

Poetry Series

A. T Matthias
- poems -

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A. T Matthias(19-06-1996)

Adebayo Tola Kolade Matthias known with his pseudonym A.T Matthias or dRaMa KIng is a native of Iyagba East L.G Kogi State birthed on 19 June 1996. He completed his diploma in 2012 at Ebenezer High and had his first degree in English at the National Open University of Nigeria all in Ilorin, Kwara state. He is presently a member of the Association of Nigeria Authors (ANA) Kwara state chapter, a co-administrator of a poetry society The Green Bards and the CEO of Great Griots And Lovers Association () , a literary platform set to enhance a reading Africa esp in Nigeria. He is a loving poet, scriptwriter, novelist and an Editor.

A Dorra! ! !

I have found a lass
A bonnie lass
Amidst meekness and tales
Betwixt the world's beauties and fames
Where the skies are blue
And the fields are green
I have found a lily!
'common tu t'appelle? 'If it were a being
What are you called, a flower also?
How could they all be called flowers?
Yet so purple with hairs arranged like a fret
Unknown still, I commune with her
'I am Matt' meaning Hope
So young and receptive, so bright as the sun.

I revolve round and round around her
She's as a red red rose so I thought
'A human flower, a Dorra' I heard her say
Her name at last a flora
It's a Dorra I have found
A dorra with a Flora makes my Lora!

[1st October 2014. Kwara state, Nigeria.]

A. T Matthias

A Kiss

A kiss blown is a kiss wasted.
The only real kiss is a kiss tasted.
Release my stiffened body with thy lips.
And stir my soul with the heat of thy kiss.

I love kisses, kisses are a blast.
Nice and slow, or when they are fast.
A kiss can be simple or very complex.
One that weakens thy knees is the very best.

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.
For in thy face, I see the map of truth and honesty.
I'll follow thee and make heaven of hell.
To die upon the hand I love so well.

For our love will much wealth brings.
That then we'd scorn to live with kings. A KISS! ! !

A. T Matthias

A Sequel To Forgettable Treasure By F. Williams

Yes! Yes I'd like to.
If it will make me see your face.
Oh yes! Yes I want to.
If I can love you by waiting for days.

Let me be the second choice.
Like a spare tyre in the booth.
If that will make me grandiose.
And you'd see that in heart I'm smooth.

I'm not supposed to love.
Nor need be I care.
But seeing you, I'm ready for war.
To fight fate who says I mustn't dare.

I've confessed my feelings to you.
Love me! Care me and paint me hue.

To The Unknown Miss....

A. T Matthias

A Song For The Poor- During Wars.

Before the suburbia sages of rumbled griots.

Before the stampede lights of darkness.

Awaken through stupefy ties of riots.

Lost in redolent hemp's of shrewdness.

Boneless invertebrates of epileptic community.

A sheath without sword or empty blown stomach.

Shameless 'cognorates' and intertwined nonentity.

Brushing past from dawn to dusk in hooded stench.

Gaunty marrows like birds suffering from new-castle.

Some off skirt dames and take the lads for wars.

The ancient market turned to rags, where all heads 'huzzle'.

Be it this or that, here or there, it's no place for wars.

So was poverty and days of wars like Biafran.

Our green days turned brown, yet after, it's in fire from fry pan.

A. T Matthias

Admiration: Some Became A Bard!

Some became a bard.
Some were smitten.
Some were spell bound.
And enchanted by your beauty.

Some became a writer.
Some were startled.
Some drape of saliva.
And were bewildered by your statue.

Suddenly, some became slaves to their tongue.
For your beauty they screech and drape.
Suddenly, some wondered if it were not too wrong.
To array you pleasant wonders like fine grape.

Some shared your happiness and glory.
And kudos God for your creation story.

A. T Matthias

African Cocoa Butter

My queen is proper African!
Made of cocoa oil and Shea butter
She is the pride of such compelling western saga
Striding with the unbeatable fashion of African swagger
She is the produce of excitement wherever hatred looms
The inner strength of ten thousand crescent moons
My iwalewa is the taste of herbs on the buds of the sick
The smooth mixture of Parsley, Mint and Dongoyaro
That gives health in death though the taste may reek
Flourishing like African palm trees, the Cocoa and the Iroko
She is the kolanut in the mouth of the ones that ever lived
The bitter kolanut that is said to give long life when eaten
My queen is proudly a cornucopia of African cocoa butter
Made of velvety texture and fluffy pleasant fragrance
She is the love flower, that spreads out her arms
Dancing and sprouting sweet darling buds
The dark eyed mistress with blue blood charms
of sweet honeyed songs that soothes her 'loved
Her name carved in gold shall the whole world rehearse
And wise men over her beaut like I, doth distill their verse.
I shall dance for Sidi naked in the market square
Letting my back if needed, be flogged on my bare
For she births her young from her ever milky breast
Her lullaby is like the taste of honey on sour buds
That cuddles her bundle of joy to lay on her chest
Her highness cooks her meal in an African clay pot
Where crabs and Toads plan their coup and cast lots
Kneeling her knees by her lord as he eats his darling's soup
To offer him comfort lest their be some bones to scoop
So then it is done, that my queen is proper African
For she is made of cocoa oil and Cocoa butter.

A. T Matthias

All Over You...Gentle Thief..! ! !

My eyne and my heart are at mortal war!
For thy beauty art all the better part of me.
But since thy love I love and thy tasty worth
I do forgive thee, oh sweet gentle thief!

For at the gaze of thee even the moon divorces the sun,
And cultured men drapes, stalking desk and walls.
All too in days dream, dreaming dreams of good and fun,
With thee. For thy form's form makes mighty men falls.

The moon files a complaint and the mountains murmur!
That the good Lord must be mean and not nice..
Or look howbeit, shall one beaut they say, drive men to stupor?
And cause to awake, all minds, all hearts, and sleepy eyes.

Yet now, mine heart and my brain are in a league.
Since to my brain my heart won't hear nor my heart to it.
But since thy love I love and thy tasty lips,
I do forgive thee, oh sweet and cute, gentle thief!

A. T Matthias

An Epitome Of Beauty(Lily) ...! !

You are the lily of the day
The sunshine that always slay
You are the moon that seduces the sun
Keeping the clouds after you on the run
You are the swift breeze that blows me the sweetness
Like olive oil spices, some sweet smelling incense
You are the twinkling star that illuminates the dark
A core of rubies and jasper, made of shining black
Thou art an epitome of beauty crossed with love
The radiant wishes of thousand suitors that shove
Thou art to me like a tasty bread, buttered so fine
And life on thy honeyed lips dipped in sweet wine..!

A. T Matthias

An Epitome Of Fear!

I have tasted death.
It's the same with sleep.
I have been buried alive without a grave.
It's the same with wretchedness.
Poverty and loneliness.
I have been taking my baths without water.
It happens when you cry your eyes out.

Fear jumped inside my womb.
And leaps up like an 'ole' but not for joy.
I am an epitome of fear.
Yes! An epitome of fear.
For it drills deep inside me.
Who can know it?

Fear of all tropes, of all kinds.
Xenophobia - I thud like pestle in a mortal.
Once I meet a stranger.
Fate phobia - fear of fate.
Of myself, who I'd become.
Fear of loneliness, disgrace and disappointments.
They all found their abode.
Inside my small belly.
And now I am pregnant of them.

It's been two years, twice it run its course.
And the paunchy balloon is becoming a disgrace.
But I mustn't give birth to this child.
For it is bitterness so corrosive to destroy.
It has lasted me with poverty, loneliness.
And failure even behind rails of iron bars.

The fear that I'd never find love.
Or id lose the one I loved like a habit.
So what am I to do with this blessing.
That I received through cursing.
Whether fear or phobia.
It is for me to abort it.
With the medicine of the mind.

Which only could curb its waves.
For it destroys rapidly like thunderbolt.
And I'd rather be a fool.
Than give myself to fear again.

A. T Matthias

Beauty And Nature

Most times I marvel
At the wonders nature unravel
The magnificence of beauty
The admiration of everything pretty
The stars, the great meeting of constellation
Most times scanty, most times like a group of nations
The rapid speed of time
Eventually robs me of all that's mine
The blonde and her brown hair
Finally withers, leaving gray
If the moon stops coming up at night
Things would never seem right
Why doesn't fire and water ever meet
And rat and cat finds no time to greet
Nature is the beating of the heart
Beauty is the nipple on the breast
The dawn of the new day
The sunshine that always has something to say
The green on the grasses
The thorn on roses
And the hibiscus that grows in cemeteries

A. T Matthias

Birds Of Prey!

'White' cunning birds of prey.
Blimey from west they come.
Those bodkin birds of passage.
Without fear Brits they shun.
Pleasant odor of our drums.

We are crows but yet harvest us like crops.
On our sands, West they gain, North they halved, East they shame.
Of us Negroes they make, slave trade they made.

We did nothing than dance and hop.
Foolishly take what is brought.
Cause we are small birds, singing and drum.

Two 'White' black birds of prey our fathers known.
One came with Christ and piano.
Other tame with rites and culture credo.
Proselytes, eagles that's what we gain.

Birds of prey a hook with rook.
Sparrow against res and woodpecker.
Hawk and eagle.
Thrush and kingfisher.

Starling swift.
Pheasant blackbird.
Linnet pigeon.

Birds of their kinds.
And humans like their minds.
Kill they kill, prey they sort.
Suffering the meek, pray for the hungry.
Tending the healthy, hailing the wealthy.

That those birds of passage.
Darted on our land live age.
Democracy they gave, yet.
The more crazy we became.

And I wish I were on my mother's lap.
Where I once lived happily.
Feeling the drums of her laps.
The rhythm of her soles, her hands.

Declining the nature to grow.
And the time to ever move forward.

A. T Matthias

Bless My Fate...! ! !

Day by night and night by day oppress'd
Wearied of toil, debarred the taste of rest
And rivals at either end against my reign
Faltering our consent of love, still I dare not complain!
Life and men both shook hands to torture me
And blood and tradition had it no cool
That daily's day extend my ache of thee
So longer, and grief's strength were a pool
This happened, to mock the me for ever desiring
Such beauty and love that came from heaven
To sullen earth and men like me uprising
From the pit, who never have found a safe haven
But it is a sacrifice that I alone in my state
Must make, if to love thee I wish or bless my fate.!

A. T Matthias

Culture Of The Stars! !

Sweet smoke, scented with love,
And youthful passion laced with jam
Fairy sparks of lights,
Curtailed in eight, above on high.
Oh, let me to clasp and blend
In the buttered sea, of these fairy stars,
The culture of heavenly bodies!

Oh, let me not to a starless sky
Amidst twilight, but be entwined
In happiness.
When wax waxeth darkness
And ev'ry lights doth shines
Aye, when then wax waxeth out
And darkness thinks it glows in majesty,
Only then doth, shall the stars shine
And their worths be proved.
Those twinkies that blinks at me.

The culture of the mellowed stars
Drawl not, to teach this to me and my kindreds
That men may drape of saliva
Adoring me, awaiting the dusk
For migh star to shine!
And thy love clustered to mine!

A. T Matthias

From Thy God Father! ! !

My child, eat of this words
And wear it as you would thy suds
This year,
Belittle not thy self, nor thy effort
Focus on growing muscles against challenges
And though every mistake may be thy fault
Know, it's more honorable than doing nothing.
For nothing great has ever been achieved
Except by those who dared to believe.
Direct thy thoughts properly to control thy emotions
Be not weary of building great thoughts and imaginations.
Scrib thy goals and plans as fast as you could
Then follow every moment, every step as you should.
Place value on thy creator's promises
But watch not the time for Him, He does as he pleases.
Dread not to worn out thy knees in the place of prayer
So thou can keep thy heart on whatever is pure and proper.
Whenever, you see another breaking of the day
Be it with a long face or thou in gay
Salute thy creator, the chief cornerstone
And wish others and thyself
Ninety hearty cheers
On this amazing milestone!

A. T Matthias

Happy Festival Of Birth...(Oluchichi) ! ! !

With manners, I sing thy birth of many colours
Wishing you oh sweet and cute, gentle little thief
All good that's good and all the world's favours
Loving you so much for thy beaut steals all grief.

But more to it these day to thy success
As give I in this my grace and bountiful gifts
That you find ecstasy and true heartiness Amidst all, even when the wild waters
adrifts.

May thy sky be stained with stars
And thy clouds with colourful rainbows.
May in thy fields wheat be sheaved from tars
And all men be pleased with thy Shadow's shadow.

This wish I share today, is for a friend
Who hates not nor flee when I myself I despise
Striding in despair, wishing life would end
But hands some sweets of words that softly suffice.

Then ten times I am, happy me!
To have a friend so lovely as this
If this verse be read, then it's true that I heartily wish thee
Happy birthday! Oh sweet and cute, gentle Chi Chi...!

A. T Matthias

Her Mother....! ! !

Take my hands, entwined into yours
And lay it on the surface of thy heart
The very depth of your soul that hurts
Either be I smile or when I cry- don't ask!

I can feel the rhythm of thy heart, how it vibes,
Chirping 'I love you' 'I love you' all the time.
The rivers of warmth and pleasure between your breast
Whenever I lay to curdle on your chest.
There's no one in this world who could love me like you do
Only I wish Im daughter enough to make it up to you.

This twice and while, you have suffered and been brave
Enduring agony and pain, just for me to be safe
This twice, during natal and birth of me
Some mysteries that had me hanged in you for eleven months
Labouring for three days, just for the sake I live.
Makes me spirit battered whenever you fall sick, it hurts!

I'd be guilty as charged, if tried
So what will it take to make a right?
I ask, than to love you still forever
For no words can just fit enough to say how sorry I am
Your love of me sets the fire that helps me race on
So take mine hands entwined into yours
There in my heart, your legacy lives on
And the only joy I have ever known is in having a MOTHER
Who's raised me into a young beautiful woman.

A. T Matthias

Heroes Of Doom I

Look how proud they are!
Those bra-less idiots!
Chai! The daughter of men.
Displaying their scorched lunatic bodies.
Shambling the streets with no iota of shame.
Useless virgin prostitutes are they!
They who walk along with their noses in the air.
With dainty little steps, yet no ken.
Even the bracelets in their ankle jingle.
And as they loop in their nose a hole for a ring.
They say 'God was too twit and twerp.
Foolish and lumpish to give us a nose.
He should have given us three ears'.

But Lord! Shave their heads.
This heroines of doom!
And forever leave them bald.
Rip out their nose and let their face itch.
Let none give them his eyes.
Nor their hearts whenever they dice.
Let no man vow to protect them
Nor swore forever to love them.
Let not their family want of failure.
Nor disappointments or disgrace and divorce.
For they heard that, and read this yet did not repent.
Let them be barren and have issues!
Oh Lord! For we are tired of this piffle!
Yes! And wearied of this fuss and kerfuffle! !

A. T Matthias

I Am Dead! ! ! ?#?Matt?

Bundle-less sights
Of unholy grittons.
Stacked on dumbfounded rafts.
Drifted to coast.

Ironic municipals
And dumbfounded grinning of teeth.
With darkened faces
And streamlined orients

Sudden allegretto of legs
And pleasant smell of sweet rains.
Kwashiokor rains in precision.
And variations of mild cloudy heavens.

Let them say I am dead.
For I was,
I am!
And would be!
If the world doesn't find me a cure
To this love, in me yet untold.
To the painful sorrow I've been sold
For God is mean and not nice.
And I am dead!

A. T Matthias

I Do Not Like Soyinka! ! !

I do not like Soyinka!
Except because I love him.
I do not like Soyinka!
That in obvious allure octogenarian man.
With whitish locks.
And this is my jocose to him.
That old jolly-jocund who's in a gay.

I do not wish to be garrulous,
Or loquacious.
So I will say
For I am an enfant terrible.
And I will enfeeble him with my euphoric words.
That elderberry with no egregious egotic lines.
I loathe him, yet loathing him.
Bend to him.
That fair dinkum laureate.
I hope this is not a lese majesty?
For I have penned this accord to his standard.

I do not like Soyinka!
Unless because I love him.
My sworn, utter coruscating model.
Is that I do not like him, I love him.

A. T Matthias

I Have Found A Girl

At first
Loneliness was the feeling
Yes loneliness
Then suddenly loveliness
Yes loveliness was the feeling.

Blur or obscure, I couldn't tell why
Call to concur, I demanded and sigh
Too obstreperous for my liking.
Too meaty for my eyeing.

Yet all I could do
Was just to hang over there
I was caught in there
When out of the Maddy crowd.

Came one to me
Or maybe my heart found her
One within a million, That's a Girl
I have found!

[15th September 2014. Kwara state, Nigeria. NOUN]

A. T Matthias

I Love The Breeze!

Oh! How I love the breeze.
It is my swiftness.
Day and night, though I appear freeze.
Even so, the spontaneous overflow of loneliness.

When God at first created earth.
Came along also, much with a hearth.
Wherefore my being lonely is Much Ado.
About Nothing, the breeze beheld my kiddo.

Even I prickle, none to attend my soul.
I being a fool again- yes lonely.
Then came the happiest moment-icy my sole.
My heart leaps up-so it is every moment only.

So it is when my life began, So be it. I shall grow old.
The child is the lover of womanhood not odd.

A. T Matthias

I Love You Miss But I Loathe Your Age! ! !

There's nothing in this world I hate
In all her beauty and splendour
As much as I loathe your very age
That's kept my love behind closed doors
Because I am one a score and two
And you are two times over mine
That means I can't ever be sworn to you
For our world is farther from very fine.

So I hate the unfair
In our age difference
For I can't reach your love
Nor your love to shove
Because tradition will gather to mock me
And doctrines hold sessions to judge me
How it hurts like hell to only admire you from afar
To only crush on you and like a habit to suffer.

So I'm in this nemesis and it's your fault
Since you chose to be born before I was
Yet, not thy wealth nor status or thy worth
For those ones in age I can meet up
Not even thy rigid heart, thy taste or thy likes
For that to change in time I can surely try
But your age, your very age that never waits
For me to grow up in my ace

And though I am ready to bridge this barrier
But tradition and doctrine May disown me
Look, they may even ruin my carrier
If I stood my feet when fate says we can not be

I do not know whether this reads a poem or not
I have only poured out my heart the way I feel
That I loathe your age which stands against our love
Which makes this dream of you less than a wish

So it's true I love you miss but I loathe thy years
That's kept my selfless love in rheums and tears

And though I am striving to grow up fast and join you
But the more I grow you never stay, you grow in age too.

A. T Matthias

I Promise! ! !

In all the mornings I shall of my life spend
Promise I even before our evenings are fair
That your very smile shall be my daily dose
And your laughter, melt my pains and worries
That thy love, I shall pick at your very toes
And your worth to me far more than cowries!
Your beauty to my gaze shall be my only muse
The tickling of thy lovely finger may I not refuse
I promise
Loving you shall be my greatest weakness
The only crime I'd always ever commit
And your words shall never buzz my ears
As your desires would be my kindest wish
So to remember each line I shall scribe them
On the pages of my heart, as a commitment
But the milky taste of your kiss, well; I shan't lie
I think I might need a reminder of that every time!

A. T Matthias

I See Not Myself In The Mirror...! ! !

These days,
Whenever I look into the mirror
I see not myself nor my picture
But a lonely man, trying to put on a brave front
I see you, a better part of me that is torn!

I see a man so tired and afraid, so lost
And ordinary man who forces his face to smile
While his soul yawns for a staff to lean on
All I see is a man who in thoughts 's gone many mile.

A man who saunters on the carpets of depression
And shambles the darker streets of delusion
Trying to keep up his pace and senses
Even when he finds no ecstasy, no happiness
Nor finds he solace in this race surnamed theses
For it stings so badly and gives no sweetness.

These days, oh these swollen days!
Whenever I look through this broken mirror,
Of memories dread and pains,
I see not myself nor my future,
I see you, haunting past.
Then I guess I need a change, fast!

A. T Matthias

I Shall Die.. To Live On! !

Save me not a cake, if ever you make one on my soon coming birthdays
I shall have died before those days can smell their sun
If this I say in this way does happened, bury me so I won't decay.
Resenting me not, for I died with no regret or grudge to none.

Yes I died, but I died a warrior with smiling open teeth
Assured that I crushed the world and lived above its laws
That even though its wee, still I rise and I found my feet
Even though even in death, the price was living as an outlaw.

But still I saved my sons and my son's sons
With my verse I bought them a path to a better world
Where no hate lies but all is good and fun
And most of all my dream, I fell in love!

So its true no marquee nor stone shall want my name sketched upon
Less of men. But if thy heart shall uphold my verse then truly I live on!

A. T Matthias

I'd Rather Care! ! !

I want to speak!
But no words would come.
I wish to tweak!
But no ideas could flow.
I kept gazing at you from afar
And smiling to myself,
That one day, over or moreover.
I would be your friend.

Two things makes me smile!
The taste of paradise in your lips,
And your name that sounds so sweet.
Both consoles me whenever I want to cry.

Distance swallows my rising hope!
And my patience found dead at home.
I can't wait any longer!
For I am afraid my love might grow older
Yet my heart your love must keeps.
Everyday and night even when I'm asleep
For your love for I'd rather care.
Cause hate is too great a burden to bear!

A. T Matthias

Let Me Not To The Sea Of Fear!

Let me not to the sea of fear.
Amidst living, for it is sweetness.
So corrosive to entice.

Pound me in the mortal of love.
With the pestle of care.
That I may be smoothly grounded in passion.
For I am an epitome of fear.
Disguised in the velvet of betrayal.

I have opened up my heart to people.
Yet, torn it up like a garment.
Even when it took off and flew.
It crashed!
For their treatment of me like dirt.
Pushed me to the tail of regret.
To hate myself and underestimation of self!

And my light stood in awe of darkness.
That the road petrifying endlessly discourages me.
For my faith is wearing out.

Though I am at the threshold, success at the end.
But I need courage, I need prayers, I need love.
That I may be able to wade on.
Through this sea.

A. T Matthias

Like A Star That Retreats...! ! !

Now, it is your world against mine
Back then, my word was for you and for me
But all wasn't even fine
As we dreamed them to be.

The melody was the song of our heart
And the sound, oh that music of your name
Which rides the wings of the earth
With hail stones of fire, silvering your fame.

Aback, I love the me that was drawn to you with ease
When I do lay in the wraps of your arms
It was all the bliss I could ever wish it is
Soiling my body in the fulness of your ramps.

Jolly jocund it was, in the company of your
The kiss, the smile that buttered your lips and your cheeks
This is to let you know, I truly enjoyed it all
The passion, the love and the sweetness that all over you doth reeks.

But now, this your world against mine
Makes me unhappy, I can't be fine
This your torture of me
Which leaves me helpless indeed.

You are a beauty washed in pure honey
The handiwork of one who don't mistreats
But this your denial of me to have me within
Makes you to me, like A Star that Retreats.

A. T Matthias

Love Is Pink..! ! !

This beauty shall last
Hypnotised in lovely hearts
This passion of your thighs
Mesmerized by the candiness of your face
And the rhythm of sweet wine on your lips
Its expression that shan't lie
This Love Is Pink!
I aye!
So colour not this love for me
With mere colour
For this beauty shall last
To live happily ever after
And of this love
There shall be no end..!
If then Love hath colour et shape
And it on this sands be proved
If love may be shoved or won in tales
And I be from wish be chanced
To my heart pour on minds and nay on seas
As I sit in thoughts here by this damsel as ye can see
I say Love is Pink!
If this be true,
As long lives this
And so long men can see
If love be true and on truth
Then sweetly I say
Love is Pink!
And so are you!

A. T Matthias

Love! ! !

Sometimes I wonder about the creamy nipples.
That it tastes sweet like the apples.
But dross, it's not love.
Or something to shove.

Sometimes I spin at the scene.
That love is on some ass paunchy or flat.
But dross, it's not love as it seem.
For if it is, then I never wrote.
And no man ever love.
For love is love that do not alter.

Love is the takeoff of the heart.
The flying of the mind.
And the landing of the soul.

Love is the rhyme of the poet.
The plot of the dramatist.
And the theme of the novelist.

Love is the beat of the mind.
The rhythm of the soul.
And the music that the heart sings.

A. T Matthias

My Lady Is A Wall Flower! ! !

Who is this bijou lazy?
That bifurcates my bigot.
The roses are blooming and so is milady.
I came bonafide as a polyglot.

Milady wears the clarion and jingles.
Yet no one seem to notice the clap trap singles.
All because My lady is a wall flower.
Not because she is a wanton improper.

A sweet scented smell of spices.
Accented on milady's denizen claret.
And when I nigh, it's like the old man's colorful fishes.
So I polished her charming hand to dancing ballet.

We round and rounded the floor, circling tables.
Whinny as I make her spin her head.
Clamped her thighs, faint backwards and knuckles.
Tango with me, as I added 'take the lead'.

For now milady is not anymore.
A wall flower, but a wild one(love)

A. T Matthias

My Queen Is Finer Than Yours..! ! !

My lady is the direct opposite of beauty
Everything all men may count amiss
She is just not the crush of thousands or charity
She speaks before she even thinks.!

She is some slow in learning, truly unkempt and rough
That whenever I try to her smooch, the bulbs put off
And while others are lilies of the night, she remains of the day
While they are modern, she wears her tradition that always slay.

Men though may say ones weakness should be shredded
But I'm too sorry, this ache of her in me can't be flooded
So forgive me my weakness but you are still my choice
For you taught me love and all there is to gross.

So though, thy eyne over my queen may thousands errors note
Yet it is my heart that knew her ills and still wished to dote
All that's beaut is in the lover's eyes, my queen is finer than yours
For she gave me love and helped me find the sun!

A. T Matthias

Next Day Phobia!

My next day phobia.
Like sweat overwhelms me.
Out of the incessant odor.
It gushingly weeps blood.
From my body pores and hollows.

For the labyrinth of life.
Is of jungles and wolves.
And the perilous shadows of death.

Even if I scale through this.
And I wild in pain with no gain.
Even if I take the cane.
And it turns out in vain.
If I wallow in tears chasing tyres.
Or my back aches from running barrows.
As tomorrow comes non stopping.
To be the future of yesterday.
I am afraid of who I am.
The man I'd become.

For as a man tango with fate and destiny.
So also a man tangles with it.
I fear about tomorrow, my destiny.
In the midst of this perilous shadows.
For I can't change it nor escape it.

But if fate hooks me up with a leper.
And destiny makes me a barrow man.
I fear I'd curse god and die.
If fate ask to roll down my sleeves.
Or drink water from my bowl.
If destiny is to live in a fool's paradise.
And my struggle like water in a basket.
I'd curse the day I was begotten.

My next day phobia- the jungles.
Which mingles and tingles me badly.
Yet all do not be-wild me as much.

But if I pass through those inferno stages.
And do not make it in life.
For life is the survival of the fittest.
And I am fate phobic.
Everyman is!

A. T Matthias

Ode To Genevieve! ! !

I salute thee African's beauty.
Nigeria's diva who hailed from Mbaise.
Orekelewa of the giant of Africa.
Whose beauty an elegant gait.
Scaled her through the forest of a thousand demons.
Who drank her beauty to fame.
Unlike Tutu the palmwine drunkard.
Your body is like a flower holding petals of wonders.
Your hair like Naboth's vineyard, so enticing.
Filled with all tropes of delicate fruits.
Nnaji you are a goddess on earth.
And captor of so many jack's heart.
But who are you oh Gene!
Going to share a ring with.
Or give your 'True love' to.
Who would thou 'Love for ever'.
For many are 'dying to love' thee.
I hope not for an extenuation on that.
For many wishes to 'Tango with thee'.
You who are all round awesome inclined.
'G' is for gazelle, a gentlewoman.
Who is gooey and gorgeous, a gateau.
'E' stands for earnest and echos of eclat.
For your elemental ego.
'N' means naturally natty, for you are and will be.
A nines Nestor to our elegant ones.
'E' is for elderberry, eloquent and elocution's.
That's why you are Nollywood's best.
'V' stands for your valiancy and valor.
In vanquishing life's turbulency, you are valuable.
'I' states you are an introit of all beauties.
An angelic interweave and intertwine of wonders.
'E' appears you are excellent personified.
To be an euphony of our culture.
'V' for valentine, you are everyone's, not too vaunt.
'E' stands for exclusive, you are.
Because I am expressly speechless.
You are African's diva against the Brit's dame.
Theirs is Guinevere, ours is Genevieve- our pride.

Now every woman is called that.
Wow! Is that. 'A GENEVIEVE' to someone of beauty.
To me you are African's queen and Soyinka's Sidi.
Accept my salutation, ododo iwalewa ti awa.
For little should be my extol.
So others would not deride me of my speeches.
That's just an extenuation for my shortness of words.

A. T Matthias

Ode To Momma! ! !

Keep me warm in your bosom!
Be it harmattan or in cold.
Whether now when I'm young or when I'm old.
Keep me safe that I may blossom.

Let me lay my head on your lap
While you stroke my hair,
With your forgiving heart
Soothing it with your soft hand.

Mum! You are an epitome
Of elegancy and eminence!
How humble and noble.
An interweave and intertwine of wonders!
That so many wait in alacrity of your nobility.

Let my mind dance away!
From frustration and suffocation,
Whenever I behold your face
Even when your face cannot be seen.
Though I am spirit battered and energy draining,
I'll be yet waiting
Loving you still
For you are my crescent moon!
My gold and dearest Momma!

A. T Matthias

Once I! Twice Love! ! Thrice You! ! !

My soul hovers for you.
Even more when I beheld you.
Now my saliva fails me.
Much more I feel need to hold you.

Once! I had beheld your beauty.
Not comparable, my strength leaves me.
No matter my choice of word, diction!
I can't make up words, just illusions.
To express my heart.
How so the mighty wonder.
Even now I am no more.
Master of my tongue.
Or my lips let me say.
It is I but I with what?

Twice! Love I had conjured up.
To savour the moment I created.
But withheld by your beauty.
I asked myself.
Who will sing your lyrics?
Who can admire you?
Like I do - I'm engrossed.
Then without notice, a gentle breeze.
Swift past - I recall.
It is I but I with what?
I with Love!

Thrice! ! ! I had taken courage.
Wanting to speak to you.
But moment of love never came.
Love is the impulse of the moment.
Your eyes are your prestige.
Your laughter like a clarity waterfall.
Your endless charm, I feel like draping.
All these set on my mind.

I ever wanted.
Is to feel the warmth of your embrace.

And tell you I LOVE YOU.
Then it is I with Love with You.
Once I! Twice Love! ! Thrice You! ! !
Love is the moment with you.

A. T Matthias

Pardon Me, My Child...! !

Pardon me my child,
That, I am made of black!
Yes, of black
But I am Africa
And my heart isn't dark!

Look look, my palms are but fair
And the sole of my feet likewise
So tarry not to embrace this love
And treat this black with care
For black surely isn't dark!

Pardon me my child, my love
That the love you found was black with radiant eyes
And passionate heart, enfilled with nothing but lovely lines.

Oh! enemy of black! ye that eats the soul from within
Be thou now a trance from my past, and a myth
For whenever the past calls, I let it go into voicemail
Since it has nothing to offer, nothing to say!

Because black or fair, we are both made of sands,
And of dust and water taken from this grounds.
Black itself is sweet beauty that naturally shoves
Pray soulmate finders, stick with this colour of love!

A. T Matthias

Passion For You!

Kiss my cheeks.
For wishes are horses.
And I'm long gone.
In the lust of your love.

Mount my mouth.
With your scented spices.
For kisses are promises.
And no mumbo-jumbo.
Or paralysis of analysis.
Or any impediments.
Can mish-mash our love.

Dames are gems.
And beauties are lilies.
I'm a bard yet spell bound.
In God's act of your art.
Smitten by your beauty.

Gorgons are morons.
And foes are woes.
To us here, may they not dare.
Or grease our blissful bliss.
With the mill of ill-will.

You are going to be my wife and life.
It's my choice, I rolled the dice, I bear the loss.
If any of the devil's dross.
Or gain from God's gross.
so be it, my passion for you.!

A. T Matthias

So If But You Must Die, Die A Good Death!

Look, here lies the truth of life
And to think of it is best
Think it wrong or right
You can't counter it's spell
For if life is all a hundred
Then death is eighty percent
And oh save the dread
Death itself is a present
The best gift from life
To end our misery
And our pain and strife
The very road to immortality!

Whatever shall fail to die,
Shall cease to live!
Whatever shall to skip death try,
Shall surely cease to be!
Death is full of great traits
How it makes us so jealous
Of the dead and unborn in their state
It makes us so envious
This judge aids a true sacrifice
One a ransom for the breath of many
To any who wishes to love without plight
Two a save, from mister life that's cunning

This being helps us to remember our tears
Teaching us, too much laugh is a fail to kind
That if we eat, we eat but to forget not others
To know the end than the beginning feels better
For man himself to tame, cannot just but do right
If ever there weren't the dread of death in sight
Nor shall be in his heart feel this guilt of he'll,
If life by death had no means to a end.

True, death is the only solution to our misery end
So if but you must die, Die a good death
Or if true you can't skip to be born at birth
Be sure to die not too well but at the right time then.

A. T Matthias

Sonnet Xiv: Remember Me Not..

Remember me not, even if this verse distills mine name
Lest thee by men because of me be embarrassed
Or lest i with my little birth, stain thy noble fame
Only bury me in thy heart, once I'm in clay compassed.

For this world apart be part and compact of brutality
Where mere men like I shall chickenly die their death
If ever whether in heart or with eyes, dare to gaze thy beauty
Less to talk, of stretching thee their love even in stealth

This truth no colour, that the poet is not praised
Somewhere may, but not here on this sands that reeks with oil
For it loathes the growth of flowers that love ever grazed
Even when we rise against the force that mutilates our joy

So forgive me if this worlds says our love shall end here so
Just free me in thy heart so to wait in Eden for thee i can go
The radiant wishes of thousand suitors that shove
Thou art to me like a tasty bread, buttered so fine
And life on thy honeyed lips dipped in sweet wine..!

A. T Matthias

Soulmate Iii

Let me set woods of fire
To warm thy heart
With the pleasant smell
Of burning woods
For the mild air breathes cold
And the swiftness of the breeze
Makes milady freeze

My eyes waters from the
smoky smoke that evolves
And I took the chance
To joyfully weep for her
With a tenacious heart that cares
For the stillness of the moon,
Brings along joy and peace
And makes milady radiant and ease.

So Soulmate!
Entie me to thy heart forever
Let no cutter, cut our bond to shove
Nor no stealer, steal our pot of love.
Soak me in the sweetness of thy wine
And together,
Let's be entwined
Forever!

A. T Matthias

Sweet Looks Sweet But Sweeter Is You! ! !

The dawn each day without thy prayers, does not arise.
O, how lovely the roses envy thy beauteous youth
But little are they compared to thy worth in thy daughter's eyes
For sweet looks sweet but sweeter is you!

My heart robes thy hurt and thy love
All thy ache and thy pain, capsuled in words
It thinks how gently you pray in tears and all
Just to buy me a window for a better world.

Sometimes though, you were tough, as hell as you can
That I mistook you for the enemy, a sworn predator
But all times you have been a wife, and a mother
One whose teachings, made me into a young beautiful woman.

So spare me, sweet may look sweet but sweeter is you
And beauty, though beauteous is nothing than thy worth
When men shall scorn, this verse shall distill thy truth
For truly all beaut shall fade but thy words shall not.

A man who saunters on the carpets of depression
And shambles the darker streets of delusion
Trying to keep up his pace and senses
Even when he finds no ecstasy, no happiness
Nor finds he solace in this race surnamed theses
For it stings so badly and gives no sweetness.

These days, oh these swollen days!
Whenever I look through this broken mirror,
Of memories dread and pains,
I see not myself nor my future,
I see you, haunting past.
Then I guess I need a change, fast!

A. T Matthias

Sweetest Phrase! ! !

I wish to confess a feeling.
That has showered my life with a pleasant vibe
I wish to tell a thought of full meaning.
That has brought a new spirit in my life.

I want to choose a phrase, it's for you.
To feel all my dreams have come true.
Bless me with your love and paint me blue.
That even the darkest days I might see it through.

The sweetest phrase any heart can share.
Is 'I LOVE YOU', what I feel whenever you are near.
For no words have I chose that can clearly define.
What it is I feel, to know that you are mine.

The sweetest thing that's ever happened to me.
Is you, my heart leaps up and falls as the dew.

A. T Matthias

The Black Child! ! !

I am sitting here amidst darkness!
Though it's the ride of the day.
Watching someone's life in the hands of a predator,
As he becomes the faltered prey.
I can't laugh, I can't pray!
I can't smile, I can't cry!
For I'm the one and it's my life!

Even if I bell the cat, I'm still the black ball!
No matter how I shake up
and get weaving,
I'm still that black boy.
The lonely shadow that wanton calls.
So let everyone else be gone!
Left out with only Me, Myself and I
I do not wish to see their face nor their eyes
For their fetish gaze, tames me.

Where is my sandals?
Let me flee with my feet on ship
Away from the scene so they can live
While I'm unseen and on leave
Or let them leave and go in peace
While I stay here alone in loneliness,
In this cloudy darkness
For I am Black and with a dark heart.

Let no one, stand by the door
To wade me on!
Not then, later or now
I wish to cease being a Noun!
But I keep coming back
I keep lurking this place. Why?
And I'm cold these days! Why?

Quick!
Bend my back, crush its bones
Tear me apart from head to my hollows
Then leave me alone.

I wish to be unseen!
Not to be felt by heart who fets
I wish to melt every now and then.
Hurry! Raise my head, shatter it
Eat my neck, turn opposite
I am cold and shaking, it's not what I want
But again I want 'cos to them I'm a want
Do you now understand my pain? No!

So I wish to stay here alone in this darkness
I will forget all ambitions, desires and wishes.
I will hunger no more for passion, love and kisses.
Let me just alone here in loneliness
It's OK here, in this darkness!
I will neither draw my sword nor my pen,
And will ever drawl in words to the sons of men!
I wish to give in to fate and creativity
So reply, if you understand my hate penned from sensitivity.
For I am that black child!
That boy who was meant to shine!

A. T Matthias

The Ritual Of Life.....! ! !

Life is a give and take ceremony
A ritual everyone must perform
Such festival of love with other forms of fun.
From friendship to courtship and matrimony!

Men before nature? We never were wise!
And far too stupid, to understand what God's like.
Never willing to offer our bodies a living sacrifice,
Or brave enough, for a friend to lay down our life.

This life,
Where two friends can't both be right but guilty
If to forgive those they hate is what they wish
Where solemnization is in taking responsibility
The ritual of forfeiting your right to win thy peace.

This life,
Where when a friend paints thy soul black and white,
But you dearly not dare, sing the chorus of betrayal
Except you've realized what you can learn from that plight
And accept that there is no success without some trial.

Yes,
Life is a bed of roses in between thorns
And sweetness amidst pangs and perditions
That leave thy heart and soul in awry thongs
Except you find thy creator and lay thy petitions.

Yes,
Life is a field of war, a combat of Generals
One to contest, no mere mortal can dare
And twisted, must fate entwines destiny!
One where one cannot hope if a 'mediocre'.

Yes,
A sea of battle, victory only for the soul that cares
Yet, until a thousand years come, none shall rule 'Mutiny'!

This Pain... This Test.!! !

Why? Hast thou stricken me where it hurts?
Why? Hast thou deserted me when its hot?
Re-opening a wound, making my contuse,
Like the skin of a kettle drum.
This pain, will in me a thousand years live!
Before it ended, healed or be sealed.
This wound, will give no life to me
Except strength to hope as long lives it.
I hate my life, I loathe the lout
And until I can the kindness repay,
This wound I pray, shall not suffice
Shall not cease!
I hope should not heal,
Until I can beat the reach.
I am the cause, I know, so you need not tell
It is my fault, I can see, you need not point
I wish to ask in humility, that He cancels this test,
Yet what happens, to the golden chest in the end?
So I wait in alacrity, awaiting His promise, my rest.
When this pain will end and I'll have my best.

A. T Matthias

To Be Loved...! ! !

Rushing waves, a light chilly breeze
Star strewn sky and moon lit seas
Tender hearts; so longer at ease
And souls entwined in eternal bliss!

What more feeling that there is,
And milked pleasantness than this?
To feel love and oh be loved
What more pleasure can one want?

What more bravery then or passion
Or much courage and selfless sacrifice?
To give up one's soul and ambitions
For one who loved us first without plight!

Oh what more? To love and love even when it hurts
To sever the desk that strides whenever we talk betwixt us
What more, to make peace with smile in each others courts
For nothing more is there than to have our wishes ridden on white horse.

A. T Matthias

When I Die...! !

Fear not I shall but even when I die,
Let not a stone nor marquee tell where I lie
Nor glands make their drop of tears
Let my death enjoy the peace its earned.

Let not tears rise
In thy heart not thy eyes
For many years after I die
From the ashes I would rise, even I

I was born of a woman to die
And born of God so I may rise
It is why I live a righteous life
That i may not just survive but thrive

A. T Matthias

When Life Appears Crazy Or Unfair! ! !

I want to pick a word and think it through.
To plant an idea and watch it grow.
I want to smile and cry whenever I wanted to.
How will this be possible? Can someone tell me so?

If I answer your question, what will you do?
If I scare away your worries, how about that too?
If need be, you! to watch the world grow.
Take I pray thee! some love stones and throw.

I want to pick my pen and paint the world blue.
Or red, they say either is color of something,
Intriguing. I'd like to carve with my pen you!
To caligraph in my mind the picture that's melting.

If thou with care command my lips to say.
The darkest moment is when the moon comes not at night.
Refusing to show and the stars never glow to stay.
Yet, nothing even then is impossible to do, If I'm right.

I wish the shape of the world is circle.
Maybe then the good tide will pass by me.
I wish I was ennobled and I don't need to prickle.
Maybe life to me won't be unfair as you can see.

Close your eyes and ears but open your mind.
If thou won't hear ten thousand melee shedding tears.
Surprisingly, some with only one part of their whole kind.
Now open your eyes and ears, look around, tears or cheers?

If I know I would have waited a little longer.
I curse the day I was begotten into this world.
I've never achieved tangibles and I'm no younger.
Please someone slay me! Kick me out oh Lord!

If you are a fatty, it's for an utmost purpose.
Or with sugarcane body, there's a reason for it.
If you are black as charcoal, no need to self bellicose.
Or you have a deformed body never think opposite.

And whenever life appears crazy or unfair.
Just one thing, do it for me!
Smile and curb not away from funfair.
Cry if you feel like and the need be.

Now the word I'm choosing is LOVE.
The idea I'd plant is to smile forever.

A. T Matthias

Where's Harmony?

Where's harmony?

When a priest becomes a thief.
And an Imam sells carcass as toys.
When the 'Po' men becomes desperate.
For sweet favors by making it a dagger thing.

Where's harmony?

When everyone loves a bribe.
And runs after gifts of a bride.
When guns of khaki and dogs go rogue.
Vivid me, oh people of Nigeria!

Where did you keep harmony?

Is it under 'Aso rock'? The president's wardrobe.
Or 'Olumo rock'? The ancient hide outs.
Then go heather and make it plane.
For I have gone there and found none.
I have searched crazily without some crumbs.

So now to thee I second hand.

Where's harmony? Our harmony!
Is it with Uthman Dan Fodio.
Or with Ojukwu and Aguiyi Ironsi.
Or with Awolowo and the west side.
For I have outturned lands, wares, pockets and stocks.
Ransacked the olden past, the present and the ancient future.
But I could find none- absolutely none.

So I said maybe it's under the belly.

Of the mother earth or the ocean bed.
Where the legends are laid.
Our ancestors and heroes past lay.
Gone with them forever to eternity.
For we once had it with us in sokoto(pocket) .
But now, even now! It's not in sokoto.
Not in center of unity or excellence.
Or in the state of harmony.

To me I am poohed and weary.

And would have adjourn it to the last banquet.
But I second hand it to you.
So now I am asking.
Where is harmony and peace?
For it has gone out of hand.

A. T Matthias

Who By? Dare Set Us Apart At The Cross Road!

I wander lonely as a cloud!
That reeks and prays.
Over hills and valleys.
Once like Kwesi, I have been at the cross road.
That decision to make I coincide.
Having no sweetness of temper or nature.
Who by? Dare lifts the lamp of love.
Only you!
As innocent as in your face myself I see.
Your love for me deeper than the deepest sea.
But I must confess, he who peels the joy off humans.
The manacling of woes.
Makes me afraid.
Even though to our abode they doth not dare.
Aye! I must confess, I'm afraid of woes.
Who for peace and happiness, they live not for.
For to them, we are but bubbles that last not for always.
Like a smoke who bequeaths on the way.
But eh, silently whatever joy we have left.
May be imprinted in us as we live life's turbulencies.
And forever!

A. T Matthias

Wish You Good Luck! ! !

May thy adversaries be the fruitcake
In this world, of hunger and ache.
But you to live, to be old and toothless
Free, just from boredom and sickness!

With a foot in your door
Get it in, not a foot wrong!
Yet, may you find your feet
And surely surely fall on it!

May you break a leg,
To be in gay and always a shining star
With a flagon of ale or palm wine keg
May you then be qualified to be called to bar.

For one BP for thy foes
One BP for you
And one BP for the children of men.

Blood pressure for thy foes
When they gaze thy Bridal Party rows
That is Breathtaking and Pleasurable
Hope its now understandable?

If it is, then you know my heart
That I wish thee goodluck
If it suits not thee from the start,
Wish it to me then in return!

May not be poetic,
But this means so much to me...

A. T Matthias

Would You Dance For Me...!

Would you dance for me, without melody?
And swear thy love to remain in tragedy?
Would you to say, if it drives thee insane?
Or you the same, thy love retain?

Would you spread the skies and gently scrib,
Sweetened lines to stir my stiffened heart?
Would you butter thy words and crack a rib?
To see how much I mean to thee on earth?

Would you now and then erase the tears from my eyes,
Away, towards the softness of my lips?
Clustered with the taste of buttermint,
Would you do that to end my willful cries?

Would you thy soul to me give?
And thy lovely, to replace my sunken heart?
Would you thy ties cut from family's bliss,
And thy dreams forsake for this bat?
Would you?

Then, shall I, I shall give my heart
And be entwined to thee
Letting myself drawn to thee with ease
For thou art the spark of love from the very start!

A. T Matthias