and ego

So powerful that none that trades in it has no where to go
The journey of love has no life today
Without elements of pretence and falsehood

A life I hope to live
The barricade to hook up in our Hood
I see her, dream of her
But the fear of hurt and death pulls me down

Like a sheep with no shepherd
My race is done
Terrestrial forces in mark of hate
A contributory factor for me to fall
A life of purity I've prayed to live

But can't imagine how mysterious it's to so do
It amazes me how we make maw out of mountain

The results of which none can maintain
Of what good is wickedness
When we all 'veknown to end in the mansion below?
Vanity I say is our world.

©?olorode olorunleke

Olorode Olorunleke

A Lost Hope

While looking around for hope to lay
My heart steers towards the mystery of each day
The positive and negative side of the coin
As none knows how to hit the loin

Is it with a sledge hammer
Or the David's stone?
Lest we find ourselves in the corner
Vanity over vanity is our world

Except the legends live forever
We all get deleted at each end of our sojourn
Stopping it, no one has the liver
Vanity I say is our world

Neither struggle nor charisma will change fate
There's no destiny fulfillment that comes too late
But, you have to go through the war room
To make do of your dream

Hadn't we all submitted to fate,
Our world wouldn't have been back in date
Love in lust we tend to praise
That we care more of greed than being pleased

Cheating and killing are good
Once the ego and stomach are filled
Should the creator be blamed
No, never, never at all.

That we're at liberty
Shouldn't have made us lose our purity
How would our world be helped -
With a bleeding heart I pray

Yes I pray that
Dear creator writes His laws in our hearts.

Olorode Olorunleke

Mental Isolation

Come, friend
I've got this speak into your ears.
The beauty of glad 'n' sad I can't deter
Of what essence is life in solitude
(Which)My life is made of from infant?
Neither friend nor foe comes around
That one could merry with
Tell me, is this life?

Friend, don't mind seeing the oc
ea
n
from my eyes
It's worth it to so do
For life without friends is meaningless
I mean a life with friends of like mind
How often or soon
Will depression not set in?

I need help
Yeah, I need one
To know the root of this course.
Not that my act is bad
Or it's of will to be self prisoned
Help now for my head has lost clues.

Hear me dear friend
Think not of this.
From a time like this are inventors born
Even Jesus was in isolation till he was made manifest
Good friend
I'd like you sit down
To know what to make do of this
For us to celebrate with you
Think I'm saying think
Mental isolation is the gravest.
Break free, I say!

The Crown

Daily,
Our hearts bleed
As to what life is dared to make of us
What sin have we committed?

Or could there be a sacrifice which needs
To be made and has not been?
In all its fullest we found love
With purity of heart, we tend to so live

Going to and fro
Our lives have been made to grow
Yet in their words we've done nothing
Except the reasonable ones
Are not so naughty
Cause they're the virtuous

Expected to rule our world
They're our gold in reality
Humility is their watch
While humiliation is behind them
Cos they're the real sense of gem

Hey!
Hope you are grasping my word
All hail you the crown on every head

The Adam of all generations
And the pillar of all homes
What could have been our sin
That no songs of praise are said in our honor?

Except when we've gone to the great home
Not that we're not entitled to stay long
But the stress of life kills our lung
How awful is it!

That after all these
There comes the news of illegitimacy of the family seeds

But in their humor
It's tide to inability to satisfy

My bestie in guise they declared
Of him that cultivate their farms
Could this have been the best reason for infidelity
No, it's strongly dissatisfied

Marriage honorable in all bed undefiled
Marriage honorable in all bed undefiled
It's awful that our teens have failed on this
As they eat fornication more than food

That at the end the good man in marriage is made a novice
What then is the essence of marriage
If it's not being enjoyed but endured
Understanding and honesty are the essence of marriage

This elates my heart when one is seen.
But wait
When will our stress be appreciated
Like that of women by all
We hope it's now
Then we'll have no choice but to feel great

Men are the pillars
Men are the Rock
We're the foundation
That none can ignore.

Olorode Olorunleke

Alooter

Solidarity is forever
Solidarity is forever
Solidarity is forever
We shall always fight for our right

What a great chorus they always sing!
Yet in their hearts
Their belly they tend to save
Not for those they guise to help

If not, Aluta wouldn't have been to 'pot' the belly
While we all praise them for the work being done
Hoping to have a turn around for the best
But our trust they laid in the mud

Our hope for a great leadership
Is daily calved In our greed
They know this at every close of a tenure

And in need to continue
They come in their solidarity to tell us yet another lies
And bless our gluttons
In repetition of one agenda in different tones

Who have we offended
And is not ready to forgive?
In case you know the person, beckon
That we may atone for the wrongs and be set free

This in no way has gone deep
That our youths are not different
Threats and killing all the way
Even to lead the SUG or faculty

What hope do we have
If the youths are not different from them?
Righteous leadership is not in their watch
But looting is their focus

Even the so called Activists are worse more than an infidel

How awesome is the end of the greedy?

They fade away like fat

While their memories have no value

Remember the Nigerian leaders

How awesome is the end of the selfless

They never fade away

As their memories cut across generations

Hope you remember Abraham.

Aluta continua

Victoria ascerta!

Olorode Olorunleke

Liars

Looking and staring
Singing and lofting
So agile and charismatic
All for the essence of the belly.

I've built mansions
And own exotic cars
But in reality a pauper
The honour is just for a moment but expires

He assaulted or raped me
But in reality snubbed a frequent advances
Making an innocent to suffer an unjust cause.
There's nothing done without rewards.

I love you
You own every part of my life
Without you I can't breathe
We're destined to be married

Yet several abortions are gone to your credit.

We serve a living God
And our church was built on the center of the holy spirit
But a corpse was buried as part of the foundation
And several abortions are to the credit of the Pastor.

All have rewards and will soon be made known

Sweet is their voices
That one will have no choice but to buy
Cos they're respected with ovations
As they build Castles in a minute

But in all truth they lack ideas.

Liars don't fade away
But their integrity is zero
Rich and well respected

Yet they have no life.

Come over and hear my plight
How best it is to be truthful?
You may be in want without honour
But you have life

Liars are the prodigals of truth
Whose lives are channelled on their talks
Do they know the Bible?
Hope they'd learned from Ananiah and Saphirah.

Olorode Olorunleke

Vanity

Oh! How great our existence is only a rolling ball
We're birthed to
Cry by self at birth or forced to cry.
Suck and dependent,

Start talking and mingle,
Crawl and dependent,
Walking by self or forced to,
Dine and eat on parent's bill,

Attend schools or go vocational,
Graduate and work,
Search and date,
Wedding introduction and marriage,

Or decide to remain single,
Enjoy life or otherwise.
The stage of total independence.
Religious or diabolical,

Ruled by greed or selflessness,
Give birth or barren,
Grow gray and agile or weak,
Then several symptoms set in,

Get from children or being totally ignored.
Back to the total dependence,
Suck from the past fruits,
Weak and die,

That all mourn and cry.
Vanity upon vanity
All is vanity so says the wise!

Olorode Olorunleke

Searching

Water flows from my lid
Each time my mind
Is crossed to the part of love
Then I need to ask

What sacrifice or atonement
Is there need to make
Which has not been made
Help help
Lest my bone is crushed in this search

Even this has gone beyond that of Gulder
Or is there one that has ever been positive
Of what evil is there in my act
That they all set their back

And pick up the sand in my abode in exit
What could have been my fault
Not a bad act my life is made
They blacklist and block

Not as a bad boy
But as so naughty looking for the best head
To wear the crown
Hope someone would rise
To wipe my tears
Lest I grow gray and still searching.

Olorode Olorunleke

Take Dominion

Hello somebody.

Have you heard of the info that escalates our world?

It's been talked of and laws were enacted

Yet all seem to be ignorant of its consequence.

What could be said of one to rip us of our pride,

Dignity and sense of being?

Could there be justification for the actus reus

Of penetration with no will?

Nothing, I mean nothing!

Indecent fashions and advanced snubbing

Can't be the best cause for this to be.

When 'tis known that your urge is huge - -

Go and marry!

Say the Holy books

Not of a father to have canal knowledge of the lad.

Nothing could be the gain of revenge

After advances had been turned down with abuses than regrets.

Come over to hear what will make your heart melt

Would you have been in that suit and not call for justice?

Even madam Justisa will have no rest at your requests.

Why don't you hit yourself with the sledge

You're using on others?

No difference does it make of a silence.

Our world has made to be in lieu of intimacy.

Though It's judicially noticed that sex urge is killing

But that's not an excuse

To let your pens or pus make a fool of you.

You're a prince and princess

No royal blood dances to the tones of urge

Take dominion and not let it be vice versa

For you're the architect of your fate.

Subjugate the flesh!

Olorode Olorunleke

Harvest

Take a look at me
And declare your intentions to me
My heart bleeds
Yes, it daily bleeds

Of the substance that goes in there
Which the eyes daily encounter
And the ones that tint the ear.
How best can I cry?

For that this generation is making us to dare.
Loneliness is a bad game
But it's better than being with fake souls.
They make you laugh

Just to satisfy their gluttons and urge
And when the oil is dried, they're gone.
My daily cry for love has grown than Mount Olive
Even at this age, non is set to wear the crown.

Not that my life is made to be a clown
As our guys do make good of them for prey.
Sixteen abortions gone: I'm not ready for this vow
As he mutters in a sweet voice, I love you

We're destined to be together
While a saint is set to walk down the aisle.
Oh this is a crap!
As it's getting on my nerves

What then makes sense either to be honest
Or not to be but have them in tens.
No I can't join the league
For every act done is a seed by the river
Awaiting the period of harvest.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Call Of A Friend

Gently I laid my head on a couch,
And I heard his call.
Making my mind puzzle.
Could it be the call of Samuel or the eternal?

No sooner than later that images of the Angels began to come around.
Floating in the air to answer the call and wearing the crown.
Then I knew this is the call of my friend
My friend and beloved.

Why is this call becoming constant?
And you know I have a mission which must not fail.
I call you my friend for the love you have for me.
Not like some predators that surround me.

The great messenger of the Most High,
I hail you!
Come to my aid to end this agony of illness!
You know
Oh you know that time is not up yet
Purposes and missions are yet to be accomplished.

Not of my will but that of the creator
And when it's time to rest,
May I not rest below any Tyre or crashed metallic monster.
May I not rest below a crashed blocks or sink roof.
May 'I can't breathe' not lead me to rest.

May I not rest as a result of stray on my bones.
Let my rest be sound like a toddler on his mother's arm
And sleep like Abraham to meet my Creator in my aged
Stop oh stop calling!
Except the second coming is at hand.

Olorode Olorunleke

Help

Life, life!

Why are you doing this to me?

Come a day it swifts my mind to make asearch
To ease that which has grown in me to be a man.

From pillars to polls this daily happen
The journey I so made
From Tolu to Bolade when non is set to hook up
Then all became worse in request to suck.

That Porn becomes a bosoom friend to meet a need.
Help, help!
This I yelled as all seems to go sour.
My beloved friend and help mate is getting silent
While the flesh takes the crown.

Help, help!
This I yelled all day
Before I be Job of this century
The good times are gone
When we both chat and dined.

And lust in love is no where to be found
Help, help!
This I yelled for the divine touch and hope
That that which is behind bra won't be my focus

But that which is above to be my gain
Come dear come back
Please be my shield
Those that ought to help have their hands tight
I need you

Yes I need you
So that I'll not go from hell return to hell.

Olorode Olorunleke

Ode To My Wife.

My heart beats as I daily crave for your coming
Neither for the stress nor nagging that's rampant
But for the unending seasons we'll have to be in love
Not that as done by them for a glorious child gone

They stayed and stray for lust and death
But enjoyment did roll in their hearts
A time meant to build a war room
Is strays on different unfruitful styles

And when he's done, you're dumped like a rag
Oh not you my dear wife
But that whose brain has been washed with sugar
My heart daily pants for you

That it's becoming a sin to my creator
Making the adventure to steer at shape to woo
With the hope of union very soon
My dear wife oh hear me well
Not all that's glitter is gold

As all is base on tolerance as help mates
We need not expect perfection from both ends
As we grow to teach and learn together
Neither am I your master nor you're my slave

To keep us in union of obedience
To plan, fast, pray and play
That our children will grow in the knowledge of our God
Where are you my dear wife

Pup up as my daily crave for you won't take me away from my God
I know you're hiding

Yet I believe the creator is building you
To be the virtuous woman that's ever in existence.

Olorode Olorunleke

Arise Compatriots

Come over and let's reason,
My heart pumps of all that tints my ears.
Could it be true and real
That life has Spongs itself off our lain?

To mean that our heroes' energy is dent.
HMMMM! ! !
This can't be true,
Cos the essence of reality is gone off it.

Our land, oh our land is glory in its blood.
As all hands are handicap to Savage it.
For the fear of our belly, the labour of our past heroes is in vain.
And that which we fear has become our lots.

Neither old nor young is innocent
That all crave for the national cake to loot.
Arise, oh compatriots
As our nation calls for your obedience.

To save it with love, strength and faith
Not for the fight of the belly.
Which causes the fall of Gehazi
And our looping doom so soon.

Arise, oh arise!
The compatriots to Savage our land.
This is a call not the law.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Call

Hear oh listen to the call
That which is engraved for triumphant
Not that which emanated from Paul
It's that that tingle the ear to be elegant

That all in awe of its root run for help
Despite in our jollies and busy lives
Our ears tint as being lay for escape
Of the goodies that are abound in the caves

It's the coming of the great one
The king of glory that was slayed in no guilt
This way you see the son of man come as he's gone
For the time of harvest has come to separate the wild from the shaft

Not all that call me Lord will see the kingdom of God
Their mouths house deceit and hands are stains of blood
This call will be in grand style
As non being stain will be made to fly

Oh I await this call as it lingers than a mile
For the issues of the world can make one with no hesitation to fly
Come oh come
As the signs of your coming are in manifest
The need for your early call daily hitch our mind

Olorode Olorunleke

Venom

Look oh see as she sprays the spit
Towards our way
Like an angry serpent her venom is lite
Here and there our moves daily make

For unknown consequence we get our pay
And in it our foetus do awake
This yoke is far grown beyond us
As daily head slight they pride in blood sucking

While the hands of our chiefs are tight to save us
What a plight to us that the international
Declared that it's not of our making
The need for this venom spread non can tell
That the spread of ishmael's faith is the handwriting on the wall

Can there be any escape route as the chiefs are in their clan?
As there daily exist the fortification of our plan
To you alone our trust do lay dear God
For us to get rid of this sabotage in our land
And hear us before we cry to you like Abel
Or you make the second coming be so soon.

Olorode Olorunleke

Creepy Damsel

See as she makes her move
Towards the end of the gathering
With this all eyes were on her as one we crave
So creepy the moves were as one so daring

In a minute she stole my heart
For an unreturned everlasting trip
Not to death but that which is called a black market
Yes a black market is it that in love it makes us creep

This love as a lad do lay in my heart
For the honour of the elderly
And to be well cultured in all endeavor
It's a bliss she creeps in that early

But her stay now has no favour
Hear me well you pretty
You've stayed this far in my heart
As you're placing me in the mold

Creepy oh creepy
As you nutshed me to loving you as a lad
Though favourable as lad but a stigma you're now
Stay away from me you pretty devil

You've hooked my heart and tongue to bow
For unknown cause amidst my peers
You're a worker of iniquity be far from me
Unto you I put my trust dear divine

To take the heart of this woman from me
And Grant me the heart of lions
This I pray and hear me dear divine!

Olorode Olorunleke

Next Level

Look amidst the glorious tray
To see the terrain our act has played
Whether for the love or fun of it
The future will tell of what is done

My heart pants
For that which my eyes do see
Even less than that which is played on our screen
Our nation turning to the day of Samaritans

While our heads make their ways
To enrich their Masters offshore
The first change in global debt
And the second our fate is yet to know

But of great relief of more debt as at first
And it's tagged the next level!
Where have we got it wrong?
Which God have we offended?

That I can go to appease
On the elm of debt our representatives
Intend to renovate a building on billions
Yet the court rooms are good looking
For rodents to make as abode

The hospitals are well equipped
For the surgery of the mosquitoes
The roads daily grow to be vampires

We so have much to eat
That penury is the chief cook
In these you tend to seize our voice
Yet both old and young will be ready

To sing your praise
Upon the discharge of five naira at the stadium
Hear oh hear us
For our cry is enough to make an ocean

Daily do we do this
For that which hits our intestines for food and blood to death
We're blessed, yes we're
And let this be our pride

That you cease lending for the sake of the fetus
And for our nation not to be in the state of Samaria
Least we call on God to deal with you like Sanni Abacha

Hear me oh gracious God
To save your people from this slavery of next level being unfold.

Olorode Olorunleke

Anarchy

The battle line is drawn.
Beyond the mystery of your power,
You've laid us down.
In your bid to get in here you promised to build a tower.

On your shoulder do we rest
Till you daily lay us to rest.
We will end the insurgence in few months
While same seems not ending after four years.

Revolution now is seen as threat
While with your mouth it's declared.
The fight against corruption
In your bid is an illusion.

As this is done in meritorious deceits.
Tell me not to raise any alarm.
How dare you say that?
As anarchy is eminent to your act.

In deep thought, the murder of the rule of law
Is announce in your filthy hands
As you desecrate the temple of justice
In bid to be above the law

Where is our hope?
Where are we to go from here?
No food on the table
As all had been inflated.
The minimum wage has no date of implementation

And you've come to fight corruption.
Are you not?
Hear me great Divine
As my petition is made from a wounded heart.
Forgive and let this cup pass us by
As in the time of general Abasha.

Trinity

Going by the way I dare to make.
He looks at me.
Everyday of puzzles and quest for a wife.
He looks at me.

Do the talking and the signing.
He stood to watch.
Laughter and affection secured.
He stood to watch.

And getting to the peak of love.
He changed the plan.
The need to get the hint,
That man proposes while God disposes.

This no man can understand.
Except haven't gone through the Trinity of the creator.

He speaks, yeah he speaks.
The cane of lack of peace if disobeyed.
His ways none can comprehend.
The wisdom of man is his foolishness.

Knock, knock and knock!
Is his call in your heart for a holy matrimony.
Not as those that after the waste end in litigation.
Through his love the son came for everlasting joy.
Hope you are set for an impact?

© olorode olorunleke.

Olorode Olorunleke

Deep

On this road of life
When being glow in thought.
Deep.
Breath in breath

That all is gone without fault.
Deep.
Deeper is life that we all go down the hell
In ignorance of the war against us.

Despite our activist in religious sects.
That we in most essence
Stand prey of the end time priests.
Not even of special life

As we merry also
In this way our leaders are grooming us.
Hate speech and freedom of speech.
Are the Goliaths dominant in our nation.

Deep.
Deeper do we go in all things
Even when tables are shaken
To unveiled the hidden in all holiness.

Oh saviour!
Help us out lest we go down the deep innocently.

© olorode olorunleke.

Olorode Olorunleke

Hear Me

Hear me

As I make my plea in deep thought.

Of what essence is this that come from my nostril?

In purity of joy I came

Smiling as I made my way down the laps.

We called it birth

And every year I'm being celebrated.

Hear me

As I make my plea in deep thought.

In the light of joy at birth

Most destiny is changed in bath

And inline with our birth destiny is dead

Daily labour with no result.

That all praise to God to have once a meal.

Hear me

As I make my plea in deep thought.

What's the need of life?

Why's life making us as Jabez?

The joy of life has choked us up.

Living in wealth and rag is our clothes.

Yet all praise to God

For awesome hope in six feet.

I hail you dear six feet.

You're so awesome that destinies are laid in you.

To restore after man us laid to sing,

Hark hark my soul as the Angels sing

Round the heavens and round the earth

Hear me

As I make my plea in deep thought.

Thanks for being God.

Help oh help

That I go not deep to the soil

On this rag and gnashing
This I pray awesome father.

© Olorode olorunleke

Olorode Olorunleke

Weakness

On this loft I place my head.
Lost in thought and deep in heart.
Not of a thing for glorification
But that which has gone
Beyond spirituality itself.

Despite all atonements made
To appeased the gods of the earth.
Even medications are in thousands.
Everyone still maintain its status quo.
Can this be a sickness or brain drained?

Of this I'm lost in clue.
What have you got to do with me this weakness?
I need you not.
For one who has the key
To unlock all things has won my heart.

Through his stripe my healing is sure
You have no right to make me the second Jabez.

© Olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Our Moses

Take me high
On the mountain top
Please do and do
Before this wind leads me down.

Life oh life,
Joy today, sorrow tomorrow.
That the village people get the credit.
Non knows when to be freed from

This dungeon we're made to be.
Even the sacred is not a place of rest.
Yet we all hope to see the better days
When our lads are in glorious cannabis

And aged in bourbon for joy to lay.
Dear Divine,
Arise to our aid
For this hell is too hot to bear

Has your second coming come and gone?
No, I know it's yet to come
What then will be the fate of sinners
That are resident here at your coming

Send to us now our Moses
Not as one we made in power in foolishness.
Before we're consumed by hunger.

© olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Divine Healing

Take on my bow
This journey I've made to sway.
So easy but made too hard.
Life itself is complex
That non can get its puzzle.

One thing is lack of funds to live,
And another is a deteriorated health.
Who's here to come of aid?
Non, I mean non is of love.
From afar they make their lash
With no aid for a better hope.

Will I live my day as this
Till I leave this soil?
Hope it's not this soon.
For this week stuff has made me lust.
Yet in all I glorify my maker.
For in him there's greater hope
Death or alive my praise will not end.
Cos divine healing is his
And it will manifest in me.

©olorunleke olorode.

Olorode Olorunleke

Yoke

On this voyage
I've found myself in a mute.
That even the captain lost in thought of ideas.
This is of the joy which life has dealt with me.
Love in lust that non knows my being.

Though being decorated as a black sheep...
Get no thought of me with no query.
Else you be sinful for gossiping.
That which has been our daily work

And no growth is made therefrom.
Lay no yoke on me,
For my loads are weight to bear.
But lighten it up for me.

Less I make a last visit to the grave.
And in your prayers my place be restored.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Cry

I can't imagine the cry ranged from my eyes
Sweeping the floor like a flood.
This non can imagine to be our lot.
Despite all hands on deck for success to make

Non can tell of how fate has thus loots us
Adiye nlagun, iyere nikoje
Can our days at tertiary be a waste?
No, I mean never.

Yet we celebrate the warming ass years after graduation
But their sons a greater hope is laid
While we at this end our strength put them in power
Four years come and gone

Our yoke daily compounds upon our glutton.
That that which laid in us as of the Greek.
We dare not enforce
Gbogbo wa tije dodo akole sododo
This thousand generations will benefit

Less their eyes and consciousness are brought back
No place of refuge to hope in our God
For in all our yoke do compound in their sermons and acts.

Our gracious God we pray you to restore us
As that of the Samaria.

© Olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

October First

Thinking of the bay that daily gush
From our ray on this lengthy voyage.
This at first wasn't envisage to be created,
For our calculator has failed us in haste.

Yes in haste it has failed us.
Despite the mountains of conferences and aluta,
Which has taken ocean from our skin.
In smart cerebral, they lay us still in their cave.

Not that warning hasn't been placed on us.
Yet in anticipation for liberation, our drums made close.
Ominira inira, ominira inira.
Was the statement that could have stopped us,

In falling prey of their menace.
October first I hail you and celebrate your wisdom.
Through ages and generations we shall sing your praise.
How have you come to place this yoke on our neck?

You're curse in all the days of the year.
Oh you're bless in realisation of our foolishness.
Thank you for making us to know our doom.
Foetus wey come out with pupu no go be person.

Na blood dem go be for dem no wait for their period.
To hell with those that have made this call for us.
Not for our good, but for their belly in praise.
We sing their praise, yes we will daily sing.

That no sooner than their Masters left,
That their missions clearly known.
The essence of Reformation was laid to rest.
After the birth of oloibiri our glory slain.

Now like handicaps we depend on our neighbours.
Yes we're handicaps, yet in wealth our loan daily grows.
Greatly dear Divine
On you our hope and the generations to come do lay.

You own the heart of Kings and chiefs
And control same to your satisfaction.

We pray you to touch our hearts and our leaders.
For in this lane we're, our Jesus may come soon.
Make for us leaders that will obey you.
Not as those in 2015 that deceit is their clothes.

Hope we thought they'd give but blames they through.
We've done this, yes we've done it.
Aso ko ba omoye mo, omoye tirin roro woja.
We have done this, yes we know our wrong
Our hope is In for total liberation from this slavery
Before we become Samaria of this generation.

© olorunleke olorode.

Olorode Olorunleke

Fate

See this wonder that enclaves our heart,
The song we sang as the Israelites in need of king.
That Change became our daily slogan.
Yes we need it, oh it must be in earnest.

In their time they called for revolution.
This period, it amounts to a treasonable offense.
Like the woman in the advice of Solomon
Lured us to their feast.

The sickness they have said to be healed.
Has prevailed on us that what ought to be the last resort is their strength.
Why and why has this loin come on us?
We eat crumbs in the midst of wealth.

And our head is not safe offshore the land.
What have we done that this yoke is laid on us
Even this favour could not lure his Uncle to solve.
It amazes me how a lawyer as him could be so interested in this man.

Our hope is lost even in the man we cherish to found it.
This is so astonishing for us to be slaves in our land.
Dear great divine, in your trust we are
For a Passover against this that has made itself our fate.

© Olorunleke Olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Order

Looking upon the Eucharist that clips our heart.
The sole journey to the promise Land of thought,
Not as that which ended up in forty years.
But the one that has brought sorrow in laughter to our face.

From the first year of life,
Had our lives made to see the lens book.
That mama with cane and pampered,
Launched us to face the hit of that which looks so Arabic to the eyes.

In this our castle was built till adulthood,
That all stressed out for gaining admission.
As Hanna in Shiloh it was granted.
With a spirit filled in joy acceptance was made.

But as the children of our slave Marsha, bill was lashed on us.
For the joy that has laid in our heart that we dare look not.
With no knowledge that pant will be the source of promotion.
While awaiting the burial of CGPA for any refusal.

Save, oh save dear great divine!
For the joy that needs to await our brides are taken for marks.
Please hear me as I make a prayer.
For an order of injunction to restrain the brides
From this place of lettered.

And for such further order or orders as my Lord may deemed fit to make.
No, oh no,
This will be heartless and inhuman to them.
For our world will be dark should this be granted.

Rather the prayer must be,
Please hear me as I make this prayer in respect of our brides.

For an order that the joy of aftermath of Sodom and Gomorrah.
Be that of those whom libido have lost its track.

An order that the prayer of Joshua on those that rebuild,
The wall of Jericho be that of the people.
And for such further order or orders as my Lord may deemed fit to make.

© olorunleke olorode

Olorode Olorunleke

Iwalewa

Blare the sensational movement that invade my heart.
Neither of money nor of fame.
I would have glorified upon the simplicity of the trends of this move.
It's of a young looking damsel my ray slashed of a smiling goddess.

TEMITOPE,
Ever since my eyes were set with that that come of your looks,
The whole of me had gone on exile awaiting you to call me home.
I love seeing that smile of yours.

Being glorified with bright tooth, solidified lips.
Can it ever be part of your dreams to date someone like me,
Which could lead to marriage subsequently?
If you sleep and start dreaming about me.

All your thought is totally in direction to me,
Just know that I've gone to the mountains cos of you.
My fasting and prayers has just begun.
And she said that I should not worry.

In what way will I put my mind at rest?
There's no assurance that we're dating or we will date.
Let me do all that just to have what I want.
And you're the one I want.

You're the epitome of beauty.
Your walking posture is like winning queen.
That's been before the creation of the universe.
Your breasts are fit in such a way to make you the beauty of the world.

If you're to be a goddess,
I'll place my dwelling in your castle.
To daily make sacrifices for the goddess of beauty.
Even now, I don't mind spending a million years by you.

For that Which is cooked in your smile can't be eaten till the end of the world.
If this beauty of yours is couple with a good character,
You will win the award of the idol of beauty cos iwalewa.
It will be a great sin for everlasting unforgivingness.

Not to tell you about the beep that's stationed at your back.
They're the sweetest of all that make one say that I die dere.
Your voice is more clear and great than that of the Nightingale
You've got all around you to be a perfect woman that Kings will que to marry.

TEMITOPE!

I can't force you to be my love.
You're the love that's made to be loved.
The real essence of Love.

Did you just muttered that your head is swelling?
This is not true till I hear the words of love from you.
As I've earlier said I can't force you to love me or a word of love from you.
Just know and keep praying not to be the reason for the second Titan war.

My request is never to be a friend
But more than a friend.
My wish is to be the crown that daily brings joy to your face.
That solid purpose of attractions.
Grant my request as prayed.

©? Olorunleke Olorode.

Olorode Olorunleke

Long Live My Country

I'm not pleased with this work that range against me.
Could it be to have lust in a meritorious thought.
Brain blank or full brain in the dunghill master state.
President buhari has gone to visit Queen Elizabeth,
In her palace located in the moon.

Yes her palace is in the moon.
Even the United States Villa is in the garden of Eden.
Hear the looks that invade my skin.
In pity, if I heard you say that again.
Else I will truck your nose in the anus.

You this miserable children of Adam.
See oh see, here I am in peace in my kingdom.
Tell me what's going on with you,
In that dungeon you called nation?
I know nothing will be said.

When your Esau has sold his birthright to Jacob.
Can't you see the ocean gushing out of my ray?
Not that you're not told that,
Ominira inira, ominira inira.
The prophet said it but he's made a beggar.

Education and technologies an half baked food.
Yet you glory while a region is made supper,
And others a desired hero of limitations.
Long live my country,
Long live my country.

Iluti omoeleran tinje egungun eran,
And Prince is made a slave.
Are you still looking at me?
See mad mad people.
Hahahahahaha.

You better go and declare that your first of ten,
A mourning day for the plague that has invaded you.
Increase in vat and tax while hope is lost on the currency.

Nothing, I mean nothing is in glory.
David win ten thousand and Saul win a thousand.

Is the song in praise of those bastards
That ought to have been laid to rest and their heirs.
Come oh come and be a citizen of my kingdom.
Go ye back to restore your baseless nation.
For you all are the cause of your present plague.
My prayers go with you mad mad people.

©?Olorode Olorunleke.

Olorode Olorunleke

Independence Slavery

Sail from afar of my journey made.
What could be the sound my ear do hear?
This seems to be that of a glorious celebration,
Which needs no ear to be put on the wall.

Ogiri leti.
The wonderful work of men in women at the village square.
When asked of what celebration it could be.
The Independence and new birth of our nation.

In purity of joy my heart celebrates the celebration from this long term slavery.
Not knowing that it's starting of the yoke to be place on us,
The foundation which was laid in 1914.
While now at close sixty still a crawling lad.

Despite the cry for this change and that change.
Hmmmmm...
When the foundation is destroyed, what can the righteous do?
Now we're amuse by fulanization of us which has been brought by RUGA.

Why the cry is coming now when our silence is grace by the Independence
slavery.
Equity doesn't help the indolence but the Swift.
War here and there is said to be the eminent solution.
How dare you note that?

Trust that you've met with the victims of the Biafra war,
Your testimony would have changed.
Ibere ogun lanri kosenitoleri eyin re.
Dear great Divine kindly arise to our rescue for kwanshoko has overridden the
belly.

©? Olorode olorunleke.

Simplicity

Walked on my nerves daily the heart made.
Which always get me puzzle on the step to make.
Always in silence neither of not knowing what to do,
But of the greater law which is in conflict with ours.
The former gives more hope than the latter
Of the eternal reign with the saviour of the world.
Hope this will be my gain less the trauma of my land
Truncate this my silence.
Simplicity or no simplicity this which has choked out the good in us.
Could this be the situation of the economy in our land?
This which the loots at the government embrace for the care of unborn.
No, I can't bare the crook alone,
For the pains which the bastards do cause us for their prodigals.
Has no limitations to be compared to
An hungry man is an angry man they say.
This the colonial Masters have used to put us in slavery Independence
The law of our Lord Jesus Christ which is supreme.
Notwithstanding this fact it's best to be simple and not foolish.

©? Olorode olorunleke

Olorode Olorunleke

Deep In The Heart

Walking head bent across the street
Ruminating what life could have been.
Whether of lost or or gain,
Deep in the heart.

The sojourn of life so confusing
That it can't rely on itself anymore.
Cos a bright thing in a minute
Is turned blank in another minute.
Deep in the heart.

We all rejoice in the new birth
Yet some even in the blood
Determine the future of the lad while innocent.
Deep in the heart.

Women in birth cried so hard
And in later years Abaddon him to the hand of not smiling face.
For the fear of death and the goodies of life.
That this is made a living corpse.
Deep in the heart.

What could be said of a life full of wonders
That our people have made to wander
Like the Israelites journey in the wilderness?
Even a good encounter is made the best of enemies
Deep in the heart.

Now she comes with the heart of care.
After all has been done and life truncated
No, when education has gone to its pick.
Asokobomoyemo omoyetirin irorowoja ati Oju apakole joju ara
Deep in the heart.

My heart sings the song of Lamentations
For the things that is yet to unravel.
Sorry Lord, I still believe in your supper natural power
Of healing and deliverance like the man at the beautiful gate.
Come to my rescue for all is deep in the heart.

©? Olorode olorunleke.

Olorode Olorunleke

Thy Will

Raised a bow my shoulder emerged,
Like those on tie glory for modern slavery
After million nights of bookworm.
Not of a thing that makes the kingdom of our saviour comes.

Yet it's a fulfillment of the order of our creator.
Increase, multiply and replenish the earth.
This my heart is pinned after attaining adulthood.
But life has not been smiling on me since my quest has been in fame

Like our elders in attorney in the name of mentoring
Empower us to be kwashokwo.
That everything underneath bra
My desire is made to love.

Could this be love or lust?
This my heart is yet to comprehend.
My heart in earnest pants for a true love,
Not as those that can't do without pant
But for matrimonial bliss as my Lord pleases.
This I pray not of mywill but thy will be done.

Olorode Olorunleke

Great Order

Life, aloud it sings with strings
but none know its lay.
Shouting here and there of no help it ensures.
Setting the blink of the microscope across onwards,

The memory of her blocks my skull,
Till almost getting to where our saviour laid,
Minding not her heart of sheep or goat to know.
Talks and walks we celebrate till the D day.

The gloomy and charming all day things are fix,
That reality is not infocus for the absolute love in Toronto.
And this do tell after i do exchange in contract.
Divorce, the best gift in marriage to crown the most celebrated event in our
world.

Where had love unconditional gone?
Maybe inside the sixth feet.
The fate of the our singles in doubts that most swim into baby mama.
Be far from me you matrimonial bliss,

This my heart complaints after much thought,
And not fewer than later that it done on me,
The remembrance of the great order "increase and multiply".
With no much to be done,
I set to find and make her rules my world.

Olorode Olorunleke

Carcass

Off a limb I moved from this tempting building,
An abode cage life was made a wonder from the fetus,
This none can resist dwelling on this soil.
His power is engrave in his laws that are binding.
To love and not to love, this has crone us
And we dare not disobey less death lays its cool hand on our joy.
But the one who loves ordered not to be conform with the world
Though the soul wishes but the body is weak.
What a shame that the rays and the drums are the link to destroy...
But the heart is the gate to destruction and salvation,
As a man thinks in his heart so he is.
No matter the cry of the messengers and self confession,
The cleaning of this building is a waste, if the ray is not close to that which
makes one weak.
While the journey to paradise is a game of troy,
The kingdom of God is suffering violence and the violent takes it by force.
Joy lays in me as I go beyond but walking in mystery cos no one could hear me
speak,
As my building lays fallow in the cold awaiting its final lay away.
What a carcass!
Be it pride, wealth, poverty, charity, evil, purity of heart, hatred etc, all in six
feet gone.

Olorode Olorunleke

Tensed

Daily my heart groans for the mystery it sees,
Not of the miracle of Christ but of what we are cloned,
That the sword in our hands is the staff of the merchants,
Solely for the interest of the overlord.

Not as it is laid in their territory the youths on tweak for labour,
Had it been this independence is not made of
The existence of this generation won't have been cut off
No joy in degree till you are squeeze to match to their labour.

When will this mystery cut off from us less it cut off our head,
No place of refuge for all are the foe of themselves,
The fear of not being query is laid
in the heart of members against attending the event of others.

Yet the grand master declared to love each-other,
Even the one that proclaims to be enemy,
Non in obedience make this greater,
And they all while witch hunting put us in mummy.

Will this continue cos in groaning our cry do make,
Not as the Israelite on the way to Canaan?
This generation is wearing with no essence of landmark,
Dear divine heal our land and not to regret being Nigerian.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Cross

Beyond the cross being laid on me
Life has been made so perfect
To dwell in the solitary vineyard
Where joy sings the melancholic praise

Not even the social can ease this defect
If you think of being endowed to relieve this grave in me
Thought of no thought of this menace has made me his guard
You are yet there if you fail to find the key to exit this place

This is what my society and country has made of me from lad
That we daily celebrate the death of morals in a glance
Making our children jackpot in the hands our enemy
Where do i go from here to make me perfect

Neither hell nor heaven is easy to be
Yet like our politicians we would have defect
The place of worship being the place of warship where end Comes to household
Faith is gone, unity is dead in the place of praise

What then could be the essence of life there is no input
Neither here nor there can one place his head
For hope is lost in all and in part we are set to be
To you divine we pray in all issues to daily sing your praise.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Lady

Come to me the one whose heart is tender,
so handsome that your organ must be my shop,
ti ko ba kin se oko eni ashaje ale eni,
in this life of mine, i've not set my eye on one that is better,
let's enjoy the best of our time for the scent of my bed is laid in group.

Thanks mostly for this invite of which can't be find in many,
you're the gem of beauty from where Dubai take its glory,
everything in you is made perfect even before creation,
let not lies be told of glamour that is laid in your body,
even David swing to it in no care of his generation.

Hear, hear not her words so my spirit says,
as she blinks her eyes and swing her tongue like snake so she is,
her lap is death and bed is hell,
Joseph in his might was aware that he has more story to tell,
in defense of the glory that might be lost to the joy of erection,
free sex is free and destruction.

The good man is gone from our end whose death we evoke,
jet age the assassin of our sanity,
divorce here and there the source of our past joke,
neither parents nor place of worship is different to take off this yoke,
who then will make our world and generation the place of sanity?

Olorode Olorunleke

Bewaji

From afar my eyes glanced
at the coming of a walking statute,
in modesty this her coming can't be overlook,
so beautiful and well shaped,
that non could escape her nest,

like those that marry our wards for pasture with crook,
and our elders do overlook with no concern.
agba kin wa ki ori omo tuntun wo,
this is never in our case, for with their hands the head is turn,
that everything laboured for are made worse.

in pride they make our joy know no bound,
while wearing the look of the scribes to retrieve it.
thirty thousand minimum wage being approve,
and the rumour that the grand slave marshal increase the tax,
not for us but for the care of their prodigal.

in approaching this damsel, she is said to be Bewaji,
you need to hear the good that is made of her cord,
responding, my response was is this Bewaji the grand slave marshal
the Delilah of our nation in whose hand we merry in pains
and at the end of every four years come this way to share a bound,
this we can't put to end cos of this irresistible of hers.

when will your hook be cut off from our neck?
even our place of refuge is lust in this beauty of yours,
that non could in its conscience be our Samson,
cos their belly is filled in greed to lead us through the right part.
dear divine, do fight our battle now and not till we cry from the soil.

Olorode Olorunleke

Lamentation.

Hoop lock loop,
The ecstasy that gaga ones heart above,
For that which do enclose us all bellow our worth,
In this we tend to daily lay our hope,
In return, lamentation its songs give.

Non could claim if alive or in death,
In our heart, our existence all claim lay in the hand of the maker,
Engrossed in thought of the reason to have fall into the trap of this teacher,
Unlike Mr Aderibigbe a tender hearted mentor,
Whose memory will linger till death.

Don't you dare place your look from that distance,
This many do without making any difference,
Bolade please give a hint for us to cope,
Of the reason all claim to lack interest with no waive,
But fall prey of cheaters and enemies of the creator.

Could we go beyond our landmark?
This we never want to and not wear the shoe of our daddy's and colleagues
In tussle for that seat that creates wealth,
Why disregarding their birth and it loop,
Love in love has not been love.

Non in this league won't be a lust to thought,
When such sees the lame making his way to the bliss without caretaker,
What would the maker make of this matter?
Could it be for the purpose not to fall prey of this generation parents?
Dear divine lay your ear to us not to go gray before making a glance!

Olorode Olorunleke

Maturity

You hit my heart with the sword of your mouth,
Lashing and petting in smile you kill my ego.
Said of your words of love my heart bleeds in pity,
That in the world of the lads my act is laid.

Talking too much, selfish, ego loss, of these can be said less.
Gotten from you that a fool at forty is not only a fool forever,
Also a fool at thirty is a permanent fool.
Yet in my soul I'm being simple,

And non gets it not and call it immaturity.
From it the act of which I can't comprehend.
I love all I do but their understanding of me is less factual.
Braise yourself my soul and let your ego lay in you,

For you're the author of your circumstances,
And they won't be there to answer the question of your soul.
Talk less and listen more,
Also choose whom to interact with,
In this your honour could be earned.

Olorode Olorunleke

Christmas

My heart is overwhelmed with the burden of what is to come.
Death or life non can declare,
For our hands are tight in that which we love doing.
I'm in regret for creating man,

The declaration of the creator in reaction to our acts.
Daily atonements is disgust to his smell,
Making a need for a supper atonement to be made.
Who can go to the world and die for its sin?

And here comes the lamb to say here I am send me.
From a virgin our redemption arrived,
Not like ours that's tested and certified before the bliss.
For unto us a child is born.

... And his name shall be Emmanuel.
Hmmm,
Many his birth they wanted from the crown,
While through the meager the joy of the world appeared.

With the smile of the stars the wise visited with gifts,
Not in our days that charity is clone.
This our hearts yearly merry for the birth of the lamb,
Yet we are lust in the merry to forget the aim of his birth.

Christ the saviour is born,
Christ the saviour is born!

Olorode Olorunleke

Aisle

In a glamour looks she made her way through the aisle.
Making her feet to dazzle the soil for the joy that lays in her heart,
Like the Angel she appeared to meet the bridegroom,
Wearing a purified white of Mary.

Who is this like star appearing?
That all were made to recall his second coming.
Could this be true that nothing is laid in this purity?
not of the fact in losing the joy of motherhood to being a slay mama.

Nipples have been made slack in the joy of social vibes.
Yet her way was found in to make a blissful vow.
Can the creator be fooled?
Marriage honourable in all bed not defiled.

this will never be done in a recent time?
oh it can, less we continue to dwell in deceit,
And our glory be made waste in hell,
That at last our body will not be made to walk through the aisle
While under the everlasting condemnation,

Olorode Olorunleke

Mercy!

Pumps my heart to see you take a 180 degree turn,
Lumpen and thinking of the wonders your acts had
done to me.

That a life is made sinning against the creator.

It came, yes it does of a divine warning against
being cloud by the nipples.

When the hormone is crying for it,

And age couple with the society vibes are not
helping.

Then daily longing can't be made whole,

Comes, the declaration of sin upon my neck,

For love yet unfound has glued me beyond my
space.

In the heat of anger my creator is and danger is at
stake.

Won't I loose my crown to this unseasoned voyage?

...in you dear divine I ask for mercy,

for the most loved has put on the crown of vashty.

Making life miserable even to share a thought.

Like Hannah I make my plea that she answers
soon,

Or at your will let there be miracle.

That I will stop my act and Lucifer will not be my lord.

Olorode Olorunleke

Veto

from a glorious look
my heart daze at your presence,
to celebrate the hate love that is cook.
how dare you gaze at me as a place less of grace.
that despite its fertility is less than a desert.
this our men daily cart our resources for their gain,
and every four years their works are made manifest to bless our glutton,
for which our thumb are to be the cost.
why and how should this be the usual trend?
non of this could the answer be find,
when their wards are out with no brain to ease our heart.
oh dear divine let the bones of those that afflict us be crush,
except their focus be changed to take your land out of slavery.
©olorode olorunleke

Olorode Olorunleke

Sons Of Light

Made from the dust
And created the sixth day of life.
Your breath is for the exploit of the creator on earth.
Not that which was done that they were sent on exile
To till the soil in the rain that gorge from the skin.

And come with it
From the dust you came and to it shall you return.
For His love made still that the lamb came to bridge the gap.
For we were in darkness
For through his death exceeding light shines on us.

Up NEPA
Oh this is never that of my country
Whose confidence everyone never got.
You're the light of the world.

Why do darkness glory as your lord?
Letting your strength to dwell in frat
To be honour by those whose bone are weak.
And being the slaves of our political merchants

Whose children are groom to be your lords
Omolomo lanranise de torutoru.
Only if you could hear their crying from the soil
Those whose destiny you've made to glory from the dust.

Wait and hear me well
Emmanuel has made it right
To bring you back to your creator
Give him the chance
I beg you not to let him go

His being is to make us the sons of light,
That we may be the light of our generation.

Olorode Olorunleke

Esther

Looking beyond the eclipse of a filter future,
In which the ray can neatly clarify.
My heart adored the beauty of a coming queen,
This been scarce like that which has brought our land to recession.
Being smart and in love with her dancing potty,
I laid hold of the electric wizard for pictures,
That I may lay her on my beautiful mattress.
In dismay of thought, a walking leaf with human toe she is.
With this a joyful exclamation purge out from me,
That I would have been a prodigal son to destiny,
Had a covenant of love been made with her.
This many have been victims and their future has been filtered.
Why and how do we look at that which has been planted below the skirt,
And the fruits planted in the chest?
Leaving the reality to take its course.
Yet the village witchcrafts are to be blame for our lack of discipline.
To all men is a good wife with all necessary features,
That others have but it's duty bound on us to nurture her to our taste.
Making daily confession while looking to her eyes,
That you're endow with the best features of a loving wife.
Hear me well my Esther, you're the best my imagination can ever tell.

Olorode Olorunleke

Pondering

Looking above the hub that entangles our mind,
The eclipse of the mind that our eyes do see.
That action can't take its cause to make us dwell,
Daily do we see it and its talks reign in our mind.
In their dressing and movement they flaunt it for us to see.
When we tend to embrace the goodies for us to dwell,
The book shows us its illegality,
While our mind is enslave from its entangle.
Several talks to the person i thought could show me the reality.
In the world of Vashty she is building her castle.
When will the jinx of this be broken in our mind,
That our Joseph won't be made to be David?
Hear me well oh divine that She hear my plea,
And I won't fall into the hand of Jezebel.

Olorode Olorunleke

Slavery Advocacy

Loft in my heart do dwell,
The pregnancy of this journey of a year.
Which my country has cloned me to dwell.
After several years in the institution with the last praise to bear.

Green and white like the 50 naira men that stop us on the way,
We are found to be.
Our fate is laid in the hand of those whose spirit sincerely fail to pay.

Could this be a scam of an ancient tribe?
Yet many through SAED their lives know no struggle.
While in the advocacy of right we are groom as slave,
In the name of mentoring our glory is laid in the grave.

When will the junior advocates be free from the hand of our persecutors?
This is laid in the hand of the chief justice,
Or should we be expecting the coming of the Messiah?

Olorode Olorunleke

Spiritual Journey

On the surface shore lay her head
As a person gone in a trance
To get messages to us from our God.
The revelation of which we need not to trace.

In cause of which the cerebrum is gone from the reality of life,
This our law known as being of unsound mind.
Things done are to reveal the past and the future.
The substance of our heart told us she has gone a million miles between death
and life,

Through this nature express his mind to the creature.
Days of feeding we dare not fathom,
As pipe goes below the earth for spiritual feeding,
While our minds puzzle on the reality of the ascension to the spiritual journey.

Could there be any reality on the ascension to the spiritual journey?
This our faculty can't tell except we are made spiritual being.
The trust of her messages have been laid in doubt,
Cos olugbohun, ajagbohun and putting on the dog eyes give the might.

Not even can we argue her ascension with a natural mind.
Despite this there are many whose reality of ascension can't be question.
Remembrance of the teaching of the Messiah hits my heart
That leave them to grow together and at the harvest time there will be
separation.

©Olorode Olorunleke Samuel.

Olorode Olorunleke

Unjust Cause

You looking towards the sky hoping to get something?
Aigbofa lanwoke, ifakan kosi ni paara.
Why and how would you do that when you're not Abraham,
Unto him whose life was tested to be the father of all nations?

Could you stand such test with no hope for better thing?
Try it and you see your life be better,
Neither can the mother soil do same.
In the sacks she uses to exist gold coast our hopes are pack to other nations.

What's our hopes and where lies our lives?
Even the grave can't question her judgment,
Lest it dies the second death before the judgment of Messiah.
Iku npalosan onpaloru,

The poor daily cry and the rich grow in their desire.
Our lads are the weapons of the merchant crew
While their children are being nurture for political sits.
The beautiful ones are yet to be born and the ugly are failing to die.

This is the stream of our daily cry.
Haven't lost focus the use of hijab is the major talk in town
That our schools are forced to be closed down.
All in pretence of the right to religion and association,

Neglecting that not all right is absolute for the purpose of peace of the nation.
Look into my eyes and tell me that my skull has gone below my ankle.
And I will tell you that a trial of putting on this right cant be handle.
Think oh think my dear,
Cos the mother soil needs us more for it to be clear.
Better than being the generation of Cain for the power that rest in us.

©Olorode Olorunleke Samuel.

Olorode Olorunleke

Carpenter Slash

Carpenter slash!

Hook up your heart my dear baefrom Iceland,
In your watch my hand laid in the armpit like a clown.
The moses vocal in the bush to the lord.

You bug my heart and put it in a lawn.
My heart wax that the cerebral could not hold its weight,

Little talk, carpenter slash on the head,
Why me and what could have been my worth,
That this greatness my life made?

Papa in his heart could not comprehend that ocean gorge from the ray,
In your mercy dear divine let this cup pass me by.

Be far from here you this pot of wine!
Your handmaid is not a drunk but making her request to Him that will make the
pay.
Your faith has made you whole,
Go and sin no more.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Plight

My plight

Daily I cry for no reason to purge my heart,
In the depth of wealth that my soul wailed.
Most in thoughts reason for the lost of my bread,
The significance of omotoyikogbon with a fulfilled heart.

No day went by that my face is not frown,
The course of which is well known.
The evil in human nature,
One which our hearts daily nurture.

Yet all undercover with the religious rites,
That our laws are bend to suit the majority sects.
Ah where is the fate of the minority?
Here it is laid in the grave of purity.

Even pagans are more worthy than them,
Than what they tend to claim.
Dear great lord when are you coming back?
Come so soon for our breath is deep in the dark.

Olorode Olorunleke

She

In a stress free lane

We embarked on the foot of voyage,
This we daily go with no thought of menace to our age.
From there we learn the gist of a brighten mother,
Which was also made known by the wise man

in appreciation of their work to our father.

Through her he gets the great honor from everyone of all age,
Not as the 21st century holy Mary whose laps have no gage,
And always set to make peace with him that slap do thunder in his face,
Upon a slight argument to lay claim for feminist in this Millennium phase.

A woman of substance she's called

For early does she daily wake for the care of her family.
Tender hearted that her children are the instruments of peace,
not as that one we daily make our journey

That in her silence many have done reunion with the ancient family.
By all she's loved cos feminist or no feminist

Her heart detest not to make peace,

Yet in her is the fountain of education and discipline,
Not as our immediate mother

That no members of the husband can be inclined,
Little are to be blame for the action of our immediate mother

As against the husband family,
Cos in such is the shrine of provocation

That some innocent were laid to the cave so early.

Show me that great woman that is faithful to the end,
And I will tell you that she's the most happy at the end.
I pray you my creator

Open my eyes to know that Esther whom you have made for me,
So that I will not through lust go in search of Jezebel that will kill your spirit in
me.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Joy

MY JOY

Gently she stopped to enter a cab towards her destination,
And out of consciousness my heart glued to her good looking face.
In a soft voice I greeted her and in the same way she replied with no need for
explanation,
This created talks between us with the expectation of graduating to the new
phase.

Her beauty is more to be compare to the city of Texas,
Wisdom is her nature and understanding is her being.
To talk of her shape is like turning a wow to a daily song that has been.
Yet that never get beyond her skull to be a vashty,

Humility is her name but when you dare step her toes death is your reward.
Her reward of death is not as our herdsmen and of our government,
For the words that comes from her mouth is enough for suicide mission.
Hear my daily cries that come from a righteous heart,

To make your heart to accept me for an everlasting bliss.
Judge me not with my act or dressing for these I amended but end in vain,
Rather let your judgement be in the truthfulness of my heart.
Hear my prayers rear gem for days count on me daily,

And for my joy to have no end and in this I give you my love.

Olorode Olorunleke

Waste

in my watch I look into the Titan of this life,
Moving from pillar to pole to suite the impulse that binds us.
Waste.

Beauty ugly this impulse never let to know haste in time to make a wife,
Most in act never worth the owners of the house.

Waste.

Does this mean all together will be in paradise?

Neither do anyone marry nor given in marriage,

This in time mean waste is my haste.

Don't touch my property or your head will be lay in cave,

When the owner of the soul come to claim it such restricted is the owner.

Slay your ego in the life abattoir else you be Nebuchadnezzar,

For I honor the humble but those in pride I look afar.

I want to make all the money on earth that my maker my time not give.

Put your mind at it that the beneficiaries of the June Lagos tanker explosion,

Are the lovers of work with nothing they returned to the maker.

Vanity upon vanity, all is vanity,

The advice of the King to them that are ready to wait.

Hear me as I exclaim you the acclaimed waster,

Hope you forget not that you're a waste as a dead rat.

Fear not anyone that can't kill the soul than the body,

But be afraid of him that can kill both the body and soul.

Dust for the dust, soil for the soil.

Olorode Olorunleke

Change

CHANGE

Be close to hear the sounding vocal that daily ring,
in the blues its sounds are being made
towards the sapocre for the final rites,
walk on your head lest your remains echoesthe same song.
the divine melodies we daily hear since february takes the lead.
this we have laid on ourselves for the remembrance of the gruesome loot.
neither this is the sole friend that glorifies the intestine for the world to see,
in haste they are made low for they are not in their knight,
but anyone that rises against this is brought to justice.
change change change
where is your heart that both the gray and the lad daily lay in line?
never let this mean you prime in your will than the blood you lead.
show me a leader and i will tell you that he is a shepherd that sacrifice,
not the one your knight daily make to fake their love for the creator,
but one which is able to risk his soul for the lost sheep to be found.
this is dead in the faith for the wolves are the mentors.
God be with you till we see for the last song.

Open the cerebrum my youths,
Not the goliath that reside within the thighs,
To end the blood bath that is crossing our path.
In your strength do these wolves energise their services.
With this you can cut them down as the students in their diversities manifest our
freedom.
Work the work and talk the talk,
That unity in diversity will rule this Kingdom.
That as the builders in babel will say farewell to this goliath our hope do lay.

Olorode Olorunleke

Mother Of Beauty

on the voyage of my father my feet invade,
looking up front from a metallic monster,
a damsel my ray stunts.
in s.s.c.e outlook her journey was made,
for a prayer answered she came in all that matter.
then it done on me that in her glues my heart.
could this mean that love at first sight do exist?
no, until i find myself in one
she is beautiful and that is laid in her heart.
the gift of the body in her that all can exclaim are awesome for perfection.
Solomon in his glory can not be compare to her.
Agbelesola Abolade you are the beauty.
not of that that fades with time and empty.
blessed is the womb that delivers you.
open your heart that a matrimonial bliss will be made between me and you,
to make my long made prayers be answer oh mother of beauty.

Olorode Olorunleke

Olayemi

OLAYEMI

Raise my hand beyond your prowess,
A beautiful harmstrong of the running hill.
In a watch I saw him coming to trespass,
Of which his coming was beyond my will.
You have come to me with bow and arrow,
These I have none but with my power I will make you bow.
In no other thought my mind glimpse to him that without notice invade us,
That neither ogun in its might can be of help,
From then our win win become loose loose.
The breath of God do call but no one could hear,
Before ascending for judgement that all do err.
Olayemi, the great priest of the most high,
Why could you leave without letting us know the notice of owner to take
possession written to you?
Like our landlords do glory when their glutton is calling for help.
Our priest and father is gone without anything we can do.
Yet many in foolishness have forgotten that soon they will be dust.
Of what essence is the power of the powerful,
When the power can't save him below the sixth feet?
Say me well to Oshitelu and Adejobi our matyrrs.
Adieu, Adieu!

Olorode Olorunleke

Dancing Toe

From the tower my eyes behold an awesome dancing toe,
not as the king did to put her in a family way.
Could this be of the liberation of the rejoicing heart in the nest of her foe?
This one that caught my ray is never of liberation,
But of the youngs whose future is stationed below the shadow of their rays.
If it's to be asked, their claims will be to satisfy the glutton to liberation.
Behold, don't you see how it's being dance all the way?
From Yahooze to Shakushaku like the Imbecile they show their expression,
regardless of status or religion,
this seems to unite us all but it's done to the glory of our spiritual Foe.
Kosi erukan tolesin oga meji bikose komu okan, kosipa ekejiti.
You're a slave to the master that control your heart.
Jiojobi okoto re is to deny yourself of an everlasting liberty.
let the drum of your ear links your heart to the praise of our God,
for the second coming is at hand.

Olorode Olorunleke

Crying Heaven

Quick from the cloud,
hail the heaven is crying,
lay on it a blue white cloud,
the narrow thing that brings us joy from this desert frying,
a wonderful friend that liberates us from the smiling sun.
Neither those at the upper chamber can dare your wroth nor their son,
as they make fat the sweat of the poor and fail to increase their penny,
else they will loose their comfort to the flood our other friend.
Iwolole koja lafin Ooni laiki debitolesodi alaileni.
In dis-thought do my heart pants as to the reason for your weeping to touch our
land.
Could it be the unloving act of men to another?
or a gross misconduct to your order?
No wonder the creator was sad for creating men.
Oh the second coming is at hand!
the my instinct reveals that this in season occur to cause fertility to our land.
A wonderful friend like yours is hard to be seen,
for you own the totality of all being.
I love you.

Olorode Olorunleke

Akanmu

Eroju ole ekomu,
Eroju ole ekomu,
Omoyin kosagbafo onkasowale,
Eroju ole ekomu.

This in astonishment my spirit wane,
Of the drum that echoes from afar,
with no dancer that its sound be in vain.
In soundness of mind my heart focuses on Akanmu,

The elderly son of Ojewale,
Whose birth our common enemies never prefer,
In their claims do Ojewale household rejoices at liberty,
Suffering in wealth do they celebrate their Passover.

Will i be right to purge out the name of Akanmu?
For the awesome things he is doing to make our purse empty,
Like the Executives and the Legislators of a country that sit on a tower,
That in ghanamustgo and agbada its wealth is enveloped to the slave Master.

Yet Oyenusi in their hands knows no peace until he's brought down,
And every back that is turn against them is the enemy of democracy.
Oponu nparare oni oun pa olowo oun.
But the instinct of our men is enclose to this,

that before the end of four years they come to appease our gluttons.
At the end, the next generations die from its disease.
My great friend Akanmu,
When will your soul gain its liberty from the light fingering of yours?

That all will be assure of your innocence in the time of doubt and discrepancy.
This do not start big but from little things.
He who much is given, much is expected!

Olorode Olorunleke

The Mighty From A Wonderland

THE MIGHTY FROM A WONDERLAND

Stay away from my bay

Oh the mighty from a Wonderland,

Like the part of the red sea to Canaan land.

Our children and wives

Daily sing your songs for miracles that storm us

Through your birth.

Oniyan bamagbe kobanidaro aro,

Oniyan to bamo aluko nbani daro osu,

Oniyan to bamolekeleke banidaro efun.

Ah nkan sele, emowolu reyi

And it's hidden from us.

With a friendly smile you play us your roll,

Just like the police in my country

Implicate people for refusal to get fifty box.

Can we say that we have been the cane lashing ourselves?

Oh democracy we are grateful for making us crazy,

With a good look umbrella they came

Not knowing that they are pigs

That will later put us in the mud.

Thinking that they will shield us from the rain of poverty.

Oniyan tanikofeniloju, oyiatalofirenu.

We swept them out,

With joy we swept them out.

That our mind is focused on the broom

To do the final cleaning.

Without knowing that we have picked the broom from mud.

Oniyan lamipe kowasejoba

Laimope egbere losorifunwa.

Blindfolded with cries that our country daily bath in blood.

Oogun o iwonimope

Olominile fejewé is the broom we love

In order to embrace religious tolerance.

Democracy! You are the mighty from a Wonderland.

Don't you see your siblings from other countries?

And how they are making life comfortable for all.

Sleep tight in a reasonable sleep

That by this time tomorrow morning

A bag of rice will be sold for 2k.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Country

Bear my heart above your snare dear friend.
let us daily cluck than the daily nourishment of my church.
your works in the past have blown this land.
with no cane in your hands our boys are being lash.
see this mad fellow staring at me as if i am president trump reading news.
dear friend touch him not cos i will deal with him myself myself.
he cant see you but his spirit is saying that i am mad.
awake from your slumber you sleeping giant.
has your brain gone beyond your ankle that you care not of yourself?
let me know the difference between myself whose life is from the bin and
yourself the modern slave of the aso rock.
why is your sight camping that death is about to take your place.
that every four years they make atonement to your glutton,
while the future of your infants is in exchange of a spoon of puradge.
in your doom they declared the youths as the future leaders while they are being
made political thugs.
no place of refuge to you oh muster even your religious leaders have
compromised.
in you is the key in raising the standard of you country than my country.
be a dead man to greed and be lover to saying the truth.
forgive the little boy friend.
upon our heads we will walk to eat the faeces at that junction as some people do
for rituals.

Olorode Olorunleke

Lilly Of The Earth

Grace my heart within your smiles the lily of the earth.
from afar i see you glow even when the sun is asleep.
daily i pretend to behold the illumination that lay in your skin,
but nature proved me wrong in unfolding my eyes to the things beyond the skirt.

that which has made our men to be a lost sheep.
my heart pants always than the pounds of blood lost to accident when i set my
eyes on you.
can someone define love for me?
let no one bother for in you is the whole definition of love.
to find a beauty as you will take the next generation when we would have been
made to the dust.
pay no attention to the sounds of the mosquitoes in need of your heart for their
aims are evil.
listen well to me oh Lilly of the earth that you wont at the end gnash.
my heart seeks your heart for an everlasting love.
be my wife that our God will be happy for choosing right.
for we are made to dwell together in riches and lacks.
with the whole of heavens i plead with you that you will not regret not being my
wife.

Olorode Olorunleke

Friend Request

FRIEND REQUEST.

see her as she walks through the tower.

her beauty is so fascinating that none can comprehend.

as simple as she is, her venom is less than that of our prime minister.

in a second she freezes the blood of her victim in a covered head.

just as those that make our laws while in peoples' blood they bath.

what is your name for me to be close to you as a friend.

not as that you made with eve in the garden that she was sent out.

let us make a deal that you strike my strong enemies with your lovely tongue,

even those making us to be modern slaves that they will not last long.

as lovely as you are, i pray you never to come to my dwelling in your anger.

Olorode Olorunleke

Grief

looking beyond the sky, yes i stare above the mountain.
to climb it in several trips that at last i build a tower.
withing my thought the heavens raise their smiles but the earth place me bellow
the mountain.

rest became my enemy that at the end we will all leap for joy.
prayer became my lover but in a loud voice i heard the negative of my prayer.
melancholy became my lover that i be a lover of women for joy.
several were called, none was chosen,
the instrument of the village remotes for failure.
mr sylvester udemezue was right about you but i was made powerless to bring
you down.

daily sleeping in the class and pressing of my phone to overcome the sleep,
though i studied like tomorrow will be the exam day yet failure laid its hand on
me.

oh, lest i be ungrateful.
it is only the foolish one that will not appreciate God.
there is nothing that happens to man without God knowing.
praise to the creator for the unfolding success.

Olorode Olorunleke

Akudaya

what a wonder that strained my heart as you left us with no farewell!
our hearts were dazed as your body lay down and you awoken.
with the whole of our breathe our eyes purge out crying.
you hear us speak but we hear you not neither see you wandering the earth.

we proclaim our love for you that you be our friend in the spirit.
be more close to us that no mystery will spot our heads,
that the secrets of the political loots will be unveil,
and the destroyers our nation will be nail.

though many call you akudaya cos they care not of your prowess.
you are not dead but being transform to be out of mess.
be close to me that you will deal with those enslaving us.
show us the way in appointing leaders through God,

cos you are now in the position of saying the truth than our pastors.
while your body is given to the earth, you will always be the best of friends.
don't be far from us to daily see you before your accession to heaven.

Olorode Olorunleke

A Friend Indeed

hear me as i speak,
and let your nerve accelerate the echo of my voice,
under the mighty power of your glory our strength is laid,
to be handicap of your vice.

could the law be wrong that in you our security do pick?
twenty naira in the past
now fifty naira to make checkpoint a slaughter household,
in fear we give to Cesar what is not of Cesar,
cos no choice in our strength
than to celebrate your wonders.

you are deaf to the cry of the blood
before it is laid to the earth,
making the innocents the victims of the court,
notwithstanding, we call you our friend,
i pray, you be a friend indeed.

Olorode Olorunleke

Life

build your nest around my prime.
let it daily being nurture for a glorious blow,
not the blow in the ring that can cut the ear.
let our hearts be clown even without a dime.
that our lives will not be like our politicians
whose destiny do glorify in theft yet have no
place to go.
upon their shoulders we celebrate our lives in
their glorious leprosy.
my promise to you has no blemish which cant be
compare to their filthy truth.
my love, my jewel let your love for me never be
without a snare,
and give a hope which a religious leader cant
give.
your beauty is precious than the grave that
weekly stands on the pulpit.
let our love daily grow to yield the true love of
God as fruit.
leave the man that grease your heart with deceit
cos he has nothing to give.
my name is joy, love, hope and righteousness in
me is the way to eternity.

Olorode Olorunleke

Regret

in the running circle of astute my heart nest.
daily building the altar of gold for the god of
love,
a forgotten eye it turns to me in disgust.
just like our mothers do in search for God to
supply a loaf
while in joy their praises mount to dragon.
though being eager to dwell in love a red card i
receive in return.
come to me my damsel that we will both sing a
wonderful song of love
not as our mothers do that dragon their praises
go in search of wonders.
incline yourself to me cos no wonder lay in any
man less they tell you lies.
bring to me the virgin rose and my mouth will
not cease to sing your praise.
oh what said i forgetting the god of love has
turned its back on me,
but i have one joy that my God will not leave me.

Olorode Olorunleke

Freedom

firm in my heart i find a wonder grow.
right in my spirit this is set to blow.
bend your heads and start walking with feet in
the air.
that your spirit will not be detach from its house.
this is the joy we have set to give ourselves
while its consequence is laid on us.
not upon infant independence arose the
magnitude secede.
what a madness that's glorified in our blood for
sweet sensation of their greed.
the objectives of our so called heroes the fruits
we now reap even after five decades and seven.
that the glories of our land in innocence daily
ascend to heaven.
why lord have you placed us in the hands of
these slave marshal,
whose brains are stock to their anus with no
knowledge of 'lala toroke ile lonbo'
may the gods of the land destroy everything you
have laboured for,
as you daily place the necklace of wonders on
our neck.
joy will depart from you and your instruments as
you place the blood of our people on your neck.
go to deep dream of repentance that liberation
will dwell in us.
our youths should be giants of renovation and
reconciliation and never assassins.
help help for my head has gone its separate
ways under this rocket.

Olorode Olorunleke

Gospel

Lay my hair upon your swift to make manifest
the beauty in your heart.

Echo the melodies that storms your heart but
not as Delilah.

That we will all worship in the heart and not as
the virgins on the street.

In purity they do all things and in Sin their faith
is greater.

In the close of their faces they put knife on our
throats to accept their god.

Can God be fight for, in their hearts kingdom
expansion they forward.

Save me saviour not to be in their nest and grant
me the courage to be firm for you.

That I propagate the gospel of Christ forever.

Olorode Olorunleke

Beware

in the crest of illumination my heart place in
wonder.

from instance my journey laid in fantasy.

the beauty i tend to keep placed me bellow
thunder.

running screw in the silence toes with no sense
for courtesy.

after the growth of the hips our silence is lay to
rest.

while the aged whose right has been snatched
with five minutes rest.

the joy of our land is dead when rod is withdrawn in fallacy.

hold your breath above your neck for our kings
are set to track us down.

the rights we cherish has been the saviour to make us drown.

that our heroes are now the villains of our security.

how best can this be pull down when the head has placed knives in their hands.
and campus has become a mini cave for our
friends.

bear my yokes that our campus be the saviour of
our nation.

go your ways my feet before you are cut off by
this pharisees.

Olorode Olorunleke

Perfection

In the spice of a glorious hour
Here my flesh laid as a man in a journey unreturned
The spirit has taken its lift above the ocean that no one could dare its power
Just as Gbenga Disu made his way without a goodbye nor did he say anything
about his return
From it had Eve been made and handed to her boo
Hence it's common in us that the seventh rib is a fragile being
Yet in it perfection was built that which I am eager to be inclined with too
the drum in me says in a loud voice that what a man can do, a woman can do it
better
Not because the magnificent shape that do drive us almost to a canal
But the spring of our perfection is in them for that which the creator Has made
all things
Hear my prayers oh divine that my lost rib in me gets to me soonest
no sooner that my eyes opened than I knew that I've not rest in the bosom of
my God.

Olorode Olorunleke

Plea

plea

Let not your heart so rest upon my elbows

Reveal to me the boundless glory that reign within your smile

That in harmler our songs do race

Upon the origi leave my hands lay on a million mile

That my plea come to you neither as Adam nor cain

But in David's strength in praise for my childhood sin

Making me to bear my rewards which I pray never to my descendants to be a will

In your heart make my affection grows beyond the power of love

Till our heads be white and begin to walk on three feet.

Olorode Olorunleke

Meadows

Meadows

Let my heart so fill with the goodies of your love

Not as the lust that reigns within men with the aim of making ways to the uterus

But for that glory in you to bring me above the gave

I think oh my mind outshines the boarder of the world

Where I daily gaze the Angels not stopping on your throne laying their heads

Not for the beauty and the illustrations that overwhelme than gold

But for your majestic powers above all creations

The beauty that lay in my culture and Church laying in our hearts the needs to be humble

Ijo enia oluwa aladura your adoration prayers do lift my heart the essence of the superiority of our God

That without end we will daily do in Paradise

Not as some in their pride stand in His worship but never will they permit their not to adore them

Could this be foolishness or the feast of hypocrisy that we celebrate amidst us

Or the king of pride has lay mighty hands on them

Resist the devil and it will never dwell among us

In it the comforter grows in us that we will grow in faith for the love He gave

And the beauty of His great love in death will not be in vain.

Olorode Olorunleke

Perimeter Of Love

perimeter of love

Let me bury my heart in your heart my dear lady

For the songs that daily wail in my pulse

Not as as a lust that reigns among men

For this is superior than that, it is love.

Love is the bedrock of life

The strength of the weak

The hope of the hopeless

Once it develops in the heart it sticks forever

It ignores ill things

It renovates, Builds

It does not deal with beauty

Cos it's a shit in its sight

Inner beauty is the food of love

Which are: humility, caring, forgiveness, truthful etc

If I say that I love you, it's never for the outer beauty that will fade as time pass,

Nor for the god that dwell within the skirt,

Neither the bouncers and your front nor the great dancers at your back.

But for the inner beauty that makes you a virtuous woman.

If for the outer beauty I've love countless of ladies and will still be loving them till the end of the world.

Same I daily declare to them for them to hear me like you.

The only distinguishing factor between you and those other ladies is the inner beauty which I pray to see.

Getting you will never be do or die for I have to accomplish my missions on earth.

In tears raining within me I make my prayers to you the beauty of my heart.

Hope someone is reading this That our love will be everlasting.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Pulse

MY PULSE

Up above the hill I trend round the aisle of bewilderment
Jumping up and down in joy that lay in sorrow
Like a man on the ultimate search my heart did pants
There the gods looked at me in a mockery of what will be my end
The journey on aisle I embarked for joy to be my god
Being lonely herein and out that called on astghik to bear my cross
The call which was refused not as the saviour had instructed
But for a search of a companion to be a better half beyond a rose
To the damsel before the balcony flowers my heart then flipped
Like her goddess I was turned down
Than vashti whom in pride was pull down
My worth has from thence being made not relevant
That almost in the ears of all the ladies in this world I sing my songs
The factor of their refusals yet not clear
Not the NEPA bill that can't be clear
Hear my prayers o divine that my sorrowful heart lay to celebrate
After these tribulations that I find myself for the sake of better half
Let the heart of blessing be open to me to be my wife
Then songs of praise in our home will know no end.
Let not your heart be raise that my bones will be crush in a mall
As many have put me in beset mind to make my heart dull
Make a very good search of me and you will find me with no encumbrances
The joy of life having no sorrow I desire from you not a beset of mind
Not seeing me as pest for in the bosom of your heart my all is crushed
Neither enemy I desire from you nor any lust has ever grown in me towards you
in the morrow
Daily joy of heart I seek from you than a companionship that reign among kids
Setting my eyes on you assures me that my adventure of love will not end in
sorrow
Kindly hear my prayers the most beautiful and virtuous of all.

Olorode Olorunleke

Birthday Boy

Be close to me and hear what I've got to tell you dear birthday boy.
From the creation you have set your party in us,
That we dare not to ignore your calls for the celebration.
Your celebration made the man to hide from the omnipotent.

Yet he got his sentence without you making any allucutus on his behalf.
Why do we wear foolishness in us to daily make feast with you in all our
decisions?

Like a friend you do come and assassin the destiny in us.
Your wonders cannot be forgotten during the Lagos bomb blast when destinies
were mashed in a canal.

You are making yourself so creepy that every turning you're there.
Hear me well the great celebrant of doom for the Potter of my life is in charge.
His ways are perfect to make me a success in those you count not possible.
Go away from me fear, the Christ Jesus is in charge! ! !

Olorode Olorunleke

Hope.

Here in the days when I switch my watch.
Ticktock rolling it measures the fantasy we lift upon us
Than the pharaoh chariots on the ocean it glory mash.
How dare you to tell me to count my days
When our heroes and one whose guilt unknown take their nap on the highway.
Where the daily dew hold them to barely find there way.
On the journey set they're all inclined that their last fate encumbered
What could have been the fate of the corporative loans we have hope to be paid
Or the pains that ensued from the last nine moon to be harvested that bows to
this highway.
What a perfect fear it plants in me to wanting to ride on any institutions.
The fear of fraternities is the beginning of wisdom when you find yourself not
being hook to Jesus
The only one that can turn their den to a home.
Bear my cross upon your loin that we all see in Christ kingdom.
Adieu.

I composed the above poem in remembrance of the olabisi onabanjo university students whose lives were lost as a result of the ghastly motor accident that happened in June 2015.

Olorode Olorunleke

6,3,3,4.

In a row it's stated life takes its turn.
Walking and beeping my life has never proceeds to run.
This thought that makes me low for death in dew,
Let it even come that my conscience will rise in pain.

My parents and siblings I pity
in lieu of my thought they will daily chew.
Not for me to make this a prime to reign
But of our court
that has made us to journey on the skull.
in daily combat for survival
to pay attention to the stomach's call.

6,3,3,4 the bedrock of our plight
and the destroyer of our grants.
To him our gift has lost its pride
than to lust after Tolulope,
not yielding to your advice
had turned the likes of us to modern slaves.
Yet no one can live right without your training,

Let me be wise and key to your advise
to build my villa on your caves,
Women, women what are you doing to our world?
You've placed in your hands mighty rods to beat our hearts,
In wideness of your eyes
you suffer a good seed to harvest the shaft.

For your sake giants are lost to him
in whose chain you make your freedom,
Every year flowers we place on their heads for their birthday.
When will you regain your sight and be out of your bay.
Leke be dead in your thought
and be reasonable for the purpose of bar part II.

Olorode Olorunleke

He's Coming.

HE'S COMING

In your golden wonder we daily dwell.

In the words of life and that said let there be.

From them do we manifest when we fall to hell.

The beginning of hope we do see but in foolishness we end in gnashing.

From then horn a channel of purity for reunion with our creator.

The savior of the Israelites but the destroyer of the Egyptians.

Let this be for my enemies.

Oh, i wouldn't have been a worst sinner if it's declared,

Love your enemies and pray for your persecutors.

The doctrine which manifests on the cross,

This you and I must do not to end up in hell.

He's coming,

Yes He's coming.

Neither for the unforgiven fellow like you.

But for those that are dead to sin and daily lay their treasures under His feet.

Olorode Olorunleke

Simplicity.

SIMPLICITY.

Oh mother of beauty hear my daily undefied cry!

Let your heart feel my impulse.

In bewilderment i heard you calling me Pig.

Pig or no Pig,

a little visit to Mcdonard's firm would make you to adopt the name.

Dear holy virgin,

whose river contains the world to swim.

In meakness of heart hear me with lake flowing off my eyes.

My heart is the stream of love

flowing till the secod coming.

Come to fetch from it and thirst will forever depart from you.

Let me dig into the gold mine of your heart not like Darby.

In no doubt with your mouth in love,

you will declear i am your lord

Olorode Olorunleke

Stony Heart

STONY HEART.

Hear my voice and let my songs echo in your ears,
You that have placed your heart upon the Egypt throne.
Let my groan open your eyes which you've thrown beneath the water.
My silence is not of fowl but is laid on the cross,
Lest I be accursed that i make anger dwell upon my bone.
The joy that keeps my home in wedlock and name to be seen upon a banner.
Hmmm...i lay my head to bend.
Could this be true which daily place my head as threshold to the worthless,
Not as Christ has declared, next you step on my toes i will fire.
Neither shame nor fame to grant my strength to sin hefty wealth i will hire.
Not to care of what anyone may say,
I will bounce on your head than the little monkey jumping on the bed.

Olorode Olorunleke

Hear My Cry

HEAR MY CRY

In the brook of the morrow when all feet gather in my welcome from the womb,

Hear my cry

The season when i lay waste in chasing shadows,

Hear my cry.

When i flip to my purse and it all seems to end,

Hear my cry.

Hear my cry dear God.

When i call for a restore health,

Hear my cry.

When my wallet seems to be empty,

Let me not be Judas to deny your trust.

In righteousness let me enjoy my breath.

My thinking has gone wide in the manifestation of your coming,

Still hear my cry.

When i lay my hands on the sick and dead,

Hear my cry.

Never cease to hear me before i go on unreturned journey.

Olorode Olorunleke

To Whom It May Concern.

To whom it may concern.

Under the brook of your magnificent my head do lay.

Daily painting the brightness of your skin from where i learn.

You are the most beautiful on earth even the sons of God did say.

Permit me to build three walls in your heart,

That judas may not sale that for thirty thousand pounds.

And for your sake in no time my head will not lay to the earth.

Give consent to my wish that we will manifest the divine ordinance.

Olorode Olorunleke

Ayankogbe

Hail the brook that rains on your land.

Awakening the waist waiting for the sound of your ibata.

How pleasant is it that she cannot wait for its arrival that her warming started.

That which daily place a million heads on the herodian plate for batter.

Ayankogbe the way you twist your wrists could make the gods be visitors to our land.

That our women in placing their toes on your bata almost being lay as created.

Mosebare o ogboju onilu to nfi daratowu.

That it has brought the world in its feet into our kingdom.

Our masters yet this glory deny but our nudity they explore as freedom.

In their cage your abode lays while the key is pass to their bastards.

Your great tones now melancholy it lays in us to be woo,

Into the realm of lamentations which you daily merry.

Adieu my great friend yet alive daily appraising your dead glory.

When will you resurrect, could it be at the demise of your masters and their bastards or the second coming of Christ?

Olorode Olorunleke

Glorious News

Sing to me aloud mighty one on white wing.
Make it known to us the tidings we have long set for.
Which were said in the ancient days of a coming king.
Not the one that was in the snow seven years a sour.
But whom his birth yet made known to us.
At his birth went through the test of a vampire king whom our new births' blood
can not escape.
Praise be to Him that knows all things before their reigns.
Our tidings would have been sour at their existence before us.
Now on ass he rode to Jerusalem like a ram to end its race at the skull.
To prepare us for the greater place made for us to bear our call.
Yet we eat his flesh and drink his blood in purity lest in grace.
That it will all end in praise daily duelling in the atmosphere of grace.
Will your head lay down the earth or with our king?

Olorode Olorunleke

Hope

In the pleasant of your heart my soul lay.
Not in a gallivanting means do my journeys pay.
Just to kindle that mustard laid in me while a zygote.
That which has gone with many in a mare of no return.
Could it be the village remotes that awakes the genius in the cave?
Neither Eden's apple for the unity of both family ancient chain.
Nor it is the shadow wife and her cook that sets us in the crates
For a mystery wealth running in the street for plate.
You are Jabez so it's declare.
In leaping for the joy yet known my freedom bear
That all has been nailed in my salvation.
Let your praise daily stay in me like the angels.
For preserving against those that can stop your rain from my mustard.
learning at your feet and be worthy to reigning with you and the angels.

Olorode Olorunleke

Sing Aloud.

SING ALOUD,
SING THE BEAUTY THAT RALLY ROLL THE LAND,
SHOUT ALOUD THE GLAMOUR THAT STAKE ON YOUR ISLAND.
WHERE THE TOES TOLL THE GRASS IN SWEETNESS OF THEIR VEINS
AND THE PALMS LAY ON SHOULDER OUR SILVER ROOM TOWARDS THE VENUE.
WHAT AN ABODE OF NO PAINS THAN GAINS!
WHERE NO HUNGER STRIKES YET THE GREATNESS CADAVAL A MENUE.
A WONDERFUL PLACE THAT DO CATCH OUR EYES THAN THE ASO ROCK,
THERE JABBEORAR AND AJIWEWETAWI HAD GONE TO JOIN THE CHOIR.
NOW GBENGA ABUDU MY PAL HAS JOINED THE REALM IN NO CLOCK.
CEASE YOUR FADING SONG FROM CUTTING OUR HEART OH CHOIR.
OUR BONES ARE DAILY CRUSH BY YOUR SOUNDS,
THOUGH BEAUTIFUL TO HEAR BUT LET IT BE IN MILLIONS IN OUR AGED
BILLIONS OF WORKS LAY IN US UNDONE LIKE MY PAL.
IF NEED BE, LET THY WILL BE DONE.
TRULY IT IS AWESOME TO LEAVE IN PURITY BEFORE OUR DAY IS GONE.
THAT AT LAST WE WILL JOIN TO SING ALOUD IN THE HOLYLAND.

Olorode Olorunleke

Pleasant.

LET YOUR SPIRIT SO REST ON MY NERVE ASTGHIK.
THE WONDER I DARE SEEK ON EXILE TO GREECE.
THAT WHICH ILLUMINATES MY HORMONE IN ITS BEAUTIFUL BLACK.
EXILE NEITHER EXILE EVEN IN DESERT MY ABODE I PLACE.
TO DAILY LAY ON YOUR FIELD WITH NO SHAME I CARE.
LIKE THE TRIUMPHANT ASS I GAZE AT YOU IN FEAR.
BE IT FRIENDSHIP OR LOVE IN FEAR I DESPAIRED
THAT YET A DESERT AN EDEN IT CREATED.
OUTSPOKEN MUTE IN DESIRE I APPROACHED IN STAGNANT.
OH AM BURST OUT!
I DAILY BEHOLD THE MAGNIFICENCE OF HER BEAUTY AT SUNSET.
DESPITE A DESERT AN EDEN IT LAYS IN MY HEART TILL THE CLOSE OF MY
EXILE.
NOT MINDING MY CURIOUSNESS LET MY HEAD DAILY PLACE IN THE STEAM OF
YOUR MILK.

Olorode Olorunleke

Comrade

LIFE A PETTY BABY DO LAY ON MY SHOULDER
A DAILY PUZZLE IS ITS BIRTH IN MY MIND
IN MY RACE MILLIONS OF BATTON IT DROPS ON MY PONDER
THIS MANY RAYS ARE DEAD AND CEREBRUM WILL FOREVER FAIL TO
DOWNLOAD
TO FOSTER THE CRUXIFICXION AWAITING THEM IN THE BAY
WITH NO SEASON MY URGE BEING RAISE FOR A COMPANION
TO EASE THE LAMENTATION THAT ALWAYS MAKE A GLORIOUS DAY
THAT I BECOME A PRODIGAL ALL FOR THAT PURPOSES A BIG CHARLIE
DAILY FEAST OF MELANCHOLY DO I CELEBRATE IN FUSION
FORGETING THERE IS ONE GREATER THAN THAT WHICH I DESIRE TO MERRY
AN ANGEL IN MAN FROM DIVINE MADE TOGETHER TO BE MY LAUGHTER
THAT WHICH I DESIRE TO MERRY WILL AT LONG BE MY MOTHER
AS REBECCA TO ISAAC THAT I DESIRE HER
FOR THIS CRYING BABY TO LAY REST TILL TERMITES MAKE ITS FEAST ON US

Olorode Olorunleke

The Way

THE WAY

tossing the lake that brought us to limelight
looking up the way to the see glory of a brighter day
from it our joy is elated to blind the overshadowed
light
in the abode we were placed to make our way
where are you oh son of man
I heard your voice and I'm afraid cos I've failed you
through this woman
casting them out yet His love still in light
to give the only son for redemption way
yet our foe not in rest to make us drown off in dismay
only those that abide in the son will glory with the
father in the everlasting light
are you in the way or off the way?

Olorode Olorunleke

Wonderful Mystery

WONDERFUL MYSTERY

Looking up the stares.

My mouth cuts the stairs off in unawesome wonders.

Waiting to cut the lace used in mobbing it.

Less flies flows into it and make its abode.

Of the things done mysteriously in no thought.

It done on my ecstasy of him that would have done it.

Such that couldn't be done in open laps of maid,

Unlike which is done by our bae for fame,

Loosing the pride that could have made them glo to covenant,

Such that's not laid neither in flesh than spirit.

What a wonder from this mysterious god in need to know.

Could this be greater than Ogun or sango the adorable gods of our land?

In my state of pollution for clarity I got HIM to be OLODUMARE.

Shock strikes my bone to serving this great wonder.

Oh it friezes upon my instincts to serving unknown God.

But His mystery is laid upon our breath yet we know him not.

In folly we are serving the gods of our hands,

Yet He laid His son to death but resurrected in victory.

What a wonder to make the mouth stay open for a million years.

Olorode Olorunleke

King's Death

Right upon the street I behold the lay low of our people's prone.
In a que they glow their faces to bone
Just as the one on the organization scheme.
See, oh see their feet clocking their head just as being in the limb.
My heart so downcast but not egger to either hear if the works of our northern
friends is coming upon us.
Yet we desire not to share in the fruits they share on horse.
I with no hesitation overheard the King's death in their hands,
The greatest Alayeluwa of our lives.
This being the one our thought lay whose shoulder our existence do glory
forsaken the creator of our lives.
Not like our Paramount rulers whose existence impact not the common man.
While upon their death seven heads will go in the senseless nature of Nnuego's
Pal.
In thoughtless notions that we are all mad men chasing shadow.
This our government must lay waste into unknown existence in saving us from
famine.
In melancholy we desired to resurrect this king upon which our time do spend.
Then set in a soft voice pointing at a building of illumination.
This IBEDC is daily failing us on upon several changes in administration.
Glory be to God whom we've lost focus on for sending the voice that made the
pointing on the only church along the road.
Upon which I also que in resurrecting this king Tecno and Itel.

Olorode Olorunleke

Songs Of Love

How can i make the sound of love in the ears of the one that's saying no?
Yet the music I have for her is not in an empty tin.
Making me to remember our saying 'empty barrels make the loudest of noise'.
This our ladies do fall prey to in victims of fraudsters of love.
My song is couch from that of Solomon and in line with our modern lives.
In simple tones to make my sound of music in your ears olive.
Not only to aim at digging into your ears but to build a mansion in your heart.
Mine will be more than Romeo's in appraisal of not just of beauty but in birth of
the child in you towards me.
That which our men in bad faith murder in achieving their aims into the middle of
the thigh.
Promise is not laid in my mouth to build the presidential Vila for you but I will
build a pipe organ to daily play my sounds of music in your heart.
Sorry, my altar of music will be nurture in your heart daily to make us the best
friends even in storms.
Olive do give me the chance to make this be fulfill now and as we grow in age.
Before we lay low under the soil that all will be given to its owner.
Let's discard the noise makers and maker that waste our destiny in deceit of
love.
Tell me the yes and I will sing the songs of Solomon in your ears that it will make
us better friends.
Kindly save me from this daily hunt for love and disapproval.

Olorode Olorunleke

Prayer Of Love

In my quest for love to her she asked are you drunk of drugs or sepe?
A question that opined my heart to this prayer made in plea from my heart.
That One can only be drunk with something that's better than drugs or sepe.
being drunk in the love of you is more than a million drugs or sepe.
if only to be drunk of loving you, I should better be in the drugs for life.
Knowing that you're a woman of great worth best in thought and tender hearted,

that's makes you a great friend

I can only sing the praise of you in adoration of maturity that lay in you.
Knowing fully well that my words are fill with the appraisal of the person that's
worthy of it.

With no guising in my thinking I trust you that you won't bow to anger even if it
uplift your nerves against me

For in you is the crown of tenderness and humility.

People of your type are rear to find in the planet.

Should I say virtuous is find in you?

But heresies will be in my mouth to alter such cos you're to be call virtuous.

I pray you to make me daily sing your praise in my mouth and heart.

The most adorable not only beautiful and admiring but of love and kindness.

Olorode Olorunleke

Mad Man Chasing Shadow

Was I not born like a little child?
And cared for me to grow in grace.
Getting into the place of ink as a lad
My spirit was engulfed in madness.
Malpractices and other illicit actions have been my worth.
Being pushed into the higher place of learning yet this have been my lot.
Fraternity is a place of honour in clothes of ego I wear.
Not that could do but was looted in the realm of hypocrisy.
That not a life has more worth to take in my wear.
What a glorious sense of madness is my policy?
In the growth of my age I lodge into politics not knowing that is the beginning of
second grade madness.
In deceit have posed my people to represent.
Here there running of less pay or more to lay in waste.
While in me was to be the modern oyenusi to lurch my weapon AJAGUNGBALE.
Not minding lives that are lost to death.
The joy of sweat a mansion built or Ferrari bought that last in six feet.
Less I forget a cry that wail in me of my long term malice.
Those I have sent to their early grave in backbiting.
Not minding the locust finish me in sitting.
Death where is your worth, oh grave where is your power?
This we do say when we are catch up in our tower.
But great is its work in us that make all mrnigadica.
Can we still recall this while nailing so called enemy on the cross.
This is not me but you haman that make the cross.
Not knowing that you are just a mad man chasing shadow.
From the soil you're made and in it you will go but live a purity life as snow.

Olorode Olorunleke

Gem Of Beauty

Flipping through the ray that magnify her eyes.
There my eyes gazed at this gleam of beauty.
Seeing her fascinating look, so is her heart.
Every of her steps give an engraving call to the heart of a lucky admirer.
Less the gum that moves her teeth in fantasy of beauty.
Oh have I ever seen a damsel so fair in golden apparels.
Neither make-up nor make-up she's so tempting.
Is she a gem of beauty?
Yes, she's the genius of all.
What a beauty with no ego and so tender hearted.
A barrister at law, I could have purged my heart as a sacrifice.
An attempt so made but it doses into a deaf ear.
Never will I do it again less I loose my head.
But lucky is the one that hold her hands into matrimonial cause.
My nerves will be overwhelm if I be the lucky one.

Olorode Olorunleke

My School

Young as tender and adult as aged,
Full of meaningless appearances without you my school.
Growth has made my heart an open space in knowing your range,
Foolishness puts its cap on me, while in illiteracy i stay cool,
And it has eaten my skull to the length of no returned.
That my worth is very less in tune among my peers.
My school oh my life.
Your glory was much weighed in our hearts as of old that we dare not make
jokes of you in our peers.
Things of substance were freely given to make a good life,
Not minding the pens that goes to the purse that made happiness in our
teaching.
Yes it caught my heart that moral was the key word of good academic
performance,
Bringing out the best in a worthless being.
I love you and yet to know how to sing a melodious song in your praise.
What have i done to you to worth this yoke you're placing on me.
Your sudden change has brought havoc unto me.
All good things gone from you to lay us in the cave.
Morals the best of all have departed that we celebrate lunacy.
How could your water be marah in your sight despite the huge that we gave?
How sadden it is that your life given hand is now the den of death?
The rewards of teachers are in heaven is no more in place.
Yet we celebrate you as the last hope of our future making your first place our
homes.
Yet the love of wealth by our parents is sending you far from our homes.
We love you but kindly restore the good morals you placed on us as of old for our
children's growth.
And lift the yokes of destruction you place on us for giving hope to all.

Olorode Olorunleke

Eulogy Of My Health

Opining the gospel being glory in me.

Not for the declaration of our saviour in manifesting the love of God.

But for the assembly of ills that's of no root in me.

Surprise made itself known at the thunder that hits my chest.

Several visits and medications, a no case submission in cooking my health.

This that severally weaken my bones to believe neither it's the act of man nor God.

It makes daily puzzles in me of either stroke or pneumonia, of this cause my health and joy live in denial.

Of what thought either of money or wife to bring me to death.

Hope this goodness will not lay me down to the earth so soon?

But my fame is yet to glory so soon.

Dear the maker of all things with speed do come and hear me.

Your glory is well known to us all as shown by your son on earth.

All praise be yours that you'll always be God.

Even when we fail to glory in you as God.

Please clear this death that daily grow itself in my chest.

Less very soon Maoists and termites proclaim their gospel on me.

Olorode Olorunleke

Money

Money!

The creature of the most high.

Money!

The god of the earth.

Money!

The love of mankind.

Are you in the to give joy or sorrow?

Do you come to give comfort or discomfort?

We have much hope in you yet you make us sad.

Why, why?

This question can't be answer by us in a morrow.

Why are you here?

Are you here to make us grief due to our daily sacrifice of labour

Being the servant of God to make us disregard His law?

Many homes are destitute for your sake that most obliged to ritual made.

That our babes are given the shelters of orphanage and our wives you've made widows.

Yet we dare not live without your presence for your greatness is magnificent.

Money!

Come oh come and give joy to my dying soul and let me have your unending hope.

Less my neck is hang in a wireless rope.

Money! Money! ! Money! ! ! .

Olorode Olorunleke

Ajagungbale

Behold the lines that prime our hearts,
Making us lame in ecstasy of disarray,
In it our heads find themselves away in their places of birth,
For the cause so darken to us that in this land they find their ways.

Joy plumes our hearts before the sensation of the colony,
Which is cutting our hands of unity in disharmony.
Quic quad platantur solo solo cedit,
yes it's the law of natural existence,

Which daily disdain our natural coexistence,
All hail the power house of our nation,
for the making of this act in our land,
Making the governors the custodians of our land.

Ajagungbale we see your hand in our lives.
That we are daily stuck in your chains.
Neither the government nor the court could save us.
Oh, the source of wealth to both in paving ways for the oniles' impunity.

would our hope be restore less we become litigation victims that put us in
disarray?
not later that my heart echoes,
till registration and the land used act are merge into laws.

Olorode Olorunleke

Our Yoke

Run run run it out,
The disarray of the feet.
Bend low never raise it less it abounds in the cave.
Ohun tabawifogbo is the chant that's in our mouth.
Which is laying many to rest than the Iraq missile
That's daily making our hearts her domicile.
In it our futues are nurture to the praise of the unknown god,
That in purity of heart saw is place in the head.
Do you say bokoharam or herdsmen that lift our soul to the unknown land Or the
glutton that builds leprosy in our spirit.
Religion is so built that our fellows are being lay in the dust.
Yet we celebrate it to be for peace in mutual relationship to our God.
Hmmm.
Has our government done anything to weigh it down?
Never, all cries are being turn down.
Those we called to blowout the dust in our eyes but pepper they are using to
blow it.
No hope is lay in their hands yet we magnify their lot.
Is there any hope to get out of this?
No, not only our land becomes animals' farm or the second coming of Christ

Olorode Olorunleke

Bundles Of Clarion Call.

Bundles of clarion call of a belly purge.
Hurrah, hurrah like water from the kettle.
The joy that cease from the mighty to avail the sacrifice made.
Same babes find to cast away into the jungle,

In foolishness in disengaging the order made.
Yet in joy it comes into the Potter's hand.
In tidings to magnify us to the wonders end.
Silence fill my bones for the potters have made him lay in spotless angle.

Making ends meat in meats that's not ending.
A visionary and passionate man whose food do lay in the jungle.
What a lost of the womb to have been laid in disarray,
Could the babes be faulty for casting away these bundles?

Lest theirs could have gained the modifications of the Potter's hand.
In bath, feeding and greetings are Fames in unending tussle lay.
What is the worth of a glorify woe potter in the end?
Nothing, nothing makes the end.

Glorious it is to live in charity and be humble.
Either in simplicity of woedom, all to end in six feet lay.
That at judgement our reality will be call from the earth's belly purge.

Poem by olorode olorunleke.

Poetic analysis.

Children are the gifts from God which most find difficult to have but some youths prefer to abort them. most children are been born into wrong hands which are those that will end up to change the destiny of the Innocent child whose aim is to make impact in his world but end up in the mud. the poet brought out means in which these evil people do change the destiny of most children that are fortunate.

Olorode Olorunleke

Funeral Calls

Within the sketch of a house top my hair laid.
In bewilderment on the street I saw a disarrayed
feet for the clarion's call.
Not in honour of a man in metallic monster for life
restore or death gain.
Nor the second coming could uplift anxiety for our
bones to lay in waste.
Behold him coming, making his parts straight.
in whose shoulder our liberation do glory.
In adoration and praise we gave you our hearts but
chief whip you've ordained on us.
The glory of our womb you're turning to serpent for
hope of your households.
Beast, beast is your name.
Every four years you've ordained to atone our
gluttons in carting away our fortunes.
Be it far from you that our heads live in debt to your
masters.
Our ears are block to the sound of your daily
funeral.
Our laws are void to the manifestation of your
power but swords they're to the poor.
Our hope do lay to see nail being screw into your
ears sisera.
Our veils will be lifted into human rights activism,
That Sahara will be a place of snow to you,
merchant.
While your Hall of shame Will lunch out soon that
our lost hope is restore.
olorode olorunleke

Olorode Olorunleke

Pyrate

Watch, watch capon ojo is on the road.
In the ray of unrest have your days been enjoyed.
This joy that reigns to the crucifixion of the future
heroes.
Cry, cry is their blood everyday like Abel's.
Is this the purpose for this foundation laid?
Soyinka and others activism have they laid you,
To give us peace and a secure future yet our
cannibals you've become.
Great handwriting to the politicians you're rather our
saviours to be.
Setting ambush against us in the like of world war.
Your gyrate is a threat to life rather be it our safe
aboard.
Pyrate, why have you turned yourself to sword of
sorrow on us,
And instruments of happiness to our enemies and
family?
Our joy abound at your birth but you've made us
breastless parents,
Designing yourself to putting us into aged nakedness.
The gods of the land are begging you to be harmslet.
Laying your hands on breeding our country Microsoft,
Rather making us food to termites.
Let unity be created in your diversities to become our Mandela,
That our breast will have its milk for everlasting joy.

THE POETIC ANALYSIS

the poem is aim at reconnecting the secret society to the main purpose of their creation by Prof. Wole Soyinka and others to fight for the right of students from molestation by those greater than them without any reason to be thirsty of blood as being done now.

the poet is of the opinion that they should stop their inhuman activities and focus on the academic upliftment of the fellow students. inventions should be their

purpose of competition. killing fellow students is inhuman as those wasted could have been great innovators but their destiny has been shortcut turning the joy of the victims in sadness.the poet is pleading that you should all be human right activists and not instruments to politicians and family.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Dancing Woman Before The Gong.

wipe the river that flows from your eyes oh dancing woman before the gong.
Your birth was formed from the apple of feather's ink In it has your doom being
nurture.

Why is your heart in an unending race,
Are you the Israelites, while their saviour came and yet embraced?
Making Him a thief while puzzling His birth from the herod's palace.
Sssshhhh....

Your water is never a marah but your mother is made a glorified woe by your
premature birth.

Your birth to pyrate has made you a self-acclaimed woe.

Hmmmm...

you need not to be blame but the drummers' sweetless tunes to your mother for
their glorious reign.

Alas, oh be of tidings for your time of glory has come,

This we know to have been the hours of change.

Please, please do embrace it and train your son from the feather's ink.

That he will drain the river laid in your eyes for two scores and sixteen years,

And fulfill the purpose of his birth for the everlasting reign of our future heroes.

THE POETIC ANALYSIS.

The woman dancing before the gong signifies Nigeria.

her mother is the great Britain.

the drummers were those that fought for the independence.

feather's ink is the Western education and colonisation.

pyrate is the cultism or fraternity created for the purpose of
humanity in university of Ibadan but has now become an
association for breeding assassins and thugs.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Word

In the beginning was the word made.
The word that made the creation of all created.
The birth of our lord the guilt of no fault lay.
The gift of hope from a virgin made.
The lamb born for the purification of Eden.
Behold the lamb that takes away the sin of the world.
This is my beloved son hear him.
Yet a deaf ear we place to his love the cross place on him to Golgotha.
Behold the king of the Jew to cast lot on his garment.
He raised and healed let him save himself.
Eli eli lamasabachitani.
Could this be a lost journey on you? I mean you.
Turn a new birth and be save this hope the word has given.
I have placed in your hands life and death for decision.
Verily I say unto you choose life!

Olorode Olorunleke

Lek! ! !

Bees aloft in the sket.
Tip top a chicken walk,
Neither for Christmas merry nor new year.
But to make a lek in our eyes.
All in array to expose the tater breast.
Just like our days in the garden,
Before we were sent to till.
This our Eve find pleasure to dwell.
Just for the search of Moses rod that makes way to the fallopa.
That the sacred place assigns for procreation is a company.
Twash! twash! !
Love be my foe lest I adore these holy Mary.
For Sodom and Gomorrah will be better than me if I care.
Hush!
Be at peace my heart, not all are clothed in Gommer's garment.
Never put on the cap of sin in failing the law.
Go, multiply and replenish the world,
This is the law of our God.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Love

In the cistern of an eye below the nostril of unfulfilling mission,
That my heart pants for all season.

The hassle of love of unglorify thought to celebrate its Pentateuch.
Then my eyes behold you.

You, I mean you with an open gate of tooth
That makes war to set on in the heart of those that see it.

May I think of a wonder has it created in my artery?

No, that may fly out like a wind but love makes a difference of it.

This I have made a request from you the one I have in wealth.

I could not have waited a long time hope, yet will I lay to be your man.

Give me the chance to hold you in my harms till that golden tooth go out from
you.

Olorode Olorunleke

Water

I was lost in thought of a wonderful work I saw,
The existence of life without a pillar yet built in
darkness.

Not until the divine finds no place to settle that your
glory came.

At a word you split for the illumination of the soil,
Then you've been a pillar of existence that none can
hate.

Nothing is done without you been with us my love.
A cane of chastisement you're to our God when we
were in sin

And Had vowed never to, till the second coming.

My hope, joy and life.

Not a witch can knot you in a clothe,
Nor a wizard can withhold your anger.

The divine has made you a subject to us,
Yet your victims can't be taken to the city for
funeral.

How I feel to be liberated as you're?

Yes I am through the resurrection of Christ.

I love you the abode fish,

Let me drink from you till eternity.

Olorode Olorunleke

Taking Of Alms

Help help with some in your hands.

The wailing of the man seated at the beautiful gate.

Not the strength of Batholomew for the sight
restored.

Making ends meet from the drops on the road.

Fully handed with mighty foot neither does he visits
kara for pay.

Yet puts on the ornament of disguise to receive our
course,

That was instructed by prophet, imam or olopon Ifa
for pleasant sacrifice for the gods.

What a drop of twenty naira and a pinch of salt that
makes an everlasting difference.

The difference that gives joy to the giver and a glory
lost to the receiver.

Some that was laid within my hands that makes me
industrious in the dreams than in life.

Which has made unborn generation live in penury.

I will visit the sin of the fathers on the children even
to the fourth generation of them that hates me.

Think you now your actions less your son's glory is
sold to the rich for your laziness.

He said to him, would you want to be made whole
knowing that you're the potter of your destiny.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Priceless Jewel

shines the light the whole range work.
Setting off on foot for the cistern of illumination.
Appear on robe is the blackness that makes the difference.
In a blue moon smile the body wears like god.
Neither is the naturality makes the difference.
Nor for the emblem of purity to fail my pulse.
What a look of timidity that rules my heart!
The perfect creation of the high class posture.
From afar I have the curiosity to have seen olajumoke.
But my pulse warn to see clearly that one coming is the King's blood.
Monisola, the priceless jewel worthy to be adore.
Wonderfully created with a well culture heart.
A contract of hearts do I pray for as I make my prayers to you.
Kindly grant my request as prayed.

Olorode Olorunleke

Enemy Friend

Walk, walk bellow the house top
Tilting her feet tip top in Ms. Pacman's way.
On her was the face of deception.
Her entry and exist we adhere not.
You're the unwelcome friend that stripe off ours lives in your tommy.
You've been before the birth of oyenusi
The man that needs not our keys before entry.
You taught him to be perfect as you're.
The philanthropist of laser fever I hail you
Neither for you to gain entry to my kitchen
But to reveal how greatly you've hurt us.
Could it be our dirty lifestyle that admire you?
Get thee behind me my enemy friend.

Olorode Olorunleke

Tripe Hairs

working roll, walking roll.

All in the street booming paaraan.

Just as the ass for triumphant it stood.

Never thought it to see the break of morrow.

Be it war nor peace there it rolls.

To the judicial notice of all.

There it stood till its glory wax.

The blindfolded veil shifts to her mouth.

How becoming the sword of peace, the cane of the
saints,

And scale know no fairness,

Yet, her talks are heartfelt.

Saying: come to me all you with heavy loads,

I will give you rest.

Prrraaaah!!!

There my heart talks

Never try to walk in her ways son.

What are our sins for being against us, o company?

Solemnly my house echoes that my help lies in
nothing less than His blood.

Olorode Olorunleke

Distorted Desire

Hope no found,
Life too short,
Caterpillar on a hedge sword,
Walking in a sensational trait.
Love abode, care abounds,
I could have leaved a million years without love.
This papa longed for but never seen.
The wives bend at the back of his hope.
This my brothers wear yet in futility of life.
Won't this be my endless cross to bear?
That a century gone love yet unfound.
Lady in a blue lace I adored till astghik came my
way.
Love I sing to her, deaf ears she turns.
Friendship she desires, with no hope I'm dancing to
her tune.
Yet all to avail.
For how long will I celebrate lunacy within me?
No joy will be mine if love is returned in pity.
Her full heart i want for a blissful home.
Oh! What will be my life if she desires me not?
Lest I become a miserable ass waiting for
triumphant entry.

Olorode Olorunleke

Bedock

Bemerge, I set my bay in unfortunate distort.

Knock, knock of a relay cerebrum.

Here, like Jesus ass.

Mine, Peter nor John, my help lays.

That square my home forever lay.

All thought lost for a saviour.

Who would that be to take off this yoke, my nerves?

Money nor wife my dreams distort.

How will my life drain in unholy timeline?

Could it be Samuel's calling that twinkle my ear?

Never, will it be 'cos far be it me.

If never be it me, what then is my gain lest I be
Jonah?

Come to your place my beloved mind lest tyre free
car be your gain.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Deserted Hope

Crawling cry,
here and there like the east wind.
Revealing the untold tale of the coming king.
All our ears it bells in the days of exile thine saviour
comes.
At liberation his birth yet to come forth.
That all go gray and Wayne to await his coming
from the palace.
How will his reign be while the nation has become
bone?
You're the most favourable among women.
Then my spirit sink in fear,
That all ears that hear this will rejoice with me.
Hear the voice that cry in the wilderness make his
path straight.
Wow! Here comes the king.
Anxiety blessed our hearts in his saying,
The one that cometh after me his lace I dare unfold.
The untold tale is reveal,
His stars we see from the east that we have come
to worship him.
My ear is deaf with motherly wailing.
Has our saviour come or villain?
With you our great leaders rejoice in the grave at
birth.
Hope his glory is unknown, our merry would have
been for ages.
Ifayemi, the unknown prophet your days are gone.
Never you to release us to the herod of our lives.
lest we be Abel upon your head.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Future Heroes

CRY THE CRY,
HATH THE MARTYR CRIED.
DEEPLY LIKE A BABY THAT NEEDS HER MOTHER,
INSIDE A SOLITARY FEAST,
FOR THE SAKE OF THE FALLING ONES.
OH! THE FUTURE HEROES.
THINE STRENGTH MAKE THE WORLD,
YOU ARE THE PILLAR OF THE AGED.
THINE WEARS ARE OF CAIN,
READY TO EXPOSE THE DAZZLING BREAST.
LOOK! LOOK! ! THINK! ! !
THINE UNSEEN FRIEND IS LOOKING,
WITH IT HATH THE WORLD MADE.
LET ALL VICES BE GONE,
THAT THE GOOD HOME WILL NOT BE OPEN.
LET HANDS BE ON DECK TO SAVE THE GRAY.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Home Come

Rise above the sun long sets the cloud,
Cock crew to close the opened door,
For the mummies send forth celebration off our
streets to lay their rest.
So villain you are to wind off our hope.
Our men, Adam curse they magnify,
Women, pot on the lead to fountain.
All it echoes at dawn before the gung,
Our lives potter's house better than Joseph's cave.
Our strength that is above Zeus,
The sustenance that lay our heritage till thy kingdom
comes.
Showcasing the gaze of the virgins and a hope lost
for eunuchs.
The abominable domain for the debtor of my soul.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Ten

Dazzling at the gong square,
In the heavenly rhythmical waves.
All eyes await to see the wonders
Just like okoto the movement was
That led to the raining of owo eyo
Joy in the heart it floats to see the raining.
long term dead will come fort to life,
Debt it ought be but death it amounts.
Could it be the prophecy of the old?
That is yet to be known to amount a mystery in
our eyes,
the calling of the great army of our wealth.
Your great hands we see in Egypt.
The father of faith acknowledged thee and was
blessed.
The giver of productivity and ruins I hail you.
Oh! Ten is your name.
You are the law that strikes without executor.
My heart lingers not to fall to your hands
Still failing in executing your precepts
This I tender as prayers never to be your prey!

Olorode Olorunleke

The Trumpeter

I will stand my watch to hear what the trumpeter may say.
Day in day out is your cry in my ears,
Not the Adam's that sent him off the garden
Nor Samuel's that made him judge over Jacob.
Neither am I in a cinema that you make me clap so steady,
Clap clap so come the song of the trumpeter,
The melody which none can unravel.
In deceit you've laid our body to infirmity,
Now the fear of zika is our hearts pant for.
You make death lays her cold hand on us and our babies.
Not you to be blame our enemy friends,
But our dirty world of futility.
Get away from us for we need you not.
We've made our mark to stay off dirt but wish you not well.
Farewell you.
Proudly lekpastor.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Land

coming ashore the smiling sun from the Carmel
bowel.
to tint the ears of the virgins for the birth of our king.
Gold, Frankincense and myrrh were brought to
adore my king.
From the birth of the world hath your glory set
before us my Africa
The salvage of the father of faith and our king.
Not as a wonder that I have a dream was declared.
Like the esias prophecy of our lord
Yet our eyes and hearts are blank to behold this.
That the wise men had come and gone but left us,
with their merchants In celebration and praise do
we adore them.
But set the celebration of our giants to the grave.
I hail you the breath of the world
Your unlimited strength cannot be compare.
Your bosom lay the pyramid and ancient olumo.
You're the breath of the holy land.
Without much ado I know that Africa will surely rise.

Olorode Olorunleke

Pirate Of Heart

It's a great wonder to search right,
Not in wander to see right.
That the illumination of the sky embraced my
heart.
Then I know this never be of beauty dough
beautiful but you've been a pirate of my heart.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Pirate Of My Heart

she design me her treasure as of art.
Her toiling n waring is to give a part.
When she navigates I concentrate.
In all wonder n piece s of beauty.
She makes my life her real duty.

Olorode Olorunleke

My Africa

From ashore the smiling sun from the Carmel bowel
did came,
To tint the ears of the virgins for the birth of our
king.
Gold, Frankincense and myrrh were brought to
adore my king.
From the birth of the world hath your glory set
before us my Africa.
The salvage of the father of faith and our king.
Not as a wonder that I have a dream was declared.
Like the esias prophecy of our lord.
Yet our eyes and hearts are blank to behold this,
They had come and gone but left us with their
merchants,
In celebration and praise do we adore them.
But set the celebration of our giants to the grave.
I hail you the breath of the world,
Your unlimited strength cannot be compare,
Your bosom lay the pyramid and ancient olumo,
The gate of the holy land i adore you.

Olorode Olorunleke

Origi Ayanfe

All life i build,
faith liveth in its doom in wander land's journey.
could it be her fury?
No.she's the goddess of laughter,
with her the dead arose.
never have I seen a surgeon like my lady.
oh! Thomas be me.
begone you doubt for am peter,
never will i be Jew lest my sweetheart gone.
anger go your place of no return,
for gray has made us wink.
origi adore you my queen to hear my plea!

Olorode Olorunleke

Astghik

pace i set on my knees,
a journey on foot my heart sent
there i went to appease astghik.
heaven pregnancy my eye see,

in a metallic monster.
with no time she gave birth,
as the coming of the messiah.
with simplicity we've gone for care,

all day gone awaiting her abode,
to make sacrifice for wrong done,
In a trouser like a dreaming swimming boy.
will my incense ascend to her like the Abel of old?
yes it will for in her tenderness do abound.

Olorode Olorunleke

The Balcony Flower Damsel

A walk down the aisle my feet embarked
With mindset the beautiful world to view
My heart fill and echo the song of butterflies and
flurries.

up aloft the flower balcony a damsel my eyes
behold.

Intending to make life of that which I see.

With a smile Ekaasan my greeting to her was,
Wrapped with smiles natural was my greeting
returned.

What an Oyelude smile that made beauty so natural
and world alive

Better than the flower on our balcony that makes
the world sway

In my head was the thought that it's the very
mother of beauty that puts it up for earth glow.

But my eyes and heart battle the word 'no'

Cos it's the damsel before the balcony flower that
makes the difference.

In the twinkle of an eye, my heart desires to long
more for her a million years.

Olorode Olorunleke