

Poetry Series

Abdulrasaq Akingbo
Okanlambe
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe()

And We Came To Pass

AND WE CAME TO PASS

Hours are more or less alike
All scenarios in our living age;
Either fore or hind,
Up and down,
Zig or zag,
Are all Bizarre!

The apex diverse hours
Came at parturition,
When an embryo revealed
An adore fruit we have been waiting.

Late and soon,
It revealed, and we rejoiced,
We all embraced its arrived
Through our shoulders,
Although, it is vulnerability,
Innocent of nothing, but screaming

This foetus at its nursing age;
Dart up the roof and sky,
More often exult sucking and howl,
Clinging and kissing,
With its loving dimple
Pleasure and amuse.

At its crawl age-
Trans to youngster
At this season of living,
He owns pair options;
Yes or Negative.

Soon and later!
Osmosis to selfhood-pillar,
As a street for folks
Either rejoicing
Be a Harmony,

Be a Greedy,

Be a loving or loved,
Be a lord or Serf,
Be a Cleric or Priest,
Be a Donor or Recessive,
Be a knight or Noble.

But at night or daylight,
Green or Old Season,
Man or Maiden,
When the foe of prosperity,
Is knock it is time!
Unusual traverse;

What is the wailing for?
What is the theme?
What is the mourning for?
Why forlorn?
Somebody is dead!
What a pity!

It ends its race as ripple do.
This flowing flood of moan;

It is unusual hours of entombment rite,
In a peaceful colour sheet,
Set to its private closet beauty denied casket-
Set at its street-hood;
Led through self contain.

But!
Ere the preceding rite;
I asked thus:

Who will hunt it?
Wife and chum,
Husband and trail,
Children and Fruit,
Siblings and Friends,

But!

Is it true they said?

Thus:

We came to pass.

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe

Cogitate Of Future

Why thou encumber in this style
Give me up the base
Plea sit us down awhile
To thrash out the theme

Plea find us somewhere in bestow our jovial
Adore, if there would no age to
Confer the treatise belong to ours.

Emigrate we from this environs
To other which is ours
To thrash out the adore
To be ceaseless one

And garner immortal affairs for impends
belong to our fruit and brood
Ere closing mouth and eyes.

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe

Easy Difficult Path

It is easy difficult path
True extreme path
I know, I know
I know I must die!
But

Anybody around?
To deem my hour
to make me up my time
I knew death is only holy path
to my Lord.

For; after I left this field
Who will be shooting my arm
This private mild closet
I will be laid
Who will seen me off

Afraid me of this slog dark
fluorescent room
Tell her, let her aware

Let the earth not be worry
late and soon
Day and night
we are approaching
In a white sheet dressing.

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe

Ho! Why Thy Hasty Elapse

Who trance that life is passing by?
Such tongue is accurate,
Thou had left us in the rear
I was astonished why we
 all blind to see one another.

Thou have done us thus:
Move forward is tragedy
Flash back is a great intricacy.
They have overwhelm us
I mean they forgot,
Those with cleric

They did not keep in mind
Those with foster
But not judge our side
And deprived everything of us.

I heard a voice says 'we shall head off'
Another says 'we will all fly by night'
 both nun, nurse.
Life is a field where triumph does not dwell
But everyone must welcome his fate.
O' you have passed by.

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe

My Dimple Minstres

For, soo lucky we met
Either for me or her
But is extremely lucky,
to be a knight and minstres

My princess,
My dimpled Aminat
Soo much interest I have in thee.
From where I should explain

My adore love in thee
From head to toe?
or toe to head.
If she promised to live hundred
I will live hundred minus one; so i will not live without her.

This love cannot betide
O' my love where are you
Be with me and I will worship thee.
She was named Aminat.

From day to day!
My love grew like vegetable
but faster than rose.

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe

Rolling Tongue

This rolling tongue in the ocean of mouth
This rolling tongue surrounded with weapon

Darting in and out,
Shall in a faithful day throne thee
And shall on a tempting day vanishe you.

Oh! Tell him, thy neighbour
To worship this little bride swimming round
the palace of his mouth.

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe

We Live Let Die

The day you was born
Each and everyone cheering by
Boy and Men celebrate the hours.

I know, you must live
Either in seeking for knowledge, money, power and other great things.
We must conquer away
from this field where glory does not stay.

What is the wailing for?
They said he had passed by night But to me; is common
We have inconsistent taught.
Male and Female
Death and Birth

So wailing is not the solution
For, death is inevitable.

Abdulrasaq Akingbo Okanlambe