

Poetry Series

**Adeosun Olamide**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Adeosun Olamide()

# A Burnt Note In Tanzania

The dunes are instinct  
Lamps slain in miserable night  
The earth stumped on, shivers thro  
Telling, the witch burners here almost

On leach to ruin they set heels  
A brother charring sister,  
And to ashes, sons twirl mothers  
All a guilt, the redness of sclera

The odor of fuel hut round  
And scream of ablaze impressed  
They bring Gods judgment upon  
Upon me, inheritor of sorcery

A son calls to me  
The reason his impotence  
And other tarry along  
Reason his idleness

But my red sclera came  
Suffering to bring them life  
And his impotence- `cos be virgin  
The idle, I refused him ritual

In unison the flame is roofed  
I in blanket lain cold  
Scribbling words you read  
Panting smoke engulfing soul

Adeosun Olamide

# A Day Away

A day to live-  
Putting my scars beneath,  
To the mask  
And neath too my wrinkles,  
To the paints  
And to those robes  
Hide my rags-  
It is a day to live-  
A day to forget

Adeosun Olamide

# A Hallowed Desire

Town slumbers on  
As crawl dark  
Sneaking my defiler  
The priest son  
And law comer  
With beret and boot a match  
Him march street thro  
A lamp his head  
That wound a breast

Baton leg his held gaze  
Along memory murmur  
Saunter by and by  
Since seal mine thief  
His caress weighs soul  
Glistening torn skirt  
That hungers rape still  
A crave to sate  
My scar a mend

By tunnel, wait night  
Hoping by come  
With baton charged  
To tear a blouse  
As slit mine  
I fasten breathe  
And soul free  
A knife in bosom  
His throat to slit

I crawl nights still  
Desiring a rapist  
Bought a candle  
To use a funeral

Adeosun Olamide

# A Heart Of Gratitude

While day falls and the night calls in obvious whispers of departing art,

In the halls of earth we lay distraught,

With pall notes scrawled on the walls of tender heart,

Fondled by whispers of fond thoughts

Like a vessel sailing closer to the winds we be,

Crawling to and beyond our warm cots,

Yet Enthralled in anticipated horizons of the old sun rising glee,

That for some and for others be not

Heavens yet a beauty beheld when painted with stars or colored with rainbows  
press,

But lesser they be a beauty when be to dreams,

For when dozed off into the still stream of unknown consciousness,

The entirety of heavens and earth be possible in gleams.

If bitten by the stings of nightmare or tingled by nightmarish shadows stung,

Perhaps applause absence your hand and praise dearth your tongues

Adeosun Olamide

# A Mothers Eclipse

His infrequent cry for attention  
Mother crave utter silence  
And constant want affection  
But mother' remoteness yearns  
Unending meconium and spewing  
-His mother hanker fragrance  
As belong out

In thought and beauty steeped still  
She reaches in looking glass reflect  
Due bother swelling body hers more  
In dark, starved him, seeks to breast-feed  
Where always, purpose dark is unfulfilled  
As his unkempt brought her spew  
She belongs out

She doubt often if child be hers  
As behold ugly, revolt in him  
Yet, deep in soul- loves and crave him  
But of her world much is known  
Where looks be key acquaint  
And fate ugly locked in doom  
Knowledge- as belong out

A little bother on thought  
She sought his escape  
Where remold in factory is hoped  
Wept gave little as escape brought  
With conjured rejection in eye lain still  
Along soul love and crave of him  
Escort came as belong out

-In deep sea, her baby sinks on, on  
Forever cuddled in her tattooed arms

Adeosun Olamide

# A Note From His Late Wife

I never loved you less  
The love I gave him  
I gave you too  
And though you're wounded for me  
He is wounded too  
You came in the flames  
He came sinking  
-Just to save me did  
But I never loved you less  
As my heart was shared  
And though it broke your heart  
But it broke his being  
When I loved you like him  
Not only his heart-  
But his mind as well  
I know I must make a choice  
And that's what I do  
-split myself in two  
And give a quarter of me-  
To keep him living

And now -is this the end-  
For you cannot love me-  
When I love somebody else  
But I love you just as him  
And he loved me more-  
For when you are wounded  
And your kidney won't work  
He cried as I cried-  
He saw me love you  
And he saw me die  
And for the love he had me  
-Gave you his kidney  
And now he would die  
-To see me smile-  
When you have me back  
And now that he is dead  
I have lost my breathe  
And though never loved you less

I love him too  
My smile is enough for him  
But I can't have it now-  
Now that he is gone  
So my love I take this journey  
I need must do-  
For I love him too

Adeosun Olamide

# A Poem Of Isaac

Abraham the fanatic  
Abraham the murderer  
Abraham the mad  
But say not-' those  
For he is Abraham, the devoted  
Called too- the father of faith

Adeosun Olamide

# A Poor Body's Wish

The world knocks your door  
The roses haven't felt you  
The stars haven't had your gaze  
The sea haven't tasted you  
And even- earth you daily till  
That earth knows not your gait  
The trees haven't heard your joy  
And neath- the sun you daily till  
That sun, it warmth, its loveliness  
-Knows not the taste of your temple

Know, know- the world won't always look your way  
Know, know- the world won't always come for you  
Know, know- they search too for their own lights  
And the sun not caring you rise-  
And the earth not fond- your gait  
The breeze content- lacking your caress  
They search for those who loved them  
Searching too, lost in the pure darkness  
Know, know- the warm sun rise and set upon some graves  
Know, know- That some seeds desire to spur resting on  
Know, know-That the wind caresses their final resting place

So beloved- when -your light dims and near death  
On sailing, depart here, sail on as your light dims and die  
Do use that body; do use that ship one time  
-Be on the side of the storm, in the hollow of the tempest  
Be in the gapes of the sharks, bewildered and scared  
Be- where your sunken soul - may see your light  
To feel, to exhale, to drown in it, be-for your sunken soul  
Let it feel, let it exhale- let it drown in it, be for me  
Perish there- beloved, where no one knows  
Perish there, where there are no -remembrances  
Perish there, along with ship that shall hold your memory, odor  
Perish there  
And let the sea be your earth  
And let the sea be your grave  
Perish there, beyond the tides  
Beneath all, in the depth of the earth

To acquaint the ambience there

Adeosun Olamide

# A Souls Wish

O soul, bounded soul  
Shall I clothe thee flesh-  
Make ye man  
A man she may love

But apace, shall wilt, will die- my begetter  
And be each- a grave apart

O soul, bounded soul- let me thee then a flower  
Fragrance that keeps her breathing  
A beauty that lures her touch  
O soul, a flower- let me put thee

O begetter, so shall do,  
That when wither, shrivel come-  
My ash shall be owned by winds  
Buried in sea perhaps, or dumped on another's grave

O soul, bounded soul  
I shall make ye then the sun, rain, wind  
So may caress her flesh  
The water that showers her  
Or the stars- she shall wait see- each night-

But the inconstant wind- o begetter  
That cloaks, beclouds the sun, stars  
Or the rain, how?  
When it shall keep her indoors

O soul, o soul, o bounded soul,  
I'll make thee then her clothes  
Clothes that she wears  
The corset that should hold her breast

But o begetter, my begetter  
That is worn shall wear  
That robes often are made for rags  
And moment now cherished'  
The other' trampled upon

O soul, bounded soul! - shall I make thee then her ground  
The earth where her gentle feet shall stroll upon  
Or make thee a prison, a prison she may be shut in  
Or a scar, a scar she shall ever bear  
Tell O bounded soul, if it is a bed, a bed she comes to, -sleeps in  
Or the pane she shall rest her head, stare thru- you desire  
Or what, where, o soul, shall be?

Ease, my gentle begetter  
Give- dwelling in the darkness that art her eyes  
That sees when sleep, blind and dead  
Make me- O begetter, the silence that art her ears  
That hears when deaf, in her eternal aloneness  
Make o begetter, make,  
The grave that beds her an eternity  
Or the sea she shall drown in  
There O begetter- put me

Adeosun Olamide

# A Sprout Of Ruin

There does door beyond reach  
There dwells joy only in dreams  
There homes darkness ov'r eyes  
In height' waives escape

Lost wheels mind mine  
And in crave storm to on sail  
But wind blessing abjure  
And life now in endless circle

A glimmer smile amid bottomless grief  
Born by suffice forged deeds  
Marooned along path forlorn  
A glisten of escape calls further

Of sprawled webs locking wings  
And memories vessels regret  
Bend as fire to cinders in course  
When waters rescue plummeted

With cadence of breeze  
The vein of rose  
The Pace of cloud  
The gaze of moon  
The pulse of stars  
The blaze of darkness  
The rhythm of silence  
The beep of heart  
And the impulse of time

Young, blooming, tender in bask May  
Where mist sight obscures  
And in green seeds sprout  
There shy bud inn endless dwell

Adeosun Olamide

# A Statement From Perdition

Anger - In silence  
To and fro in eyes  
Put razor veins  
And smoke lungs  
Yes-! And spirit to blood

One morning- just her  
Playing in garden  
Slumbering around thought  
Dangling with heart  
My whole frisson- in her hold  
Feet tremble- voice stutters  
All before her  
And morning such- came and came  
Gushing from life- I sought her  
Caught her- slay her  
To feel warmth her flesh on mine  
Then stroke luck my deed  
Watch her repel then tremor  
I slay with most gentle touch  
A potion- from seas  
And her corpse- beautiful still  
I wrap and bloused  
Put by side- And dig in her  
Her swell- was pregnant  
Her odor- deodar  
Carefully- I bathe her in warmth  
Kissed her lips thousand times  
And held her wrist all day  
I stare her eyes- and found life not  
She stared with disdain absent blink  
Oh fear gripped me!  
Gush it out- and plaster that socket- I hear  
I took breath relief, walk and smile  
And night that came- I dig in her  
Until one hot afternoon- she spouted

Anger - In silence  
To and fro in eyes

Put razor veins  
And smoke lungs  
Yes-! And spirit to blood  
Then knife throat ate-

Oh hell waited presence  
Hugged! And dig all torment in me

Adeosun Olamide

# A Task By Thee

Tis night,  
Path- greets came through  
Struggling, crawling, panting, worn  
Tossed by the rioting seas  
Yet toiled they, knowing, feeling- just ahead'  
Beyond those dark hours  
The warm sun lived-  
In her conquest the heavens  
Roaming its rays over the calm sea  
Piercing rags theirs- to tears dry

Tis night,  
When stones' seeming gray is cast from  
Tis worthless named, empty called- rubbished  
And left forlorn to be devoured in own grief  
But still- the sun again crawls, struggles be-  
And in path it precursors, to win-  
Aye shall- to beam on our sorrows  
Its rays to pierce, overcome the darkness  
Tis then thee, this stone- shall gleam-  
Shall sparkle, aye sparkle

Bide my dear-  
The morning almost is here,  
Admiration awaits ye  
And regrets looms- them  
Aye them- who left when dark art thee  
Tis night,  
You too shall come through it  
But never sink in the sands  
Not ever- should ye drown  
Lay there on the surface-  
For tis here the sun seeks  
There to shimmer ye  
And dwell thee beyond price

Adeosun Olamide

# A Walking Shadow.

Crow of the cock calls into pleasant dreams,  
The ray from the aged untamed fury sun gladdens and saddens him,  
The greet from the aging locust peddler seem a bleating scream,  
He forever lay in a mere shell of old ache grim.

The curtains of reminiscence aloof, except for memories unknown,  
Mood wavering in desolation and shade as though of lingering rose with no jack,  
This, for thought of dabbling feet in flowing stream consumes him,  
And all that remains is unpleasant voices humming sorry words of comforting  
smacks.

The path to history is but mystery as it is concealed from his field,  
For no more shall the earth hear the scream of his hoe,  
Or the wild winds feel the sting of his bows and shields,  
Nor will his sweat watering the ocean go.

Perhaps the richness of brightened exploit may yet do more good than evil pats,  
Yet smokes of his name falter into desert winds as though he was sand in bank  
of oceans round,  
His uncompleted hut accommodating vile and evil cats  
Nor his farm an exchange give for weed quickly gain ground.

There he lay waiting to awake from chaos of truth,  
His mind forever lost in dead battle,  
Once was he called the pride of the glowing village, the taste of all maidens and  
the taker of Ruth  
But even now his betrothed forever is in the arms of another' embattled.

For like many he was, conceived and born along the path of known,  
Whimpering in the want of food, his mother alone,  
Happy, when cuddled and clasped from flames,  
But now left to shadows and shading fames.

Adeosun Olamide

# A Web Of Ruin

There are times- the emptiness is no pain  
That food seems to drift its sail  
Times belonging to the onset  
For soon the emptiness becomes pain  
And nothing hinders- its devouring  
The times silences are like noise  
Like gore the peace becomes  
Our dark is invaded and we are evicted  
Those who carry the burden knows-  
Them that seek escape finds  
And- aye the contemplation begins

Slowly-the swing takes to and fro  
The grave seems a shelter from fire  
And we that see- run in its bosom  
Those that don't saunters in its gape  
The grave dwells from storm  
And we that see- run in its warmth  
Again those that don't- are swept to its gape  
But always- there is a web of ruin  
For the subscribers- in our embrace  
That torn us in its pieces  
And scatters us in its unending torment

But no longer do our cherishes mocks us  
Nor do our emotions comes failing  
And no longer are our sayings heard as vain  
Nor is our body married to the bed  
And like pleasure- the unending torment bestowed  
When compared to the state we from

Adeosun Olamide

# A Write In The Light

Sometimes-

I play with my hair, with my misery-  
I sit in the toilet- picking my nose, eating it  
I follow the sun set- till it outruns me  
Perhaps someday- I would see its home  
I like to see the spilled water- disappear-  
And sneak in to see the rose seed get its beauty  
To watch the maggots in the plates- roll  
And when there is no food- I eat my nails  
Why salt- when there is my urine

And sometimes

When water I sprinkle this wrinkled face  
And my hair seems to glow its neon dark  
Then when the mirrors deceit me beauty  
Perhaps you should know  
I smile and for then I feel no hunger-  
I hear not sorrow not joy-  
That then- I have no bathe, no food  
Nothing that could alter that look  
But still it goes- my cheek bone break free

And then the last of my moments sets in  
I give to here-  
The want to get lost, lost from you  
Have hallucinations, delusions- if don't  
Just dwell in some palace as a queen  
With the look like was in my youth  
And a scepter that governs nature  
Just there I want to go- where you aren't  
There- with people different from all of you

Adeosun Olamide

# Abyss

Fondle fire that burns in hand  
Or smoke that engulf soul  
Fondle mist that darkens eye  
Or Ice that severe blood

There is call from mist  
Aver light robe darkness  
There loom presage in clouds ov'r  
Aver luster mask of gloom

The devil snore deafens ransom pay  
And savior stench stroll town thro'  
Everyone with own burden err  
None waiting other nor order

Deeds perched snare souls all  
And beggars beneath ireful sun  
In their robes, gold begging for rain  
It winds up' melee authors us

Fondle fire born from within  
And voices repentance ringing ear  
To many souls twirling in anguish  
Came era no tail pon deeds set dwell

Adeosun Olamide

# Ahab's Thought... The Perfect Queen

Jezebel, If She Were Jehovah's...

(Jezebel taught to be evil but in deepest of thoughts not, for her I pen)

After Saul, king, anointed, demoted, scorned, and sentenced death by his  
anointer

For the souls spared in the unjust massacre of the Amalekites,  
Gone lads, forty and two, killed, a consequence of amuse in the wards prophet  
Elisha, devoured and consumed,

Here, families rented by evil apart, torn by thorns, king stung by grief in  
weariness parted Jehovah and turned to lesser Evils,

Then Jezebel, princess then queen, loving and caring

Bothered by the fast, her husband and the soreness, her people

In aid

An end desire to bring...

To rescue realm from vicious devourer

Baal, a choice...seen and felt' an altar reared

Starved of tolerance, devoid of human sympathy...

Elijah, Jehovah's prophet in steeds' evil rise towards harmless Baal and prophets,

Pronouncing death upon them, in numbers eight hundred and fifty of them

Peaceable in nature, nurture... Succumb sublimely than in brawl favors...

Jezebel, philanthropist, and proprietor of the table many dined from...

To fight blight, conscious bid to settle scores...

In flee, the slayer

Her first Victory

The beauty seem fading, the glory waning

Thoughts of the tales strikes me like the stings of scorpion,

Wealth doubles sworn him yet offers he tarnishes

Thus in seek of comfort, depressed in abstinence from food and joy...

Glue to beds

Then her perfume perceived as she gentles into chambers,

Leaving her beauty in the shadows of her concerns, bobs...

Longing for that which bothers me as sobs tears her eyes,

Frail a little, in times difficult had hand she, the ray of my sunlight...

Assurance the father of hope she gives after woes fall my mouth

Ascending me into merriness ...

Soon my hunger, thirst, depression turns former

As she paints the letter that delivered the king,

Fate soon strolled in, as the gods covet his soul from him...  
And it was here her second victory  
For she takes pain away and grant desires...  
None great like her...  
Ahab-For Whom You Die...□  
Adeosun Olamide

# Al- Saheed

Al- Saheed!  
Hearken! My voice  
Hear my words  
Words your mother  
In voice a buzz  
Al- Saheed  
Hear-  
In your demon form  
Under moon- that bulb be  
And grasses- your bed  
Hear Al- Saheed  
The words I say-  
Above contending snores

Al- Saheed  
You forget  
What our lives worth  
That ours don't count a coin  
Deserving your bullet, your effort-?

Al- Saheed  
You forget  
This business you venture  
This trend you seek  
That all is filled  
And no space your ilk?

Al- Saheed  
How- that calf is smart when compare  
Folly your being- much is  
That not little valor your vein could rear-  
Al-  
How dost my blood such cowardice  
That choose not be- now maim?

But Al- Saheed  
How think so- their death shall bring more  
And help reach height your heroes?  
How lose-that death theirs only can make

A moment famous-  
And too lost- Al- Saheed- this business- much shall lose  
That more to come- the twinge you sense?  
For ye are fools- bullet don't makers have  
And fools yet- can't see- made in Security Council  
Al- Saheed  
To the service ye nation- I lured  
But for government- that frown- ye path  
For bolt mere- a coverer shame theirs- your fete  
Aw- Shame Al- Saheed! This deep- you sink.

Adeosun Olamide

# All In The Past I Have Had

All in the past I have had\_ dwelling me  
The dreams I have had keeps me awake  
Bruises I no more nurture -takes my -feel of life  
The silence I have had has made me deaf  
The shelter sought, imprisoned me  
A wear, flesh that my soul has worn in it  
All from the past I have had\_ dwelling me

Oft, upon the steep I no more tread  
Or the rhythm, storm, thunders relaxing my soul  
I upon my dreams live in the smothering dark  
If the moon shall burn, if the sun shall melt me,  
If the rain shall drown, if the hail should freeze me,  
A wear, flesh for my soul has worn it

And the peace had\_ made me rust  
And the rest I\_ has made me weak  
And-paralyzed in it,  
I lay in the constraint of fear,  
-Sating my health than I my hunger  
But swinging, a stab, my ill,  
Swinging, the lamp that brings knowledge of ignorance  
Again, to feel the imperfection, roughness,  
The flaws in the music I have loved  
-Distorted rhythms veiled in silence  
-Inferior, the dark I have esteemed  
-Squandered nurturance, the garden made  
I walk in the garden I have loved  
-The wines I have had keep all sour  
I walk in the garden I have loved  
The weeds no more are weeds,  
They bear the fruits,  
The grown now are, empty lilies  
And without they, precious weeds  
My senses no more should live,  
No faint sense to see the empty beauty  
Nor none to perceive shriveling fragrance  
I walk the garden, led by the lamp-  
To the past I have had, dwelling there

Adeosun Olamide

# Alley Church

Once an old church down the alley  
Where came street dwellers when storms rally  
In old church, man gray hair dwelled  
Who' priestly robe freezing gave while handheld  
There, a garden of fruits stood  
And from priests little pantry came food  
But night pass, where lain cold' old priest

Then old church young new priest came  
Whom shoe, suit, case' star sparkle claim  
In old church man of coiled hair took  
Might be he in skills vocal and look  
That street dweller coins drop' his skill proof  
As smile along' brought all beneath roof  
And happy be pilferer when teachings heard

Now, old church down alley new one sires  
Old garden now parking lots and gate spiky wires  
Where horning cars and jets in tally ons  
And street dwellers as comers forbidden of salons  
Apart torn old church where hope once beacon  
Now of choir' unclothed damsels, corrupt officials' deacons  
There, church down alley officiates' revered Lucifer

Adeosun Olamide

# Along

The cold bites in-through cursed rags  
That holds and grasp to me for warmth  
It'd nip in my vein, this cold-  
For -there it elation lies  
And it would draw to my heart  
To feel rhythm that soothes a soul to peace

There were no shadows I didn't know  
And no spells were- I couldn't undo  
I wave my hand and death returns life  
Blink an eye to make the foulest gone

I'd walk on sea and sail thru clouds  
All the sailors loved me  
For I was the shore that held their dear  
And I was the warmth too in the sun-  
That ease, soft cold- that follows the rain  
My warmth saves ice heart from frost

And as the sun softly kiss my temple  
The wind would dance around me-  
While withered roses blooms in my shade  
And my mien calms raving storms  
The birds comes here-to my presence  
For was the muse their songs  
And I could stay neath the waters  
I need not gill- to breathe there

But now- I drown in the rain  
As the sun angst hang on my face

In the mist- where god is taken heed  
I did sail  
Towards rhythm that spurred hunger  
Rhythm- that stirs from restraint  
-The sunken choruses of my lusts  
That makes - heart so hollow  
Yet it was pure I could feel- this rhythm  
That upon his shores my soul held

To unmask that temptress veil-  
And take the din, filth over the pure chorus  
And upon his shores my calm came  
To be drowned in unfathomable presence  
That taught to drown desert in sea  
To see the art of the sky and what it does to the sun  
How it pieces the sun into stars  
And too, to see roots that would slay death-  
And I, upon his shackles closer came-  
For the messiah in me pushed-  
To the strings that restraint him-  
And lo- it let my presence through  
But foul feelings quickly spurred-unruly  
Forming words and voice- my desires  
That he lay with-  
But his eyes complained of my desire  
And I gave him hug to sail on-  
On from this sea- angels doomed  
To sail- from their mourning-as they roll in the tides  
Yet foul feelings again spur on departure  
That desires his blood in my vein  
And on- went through, slitting his wrist  
As bore his blood upon my soul-  
But as depart- his curses my mien did reach  
That alas-my mien began thus- poisoned  
That the darkness he was doomed- bottomless  
Swallowed my glow-  
And the cold he was robed-  
The spring of my warmth did sting  
And does I in the imagination of a sea  
Drowning in a wind- embracing it

And upon the setting about of sun  
My consciousness exhale-  
And the sun through the mist- towards sea  
Bore her angst on my face  
And when I waved the clouds, it heeded not!  
As thru my vein a fire did move-  
That curses blooming roses to wither  
Bearing colors- that cries-  
That upon my breathe- the disease their hides  
And when I seek pick, they spur thorns that spike-

And thru my vein the fire did move  
Thugs, pirates in my vein  
With their knives- sailing on my blood  
Against my hides- they did drive  
Winning the storm spurred by a failing heart

And from the sun angst- I did run  
Hiding in a grave, dwelling in ice  
But in robes- thorns dwelt  
And spiky thorns in shoes-  
That now I stay bare in a cold-  
A biting cold-that dump venoms in my vein  
Demons in my head-  
And in my head- they did rule  
Mocking, lying as soul screams on and on-  
About the hisses I hear-  
I scream- as they draw their fangs  
And call- that they hear snakes, serpents here  
But they mock on and on  
As they rule too in their heads-  
Their servants' here- who shackled me  
Mocking, calling the snakes- mine  
Naming them my intestines-  
But soon- the sharp stones they see not  
The one they set my feet upon-shall starve  
-For soon my feet shall pale  
And- hollow my soul, doomed shall lose  
As cursed still, I go way of the wind  
-Sharing a gods doom

Adeosun Olamide

# Along The Dwellings

The teacher says we should be grateful to everyone,  
That there are many,  
With battles within them,  
Their soul, on the surface of a storm,  
Fighting demons.

The teacher says when we walk on the street,  
We should be reminded,  
The people we meet can change the course of our lives,  
They can drive towards to have us perished,  
Throw acids in our face; stab us as we return home  
Or injure the ones we love.

My teacher says most are heroes for not,  
For not murdering and raping us,  
For not giving in to the demons,  
The demons that struggles for their soul,  
And to them we owe a good, a smile,  
-A warmth, a kindness, some tenderness.

Adeosun Olamide

# An Infantile Of Eerie

My seal was broken in a dream  
The morning I was wet  
The doc confirmed so

The seeds were put in dream  
The morning I was faint  
Feeble legs deem so

A month passes of vomit  
A month of weakness too  
My tummy knew bloat

My seal was broken in a dream  
The morning I was wet  
My doc confirmed so

The seeds were put in dream  
The prison, my alibi  
For be vestal abbey sea

The fruit was removed here  
But restored in a dream  
And attached to my life

Nine month pass  
And there's a baby  
The baby of a dream

The father comes still  
A dream, veiled in mask  
To directs towards luxury

Adeosun Olamide

# An Ode To Envy

Afore, Lucifer a beloved of God, a seraph that ascended the stirrers of the fallen angels,

In above a tempest stirred, one that caused the death of God (Jesus) , and man

Afore, with wings surpassing the whites of snow, flew the surface of holy mount

In grace of heaven throne

Mired with wisdom and beauty that devoid the beauty of the morning stars to mere

And still sated by drive that ambition his toil mocked not.

Brothers, a gentle shepherd and a farmer, lain offering after tough toils,

One rejected, other accepted, and this a grip loosen, one of ireful,

With offspring that dimes hatred,

In the days, (Abel) , the second son was slain by the first (Cain) .

I, born in abysmal, without spoon, breasted by calf milks

Has grown in the realm of envy, provoked to riches by it attends.

Envy! That which lay in the shades of ambition

That toils the misfortune of the gods

With weaved webs that entraps deities and man,

The purveyor of cravings shorn of us by fate

Envy! That which beat in my soul unceasingly

When across a superior my path stretches

That which hungers us to better

Or still,

Hungers me to disposes' the better

With means devious and good

Envy! That which binds me to prominence

That curses (causes) me to misery

When nature blesses not my toil

But when

Success beams on a friend

Envy! That, which the moon does,

Unknown without light

Thus

In fame for steals from glorious sun

Adeosun Olamide

# And Flowers

Hide no more\_ delicate creature  
-Sparkling in the mist and cloud  
-Dancing in the twirl of breeze  
-Exuding to the hills and deep  
Of root that bless and soothes the earth  
I but, to marvel and see, to inhale thy sweetness  
Hide no more\_ delicate creature  
For I but, to marvel and see, to inhale thee

Oh delicate creature sparkling here,  
-To feel you, would bring my life its climax,  
Like heaven\_ would cause my soul to blossom  
Oh delicate creature, just a feel,  
For to marvel and see, inhale thy sweetness and too\_ to feel

Do listen here, my soothing whispers,  
-I have seen that yield- mortified by the sun  
Picked for their beauty, felt then forsaken  
-For mere fondness of lust, slain in youth  
-For your beauty, delicate creature  
Must have a protector to shun thy fate,  
-From beasts hungry for your beauty,  
From lords that seeks to own you  
Oh no, for they that by, to be a host,  
Of flowers, fruits, a shade- a tree  
They live on, in some couch, its skeletal  
Or a bark wood in or on some ground  
In immortal imprisonment-

Good, O delicate creature go-  
To say a bye, go, and we shall our journey  
-There, my delicate thing  
Oh, where art delicate thing?  
Be not vanished from your angel  
Oh, do not in that wild- remain,  
It won't save from dying, withering  
For there, is a sun the clouds can't hold  
For a wanderer too, to come upon you-  
A wanderer, beasts- hungry in the wild-

But here, whence a parlour that suits thee  
And a bed for you to thrive  
And curtains not walls,  
-To shelter from the aggression of the sun  
What warmth shall you need than my -affection?  
What breeze shall you than my breathe,  
What rain than my sweats?  
But, where art delicate thing?  
Hide now no more\_ o delicate creature  
For I but, to marvel and see, to inhale thy sweetness only

Adeosun Olamide

# Anthem Of Legends

I am attracted to fire  
The warmth it gives bone  
And storm is fine  
The vigor it gifts  
I am attracted to darkness  
Like the stars  
Only there can I glow

Adeosun Olamide

# As The Day Goes- In Garissa

The lines are weary  
That carries their clothes  
The cockroaches are sad  
That lay un-chased  
The mangoes are browned  
That swings un-tapped  
The day goes on  
And memories with it

Their books are dusty  
It fears its end  
The cigars un-bought  
Twirls in its wrap  
Their beds are laid  
Acquainting its loss  
And day goes still  
The memories with it

To quietness- it rapt  
Seeking their voices  
And to spirits- they hum  
Expectant their dues  
The earth- in pensive  
Pining their tramps  
But as clock ticks by  
Their grieves come a fade

And us too- tears dried  
As sources its- weak knew  
The sleepers awake  
And our mares- remain  
Echoes laughter theirs- fade  
As the silences fill in  
And the day goes on  
Memories them with it

Adeosun Olamide

# Astute Pursuit

Encaged' not thoughts as depart walls foreordained, doomed `round by fate,  
wayfaring all over  
From off discomfoting beds journeys, to reach riches'...in seek dreams off  
shores...  
Wending sphere through sweat give proclaim'd in worn self as hope happiness  
hung in wealth  
Some the bondage, the starve, the still thence of mire, of mud his honed where  
went day, night pleated schedules  
Worked life of self, swathe continuous in labor as damn self wealth as toil etched  
visage  
Again toss him, when ill identify him cursing him the enjoy labor fruit, for lost  
teeth he during labor, lost he health in seek wealth  
And for all dreams of butchering cows daily' butchered when last wealth appears,  
yet mansions a realized dream with maids and wines and all but now faint as he  
the height of sex waive  
And he a room of his thousands, a car of his fleets, and he lonely be in his world  
anew, as curtains blocked view the stars

Encaged' not thoughts as depart walls erect, doomed `round by self, rummaging  
all over  
From off discomfoting mansions, to reach happiness'... in seek off seas go  
Here find joy in huts, in peasants, in shepherds... Here find joy in streams, in  
woods  
Wending sphere through, proclaim'd fancy `pon self  
Anon realize truth' oft what minions he be in world beautiful the dwell of horrid,  
In garden scenic of abodes, of flowering pitfall traps,  
Whereon coursing brooks that solemn mind abodes piranha,  
And rainbow skies dwells birds of prey as pour storm  
Nor sun only mild but harsh and gentleness of breeze becomes tempest...

Withdrawn in shells shriveling for reality lost in pursuit gleams,  
Yet will rather not life in pursuit happiness, `than dwell, comfort in sorrows?  
So come he down to religion, wherein met dancers, clappers, singers  
And comeliest souls, herein saw beggars, sinners dancing, herein thought  
happiness he pursuit  
But soon the sermon of hell, observed the slumbering that swept `cross chapel  
herein  
For confused he when heard Jesus saves... from who or what he notions? From  
God his thoughts

For confused when heard God sees heart... man does also... he thoughts  
For told was he to enjoy persecution, suffering and fate hasn't commended him  
with such calmness  
Now tangled, he takes leave as priest approach for donation...

So travels all world, from travails to beauty, from deserts to wilderness... from  
cities to villages

All in sought happiness, to make heart leap in joy as match while sorrow reign  
him

Here gave life the poor, washed feet the old, gave food the starved, sheltering  
desolate and the unsheltered, bathe still in streams, drank in with others

Here joy found, shielded within...

Well hence in sorrow still for fate blind ye of happiness?

Perhaps true happiness dwells deep within all us,

That sought to explore others, we discover joy truest,

Give smile those 'round you and happiness shall starve thee not.

Adeosun Olamide

# At The Church Across

Give Christ your life- all ye murderers  
And you bitches your body give- him  
Him your riches give- I say ye thieves  
And filthy you- what? Christ enough has!

To ye murderers-  
Know my foes are his foes  
And whom- wants dead shall here tell

And bitches hear-  
That what his- be mine too  
And through likes- Lord met Mary

The thieves' there-  
Shall rob lord thee- too?  
Pay tithe ye and shall absolve thee!

Well- come ye filthy one  
Glad now- for Christ find ye a priceless role  
Know my dirt is his dirt – Take! -mop my shoes!

Adeosun Olamide

# At The Diagnosis Of -Johns Ménages

John's stuffed with HIV- you hear?  
The types whose sentence is quick and sore-  
Yes he got it from a sexual act in his dream  
The types that you and I sometimes have-

The doc said- he needs positive people around  
So may dwell a little longer with us- he tells  
We all, his kids and wife now positive as told-  
Yes positive- to help dwell him a little longer

Adeosun Olamide

# At The Hearing Of Margaret

I plea the council  
To hear

Shall we infiltrate then our ears with sorcery  
And spoil our minds to a demon?  
What plea we dost seek  
That hast as shadow- spells  
That to let those evil eyes -here  
We give chance to her enchantment  
Shall us license this folly?  
Or flee from evil  
As the scripture does tell?

I plea the council  
To sentence

I known her since- in womb  
Bringer smile a woman's face  
And as little girl I knew her too  
Racing with the birds  
Removing bugs from dogs  
Letting flies peck her neck  
Watering gardens  
She a wife came in my presence  
A servant to her husband  
And as mother I knew her too  
Gentle and attentive neighbors infant  
I have seen her daily in the chapel  
Dwelling in the gaze of God  
It staggers me- this act you claim her  
That a sorceress- confounds me

I plea the council  
To hear

I know this woman since womb too  
I remember her mother's death at her birth  
I know her too as a little girl  
Chasing and stoning the birds

Eating bugs from missing dogs and cats  
As a wife I knew her too  
A widow too many times  
Didn't we find Rose lost baby dress in her chamber?  
I know this woman too- I say  
I have heard her confessions in the chapel  
What shall we hear than lies?  
There is nothing more to  
This woman romance to sorcery  
My son, Tibalt witnessed  
I saw the light descend myself  
A good man is murdered  
The son of Good Tildus  
His graceful mothers wrapped in grieve  
And yet we linger it?  
And yet we utter this?

I plea this council  
To sentence

The council shall vote  
To hear!  
The council shall hear!

The filth has no remorse  
Hear her mock this hallowed council  
Hear her mock Christ  
This but linger to shame God

I plea the council  
To sentence- this moment

Is she not your wife?  
Is she not your daughter?  
Is she not your mother?  
Why haste her death so?

I plea the council  
The Doctor

She's the bride of Lucifer  
The princess of Beelzebub

She is the mother of evil  
Thus haste her shame so  
And what say has doctor?  
Have we not heard her?  
This confession-  
This new crime  
We shame God by hearing!

We plea the council  
To sentence

Margaret screamed  
There was storm  
Her rapist stroke  
With thunder from God  
What sorcery lain here?  
Margaret be forth  
She bears crucifix  
And rote scriptures  
What shame is God?  
Margaret- I know  
Deserves all understanding

I plea the council  
To think

You utter thus of the council  
You undeserving your spot  
Perhaps she has spelled thee  
I have seen Margaret in his chambers!  
Haven't we seen her resemblance in his sons?  
You adulterous filth  
Dare plea this pensive council  
To think

I beseech the council  
His suspension

And Margaret never was mother  
She cared more his son than me  
She forbade me service my nation  
And shielded to laziness

Margaret stole honor from  
I known Margaret  
A cherubic of lie  
Let her die  
That God fury may warm

The Council should sentence

What ye speak of this good man  
Almost a saint  
An exemplar our infants  
What ye do is brother libel  
You speak false of the duke  
But shall my duke dignify thy lies with silence  
I beg not-  
I bid thee- duke- to clear this air, this filth

I plea the Duke  
His denial

Margaret indeed was friend  
Like the mother to my children  
I did propose her lust  
In heightened secrecy  
But she, a virtue  
Declined my luring  
For love of God  
And love of you  
I had weak moments  
But she, this Margaret- saved me

I plea the council  
My departure

Shameless him  
He proposes his daughter mate to lust  
And he sits yet in the grand of the chapel  
Shameless him  
He hears our confessions  
And has condemned many a man  
Shameless him  
To think adultery is to do

I plea this council  
His removal

Now, we shall not wander-  
From which brought us here  
We are here to discuss Margaret  
Not the duke

I plea this council  
Not stray

Now, her accomplice is gone  
Shall we Gods will?  
And stay with our scriptures  
Shall we prepare the gallows?  
Or wallow still in this idleness?

I plea this council  
An immediate sentence

Margaret has contravened Gods own law  
And has hath businesses with the devil  
With mercy- we have heard her confessions  
And with mercy-  
She shall hang by dusk  
Where all should behold!

The Council thus pass!

Adeosun Olamide

# Bale Visions

Daughter slumbers  
Oh beautiful fingers  
Go take  
Three or two should chop  
And see if grow shall

Hey- Quiet darling  
Scream not little angel  
Shall disturb neighbors with cry?  
Remember God won't assent  
Bequeath eternal sleep- strolls thought  
Say- potion shall end anguish  
And lo- potion brought her chill  
Carry bed- cold she and blanket ov'r put

Aw- frightening Nightmare yet  
Save God- this recurring dream

Wake darling angel for doth robe yours  
Wake darling angel- for made thee flan  
Oh poor me- who murder daughter?  
God give and take- all say  
Cut finger and slit throat

Lonely dwell- each night starved slumber  
With beam memory gleaming still  
Seem memory guiltless self- daughters passing  
And in grief that sinks- caught Pete

Pete left  
Got you- daily says  
Go take prove  
Kill mother, poison siblings  
And find if love still

Save- priest from recurring vision  
Gentle whispers dwelling in ears  
Heard before find daughter dead  
Tell priest- what atone must make

Oh poor Pete- God gives and take  
Plugged aged eyes and ruin their organs?  
How fiend finds man dwelling  
But shall say- God gives and take

Lone dwell- daily in memory slip  
Priest whispers secret to air  
To save others- deeds did  
And soon all to self point guilt finger  
Free- court acquits  
But soul yours in fetters know  
Find path escape  
Take cliff  
And course breeze face

Oh wells of soul- stream thro  
And there in queue to see judge  
God gives and take- banner dwell  
And of suicide- was channeled hell  
But filthy foul judge  
Where hides when evil use hand?  
See robe- how purest  
Dost see blood in hands  
Or find conscious me when doest wrong?  
Hand of God merely been  
For God only gives and take  
But filthy foul judge claim deaf  
And led to life and past

Daughter slumbers  
Oh beautiful fingers  
Go take  
Two or three should chop  
And see if grow shall  
But filthy foul judge find remedy  
Made deaf and cause whispers elude

Adeosun Olamide

# Before He Died

On the road with me  
Are leaves gently following  
Forlorn stones seated by  
And a frayed obituary poster  
Hanging outskirts my gaze

On the road with me  
Are departing birds humming  
And an accompanying breeze  
My shadows seeks its face while-  
As the tired sun goes to resting

On this road- it thus  
That the breeze composes its rhythm  
Bringing the mirage to awakening  
My memories to wear- starts  
And my ears to false calls hearkens

But as I go- on the road-  
It all begins to fade  
My shadow is no longer pulled  
My soul is no more caged  
I begin to fly-

Adeosun Olamide

# Behind Hell Wails

Mother says Dan &quot;be like Jesus&quot;  
Dan took glasses  
And found seas  
A step on waters  
And self `neath dark- oceans  
Two nights aft- afloat came  
Mother took stick  
And sauntered chapel  
-that funeral beloved oft do  
And in revel acquaint priest  
Dan death in Christ  
Who course faiths urge  
When death beck

Of mortal sin does- priest relay  
And Dan no dwelling in Gods abode

With pang guilt etched in mien  
Mother scripture took  
And found seas  
A step on waters  
And self in dark- oceans  
Acquaint hell  
Still seeks Dam thro well souls  
And eternally vain stumbles

Adeosun Olamide

# Beneath Gods Gamp

The clouds of shame breeze forth,  
Striping garments from body,  
Thieving yields from earth  
Removing coverings' from buildings...

On this path it mild breeze journeys forth,  
In midst of mist  
Rustling leaves, trickling waters,  
With breeze whispering through tinkling neck-let

Through still night, whimpers solemnly  
More solemn than creek creaks  
Leaving shards scattered on earth  
And curtains pendent in motion

The clouds of shame breeze forth,  
Parting shrunken foliage from stem  
Pattering cross' yard in last spectacle  
Pulling me, putting me through

In wake of innate weeping  
Morning sun spit light swallowing darkness  
The clouds of shame departs,  
Passing on, descending over us not

Adeosun Olamide

# Beneath The Bed Of Mud

From sinking days gone by  
To submerging nights nearing  
I run wearily on thorns, thru fire  
From tireless sleep- my pursuant  
Bringer beneath the bed of mud  
Executioner- curses I be bewitched-  
Shackled in my pursuant torture once  
Where death- a messiah is forbidden  
The nightmares so follows unendingly  
In hell innermost chambers trapped  
Upon stool reserved for foul angels  
I there art, put in by sleep my curse  
Here the flames, I soulless moved  
Thru its different darkness- mocked  
Hearing whispers tell of dimming light  
Which if glowed- a listener can lure  
A comer in waves that drags filth,  
A sailor tiding into drown,  
Plunged beneath the mud-  
His death my redeemer,  
To bury me- his stabbed heart the cost  
Left in flames, I ashes mask me,  
Keen- the fire that shall burn me,  
What more flesh for it to scar,  
The beasts that hid in the mist,  
What more pride to hurt  
Than be messiah from the realm?  
And in fire of sun, my return  
But I know the days aren't over,  
The nights longer breathe  
Yet struggle, suffering I am gulped-  
As still- my hell to hell-  
From sleep that drowns- bed of mud  
I run

Adeosun Olamide

# Betrayed

When ye lonely with rags did reek  
I washed, clothe thee- made ye pleasant  
When sick, frail ye did crawl and shrunk  
I held thee; bore on my back, aid give-  
O from hideous I carved thy beauty out  
And with care daily, nightly nurtured ye  
Who- fore saw you then than I-?  
Who- than I let you in from the harsh?  
Now -them lure, smile at thee  
The bachelors seek ye widowed  
So may have ye blanketed-  
Princes, kings wait at thy feet-  
To kiss thy palms, wash thy feet-  
And I, O I- gone done didn't grasp  
But how, o how so was blind to know more?  
My robes now rags, my home now shreds  
Palm that once washed thee- now revolt thee  
How so- thy busy, tiring plea- evade me  
O stop, stop- the denial that much do  
That by gods too you swear against truth  
My folly long bloomed now is withered  
Your tears no long could raise it-  
How- I told ye- ye can go  
How much you did rebuke the advances  
And swore your place as my side-  
But then soonest- why this?  
To poison me by trusts pact  
And graved me deep in its path-  
I watched thee- O I watched thee  
From when you bequeath jewel- this  
I wondered oft- how you- could afford it  
And buy much roses- splendid beau-  
I watched thee- O I watched thee  
From when kisses strange you fetched lips  
I bothered much- the newness upon thee-  
And so I watched thee and watched ye on-  
O by gods slumbering not, they cursed me to  
And where go- I followed, who ye saw I knew  
That when man in gown- O shameless ye

In his place work opened legs your- for  
And pressed he tummy yours- slain then my trust  
How he touched thy neck and examined thy eyes-  
O shameless, his work place, the hospital- this!  
It be, aye it be- a seed that thrived quick  
A fuel that spur me caution-  
So food made by ye then- I stop eat  
And kept all, safe from dust- covered from air  
But lo- behold five days thence  
Spoil that shall had art me dead-  
In grayish and mold all it came  
The mask did wear in time- O my dishearten-  
But why beloved did ye- to poison me sought  
When your betrayal was enough death?  
Halt, O halt- the denial that does  
How lie- that age does food this  
And lie too- the man to cure thee does  
What so my fingers that tend did- couldn't?  
Know- my folly thy thrives- long dead  
And your tears no long could raise it-  
Bide beloved, by- gods shall be thy judge  
And I, merely to send them ye- shall-

Adeosun Olamide

# Between

Balewa, hale, has beckoned with a smile,  
But a girl, and a girl, having so, no strength to  
Has run to her father's feet to tell,  
'Father, Father, Mother, Mother!  
Today the gods show mercy upon,  
Balewa, the desire of the bold,  
Art your daughter a smile, to come be his'  
But my father, vain- hating me, wanting less,  
Looked away and looked away into less,  
And does as he does to fortune, spurning it.  
He is so, Balewa, the rarest of fortune,  
As father, the desire of the sons,  
As mate, the desire of the wives,  
And to, more, for as mate and as father  
The fair mothers say to their sons,  
'Look, Balewa is the man to be'  
And the good fathers to their daughters,  
'Seek, Balewa is the man to find'  
The fathers come to him,  
And for the love of their daughters,  
Part with, along some cherished,  
The fathers do, and then rest in peace,  
Buried in pride, away from rotted egos,  
And their daughters, beginning their heavens here,  
-In the hands, arms of loving Balewa.

His wives says

'Balewa knows the secret parts of our bodies,  
And his can reach and fill the depth within,  
His chest calms a running head-  
And more, our sons, ten mothers, '  
And so a woman stays in Balewa's kingdom,  
Without the suffocating robes of a sole wife or of a mother,  
For her sons, man, shalln't compel her slavery.

But my father, vain- hating me,  
Has art me this, who there sits, filled,  
Waiting for the breeze and the morning,  
Chewing his tobacco, dismissing the flies,  
Unknown to all, and unworthy of gossips,

Ah, I am his, his belonging as it is so by marriage  
Sworn to him, a property for his use  
But my heart bruised; lie in its despair, advising escapes  
For upon this marriage to a novice,  
I am whore to the gestures tended,  
In an admirer solicited not, reaching to ease my burden.  
In a gaze unbidden or for roses fair proposed, condemned to notions,  
And on vain suspicions, walls erected and watches begun  
And though there snoring, he dreams of me, in Balewa's arms  
Dancing, and dwelling in his eyes,  
And then wakes to art me hell,  
As though my desire of Balewa defiled the altar here,  
I hear you do not know,  
But when he came, he met me hallow.  
And I have remained so, my friends tell,  
But he goes about the varying nature we are bound,  
That a bite leaves us thirsty,  
And even desire is enough lust,  
He says, knowing such desire as deserved,  
For he a novice, submits merely to my body  
And dwells to the walls than to mine.  
In his escapes, he often has seen me taken,  
But should I love another, I can  
Or profess even to be laid with,  
But to do, I shall not,  
Not for the chastity of robe I am worn  
Or the chains of marriage that should restrain  
But of more, I am suffered  
Wanting only, the privilege to live  
But how can with what he has?  
What he has, his fears?  
Some say my indifference inspirits the notion,  
But say not tis a mood enkindled by weariness,  
To stay awake for his arrival, wash his dirt  
And dwell with the worse drinks do, putting to sleep the brain,  
That he says I on another chest lay,  
Or that he saw a man flee into the dark,  
And my scarce joy, born of the adultery,  
But who, he fairly see-  
So the woman suffers  
Likened to and drawn into another's illusion.  
And such illusion over them do linger,

Seeing my face in the paintings of the young  
Or telling, it is my tongue that there lust towards,  
In the laughing thing he says he is made,  
That it's I painted there,  
By the dots on the nipple shown, all conviction  
But is it, for you have seen another  
Maybe all woman bear such, having a nipple too  
And in the presence of the other,  
Frown as I have frowned,  
And do their big toes as I do mine in the dark,  
And though the drunken portraitist says,  
But what in the presence of torment  
Can a man not utter or admit?  
That a man under the torment of flattery,  
-Or the toxic of wine do say.  
They with disconnected minds,  
Often put imaginations in the place of memory,  
Like when he gave strange meaning to your sigh,  
Or like in the cock he heard you profess love,  
But croweth there, we hear.  
It is the toxic of wine disconnecting the mind,  
Afflicting the brain,  
And bringing about there, disarray,  
Which causes or curses him too to forget,  
And ask what we have done with time  
And say our hands idle has had the devils task  
And ask what we have done when others gossiped?  
To tend his needs, care for him, the boy  
He asks yet the chores we do,  
Sometimes to rub his back, our sleep is denied,  
Or to stroke him, as he bothers little, mine  
And in the nights, have I silently and lonelily waited\_  
He think not, what time have I to give myself

And now waiting for the breeze and the morning,  
Chewing his tobacco, dismissing the flies,  
He chokes on my food,  
And his mother thinks me a murderer  
For she knows he deserves one in me.  
But merciful death takes her too in the slippery floor,  
We believe it is the happenings of heaven,  
To bring liberty and aid me to our Balewa

Adeosun Olamide

# Beyond

In the corridors of the multitude,  
We hear the longings we had,  
The peace in the belly of the rebellious,  
Those that drew their curtains,  
They beckon,  
We rise from the benches we have been,  
Into the passages

They wrap themselves with a sailor's tale,  
The fair mistresses, the women in the dress  
The moan of girls, stripped, reaching heaven  
The rats in the wall, a bruised one, weeping  
And in the moments, silence too, endured  
Our eyes lodged in scars do feel,  
But was it the sun or the moon,  
Was it day, was it night?  
Our memory deep, absent, wanders back  
To the clouds where there are faces,  
Scattered faces with an endless belly

We cannot sleep, the living can  
We walk away from the loveliness, wrapped  
We gently pass by the ocean,  
We gently pass, the gale hungry for the stars  
We gently pass the darkness  
We gently pass, neglected nights raging its decay  
We came by the snow and hid ourselves in the bears  
We came by the rocks, to the wolves, for the brooks,  
Where we drown the drought that has held us  
We cannot carry emptiness, the dead can

In the brooks we came, were us  
Pore on the surface, I see bubbles,  
A boy I was reaches to drown,  
A boy I was, at peace, asleep in the deep,  
Then it vanishes, a blur  
Another looks through me or beyond me,  
She saw a child run into the mist  
Taking the silence, the waning discernment,

She followed, the endless trail left,  
And when gone, past to where we be bound for  
We made a home there for her naked remains,  
And rested in the parlor we have made,  
Such, to be loved by the sun she adored,  
To be caressed by the breeze she sought  
But it was smoke, the ray from the sun  
A nurture to bloom, then the ashes of flowers burnt,  
And the winds forgetting rotted fruits  
Brings withered leaves and odors to us  
We looked back, reaching,  
To return to the crowded room,  
To return, frightened men

Adeosun Olamide

# Beyond The Moment

Young was when mum mime- a birth had  
Was a girl, -see'- a girl like me-  
She had curly hairs from heavens  
And all who came- yearned her cry  
They said her wails- soothe their hearts  
I loved my little sister so pretty well-  
That each night, I'll by her cradle  
To feel her cheeks while pray silently for  
And mornings- thoughts hers- woke  
Aye to touch her cheeks, and sway her cradle-  
As sing her ears which composed for-  
But nearer came end- folly I be clouded  
For folly be that eluded me- since  
From wrongs pressed long lingered- unknown  
That gleamed as hold names called- that I wasn't  
-Cute, graceful and all that is fine- called her  
Though enough wrong at- I bothered little  
For it paled rear- love' heart mine had her  
But then she started this-  
That she wailed whenever I touched her-  
Was just me- she cried- you see  
For others touched- even strangers  
And she leaped at- always  
Due- her cradle knew outdoors my reach  
And- my lone were all had now-  
With perhaps grasp who truly is-  
She, a thief- you see-  
And not a brotherly sister most you had-  
A thief she- who steals dads and mums from  
I could manage with- but she all took  
Be all- that much a crumb kept from  
She left none to throw me in the air-  
Nor there- one to feed self as fed her  
No one to check me- as she was checked on  
That returned love mine- with seeds hatred  
By, night came, her vile kept awake-  
Of her evils raping my thoughts- long  
And bread-knife kept in blanket now agleam-  
Here crawled I- there her cradle-

And saw the thief in her gleeful sleep  
Her hands free- as love sheen her -overs  
But could I hurt a thief even?  
A voice stirred within- to art hands  
That I can- to slash her face whispered  
And by- my stolen care would return  
She'll then revolt others- the voice assured  
But her charm still grasped me fiercely-  
That to regain stolen possession- I couldn't  
There- came I swallowed in my blanket  
In my tomb of joy- to weep  
Aye to weep of my cowardice  
And soon to rear guilt therein-  
Guilt my conscience bore-  
For soon- slaved me- to over her watch  
And as absolution- to be her light  
Now there she- the lady out there  
One who took from when little-  
There she aye, behind curtain- taker all  
There- giver all now-  
For kidney that dwells on- my living- be hers

Adeosun Olamide

# Birth To Death

The baby won't let slumber  
The cry won't let work  
The potion should silent her  
And restore our peace  
Jointly a born-  
Jointly a kill-

Adeosun Olamide

# Called Away

Tis no insanity the rains that beat me down  
Or the bell that hammers in my head,  
Nor illusions, the dust that rises and twirls me,  
Unsettling my brain and all within my shell,  
It is the wind that blows apart then drifts off,  
Off into the cold to pierce and freeze us,  
But there is the sun to save,  
And it blinds and devours, and though,  
I'll be in the clouds cradle that lust its light,  
That drowns the stars and its likes,  
And enshroud there,  
I'll rise to it, to be turned a shadow,  
And a shadow, I'll sail upon the storm  
The storm that gulps, I'll sail,  
To stay the bell that hammers here,  
For, in its keen lightning and fire,  
Rises a soloist, to see me there,  
To hold my hand and slowly stroke,  
At the rhythm of my breath,  
Devouring it,  
But a shadow, an enchanting reach cannot,  
For there will be no hide to break or crack  
Nor there, to thicken against the cold that should freeze it,  
For I am then, a shadow, rising to the mountaintop,  
Heeding the sounder silence,  
Walking on the edges, wanting to grow by death

Tis not visions, I am buried,  
Tis not defect the causes my visions'  
No, not illness the architect the world I be in,  
I am sir, a seer, a sane, living here, discerning you,  
I see your bones, the draught within you  
I hear the ghosts' cold, torn, that swirls the gentleman,  
Atoning within you, listening to us,  
Ah, they eat your soul, and dangles the remains  
Beautiful bones, beautiful bones of dusts,  
Settled in a thirsty ocean,  
My tongue knows the taste of their silence,  
The paces at which they walked,

And my eyes, the forming's of their dark,  
There are no stirrings within your mind unknown,  
They are no strangers, veiled in emptiness within your walls  
The graves are empty wrapped in the walls,  
Hush; hush sir, tis the wind inhaled,  
There, over the tides, the gentle ones roam,  
Tis them pushing the pane, the snort betrayed,  
Oh, taken, the wound widens

I hear sir, in your consent, a mockery, and impatience  
But take a look in my mind, beyond the reckoning darkness,  
And see nothing, nothing hidden there, nothing folly,  
Or listen to the endless flow, beyond the reckoning ebbs,  
And see they are not mine, the blood that surges,  
But you know sir, and yet my legs fetters keep,  
You, the instruments of their existence,  
Endeavored to bind me here,  
In their light to piteous gaze and presence,  
Their broken reflection, to the rain, bells and dusts,  
Their yearnings, birds, stars drowned in the clouds  
And in a pill, you deliver me madness  
Then melt into the mirror, returning to silence  
Leaving here, to be minded by all

Adeosun Olamide

# Chant Of A Contrite Vagrant

Ma don't tell what do  
Ma put hands in fire  
Ma feel if it burns or not

Ma don't tell what do  
Ma put feet to sea  
Ma see if I be drown

Ma don't tell what gulp  
Ma put tongue to spoil  
Ma know if lung shall burst

Ma don't tell what do  
Ma put body to hers  
Ma bear if prone disease

Ma don't tell what do  
Ma toy eye with knife  
Ma cross if pierce did

Ma don't tell dream to see  
Ma choose whatever want be  
Ma fondle be bad or poor

Ma don't say be calm  
Ma put emotions to act  
Ma scared not bruise of anger

Ma don't tell where walk  
Ma decide path I tread  
Ma know if immune to traps

Ma don't take to God  
Ma belief in only seen  
Ma face what hell promised

Ma don't tell what wear  
Ma choose nude or rags  
Ma hug cold if come

Ma don't tell where stay  
Ma choose walk away  
Ma see world out contain

Ma wish obey word yours  
Ma seek go through sever gain  
Ma will sole birth discomfort

Ma tell you what to do  
Ma young listener obey for  
Ma seen world you never been

Adeosun Olamide

# Christmas In Hell

Words of God

-Words of God

Are coming to us

-Coming from where?

We are the beggars

Sons of the neath

-Daughters of neath

Wrapped in iniquity

-Engulfed in wrath

Forbidden from light

-Trapped in this dark

Oh- Oh I- see

-What do you see?

I've never beheld

-Tell it to us!

There is something-

-All is something

It's the joy of the season-

-Seasons in hell?

A star sparkling above

-Are we forgiven?

Oh-Oh, I hear

-What do you hear?

The merry the band-

Singing- Christ is given

-Singing Christ given

Singing- His birth

-Singing His birth

The words of God-

-Words of God

Are coming to us

-Is that the gates?

The gates are opening

It's my memories- burn

-What is that light?

And it's a break in hell

-Christ has risen?

The Easter is pass-

-How do you know?

Oh-Oh I know  
-Tell it to us  
It's Christmas in hell  
-Christmas in hell  
Jingle the bells-  
-What bells?  
The chains we are bound  
-What about it?  
Quiver it sound  
Our true love- this song  
-And our sorrows?  
Put all the sorrows  
-Behind, Behind  
And behold the stars  
Hear this harp-  
As His shadow- descend  
-Let His warmth- come over  
This flames we dwell-  
-He is our Christ  
And we are his children  
-We are- his own-  
Down here in hell  
And it's Christmas in hell  
-Christmas in hell

Adeosun Olamide

# Cloudy Veils

Heat no more you wild sun nor beat a more you rusty moon  
Where thou art oh caressing breeze?  
Bless abode with thy presence; else heat kill further than lamp light  
And come with companion, gentle drizzle  
That deigns rags and drain vein of lethargy  
Oh that quiet rain, shall my gain be, make thee fain not with thy feign  
But come lain my lane with thy bliss, and ease soul into slumber

Oh cold night, frost not my blood nor deafen my ear with thy noise  
Wane gently quiet rain  
The heat is slain, and victory is won, rejoice gently thy drums on my roof  
Wane away rain  
The heart unite the body in shiver, victory is won, revel no further in mine  
verandah  
Wane sweet rain  
Oh gentle rain, what dost thou do?  
Shall make a sea of our earth?  
Oh rain, my roof thy gulp while merry  
Oh rain, my harvest thy spoil while dance  
Oh gentle rain, what possesses thee?

Abstain oh noisy rain with thy bane, thy cane and thy drums of doom,  
Abstain and beat no further this pane for thy pain,  
Nor smite more with thy plight  
Oh noisy rain abstain

Abstain oh noisy rain, enough has gluttony mouth swallowed, enough has split  
gut spit  
Abstain and flood no further' this ranch house,  
Nor deluge further, for your foulest is seen  
Oh noisy rain abstain

Abstain oh noisy rain, the kids have escaped your torrent, they hid now in deep  
sea  
Abstain and give nor take further,  
Nor soothe evil furthest  
Abstain this madness oh noisy rain abstain

Oh noisy rain abstain I warn

Find the flighty mighty oceans and weep atop your agony oh noisy rain  
Shall the graves bother with thy high tides, the flood?  
Shall the cathedral not spare, Gods only home?

White lightly clouds! Forsake this noisy rain,  
Let not your dark cloud aid it further  
Brightly nightly stars and ye trite sun, save self from perish;  
Spit away this venom' noisy rain bite  
Ignite truly with thy light  
Incite with thy might  
Dight I with thy merciful sight I plead  
And heat more you beautiful sun, you young moon

Rain no further, you hostile torrent nor whoosh a more you gale  
Where thou art oh orderly sun?  
Bless hilltop your presence; else rain devours hill  
And come with companion' beautiful moon  
That absorbs rags of sweats and drains quivers of havoc  
Oh that warm sun, shall my gain be, make thee fain with thy feign  
And come fashion path mine through this endless waters of sweetness wrapped

Adeosun Olamide

# Coming Diurnal

On that day,  
The sun shall refuse to shine,  
The moon shall grow sullen,  
And the stars shall sparkle not,

On that day,  
The oceans shall not tide towards shores  
And the winds shall refuse to breeze

On that day,  
The birds shall refuse to sing and the goat to bleat  
The cock shall refuse to crow and the flowers to blossom

On that day,  
The face shall not glow and the skin shall refuse radiance

On this day,  
Water will not quench thirst and food will not slake hunger  
Rest will not help fatigue  
And air freshener will not remove stench

On that day  
The road shall lead to mystery  
The spiders shall spin frail webs  
And our shelters become harsh prison

This day shall be  
The day we let darkness prevail over light  
The day vanity triumphs integrity and morality  
The day insanity prevail over sanity  
And ignorance conquer knowledge  
The day overlook prevails oversee  
The day the little girl in the cold freezes  
The day we feign not to see others need  
And we let war be our guide, causing scars

And these days we see  
The day of doom approaches, unless we labor, toil this dark night  
The day shall come in veil, leaving us regrets and grief

For the love we refuse to share  
For the thought you thinkers and we tinkers disregard

Penned For Us As Our Tomorrow Slowly Slips Into Yesterday

Adeosun Olamide

# Compensation Of Hideous

My body, so defiled  
The blinds reject me  
My voice, so hoarse  
The deaf jacket ears  
Would go hell  
Those looks bother  
Would go hell  
For thought had  
Would rot in hell  
You and you  
For calling one, ugly

Adeosun Olamide

# Conscious Peal

Leaves conjure, sick to cure  
When to him' eyes allure  
Who in pain' legs held aid  
Bit by snake, pulse run fade

Put on back, home the bashed  
Who to floor laid and washed  
All our care' him befall  
He to come slave us all

Soon he woke, recovery came  
Language his' strange became  
Sent by gods' thought to touch  
Revered him, treated such

Soon festive' village `voke  
All thought gods' language spoke  
In his smile' thought ours won  
Then to leave, he set on

Many gift, off forthwith  
Gold and fruits bag him with  
As he goes, tears cheeks fall  
Him that come slave us all

A moon gone' when return  
Now others with' him adjourn  
Palace honor' all bestow  
When wonders unseen to us show

One' mirror named of great glee  
Which gold oblige, if glimpse to see  
And other, a shield sort of ply  
This from skies spit keeps one dry

Now king, chiefs impress had  
Called priest native' jealous mad  
We to warn' daily plods  
Of them whites we called gods

To be schooled of route gem  
Gave my king, his prince them  
He may learn ways theirs groom  
And home return to ripen soon

In their nods, consent we  
Now say School' beyond be  
Large boat build if must attain  
For they say' all can train

Now gather youths like grains  
Each parent pray with fain  
All in name road to pave  
As day forth when selects gave

There in group all us grown  
Knowledge grasp' me for known  
Yet they looked, ignoring bright  
Picking those only `with might

So to others few words say  
That for journey gold must lay  
When father heard' of fee  
Barn he sold, to give them `me

All to pride mother danced  
When knew ways her son soon glance  
For she thought, heaven beyond seas  
This for mirror and others agrees

In sacks, robes, sweets be  
Come my son' calls to me  
May the gods' light to bear  
While her eyes soon to tears

As we sail, bye we give  
In laughter some we live  
We of might, affluence be  
As world theirs on through sea

Then a stop we came by

Saw a ship bigger and high  
There they said' we should on  
And joy we be as came `pon

In this ship others see  
Bound in chains, sad they be  
Surprised we as run had  
But caught and thrown' them they we add

In the sea, life to dwell  
When in voyage' chains unwell  
Starved of air' death slips in  
Them that grasp, made sea inn

When to reach, line us all  
Now to bare' pride striped fall  
Then again batter coin  
Tied and pulled all adjoin

In plantation' got my fight  
This because little in might  
Here too' princess mine is spurn  
Who a maid, sex slave turn

Those to words lips by find  
Them that hung lynch and bind  
Now to run made agape  
If were caught' hell escape

So taught of' Jesus peace lot  
Who to kill let us not  
We to love enemies must  
And so did with' whips back crust

Now hair grey forth head mine  
Lot my eye seen in time  
Built their road, black we all  
And many also our inventions haul

Skies sat' staring life murk  
With one eye' still at work  
And fingers' short of two

Still mum, thought of too

Now the war is come and gone  
Soon free after misdeeds theirs atone  
They we seen die in fields  
Mortal being all revealed

Freedom bought cost of lot  
Many lives death is got  
And yet to agree many brawl  
Those we helped when death crawl

Reach hand mine in tomorrow's sum  
For my kids know not from  
Nor language where' can they speak  
While carry identity' gave along wreck

This to mold your thought be  
Who to record put history?  
White like them did it all  
And deceit' has them still  
When they say, rulers ours us sold  
Know they lie and none is true  
Done we built their lands for them  
Home is call, home shall go  
In despair' home remains  
This because they took us best

Adeosun Olamide

# Could Been Girl That Died Today

Rise prior sun' head tray put  
Voice procure what vend calls  
There sat I in view young she  
One who just might' have been me

Saunters crossly through downpour  
Siblings must eat thought that cross  
This her strength as rest `blige not  
In view mine' hawks girl of young

Beneath blanket' thought self  
That were me' man I'd find  
Whose bed comfort shall' thro' rain  
And purse mine his coin shall fill

There medic to be grace mind  
Or lawyer in earnest abused child  
Perhaps rich better thought to self  
For last desire that suffer fate hers

Yet breeze pity held as cold gave  
With torrent coursing towards feet hers  
There death in veils nude wire  
One negligence us all input put

If unknown she be known to you  
Thou lie for her path cross daily life  
Where `pon ignore gave and on smile  
Yet here in view of young she daily gazed

Known to aged mother as future  
And to siblings as savior  
And perhaps sweet all knows her  
But matter not for God knew her an angel

In rain her ghost saunters still  
On to freedom she sets on  
But shall remember sweet she each night  
For she be girl could have been

And this won't make name mine of her  
But make name hers known all  
Many like her yet my gaze dwell  
Them who you could have been

Adeosun Olamide

# Crossing

Some, wanting to be warm,  
Look towards for warmth,  
But a star, seeking too,  
Wrapped in a cloud.  
Some look towards, for love,  
Some, wanting to be loved  
To a void seeking more, they reach,  
That couldn't be held.  
Some have looked to the roads, like some,  
Seeking away.  
But the road, stretched not long,  
Have an end.  
The chains, they shine and wear,  
But never breaks  
Some at peace create a deep hole,  
A door out, to have this rust, rested,  
Rested in the tomb, away from roving dusts.

I know it goes on within you,  
Your body; it wears, and can't hold life.  
Where are you going?  
-To the waters, to the morning?  
Do come to it,  
The sea no more, is drowned by the wind  
See! They come to us,  
Reach to this for peace,  
But a sleep, immune to the mind,  
See your weary dreams.  
I know what is going on within you,  
It is your body; it wears, and can't hold life.

No! It isn't more, do you know the dreams  
-Or that which goes, on without us?  
It is not the shadows, of the soul,  
Sometimes it leaves,  
Walking away, towards sunshine, towards rain,  
Away from the desolation it is imprisoned,  
Towards the call, it looks out, towards heaven  
The life out of its reach,

But then, it falls, to be awakened and chastised!

We see the sickliness of the chains,  
Dragging you and leaving shadows,  
It is your body; worn and torn.  
By the chains, that shines and weigh,  
But do break, through us,  
Will you break the chains?  
Take my knife, art a deep hole,  
A door out, off the decay

No! Though worn, the rust lives, you say  
Knowing what is going on within you.  
It is I, you say,  
'Like a boy, wanting answers,  
Dwells upon, and finds in us a friend  
And we, a book consumed, possess his mind,  
Murders him, to live on through him'  
We are not so, such homes, not more

Are you afraid of flying?  
What falls is the chain  
Are you afraid of the tide, which rolls?  
What falls is the chain  
Are you afraid of breaking?  
What falls is the shell,  
It breaks and we live.

Some wanting out,  
Look towards the door,  
But the door, wanting too  
Swallows no more.

Adeosun Olamide

# Crusades

Some having not the luxury,  
Exist on a plain, perdition,  
Whose only door out is death.

They contend the challenges,  
Confronting and struggling,  
Reaching for the surface,  
Enduring the agony of that perdition,  
Where courage is vain  
And the sharks within devours their immune

Have you been on the plain,  
-To call them cowards for drowning?  
Have you been in the ebb,  
-To call them weak, selfish?  
Have you been, not being but rusted in another?

The talks about living -do thoroughly,  
Do thoroughly what you can, to talk  
Short of the wars you don't see,  
The sharks or the ebbs, they contended  
Remembering, we didn't choose to drown,  
But struggled to swim and sail through,  
But in the end, got submerged.

And for the rest there is, after us,  
What you can, is sail towards,  
Hold their hands, if you can,  
Stretching your hands in the hollow,  
Seeking their heart,  
If you can find a door out,  
Walk them through their terrors.

And for the rest there is, after us,  
Veiled like we were, masked  
Exhaling peace, and inside, despair,  
You may not know.  
So to all around you,  
A measure of care, of love,

Reaching out your hands,  
To those that you can,  
To all, extending this,  
For in the end, above many, it may make the difference.

Adeosun Olamide

## Curse Age

Saheed is a loving man  
Undeserving your curse  
Unfit of your disgust  
He fell in love a beauty  
Saheed was poor  
And still wedded me  
He loved me-  
Together we bricks lay  
And castles made  
But age infected beauty  
My face had wrinkles  
My breast sapped  
Wasn't Saheeds fault  
He threw me out-  
Was age-  
For wasn't one he married

Adeosun Olamide

# Dairy Of The Hills

When light sprout in overgrown darkness  
Where fate was preset 'pon palms line  
Journeys one in dying phase of old day  
Towards seers to unwrap imminent' morrow

Behind light curtains, enduring darkness  
Lain men sullied breeds sad out of measures  
Of mane hair, rag robes and cowries shell  
Here watched stars and murmured with breeze

Veiled beneath gaze heaven, arrives he (one)  
In cloak concealment from known faces  
That sustains honor his of stated beliefs  
For with peers, called seekers seers idle beings

One burden him gaze as stench suffered breathe his  
Upon frail hands, shackles gazer named bangles  
Which held heart valued possessions;  
As nodding heads summons his company

He Whispers'  
'Tender first food, o seeker of morrow  
Tender then palms, wherein morrow lies

Oh fiery, oh fire, burn through this palm  
Attend his doom, his lot, his fate  
And in my mind down run' through its ruins  
The flames which lays, lace this path

A traveler behold comes forth unto thy roof  
A traveler ye must reject  
I glimpse still water that descends agony  
Yet masked in joy this still water  
That floods smile yours away and leaves woe in shades  
In tranquillest veil, stirs tempest and brings its vessel to shatter

On that palm visions brought to plain meanings  
Tender coin so may give counsel

So may tell thee- the water that comes forth is your blood  
Vessel which forth is wife yours  
She brings forth doom `pon home yours truly  
Through child in womb  
And leaves man' the sufferer  
Hear! Here your doom  
Drop! Drop here my gain'

But in denial counsels' saunters home crossly  
Yet swift thoughts run mind thorough through  
That that which joy gave, hope' came now fear, sorrows  
To ease' hung up on ashes of seers counsel

Proclaimed him cease affection, decrease attention  
For come unto thought, that if child perish,  
He yet may perish doom hanging ov'r him  
Thus immersed in darkness, as sunk in words foretold heard

Came him sorcery as sought witches counsel  
Making potions of kinds to gulp wife throat  
This' to put doom, child away and make vessel safe his sought  
Yet merely set stage for dooms foretold

Of frogs potions, of lizards eggs, of snake venom makes potion  
So goes' as weakened and injured wife organs in course  
Yet worried only embers counsel that strives still  
Till delivery reached' fashion manner to uproot child

But futile his course as weakened woman in labour soon  
Here through strange nature birth creature of human distinct  
Whose cry be of mating call of frog, and fingers of lizard type  
Yet unattended by mothers warmth, for cold deliverer body lay (Dead)

Expectant of disaster, takes child `pon hills to death  
There abandoned in harshest of wood for cruelest devourer  
And return to put beloved wife his to earth  
Here mourn night, days as memories, regret greet him

In deep alley of hills where owls served day  
Nearer heaven `bove far from hell beneath  
Lain deserted child in warmth of shielding trees  
Beneath him earth array of withered leaves

And `bove warmth which striving sun gave  
As pierce curtains armored branches atop  
Still buzzing bees, birds, babbling streams in melody hummed  
Along path, strange yet beautiful cry of little Dam

Up hills grew Dam (damned) for this father called him  
For cursed to evil little Dam was

Far from sorrows earth and its villains  
Of foes light and darkness  
From cries and evil trembling of laughers  
From earth stench and flames ascending heaven  
Dim little Dam, herein of solemn dwell and love pure  
On field blooming floret that unequaled fragrance gave  
So little dam forth here, unschooled man ways

Along thorough fairness, goodness made' wonder Dam grew path  
His skin radiant hides' tuning color of `round as though anole  
His mouth of long tongue' that uttered languages strange  
Of sweet tone chatters breeze, stream, trees and birds  
His hands of mastery clasp, as through woods, swung forth and on  
Nor his hair untouched of strangeness as locks were of gold  
Atop hills little Dam grew fearless yet with heart softest  
Calming, pacifying ire and bequeathing delight on all in path his

Slowly, as gentle breeze sweeps in darkness  
Gentle Dam would stroke which urine gave  
For pleasure unrivaled derived Gentle Dam when this do

But deep in heart seas, journeys Mable as inscribed `pon  
A ship of Negroes mares' a ship of ghost, slaves, corpse  
Mable for foul known that its sojourn feared many shores  
Night of wind awakened, slaying swinging lamps  
Of Darkness wounded by thunder light, silence raped of commotion  
Journeys Mable' now storm captained' who to ruin sails ship

From hills, sleeping Dam scream of travelers heard, woke  
As journey into tempest, to salvage sufferers of ghosts' revolt  
Of pureness heart, enduring storm abide to  
Through ship give unto hills Dam bid

Here men vileness descend to upset hills peace

Unsatisfied with moon warmth, that fire still drew as butcher trees  
Yet few, many hands chained, legs bounds, eyes blinded and mouth sealed  
On many bare back whips' as credit slaves bringer misfortune

Behind' Dam sadly witness slavers give death to chained  
Though Dam unknown to evil soon ways man fathom that  
Of devious creature be he, thieving hills of sweetness  
Of molest offer same, and how devious be he  
Yet of few, different seen, contrary in manners many  
Who for twice, screamed at slavers and mend slaves'  
For this be she, female yet strange to Dam

In slumbers day, when nights fallen  
Sleeps breezed 'pon all' came Dam  
Slowly to observe this she, who distance seemed strange  
But nearness gave new, for in dreams seen a she

Here as perceive, serpent close came, of requite intent  
One whom tree' slavers wrecked making homeless  
Known to Dam, serpent who warmth gave Dam, and coiled his necks  
One Dam saved times hundred

As venom drew with instinct to sting her' Dam love  
Came him old friend (Dam) with rebuke kick  
And soon quickly faded into darkness injured, in disbelief  
Here Dam be, detached from hills, to this she just seen  
Watching, sneaking when bath had, contesting appeal be seen  
Before long, in mirror found reflects Dam  
Frightened, screamed her of devils dwell in hills to slavers  
Sneaking and of veins to devour her, said she in tears  
Prithee slavers to seek path home as hill named hell  
But slavers of evil obsessed, in her fear' find she arousing  
And soon pulled might to burgle lips between thighs  
Here, screamed that hills awoke'  
And on Dam quickly her tent, with purpose heroic  
Yet prefers she' evils raping slavers to strange Dam  
Dam, of evil abhors in shy' away' ran when loved rebuke gave  
But yet obsessed slavers, to burgle thigh lips evoke as Dam vanished  
Here ran she hills through seeking death, which at edge hills found  
As prefer death to slavers defilement and Dams touch  
Jumped to death clutch, but death slept here  
As fell in warm hands of Dam

Whose magic eyes saw before dim her sight be  
Carried quickly through woods, of leaves conjure  
As crave to restore balance to ailing she  
Through night awake, pressing water in head hers gently  
Fetching woods to fuel fire as hope it resists death  
As do, came slavers with webs, capturing Dam  
For attend she focus his' to revive her  
Ignoring warnings earth gave as slavers forth came  
Thought she dead' slavers abandoned her  
Here fought thorough, regaining life  
But Dam, beaten and stripped of his golden locks(Hair)  
Fought through, escaping the tortures bestowed

Down tree that abodes wearied' hung Dam  
The breeze tossing his feet of aged gait  
Dam' a man of the hills known to love  
Soon lived quite in grave eased brunt memories

Here be, diary of hill  
Marched pon' vile men  
From volcano I arise  
And into it, daily of hills event  
Behind Dams page seers' prophecy  
Here' child' a seed that shall sprout not'  
Here' child' a star dullest seen'  
Here' child' of hell castoff'  
For truly no man except Dam was a star  
For truly his pureness shall infect hell of light reflects  
For truly a seed that need not sprout Dam was.

Adeosun Olamide

# Daisy

I was ignorant  
And pure

Glowing  
And indifferent

Then admired  
-The Consciousness

I was sought  
It was pleasing

Then unseen  
I was troubled

Itching  
I- an exhibitionist

Blinded -want love  
I was plucked

Then lusted  
Then sucked

Oh, I was sullied  
Then jilted

Trampled  
-I wither on

Adeosun Olamide

# Daniela's Void

Garment dancing tune the breeze  
Feet dabbling shallow water sands  
Onwards, threads path unknown heeding unheard calls from oceans  
Given journey, the pathway to insanity

Upon unbraided head, rain memories,  
Rode him, rode him, through bush, through storms,  
Rode him, through desert, through valley, rode him towards her  
With the moon his leading light, he came riding into death arms

Found him, among her dreams,  
With blood his head bath  
Sometimes to hurt, often to remind  
And now to invite her drowned mind,

Breeze me, her side in hides  
Bidding thoughts nigh  
Rides she towards tides, in seek fides (The goddess of Loyalty)  
To help awake her from reality, haunting reality

Bound by fate trap, I follow,  
In seek a mistress, follows my heart  
Finding death in distance jewel  
Retire my soul to another

Oh destiny, what whip have you?  
Causing heart to bleed, to weep in gentle strokes  
And yet, your vow of suffering innocents  
For, till now, her heart broken, her spirit torn, her mind stolen

All errors made of love, to her bark and bit her back  
For only, her wish be a stitched heart  
Her need a darling  
And her fall, love

Adeosun Olamide

# Dark Lessons

Scattered utterances  
Flickering dark  
Vanishing shadows  
A Windsor chair  
Inscriptions a wall  
The teachings  
The Unlearning  
My note!

I wonder why people work  
And sweat their lives out  
Miserable souls-  
God in divine acumen  
How great He art!  
Has blessed all a resource  
I think-  
Age partial reasons  
Emotion gleams more  
Listen!  
Human should be allowed this-  
To do the will of acumen  
And betray venom emotions  
To give birth is Gods grant  
And will us to turn child in desire  
Perhaps in meat  
That shall be food  
And save a vagrant  
Feed the starved  
A will of God-  
Or sell a child's body part  
It sure is a divine income  
All would be either ways  
In the glowing field as manure  
Or in the lab a specimen  
To restore a planets death  
Still, can be another's' body  
As the heart of the rich  
Or the lungs of a prince  
Not all gobbles heart

The rich shall buy  
The brain shall sell  
Think!  
Imagine advancements  
The forth of sciences  
And you, my miserable friend  
Would be comfortable  
And by then, could birth  
A child that shall breed  
Other merit bounds too  
For the moralists  
-Shall cut abortions  
-Increase standard living  
Provide employment for your people  
Especially you third world nations  
And shall contain overpopulation

Scattered utterances  
Flickering dark  
Vanishing shadows  
A Windsor chair  
Inscriptions a wall  
The teachings  
The Unlearning  
My note!

Adeosun Olamide

# Dawn Breaks

On his veranda,  
Gentle breeze roams hither thither seeking his skin to caress  
The mild sun piercing curtains his pale skin to kiss,  
The rose garden bides be watered  
And the homing pigeon lie in wait be fed,

The door keys dangles waiting grips to disengage  
The spoon like the rusting hoe hopes his grasp  
Babbling stream anticipate arrival yet not as his farm earth  
And through this, his alarm, the rooster cease not crow

But cold was he, trapped in solemn sleep  
His hand stiff as poker, like was some freezing wintering night  
Through the earth, across oceans, beyond deserts journeys him  
His soul threading the highways to eternity,

Traveling softly on a long long journey of unending roads  
Traveling gently beyond evil realms as his bulb set out,  
Saying goodbye as dawn breaks.

Adeosun Olamide

# Dearest Dark

I tango my feet with hers  
And across chest hers, hand put  
Of all the hanging in dark  
My lips lay upon hers

□

To the rhythm of impulse  
Torn betwixt brain and heart  
And in name latter  
Choose dark a cover

For was a child  
And I, a father

Adeosun Olamide

# Death Lark

Death says  
Do not smile to me  
Your glow of beauty  
Nor caress me  
Your radiance skin  
Do not whisper  
With your glowing lips  
Have had many time thro

And he did grasp

Death says  
Do not weave words  
That swells the head  
Nor compose me an ode  
For I have devoured poets  
And it shall only boil me  
But I say to death  
I am a poison  
Have me then-

And he did left

Murmuring  
No mortal shall command me  
But later came  
And did grasp

Adeosun Olamide

# Death Whispers

Why shiver dearest soul-  
And strive still in hell there  
Dost notice not sweet body thy-?  
Glimpse, o soul glimpse- the bars  
How rot and reek rears inn old cage  
Aye bars- wore, worn o beloved- glimpse  
But before is- for tis pass when wink  
Is -thee not glad o soul- this freedom  
That still ease the lure- those fiends?  
Then why flee from- that gaze here thus hide  
Tell, why eludes me grasp, -O soul?  
Heed not, heed not- lured soul  
Glimpse, o glimpse there, not there  
Tis trap- the babe in cradle  
Yours truly the little one,  
Condemned a torment- hear her wails-  
Here o soul I shall bring countless- to  
I am a gift- me sweet, a gift gentle soul-  
From shame, from pain to shelter thee  
I be- aye I be- your rider to glee, to eternity-  
Hearken, hearken- do whispers here  
For tis lie- lie o soul what hear there-  
That seeks- to put back thy fetters  
To rein thy wings and prone thee to hurt  
Must fight soul, struggle against foes  
Fight soul- thy body is worn- come home  
They- hear- seek to lock as before done  
Aye in that ruin, disgust named body  
To lock again as before done!  
Come dearest soul my haven-  
And halt now- this toil to remain  
Come where angels, roses live  
Hell, hell- earth is  
Come soul- the wing here  
To tide across endless seas  
To swim O soul in the suns pool-  
Aye to swim there where paradise is kept  
Hush, hush- prithee  
Families, friends, awaits thee there too

O, to bring you there gaze- be charge mine  
But first to my grasp- nigh, nigh comely soul-  
Aye soul, I be death, a gift from God most high-

Adeosun Olamide

# Demise (A Long Way Near)

I saw death,  
When across night, soul breezes off,  
When thirst hungers my throat,  
And the sullied streaming brooks my messiah  
I seen death

I saw death,  
When across pathway lightning bolt forth  
When through route vehicle swerve onward  
When atop yours truly hawk falls twig  
I seen death

I saw death,  
When in laughter plagued, choked self to droplet, gasp  
When mosquito my blood pierce and seep in  
When in bath, lose footing hitting head atop tub  
I seen death

I see death,  
Each moment as I air suckle, knowing each breathe may be poisonous  
Each moment as I walk, knowing next step may take to eternity  
Each night my body gives ghost, knowing eternal slumber comes  
On spoon cover

I seen death  
Wave across my path, bath in my shores, dine with me  
I seen it help give meaning to life  
And day winds on when we shall this debt not dodge,  
When we shall slip into its cold grip as all mortals

But then the noble path  
Fought a good fight, lived a good life  
Living memories to live on  
Planting seeds for tomorrow not promised  
Reveling each parting second  
Bidding farewell as tossing floret  
And living every moment to its fullest  
That be the noble demise



# Devil Does Find My Need

Devil does know my needs  
Where I need soothe  
He dangles balm  
When thirst caught throat  
Drizzles water

Devil does know my needs  
Where slight affront abound  
He put device to injure  
When problem loiters  
Gives liquor

Devil does know needs mine  
That flesh need caress  
He built brotherly brothel  
Devil does listen- a friend be he  
He lets find tunnel  
Guides path thro gloom  
He flashes thought  
Where leads to hills  
And understands my escape  
Devil does find my needs  
And in hell even- bestow warmth

Adeosun Olamide

# Diary The Gallows

Lucifer is fine  
God is ...  
A face is kept

Lucifer a songster  
God a ...  
The gongs war

Lucifer be loved  
God be...  
A fear of hell

Lucifer acquiescent  
God ...  
Damnation of fellows

Lucifer accused  
God ...  
Sentenced his son

The scrolls of Jealous  
The damnation of Lucifer  
The unbirth of man

Shreds a blasphemer  
Laws of God  
Cross to hell

Adeosun Olamide

## Dr. Ben

Dr Ben- life you been  
From initials my death  
And summer thro summer-  
Darling star of gloom  
Thro concealed clock  
Seed in fruit' food been  
Grey round black curls and wrinkles past soft  
Of necessary shackles- messiahs cross

Dr Ben- thighs mine wet with coat  
Mere reaction call- that be then  
Along dizzy and tired feelings also  
If rest suggest- shall buy then  
But about figure in shadow  
Who cloak lift- and thighs wet?  
If due injected dose say  
Should expect- must deduce  
Spare then of one blur  
Who seem grasp familiar  
Smells like known also  
Oh figure- mannish desire

Dr Ben- stomach swells and breast tender  
Emblem good living assures  
Yet pain when walk  
Dost examine heart in breast mine  
And seek pulse beneath thighs  
Dizzy hail and weary peaks  
Still process well refer this movement in belly

Dr Ben- where off? Across freedom gleams  
O treatment also-but shall sneak night veil  
On thro woods- from wards- zoom  
Dark! Sand running thro ears  
Worms streaming nose  
Does grave- process healing?  
Hope safe Anodyne Dr Ben mine  
Deep dark his presence starve

And here with unknown babe- be

Adeosun Olamide

# Dream Curtains

They took my baby,  
Dragged from my bosom,  
He screamed, cried,  
Called to me, Abe called to me  
I fell, screamed- but as pursue- woke!  
I came cradle lain,  
Took his tiny hand  
The wrist red,  
His face art ash tears  
His lids shut-  
I woke him, I shove him  
He wouldn't oblige  
By, the lamp burnt  
I pulled, aye I pulled  
The scorch brought  
It brought him from realm sleep  
Awake- I tended he soft, fed  
And tossed about  
So elude sleep-  
But the night soon passed  
For an-others rise

Accused in dock,  
His hand cuffed,  
He shivered,  
He gallows sent-  
I queried, screamed but as strived- woke!  
To cradle lain,  
Shivered still-  
Swift pace, swift, aye swift  
Pull from deaths throat-  
But death throat deep-  
That I flung him wall to wake  
And lo, he woke  
Awake- tended he soft, fed  
And tossed about  
So elude sleep  
But the night soon passed  
For an-others rise

My child, his head at gallows earth-  
At noon holds,  
Neck shackles worn  
Upon sands he was dragged  
Bruise, sting-  
And at sight meet- woke!

Darkness lives the dreams tell  
Death knocks- the sight heard  
But dark and I, a twin apart  
My art, thoughts hailed-  
Towards conspiracy-  
That bore true death

The riddles death bid, thoughts tells-  
That by slumber his life journeys to cease  
And to halt journey-  
He, my own, my child shall see no sleep-  
By, his hand held- letting strength flow  
To toil nightly, daily- he stays awake-  
But son, O son mine, dozed still  
Pulled was to where lids shut- took  
And three nights, just three  
My weariness just and I slumbered too  
Alas, he wore the noose  
O sleep, sleep that was trap-  
Where gallows is I came-  
But the gods willed his life my hands  
That sudden, their breeze woke me  
Just to miss his plunge-  
O I failed him, I ran his cradle  
His blood boiled,  
I hurried and dipped him in the fridge  
There, his breathe was still  
His fingers shook-  
His heart tiny pieces, beats-  
His stomach bulged-  
So on suckled him potions,  
That slays sleep-  
And on- faintly lived still

But realm dark, O strong death  
Shall heed no defeat,  
For stood still by my door-  
That a visitor soon rear,  
My sisters' came,

Saw him tied,  
Sticks holding lids apart-  
They called ill  
And murmured about-  
I knew by their murmur, their malice  
That realm dark uses those we love,  
Aye those we cherish to enter-  
So whom we love could be greatest foe  
My sisters' mine- nurtured by this palm  
Be deaths slave sent to kill child mine  
So held they- to take from- baby mine  
Knew not mine grasp of death when see it-  
For when I heard them, I saw death  
I hid my upset, wrangled not a bit  
For if locked I, my child from them-  
Death shall find other means  
But what if killed this death,  
What if I poisoned it?  
His servant shall be unwilling-  
They shall know a light burns around me-  
A flame hungering for them  
And it was the water, plain they drank  
And there death- death, stiff before me  
But death odor -reeked all about  
And not a beggar was that wasn't smelly too  
They, idly beings traced odor to my door  
I smiled, took them where death lain  
And how- I told  
But reasons gave seem naught-them  
That shackles brought, tied me up  
And pronounced insane, to be kept locked  
So my split from son,  
So they took him death!

My scream, my plead heeded not

As deaths wish they carried on  
And morning, that pregnant morning  
They brought news his death, my child  
And accused I, wore me guilt  
-A murderer  
Who sleep starved son, weakened child  
And acts done death due-  
I hear here- I deserve gallows  
How demons better me  
But my son, my mourning  
That I prayed death my way-  
Soon sleep came and remained  
I world here came  
Where son lived still-  
For in moment his plunge,  
He was spared-  
Said all my atonement paid his sin-  
And sentence pronounced-withdrawn  
So on dwelt forever here  
Aye here in dreams  
And asleep- tended I soft, fed  
And bear so to lure, did sang  
And not passed-for forever live

Adeosun Olamide

# Ebb

The knell calls back here  
To see the cloud bury the dying sun  
The windows- weak and feeble  
The gentle breeze pushes to a side  
And make turn the haggard pages  
Of the hymn that peers into the silence  
Of nun I see when lids my eyes be shut  
Coming in- it takes the life I held  
Putting the lamp to a death  
Causing the dark to swallow the depth  
And the curtain yet possessed-  
It draws close  
And takes it all from my gaze

The silence now loudest  
I lay still, barely hearing the beat of my heart  
I lay still, as it falls to my breast  
Hearing no further my breathe,  
Feeling still my eye blink-  
Holding still, the taste of my tears  
Feeling- a wounded pulse -reach  
Holding its thirst- in my stillness  
I see a shadow part from,  
And bide my fingers that holds it still  
But quick it disappears into the dark  
Leaving a void, emptiness in me-  
Leaving me frozen, leaving me stiff

The breeze loitering in the dark still  
It leaves,  
The shadow swirling in its embrace  
And of- put the ocean over me  
Its weight like the air  
And of- to carry the earth ever more  
Its weight -a feather

Adeosun Olamide

# Endless

As dip in deep day  
Night falls as darkness rises  
Moon mourns while stars stare  
Wind whistles while owls howl

Mother's mum while father get farther  
Rain reigns as he slips into sleep  
Worn won due toil done as route root wealth  
And thoughts have of wife lost in lust while sea sees

Crow caws as rays raise curtains his  
Threw true as sum some whispers heard  
Verily' anger devours reason when thoughts again sneak in  
And in sudden strip wife of pride and cast her to despair

Here heeled by hills waiting ills heal  
Sick for what wade through weighed down  
Grown groan as fair through thought  
Wondering why upright writhes as sour soars

Soon dearth bliss as beloved wind in winds  
Daze days lone for away thrown throne his  
And conscience conscious as passed past  
Yet to salvage when truth found that virtuous wife be

As try waived wave sorrow summoned  
To strip wife dishonor and return robbed robes honor  
He journeys on, on with regrets his mien  
Only to find her unmarked grave

Adeosun Olamide

# Errors Of A Night

Come (Befall) hut of poorness in ides may  
Soulless minions of evil made, wandering  
In snail's pace with urge impulse of rape veins  
And reason seized of drunkenness

Tender daughter here dream in bench tender leaves  
As attend glitters shadows light of dews and fairy all in blankets  
There notice her, that unripe seem adult as burgle lips between legs  
Awake her, numbed her as molest offers, woe betides

Upon her, scars of carcass innocence which webs fragility spins  
That glee depression takes as shame whimpers to absent father  
Bathed and honed seemed in vengeance  
To revive withered, proclaimed expiry on defilers

Of ire he begs bite that toss effort earth, as feet the spirit in earth rouse  
So come him attend this that death his hand use as scythe the smotherer  
spoilers her life  
With grief etched in visage, his mien and courage grasped in his terror  
He home journeys, his rictus veiled in lost smile as gentle breeze his hair ripples

But wretched Justice as yawn from ancient slumber  
With woe veiled in fairness her visit, delivers his custody into torture  
Of exploring sensory while exploiting mind, of caressing scarred flesh  
Yet Confined, not thoughts, starving but not yet his honor, beaten but not yet his  
mind

Muck and mire birth him, lived him, saw him  
But now all darkness be, as seasons into seasons turn  
Like snake empty venom yet fangs he rivals faith an accursed  
In theaters of night, slowly the stir of dream yet starved face his seek, his  
daughter

With cursed the cause his journey, burdened with fearful memories, mutters to  
self  
Did death his second wish, for it a course to freedom, the habitude unchained  
To cause sadness joy, struggled with writhe daughter, soon mast of justice an  
attorney be  
Demand freedom her father, sought vanquish over forgotten him

Long upon, a way found, one guiding old man from dungeon  
Again to breeze feel, to stars see, to heaven showers  
With scars fetters on hand and regained touch reality a merry  
As don (Put on) robes conquest, death crawls in, stealing light leaving him cold

Adeosun Olamide

## Eugene Questions-

Mother- Mother  
What does thief mean?  
The name everyone calls you

Mother,  
Do witches eat babies?  
The priest says you know

Ma  
Tell, what whore means  
Teacher Sophia told to ask-

Mother, Mother  
What about making bastards?  
Aunty Ree says you know well how

Mother,  
Hope ugly is not hereditary?  
My friends said I should be concerned-

Mother,  
And too- our state  
Are we from woe- that they say?

Mother,  
Seems their questions tires you  
Yet- wake from your long deep sleep  
So may hear the special- your boy got  
See today, Teacher Sophia beat all  
Save for me,  
She don't infect - said as passed

And honored prior too-  
She brought out- first time  
To be an exemplar  
Like Eugene his -so a bastard' she said  
And said too like ma his- so is stench  
Wake Ma, your long sleep to share my joy

Ma two weeks on, the sleep still  
Many question waits-  
To ask what suicide is  
For the priest says I know  
And what an orphan means  
For teacher Sophia said I should know

Adeosun Olamide

# Fahrin

Fahrin has died  
Fahrin abused me  
Fahrin took to lap his  
Fahrin caressed chest mine  
Fahrin was rich  
Fahrin stifled my voice  
Fahrin snatch night mine  
Fahrin spanked me  
Fahrin has died  
Fahrin would receive Islamic rite  
But Fahrin would get no mercy

Fahrin tore my robes  
Fahrin put finger where cock can't reach  
Fahrin bit my lips  
Fahrin tore my lips  
Fahrin fatness drowned me  
Fahrin friends had me  
Fahrin came jealous  
Fahrin took an eye  
Fahrin made hideous  
Fahrin has died  
Fahrin\_ the one who abused me

Fahrin life went by a knife  
Fahrin manhood severed  
Fahrin is incomplete  
Fahrin shall receive no Islamic burial

Fahrin claim repentance  
Fahrin bid forgiveness  
Fahrin put hunger in me  
Fahrin refuse slake a more  
Fahrin abandoned me  
Fahrin took Allah  
Fahrin made keen  
Fahrin scar in- glowed  
Fahrin left in rain  
Fahrin hated self

Fahrin refused me  
Fahrin let go  
Fahrin life went by a knife  
Fahrin manhood severed  
Fahrin my uncle  
Fahrin will get no Islamic rite

Adeosun Olamide

# Father Father

Here, Father, - my last hour is come  
Here, -who long in a holy shade do pray  
Come, away from tears that clouds your eye  
Come, to see clearly one time more  
Hush thy prayers, the moment is nigh  
Singing, a lullaby, my immortal sleep  
Hold, my fingers while yet bear warmth  
Do now father- they soon are cold,

Hush father, death is deaf you know  
-It has no face to still over our pledges  
-Wind in its ambiance of melancholy,  
The house don't feel,  
Gently upon, knows not our sorrow  
Or that I'm your sanity, your soul, life  
Hush now father, come away from  
And leave the futile to be-  
Deaf death wants no meal but-  
None can sate its hunger-  
Leave, to toss here about one time more  
-For in a moment I'll be stiff  
Hold, in your embrace one last time  
-So my spirit yet might hear and heed

Hush father, call no more my name  
And ease your mournful lullaby  
Rest now the embrace,  
The cold she bears carries immortal venoms  
Ease, for the always shivers that shall come  
Ease- putting sorrow in my memory-  
-Lay my mortal home in my cradle

Look, the heavens tears do drop  
Listen, the winds hush- paying respect  
And see, my spirit moves over the restless sea  
-Bringing it peace

Lay that mortal home no more over me,  
I am in the cradle, here- still

Do, stuff your rags in, though won't stop the cold,  
And now, away from my rotten arms  
And shut those empty eyes once filled  
Tis ruined and I no more a part in it  
-To have it so long belong your gaze  
A corpse, a streak in all I was  
No shed, rise and keep the warmth-  
I no more live there, keep your warmth  
Not that empty, chest plain, hoar in death  
But do listen father, I am here-  
Gaze here, not that that decays

Sail home, father -my spirit is not in the sea  
Father, father- listening no more,  
I do not sail with the storm  
I am here, not- its captive  
And no, not I crying, know-  
She's not suffering, stop listening  
Sail home, father- our beds are cold

Father, father, your shivering hands do  
-Not paddling against the breeze  
And the sun don't burn the grief that art you  
-Sleep now father, the tides may row you-  
Sleep, running no more to my cradle when the wind tosses it  
Hear now father, away from echoes my sob that hear-  
Slip from, the thoughts of death that lures  
I with the angels now do smile,  
Know truly, your sorrow puts me out your reach

Settle father, tis the wind tossing my cradle,  
Thy eternal nightmare- put fondness felt to bleak-  
-Father, father- tossing my cradle on as much  
Singing lullabies all you want,  
Content not, with warmth that receives from my rags,  
Be not content with the little warmth ever in my cradle-  
Come again the sea, to see fathers take their little girls in the tides  
Come again, to see the sunshine, rainbows and all ever loved  
But there is no beauty in our sky, and father no longer can wait  
For no wind can take the clouds over his eyes  
And it is an emptiness I haven't pushed

-Father, father feeling each grain, the sands on the shores  
Throwing stones to the sea,  
And your thoughts endless as it-  
Father, father, looking away-  
Putting flesh to the lamp, tasting fire,  
Hoping a light could leap through your soul  
Father, don't father- to set it ablaze,  
Now all halfly burnt- the immortal decay continues-  
Father, father, you're cold, warmth by Christ side,  
Look, looking not in the forlorn eye on the cross,  
Tis not me there,

Father, father- curse no more I bear you grief,  
And knowledge of me truly, is source your long suffering-  
Father, father- I chose not death over you

Father, father- come to see the wind toss my cradle  
But father, father- leaving all, forgetting all

Adeosun Olamide

# Flames

At least- I keep falling  
The bottomless is fine  
The storm is fine  
It washes, wakens me  
In, in the truest frost  
My soul could chill  
And the furnace  
I had a scent, the scalding's  
The darkness was fine  
And so was the silence  
And so were the jests  
The jeerings that pricked me  
The wounds heal  
The scars fade  
Fades with memory  
All dies, rusts- none to reject  
All dries, the saliva's, contempt  
I'm in -an emptiness  
I'm -an emptiness'  
Held- I cannot drown  
Entombed, I cannot exhale  
I am in bars,  
In that endless room-  
Hopeful no more  
-Deserted by foul,  
Deserted by all  
I can't reach  
-I am within the emptiness  
I am starved, the flames

Adeosun Olamide

# For The Casualties Of Extremism

They said you should rest in peace  
So you won't see them forget you  
Don't sleep my dear all thru-  
Sometimes stroll by,  
Come around  
To watch us

They said it is the will of God- your death  
So they may not heed your wails  
Don't sleep my dear all thru-  
Sometimes stroll by,  
Possess us  
That yours may be their last

And they again- clamored your rest  
That they may dance on, gulp liquor  
And deny your pain-  
But my dear- truly rest-  
From their memories- they that clamor

And joy yourself-  
Come- my dear to the vale  
Belong in the breeze,  
Linger on the swing,  
Dwell in the storm,  
Lay on the moon,  
Dress by the sun,  
Sleep on the daffodils  
Sing with the birds  
And smile in our mirror-  
At our secrets-  
Watch us mourn you-  
Watch us weep-  
Watch us remember you  
Watch us forget you-  
Watch us move on

And do rest- dear,  
After possess us -

I repeat'  
After possess us-  
Not to forget your death-  
Not to forget avenge it  
That you may be their last  
And thy living may behold good  
Don't sleep yet- my dear

Adeosun Olamide

# For Your Life Is Worth

I chose daughter ov'r pride  
My love is poor  
My daughter is dying  
I chose daughter ov'r pride  
I went to one  
And not a none  
I slept with all  
Life is precious  
And for a life  
Virtue is what□  
And what is pride  
As price?

I chose sin ov'r death  
My Christ is silent  
My daughter is dying  
I chose sin ov'r death  
I went to one  
And went to nine  
All them robbed  
I chose sin ov'r death  
And for a life  
Sin is what  
And what is hell  
As price?

I chose daughter ov'r pride  
And sin to salvage life  
My daughter is dying  
And the doctor is cruising  
I went to one  
I went to two  
And stole his daughter  
Awful did a barter loss  
And for a life  
Awful is what  
And what is jail  
As price?

My well daughter  
I have syphilis  
And approach hell  
But what is doom  
And is doom worth  
Price your life?  
My well daughter  
Your life is priceless  
And as lord please  
Your mother be  
Be so  
A price

And for your life  
My shame is naught  
And what is my death  
As price?

Adeosun Olamide

# Forgotten Stars

We remember you always  
As we hope someday to live  
To resurrect in your thoughts  
We come to you, to the walls  
Torn by thorns, we scale slippery walls  
Hoping to be noticed, seen  
We reach beyond your cloak  
And settle in your gaze  
Twinkling, beseeching your thought  
But we are unseen  
For though you stare at us  
Your thoughts is taken by another  
And it is him- you see  
That him who brought you- darkness

Adeosun Olamide

# Fortune Of A Fault

Once, in bed I lain in fright  
Due to night that was at might  
Stars in skies were out of sight  
As curtain mine to breeze it flight

So, beckoned I its passage to seal  
Agog winds and rain that steals  
Dwell in glance one who from storm flee  
In doorway mine a cute reveals

In, his suit of rainy wet  
Him, shirt mine felt must let  
Stare his body that lure to pet  
And soon my glance that gave he met

On, my feet to move it fret  
While heart mine to rhythm its beat  
Came and touch and cuddle he treat  
While pulse to rise it set to heat

Now, in bed from sleep I wake  
Sun' my dream of sweet it breaks  
Out of gate his shadow opaque  
Whom my gown of night stripped, take

Days and nights I be alas  
Winds and rain, hope he pass  
Linger for him be till last  
Him that thief my heart I fast

Soon morning came he fades  
Gone from view he ons' evades  
But months that goes I faint, degrade  
With tiredness and vomit that taint charade

Then my doc to whom I see  
Who with sight my symptoms' foresee  
Same news earlier test be real  
Of fetus that grows within agree

I, my eyes to tears submit  
Thought that murder cannot admit  
Now, my burden alone to cross commits  
As evoke of night bestows regret that hit

So' tummy of mine to swell expose  
And birth of boy soon dispose  
Then life mine to him bestows  
Him that grow become man repose

Now a lie to him I gave  
Which secret to you only save  
When father' to me he crave  
Say' raped by some unknown a rave

In eye his' see a lot  
Error and fortune of error got  
He my joy remain of blot  
Star a night of might be clot

Adeosun Olamide

# From A Brother Of God

Were many Gods  
Each of own lands  
Jehovah- God Israel  
Self\_ God black race  
Greed found way-  
And Jehovah became God universe  
-Confined in bottomless pit  
Forbidden from birth throne now  
The Lucifer escapes  
To bring back stolen glory-

Adeosun Olamide

# From A Corpse In The Canal

I wish put hands around him  
And get a mothers hug  
Or whisper words love his ears  
But to touch, I hesitate  
For I behold in his mien a rejection  
One unmask, that shall wake at slight touch  
My son hopes for a beautiful mother  
I have seen it in those eyes  
Wherein disgust and malaise settled  
He'd stare at the woman passing by  
And gaze on- the women in his books  
At their firm breast and radiant skin  
Then he'd look me with same eye  
My wrinkled face, sapped breast  
And stare other flaws that in me  
As I look in his cute eyes  
And wave a bye  
He walks quickly from  
A discontent swirling in his ambles  
And a pose that pierces my heart  
I still hear it in his heart beat  
And discern it in his looks  
The wish- he has no mother  
As I tread path to have him joy

Adeosun Olamide

# From An Old Widows Diary

From where I came  
We call him dear  
The word is kept for one loved,  
One precious  
That one that is priceless  
For you

Smile sneaks in my face whenever I get his message  
And yet again when I recite his old thoughts

Joy of unknown bounds comes  
When I listen to his intelligence

He calls me a lucky girl,  
That needs nothing nor someone special  
He says I am special enough

And though in his presence  
I suppress my deep feelings' sometimes  
Letting `em to death  
I come freedom each I let `em out in you, diary

The man in love lies  
Never trust a man in love  
He is dead to sight, deaf

But in love  
What sweeter place to be than therein?  
To see only his beauty  
And be blind to his flaws  
To have him to think about  
As time passes on  
To slumber each night with his arms in mine  
And to wake each morning to his sweetest touch, whispers  
What sweeter place to be than herein?

What greater death than to die staring his eye  
While I hold his frail hands  
And then be united in the afterworld with him

But love isn't always so  
Jealousy has shares in it

His snores keep angrily awake  
My food start to grow old  
His jokes stop being funny

And then comes a gentle young friend,  
His strength of Samson  
And then comes an alluring young lady,  
Her beauty of Delilah

And then comes my sight his flaws  
And to his sight my apt becomes flaw

But then,  
I begin to hate my thought  
He sought love,  
But it is cold dead  
And none can revive it

He has passed his zenith  
He thinks I have passed mine to  
He snores on the other side of the bed  
While my pillow gives me warmth  
He begins to lose appetite  
And prefer listening to his friends than my presence  
But then,  
I am with my diary, penning my words

What binds us now is beyond love  
And that is what sustains till he departs  
Sweet memories of him has start to corrode  
And all that remains is silence and seclusion  
And this diary of when we lived in love

Adeosun Olamide

## From Bosom A Friend

We gather thoughts- in prayer  
Prayer that we wake- wake from this  
Put ears to the priest- but hear him  
Our dead giggling, comforting yet sad-  
We roll our sleeves- as carry the sand  
Sand- that shall be a beloved blanket

Lain in earth that now shall be his home-  
Shivering hands blanket him with sand-  
We open eyes to see, to see grave sealed  
Opened eye but cried, the tears softened-  
And mouths to pray, opened but wail-  
That now his room is far- a deep from mine

We remain still- there- outliving the sun  
Listening, hoping he'd wake, scream  
Hoping he'd cough when dark and stroll  
I lingered- listening to the nothingness  
Staring- hoping he'd open doors his grave  
And behold stars rehearsing in sky

In time- we wind in silence the while  
Hoping recovery, hoping healing-  
Did, but memories found us there-  
It catches there- in attempt to forget,  
To move on, and so begins its torment,  
Of sowing regret, of unveiling our role

I shared joke- that did choke him his death  
He woke, screamed- moment -I left morgue  
If waited a bit, a longer- he'd be here  
And thus they came- in silence dwelled  
To torment, bury and sow regret  
To dwell murderers mask, a betrayals robe

No longer to die crave- for tis to confront him,  
To see him- hug, love me despite my acts  
No more to in silence or light dwell  
But must out, despise this realm-

To hear voices that hollows his, this  
To see shadows along his, this

Though unwelcoming company  
A shoulder to art on-  
Nor absorbent that wipes tears  
Or whispers that hush wails  
Though unwelcoming all  
The hand pushes still-  
Bestowing embrace that reminds  
Bequeathing balm that hurts

And to be anew- run thorough still  
To neither live nor crave smile  
But to hear voices- voices that hollows this  
To see shadow, shadows along his-  
And hope a forgive my betrayal  
Of leaving grave his- on night buried

Adeosun Olamide

# From Childhood

As I play away in astray my long lost strum and hum  
in sadness,  
I glimpse some of my wimpled rum  
friends thumb up to me.

Time goes by,  
Once a kid in my prime I had climb to sunnier climes to mime in  
sublime ignorance  
Devoid of dime in pocket,  
For my part it was better than petty crimes,  
they will plumb in front with plum in hands chewing gum with gums,  
Mending and lending amends,  
At each end they will commend without offending feelings but contending  
thoughts.

Through reefs we wended trending unsafe  
paths,  
Beaming with dreams in streams,  
They transcend the numb ones we christen friends today  
That thunder grumble at prominence,  
They may mum and mumble at my deeds but h'm they were real.

Many of them had swum from scum and slum  
And succumbed and even stumbled into glumness,  
moodiness that I am now in.

From me the dumb amid them is not frump  
As he beat the drum of our glee,  
Clump of crumbs that comes from time to time crumbled our friendship  
But we were inseparable chums bumming in brumous street  
Becoming untreated threats.

Adeosun Olamide

## From Diary- The Lone Dweller

Tho she wouldn't let gaze a bit  
Nor let palm mine- her skin stroke  
Tho she'd gather stones two by two  
And neath her pillow keep  
Tho a pat woke her angst  
And desires more- warmth sand  
That thro her fingers dribble  
Than be held or behold- me  
Saw toys- her attention heed  
And in far- she daily lived  
Yet- she is from me  
And seldom in cross desires  
Likes that hungers a mother  
To belong gaze her own  
I wait by the gates  
Or sneak thru her world  
To invade my adversaries  
But always- she comes screaming  
And harming self- until return

Thru the park- she'd walk lone  
And lured only sight a cream  
It lured her from- too  
For she called ma- everyone  
That an Ice- Cream- held there

The way does- confound me  
And strengthens me- patience  
Today- the bulb is fine  
Tomorrow- she hit head the wall  
Protesting its presence  
She little says and utter back- what heard  
Sometimes- it maddens me  
For I left all to with her be  
As she is mine-  
And in need me- I know  
That if she wanders from- I shall tag  
For she has none- but myself

Her father says- she do not exist  
And has abandoned her- only me  
He'd bequeath his attention- her brother  
And not a word-to her say  
He rebuke me- neglect my son  
For all my attention is she  
Watching and caring her- always  
And her brother- I love  
With hope his father tell of his sister-  
For from him he hid her existence  
And name me sick- to him- and all  
But it do not deter me-  
As she shall never tire me  
For in watching her slumber- feelings forth  
That renders joy- a mere  
And valueless them- that thinks me sick  
I let her in my hand then  
And touch her face gently-  
While she slumbers-  
The strength to hold comes  
And on her wake- my distance claim

Adeosun Olamide

# From Drunk Pete Diary

I died drunk  
With my peter in a balloon  
The angel asked my name  
With attitudes I ignored  
And sauntered heavens road  
You are sexy- I said to one  
We could together be  
The angel smiled  
Was thrilled and tripping- I guess  
Beckoned to self as flutter on  
Perhaps to surmount temptation  
Returned back earth  
I see Angels each night  
To satisfy many urges theirs  
And pay mine?  
-Returns each time expire reach

Adeosun Olamide

# From Happenings In My Dream

Mother been seeing what she calls vision  
That her son would shoot her dead

Son is been seeing what he calls dream  
That his mother would poison him

Devil in the subconscious comes a life

Son stopped eating mothers' food  
Son gets further from home  
And so due cold in street' cigarette knew

One night' sister said saw son with street boys  
Street boys only steal and have killed just once

That night, the vision again came to mother  
That son hers put gun to her head and trigger pull  
She wouldn't sleep that night  
What are the gods doing to me? She cried;

Son heard mother mutter to self in room  
Mother must be going mad, he began;  
And what can't a mad woman do? He asked;  
Might just club one to death, he concluded;

Son picks his pant and left home that night  
That night was this morning

Adeosun Olamide

# From Hell Tenants

The passion melts  
My flesh welts  
I fleet `way

His ring bay  
My fire smother  
As belong ether

He pulls back  
And face smack  
My blouse untie

The moan rise  
My heart cries  
He grasps highs

A sun rise  
His corpse rise  
The keen flies

My noose calls  
The flat falls  
In hell crawls

Adeosun Olamide

# From Her Letters To Me

Mourn little-  
That knows me  
Mourn little-  
That cares  
Mourn little-  
When know my deceit  
Mourn little-  
When know- my indifference

My baby-  
I shall be your shame  
And be your regret  
My baby-  
I shall be your pain  
And belong- your memories  
I wish thee my indifference thru

You shall not grasp-  
That body is used  
And my heart is wear  
That the mask no longer holds  
And the robe no longer covers  
Mourn little beloved-  
For I must pass on- to live on

And pour ashes mine in the waves  
-Throw it  
Perhaps I could in end belong  
In the silences of the sea  
Away from the scorch of the sun  
Away from the wants of my toddler  
-To the company of my lust  
Where my being belongs

Adeosun Olamide

# From Hums The Moon

My beloved, my sun  
That set me on this strait path  
And curse me to ever roam  
My beloved, my sun  
That preys on about me  
And brings my weak to sour  
My beloved, sun of my life-  
How, rapped me with raze  
And twirled me to soot?  
Ah, how I sear away  
That be beloved, aye mine  
Who wheels distrust this,  
Here, art- wring my fingers-  
Forever the dark- betroth me  
Where cradles seek not thy incite  
On my beloved, my sun- be king of day  
While I the annulled- queen rot in dark  
I shall tarry my love- where condemned  
Waiting, nurturing them ours-  
Them whom you bastards name  
I shall tarry here with your broods  
Stars yours- fated this abandonment  
I shall watch ov'r oh,  
And reminisce ever our beginnings

Adeosun Olamide

# From Hymn The Heresies

Three beings coursing the universe  
Upon age- date lived not  
One `cross a forlorn lab came-  
Left there by a ruined world  
A world that birth them all  
In forlorn lab came- acumen lived  
Dwelling there in soul a weary tree-  
The wanderer who about came-  
Saw there- two trees, the other with soul -endless  
But saw only this wanderer-  
Both with fruits, berries- that lured throat  
Art by hunger, ate fruit the two trees  
But the two trees tis unknown-  
That one endless gave and other knowledge spit-  
This, to being who chew it-  
Art by mystic- the wanderer being knew new  
And sat here possessed by knowledge all  
There `cross earth, the other two strolled' still  
-Searching for who they thought lost,  
Whom was companion theirs- recently altered  
But that ate of two trees- discern there roll  
And by forlorn lab, trees wherein- set ablaze  
Saw this- the searchers a smoke that swiftly lured  
And here met the lost one- with ashes lab  
Possessed by knowledge- venom the trees  
Shared fruit ate with companions who avid were  
Giving unto each -one tree of, one only  
To one- gave fruit- tree knowledge of  
And the other- fruit eternal life gave  
Three being coursed earth thru  
All three knew new hence-  
That ate two fruit came god,  
That ate of knowledge came man  
And that ate fruit eternal life came angel  
But to boredom- disease soon festered  
That by cure two beings mated-  
They being man and angel- yet ignorant this  
Here acumen art the god to bore fury  
For knew what this act could end-

Thus enslaved them both ever  
So error this might spur not one more-  
Caged so their essence in body and air singly  
But their mating wasn't fruitless-  
For they bore devil- a like god  
Who by inheritance -resemblance bore  
For this creature- inherited knowledge from man  
And from angel there endless life got  
Here, art still by fear- a reign to end-  
The god ever did sought this devil to slay  
But offspring them was god like-  
That saw there- plot and flee here  
Yet enthused god more to crush it  
This who grew and since- became gods' anxiety,  
-Dwell still this creature- a lodger of dark  
And to- whom we owe and must justice aid

Adeosun Olamide

# From Little Zoe's Diary

Much my father said of here  
That if he loves me-  
He is a pedophile  
So he withheld love

And to my brother he said  
If you love your sister-  
It is incest  
So brother never looked me

And to me- he said  
If you love a dog  
It is bestiality-  
And so he killed the dog God sent me-

There are many a things  
The world don't see  
Many a love not understood  
Many- given the name wrong  
I wish he'll see the feelings  
That strange is no wrong  
And be deaf to the noises  
That calls it so-  
I wish these voices that heeds  
He hears also -that- that which gives mother joy  
Some them weep and call it rape-

Adeosun Olamide

# From Mothers Solitude

My rose quick to bloom has quicker to wilt  
My sky lit by rainbow is had by lightning  
My fantasy of youth is taken by reality  
In the deeds of budding

My skin of radiance to pale it tunes  
My breast of firm is taken by suckle  
My love' of hands to balm has given to fist  
And these in deeds of Age

My sight that sharp' to blur it nears  
My hands that grasp' to frail reaches  
My state of unborn again approaches  
All in deeds of Time

Adeosun Olamide

# From Professor Rabiou Diary

Death' too often is impolite  
Strolls our corridors-  
Dip dirt claw in joy  
And sneak our plans  
Teach death manners-  
The ethics of knocking  
And if occupant claims busy  
Teach death to depart  
To knock other times  
Death' too often is miscreant  
Pollutes our peace  
Drinks our sweat  
Steals our harvest  
And damn our tents  
Teach death- to ask  
And when refuse get  
To calm till age rots  
And frail reach-  
To remember saying  
Of last to eat- eat most well  
Death' too often characters disable  
Dost blind and deaf along  
The blooming rose- sinks in  
Along sparkling star- "cloudens"  
Teach death to appreciate beauty  
And not deafen to offers bequeathed  
Do gold and riches accepts  
How rich- death `d made you  
Death too often with disdain  
Dost not bench to wine  
Nor yawn in ruse  
O poor death disgust discourse  
Perhaps- disable in reason also  
Teach death to see brilliance  
And mindful be to negotiations  
I'd made death robe rainbow colors  
And put learned ways- in'  
How inventions easy could- duty  
O poor death don't need skelter- helter

Teach death again- to see brilliance  
And in course- spare intellects  
Death too often is contradictory  
Do reverence age not nor knowledge, beauty lure  
Consuming whichever crosses  
O lord- teach death to recognize child  
And let em seeds grow in blooms and fruits  
O lord- teach death to come when summoned  
Not moment- soul mine plug transgression

Adeosun Olamide

## From Sambisa With Love

Resort mine that be medic in time  
If but listen your words, I be wife now'  
In Alhajis mansion, nursing kids  
It is self `pon forth misfortune  
And but wish could rewind times hand  
If could, would follow words that I be Alhajis sixth wife

This one of regret when in night dost duty wife  
In middle night, rest lack for perform intercourse  
Herein of sanctity devoid and sullied pride  
Skins pale and cheeks puny yet less be to weakened legs  
To bathe openly in view unending gaze theirs  
Unclothed in presence men only to be robed in rags  
We perform creation purpose' they say as Allah accord

Won to worn inure to pain our monthly dues  
Drug none, nurse none, none care  
To slake, quench every there bodily needs  
And well, Allah to hear' our duties give

Wait! When shall come linger thoughts  
When years past, hairs gray and cold froze blood?  
When sun seep water all in us?  
When shall find?  
After ruwa (Rain) thud our heads to insanity?  
Or is it corpse ours shall seek?

Soon shall come' says Moriama  
Allah our side, aid, government to succor  
But moon pass, another appear, third follow  
Still absent glance' now bids'  
When shall you come?  
When shall you  
When shall  
When?  
Moriama cold be not long, before give swell, odor!  
With her, hopes ours to death too

Suleiman' orphan beggar is here

Him that know as soft' with gun  
He gives favor in bringing this your ears  
In exchange intercourse, his old long dream

Mahaifyarsa' (Mother) Suleiman say passed on  
Oh father, bear cold grief and feelings mine  
Said died' with my name her lips  
Oh father, can bear daughters cold grief and feelings  
And dwell not in thought her absence nor mine  
But dwell in memories of us,  
That be why, Mahaifyarsa' beseeched that you espouse another  
Now enjoy your cold and dwell not in thought darkness  
Nor entrapped in concern my discomfort  
For truly I am strong' but Moriama that pass' stronger than I

Wonder talk, gist for woman become  
Return Alhaji the Rubu Dinar (Dowry)  
And withdraw promise  
For his shall be neither my third nor twentieth

So, on with life go, unveiling cloak grief  
Merry, drink, have new daughters to fill your purse  
And know truly my heart is cold, and my feelings lost  
For I been hone by mud, mire and neglect

Adeosun Olamide

# From Sayings- The Grannies

And Jesus died  
A young man such good looks  
And many fine prospect  
He could been  
-He could been  
The fine politician  
And perhaps be king  
Messiah his people  
As falsely foretold-  
Were not delusions  
That brought his death.

It is a shame-  
He was not- a school put  
To learn sciences or histories  
A shame  
He came apprentice- a carpenter  
And sat long in chapel-  
Listening those myth-  
Wasting life away-

Were there social works-  
His custodial'd been changed  
Aw- who gives birth in a manger?

Yet He a good life lived-  
At least- better than some 'd ever live-  
He loved children,  
Attended weddings  
Where supplied wine-  
I'd be His disciple certainly for that'  
And raised also he- some dead to Life  
Aside walking on water-  
-I too, a lover sorcery  
Or illusions it's known  
A lover attention that follows it-  
I sure friends that can act Lazarus- scarce  
Yet Jesus found- despite his upbringing  
What a friendly soul- that perished

There nonetheless a lesson- all us  
To be careful what say-  
For attention seeking can bad- out  
Especially when trails inciting others-  
Seen what did Mary little boy?  
Threw cross and a tomb- him  
All for threatening ruin a temple-  
And calling self -God begotten  
Sure Isis, likes would done him worse  
Beyond cross that broke his back  
And whippings-  
O, those whippings pregnant pain  
That follows to the hereafter.

And sad- only Judas followed him  
I have loved the Judas since-  
For his courageous dealings-  
Unlike the cowardice- Peter  
And others that petered out always  
Judas made money- orphanage  
And others-  
He indeed bore remorse-  
And shewed pain- his master passing  
It brought him though mad to death-  
Shall hope only-  
His earnings charity went- as intended

For Mary- like her kind- abandoned  
I don't know why this trying moment  
Joseph shouldn't by her side be-  
It reminds me a man too-

We- poor women...  
Dwelling this retirement home

Adeosun Olamide

# From Sayings- The Imams Hunter

What has them done  
What has them done  
What has them done-?  
They ask!

They who gift thorny blanket  
They ask!

They put in my heart, a poison  
And twinge my soul with sting  
They plunge in my eyes- sorrows  
And bore my bones with scars

That thou doest  
You ask-  
You filth, masquerade in fine  
Thy soul fox in hides' sheep  
Tailored to roar in evil  
And bleat in feign

You ask-  
You devil garmented in Gods veil

That I curse God with vengeance  
Of a dead man  
You ask!

Behold!  
I am the spoils  
The ghost  
The bones in grave  
The widows' brute  
The orphans' fiend

The infant  
In angst embrace  
Suckling spite a demon

And more

That despise forgive

I, victim your teachings

I, prey your silence

Is what you done!

Me!

You,

Committers' evil in God's name

I shall make thee, hell a paradise

And make death your hunger

I shall make you a fester for suffering

And make Beelzebub envious my deeds!

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Abomination We Lynched

My own casts me from  
Forbidden they say I am  
The boy there- the ashes  
Forbidden say too he was  
That my feelings draw my like  
And flesh mine with same- comforts  
So my vein rise not at touch contrary  
But stirs at the caress a him- I burn for

Behold Lord the flesh I am given  
Gaze on body you wore me  
See what they done-  
Yes people that call thee- Lord  
See- that rags betters it looks  
The scarred flesh I now wear  
Yes in thy name tis done  
This thy priests sentence with silence

Or is much my right my wrong so  
That my good deeds here and there-  
Quench not these flames I be hemmed in  
Or why- suffers that endures my being on?  
That hell be made so- for love a soul  
Hear thy priest damns my soul to hades  
That for my likes- Gomorrah ash  
Say as my stake is art!

Hear too this voice and fear in it  
That this filth that reeks of sin-  
You shall look not nor near him  
But gaze my shadow- coward Lord  
And see tatters bore to redeem  
For I be made so not by self  
But be mixed with a dark sojourner  
In body my soul is worn-

Father in heaven be not farther  
That my ruins now upon swirls  
And my wages art my gate-

Have me- as I run to thee  
Let this ashes that ascend-  
Be not hath by hades as said  
But me coat with thy succor  
For yes perhaps in heaven won't be so

That there perhaps your creation may be free  
And too- to love whom he wills-

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Ashes That Pass Along

O fire, come within this soul  
Take it- thru just one last trip  
Lit me, am so cold, so frigid-  
Gone warmth- let spur again  
From pale to bloom I crave so  
O fire- art deep here my soul-  
To melt there- my heart of ice  
And soften blood freezing veins  
Lit it- leap from this stiffness  
From drowning, heavy and grave  
Am sinking in peace around  
O fire, with thy tempest approach  
To wake, from death I slip in  
Fading, withering almost shriveled  
Look down, marvelous thee-  
Grasp; inject veins mine your venom  
So may bloom one last time-  
O fire, run within my soul  
And ruin there- heaviness I bear  
Enter, snuff out the darkness  
Put there, my demons to freedom  
Melt it, shackles they are bound  
O snapping, guttering sound my ear craves  
Fire, to fill me- emptiness to brim

Your breathe to consume the silence  
Shone light upon dimmest memories  
Not mock give but lighten me again  
Save now- O fire prithee

O woman, your plea art my ears  
Shall save from burden drowning thee  
Ye follow just instruct I on give-  
Sit by lamps- my spirit dwells in  
Soak thyself in fuel and lit thy robes  
O woman, shall ablaze thy darkness  
Set ye free from webs that vex  
Follow instruct I on thee-  
There by lamps- my spirit shall take

Give you wings, no walls shall art ye  
By heavens- ashes shall wind by  
I'll carry thee, liven ye  
But woman, soak self, lit robes  
O woman, your plea is tended  
Come to, to slain dark within

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Autopsies Inquest

Thorns- cradle theirs put  
And pillows there rocks fasten  
That as their milk -lion semen use  
Aye-readiness life that awaits them

To crawl on embers as they sprout  
The scars their face carries deep  
So- -me' may not their beauty shame then  
Aye- preparation what world here host

And as fare- bail them perish not by maggots  
Doth that disgusts reaches emptiness  
And they- by repeat finds maggots decent  
Yes tis preparation for misery that awaits them

How sane to make- coffins their sleeping place  
Hath-dwell in deep the woods alone  
So they- by recurrence find grave not strange  
Aye- tis preparation for death that comes

Yes I teach my daughters the art of fire  
Dwell their hands in flames to sore  
Bore them so to endure its torment  
For tis preparation hell that awaits us-

Adeosun Olamide

## From The Boy Afloat-

In my ocean, I must swim or sink  
In these clouds, I must fly or fall  
In the flames, be a phoenix or burn  
In all- I have learnt, fought-  
And though I may sink, burn, fall  
I shall have a soul that did not.

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Companions

The rain softens the earth  
The flowers blossoms for his passing  
The breeze clears his coming resting place  
And night this he gave his first love

The rhythm of tears need not rehearsed  
The fetch of grief stirs by the chest  
Acquaintance a fetus sinks her deeper  
And night this the nightmare carries

A portrait of nuptial carries the news  
The color of coal is worn  
The console-ers reassure her fears  
And night this- to follow on- considered

She woke now to her former  
Like the tears in her a sudden froze  
She pocketed in her robe of woe- a secret  
As came the box that houses her heart

The earth opens its mouth to swallow  
The rope brings him deep in its throat  
The priest raises the sand of submission  
And here she, a beloved fell- a warm dead

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Conversations

A- Misery descends on our corridors, our sweetness floods  
Our sodden streams flow now with blood,  
While our skies is swallowed in smokes,  
And Stenches corpse that fills our fields chokes,

This seem penance of silence,

For the cries of help refused heed,  
For daughters disowned, and in roofs hidden, kneed  
For sons of Gaza, the passengers of shot flight  
This, a thrash for inactions' and fright

B- What meaning in these meaningless woofs?  
What sense these senseless statements begets?  
Lord help us' our cry in roofs,  
And if God don't' what little mortal can give than forget?

And yet that little' we withheld not'

To twitter, to Facebook' gave all  
Screams, concerns alert gave  
And thorough through the world call  
And yet under that roof we sought God to save.  
What then shall do than pray, and hope?  
Or did they not a facilitator of woe thus,  
Did they not a contribute of befell dolor that tops?  
Yet pray, speak did, what not done that plague hang us?

A- Many undone, did a night starve bed of warmth over them blight,  
Or a moment starve darkness thy sight  
Did over girls' breakfast skipped  
Or a day gave for them girls gripped?

B- Beyond, Yes, where protests worn, were won  
Avowing through street even infer'  
Old, young, father, son  
All attend with mothers and baby pocketed behind her,

A-And only a moment, that soon vanish,  
After' silence, after' thoughts banish

B-Ob, Prayed, held vigils, did all could,  
Sent warmth, our sons in khaki died yet others stood  
Many husbands, many fathers died in attempt retrieval

A-And sooner forgot.  
Days after night returned markets spots,  
To their crimes, their jobs, their churches, their mosques and their graves,  
The girls lost forever to a dark path, to past caves  
And no sooner, Inactions begin haunt and hurt faction,  
This, a consequence our inactions

B-Why mention not other poisons,  
The stealing, the killings, the riggings,  
The wrong portrays of God that now does?  
Why not mention others?  
I have little strength of exchange,  
My saliva shall not thy thirst quench as shall save to live  
But yet know. This too shall pass,  
We gave all and now must forget the past  
And beckon also' this is no God act or fate art.  
This, but a response to the smokes you gave heaven,  
The sequel of picking war over dialogue,  
The sum of being smarter than others  
The aftermath of plunking millions in wars while kids die of hunger  
The consequence of not feeding those vagrant kids displaced by wars  
And that which say, we are chastised for

And in the lane A, already cold and dead,  
His aged back resting to the walls that rest his head  
His deep eyes without blink  
And his veins without pulse clink

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Dales Diary

It was the season-  
The sun endangered the flowers  
With its splendid warmth  
When fields were green with hay  
And lovers stirred mad by emotions  
Put to death- the best of roses  
It was this season he was conceived  
On a field dressed with shriveled rose and warmth  
In the open- where the sheep grazed

But in Saphils where the masked men breathe  
The sun had burnt their crops  
And gulped the waters that art their brooks  
And in Saphils were not lovers  
But haters, haters of death, seekers of life  
And so the masked men marched-  
Across the seven mountains-  
To here, where the sun endangered the flowers  
With its splendid warmth  
To here where the brooks all clear and clean  
Added to the symphony that art the woods  
And on the fields green with warmth they did march  
Hungry- that made their reason weak and frail  
And -there where lovers conceived in open  
They came through  
Slaughtering sheep  
And all that came in their way  
Slaughtering sheep  
For their young daughters  
Who frail and feeble  
Were -already meal for death  
And to them, for their young daughters  
Shepherds were monsters  
-Sent by death

And though he was good and pleasant  
-This shepherd  
He was a shepherd  
-Willing to die for his sheep

Against those- who just  
Were made monsters by hunger

And so he laid stiff in death  
His blood accompanying his sheep  
Into the brook once clear and clean  
But now red and bloody  
His lover laid too- warm and fainted  
And another who thrived in her womb-  
Strong, bold and unknown  
And when the war that killed his father passed  
He sat there- in a womb- still, strong and bold  
In the throne of her heart  
Protecting her from spears and misuse  
The ones that often comes with defeat  
Hanging in the shadow of the victor

And when too- he was hungry  
He began to eat out from the womb

As we the roses thrived on  
Praying for the victors

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Dukes Widow

The day is gone  
The heat too  
To sleep they go  
And their sun  
In the moon sleeps too-  
Now is us alone  
To belong here-  
So his words were

But in his aftermath  
The here we use to belong  
Is taken its other form-

Stars once beautiful  
Rain once sought  
Nights once cherished  
Breeze once wanted  
Now comes to mock  
To creep my woes  
Now stirs my memory

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Fine People Of Christ

Slumber not in chamber lapse  
Nor abet him with misdeed intent  
But will unto foe' strength  
And mourn him who cons you

Give feet shoe of causer displeasure  
And to trapped slayer gift life  
Bear burden delivery bully from shackles  
And your persecutors shelter from torment

Dwell beloved in cherishes of good  
Helping lame rise and blind' to see  
Being ear deaf and voice the dumb  
Yet not in chamber lapse slumber

There along onus of quenching thirst  
Where path of thorns seem wading by  
Parallel route vengeance blazing in mist  
There seeds of love bloom the soul

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Forlorn In Heaven Boulevard

What grieves your countenance thus-

O ye-

O ye, Martyr of Christ

What spur this wailing I beg-

O what-

O ye, Martyr of Christ

Here is bliss

And all your needings

What do you will?

I prithee- O ye Martyr of Christ

Whence this lachrymose?

Why your robe- so rent

And light yours so is muted in pale

Tell me- O ye Martyr of Christ-?

Tis my daughter, she burns down in hell-

She calls on her mummy-

O ye Mary of Christ

How say me to dance when be so-

She suffers- and twirls there in fire

In flames- she swaying long

O ye Mary of Christ-

Do you hear so her wails,

And feel torment hanging in

My Mary of Christ-

Thus twinge in heart that ye hold

Feel it so- Mother Christ of ours!

Tis my daughter, she burns down-

Up there in hell- O ye Mary of Christ

I was given- to Christ causes so

So taken- it took, it dragged me from her

She grew away- whilst mis-sioned about

And knew street- when claim Martyr state

O ye, Mother Christ ours-

Tell me how- that here can be thrill?

Why quietness, counsel me Mother

Thou know- thy way here

You are the mother of Christ-

Give a word Christ ears-  
Lend me thy influence at least-  
I want join there in hell-  
To hold her in wailing-  
And bequeath mothers hug  
Or O ye, Mary of Christ  
Tell me so-  
How am I to  
While she tides on in pain?

O ye Martyr My Christ-  
Do eat first-  
I see thee- hear thee beyond say  
And shall seek pardon for ye O Martyr  
Maybe- He grant us-  
And shone compassion

O ye Mary, Mary of Christ  
Where art ye so long!  
Is it- you hid from me so?  
Why this betray you hand-  
What this pearl  
This joy around about! ?  
How so Christ pay me so-  
Seen my daughter?  
She burns so in hell-  
And this prison-Ye call paradise  
Please, Father let me heed-  
The agony-shall hug twice now  
Let me to dwell with daughter  
In hell where she calls!

Adeosun Olamide

## From The Priest Chatters-

Now I worry  
If truly I be worthy  
To call thee father  
Or kneel by this altar  
Drenched in wine of iniquity  
Reeking in rags of repentance  
But I shall-  
For my heart whispers- Lord, Lord!  
We have fallen to deceit - the devil  
That flesh gave is infected my soul so  
A virus, a vanity  
And now I am a servant to its pleasures  
But yet- how so-  
For I have only followed path the Christ  
Dined with rogues, company with whores  
And brought the thieves to your altar-  
O Lord- how so- the voices damns me?  
And this illusion weaved by devil  
Mislead you so-to betray me?

O Lord- do you not see the plot-  
That I, a vital in your vineyard-  
Is tainted to displeasure-?  
O Lord- do you not see  
That, this reeks of envy  
And that it on to sour our bond-?  
Lord- Your church is been robbed it precious  
For my heart is troubled by the voices-  
And who shall- this pinnacle stirs your business?  
I who have brought thee  
Out of ruins- you were locked  
I who have unsealed thee  
Out of the dark- you were thrown  
I who have clothe thee  
From the shame- that hang thee  
It is I- you denounce  
Or how so- the public confessions that rings?  
Of what even?  
That like- your beloved- David

And his descendant have done- I did  
I have stirred my thoughts  
To ease my body its burden  
When around seem lost of chance  
And put in a hole- my staff- than sin  
I brought the brothel neath your church  
And mate with all- revolting and sick-  
Was it not they may beget offspring in my likes  
And dwell on- the works of my hand-  
How so then- the voices damns me on?  
And curses me ruins of fornication-  
Or are my concubines known to you  
For I drown in ignorance of them-  
See Lord- this plot they master!

Then they say- a murderer I am-  
Truly once- I took a life that lured- from you  
Yet- was it not to save the many deceived-  
That great tempt- masked in beauty- that walked  
How in that tempt- can I deny pulse?  
And in- the Holy Spirit gave whispers  
Indeed to have slit her throat- reared  
But this daughter of Beelzebub and her heresy  
That claim be a bride of yours-  
How so- the people thought you- bestial  
That I must prove- your only spouse is Mary  
Then say- which murder did!  
For I slain sin and disbelief that day-  
Or do you not think the daughter of Beelzebub deserving  
To be ravished and forced nude around-  
And clear dishonor she brought your name-  
Why then- the voices damns me so?

And vanity I am accused-  
I have thy business to much gain  
When came- your home in shreds  
That the rains whip Christ so  
And the sun scorched his color-  
How then- you suffer!  
But see what height I brought thee  
Or smell the tithes- I made thee  
Or see even many the souls- I won ye

And in what way- the voice clamors  
That for I mix Communion with coke-  
To have some effect  
And bring your spirit upon them-  
That for, I should be- damned?

Condemn me not-  
That I took from the neighbors  
To aid your fame-  
Condemn me not-  
For all is made in thy name alone-  
And the silence voices that damns me- a thief?  
Now even I worry  
If truly you worthy  
To be called father!

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Rusted Wishes

Death-

Have no fear my doors are open wide

Death, have no fear-

Have no fear I seek you in your refuge

Death, have no fear

-Of my bosom that hungers you

Have no fear

O death, my embrace holds no poison, no spear

Remove, death this cover of dark that robe-

This veil of shyness, evasion that does-

Remove'- death

-For this fire that don't burn

-For this sea dearth of storm

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Sanatorium

Forgive Hannah, death beloved daughter  
Pardon- that I couldn't save her  
Take solace for love had part in demise

Hannah, you must have lot heard  
Know most is lie what they say  
For I was gentle with her

Indeed was a beautiful soul  
Pure her thighs, so luring  
But manly too she was

What words didn't weave to have her  
Or gift to press impress?  
But too shy was to accept one

Her strange way of showing interest  
As sweet saliva in mine face  
-Gave bygone approval

Hannah, I loved her  
She said ear mine big, displeasing  
I cut it in half

And about eyes mine spoke too  
How big was-  
I stitched both

Or when said face disgusting  
And wouldn't a more see me  
How slow I got her riddle

Sought anesthesia  
In heed her request  
And removed eyes her tenderly

So, she wouldn't behold again  
-Should have heard her scream  
Perhaps, no one made her feel ever

Hannah, you heard I raped her too  
But a plot to deface this good self  
For, I raped not nor pat at her protest

She made her body cold for me  
And put up no resistance as had her  
She was beyond sweet,

And feelings act linger still  
That comes when lone take  
But along memories her passing

I'll tell how death met her  
Her thorough gasp for breathe  
And quick fresh air crave

Could think straight while  
And did emergency beck  
But worse she came at wait

Then, I threw her a life  
Look Hannah, scars on bone  
In course shatter pane

Breeze outdoors, I knew  
The lie I threw from tenth floor  
For was fourth floor did

Was she might grasp life  
-Know how must feel  
Know- I worse feel

You have other daughter  
I have none to love  
Seek solace in there, Hannah

As rejoice her part, this evil world  
That now with angels dances  
And no need to thank us for this

She is worthy a missing

But know can always go meet her  
For choice death hasn't been seized from

She deserves befitting burial  
So they may cut not brain hers  
I made garden, a shallow grave hers

I mourn still, Hannah  
They say I am mad  
-Know was love that maddened soul mine

To Hannah

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Scientist In The Shade

God mock me so that when I set to out  
He wakes then the harsh sun to lick me  
And when I by till night tolerant misdeed  
He sends the stinging rain then to whip me  
He mocks so- that while I by my bed to doze  
Then when temper lure- sleep with silence  
The wind comes knocking, knocking, sneaking-  
Stealing sleep that almost art my vein  
O, he does, he does the breeze to shut pane I freed  
And when cold is high- slain my smoke with heat-  
Be it known I know what wants- He, here at my will  
My knees to acknowledge him greater and me lesser  
Or not- I ate by thwart should hang self,  
Aye you too muse how so, childish- the war he games  
But let him- the trounce he wants get-  
For when I' done with-  
He shall call the devil- angel  
And me- me!

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Sentence

Like ye the right to sentence  
-Yes made perfect  
To judge you

Like ye have it all  
-Yes- it all  
To mock you!

Beyond the beautiful dust  
Beyond that rot- we shall bury?  
-Yes beyond that- we flaunt all!

Beauty fades, you can't make us!  
-We don't make vile  
I would make rat than make thee!

And spits on others?  
-Yes- they revolt!  
You do!

Conceit and fall are companions!  
-Inferiority complex  
Choose low that fears fall!

You nothing!  
-Yes, to the commons  
I, nothing!

And, we are your subject-  
The error of your lord!  
-No, not error- His flank of disgust!

That God made all equal  
-Safe all of you- reason- half a calf!  
And your folly- the triple of Adam!

Our lives have worth!  
-The worth of sea sands

The worth of ocean droplet!

Yours, the gallows is worth!  
-Kill me, you make me Christ  
Slay me, you make me god!

What have you become?  
We made thee  
-Yes- you made me ire!

The media was your sun  
Your pillars- the people you chasten!  
-Then they remain sheep- while I wolf!

Why have you hate us so?  
-Free man is the identity of a monster!  
Ye dearth reason to choose!

Remorse can save your neck  
-You have no feet- I can lick-  
Nor is your pity a boon!

You chose suicide-  
-Better choice than ye  
Better than- than dwell this attendance!

Their clamors- not mine  
-He that fears them-  
Belongs there!

Their clamors- not mine  
-He that chose silence  
Belongs there!

-That if I ruin- I shall rise  
And in flesh a demon even  
To descend a Gomorrah on you!

God save ye- this pride  
For even He- shall not hold  
-He is unlike -!

Put his body to the vultures  
But first hook him on the tree-  
So all may behold- his indignity!  
And see- his tongue of fire- that scorched  
And see the tongue wed flies  
And see! - That dangles- a mere man!

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Somber Inebriate

Now the war is over gone  
And the moon sucks me blood on  
Where I stir with the earth deep  
And my soul roams on and on  
Assay- to come home many nights  
And toss your cradle to fro  
But this gutter- my body is rot  
That to leap- my soul even can't

And as sink I here hold little girl mine  
With thoughts- her senses life strives  
I hear bid in her dark there- my voice  
To read yearning ears- of Cinderella flees  
And sing to sleep- hush, hush little baby  
I here hear too as sink- her beating heart crave  
-An embrace to wrap from thunders roar  
And as- my liquor shivers from grasp

I then the guilt charged to bear-  
That forth- only to remedy give  
From cowardice that art me- ever here  
And my soul bears tweak as roam still  
To tell- didn't mean to have her sole  
Or too- to have her slip my grasp  
And repent tell from sickness mine  
That now as soothe- she be my cure

But my heart drowns more in guilt as see  
For when acquaint- found her height drunk  
As for dearth me she liquor knew  
That in sea which art me- she deeper swims  
And though to hold sky from her eye- come true  
It be in this gutter where body rots in-  
For too she rots deeper by my side  
Here- where moon suck both blood ours

Adeosun Olamide

## From The Suicide Scene

So death been courting me lately  
Today, he proposed at long length  
Gave a necklace to dwell this neck  
Or is it a rope now- you call it  
What matters is- he proposed-  
I have had it all day in my gaze  
And put it around my neck  
I try the mirror seeming high  
But it reminds me my pain  
And acquaint me my night-  
That In end- someone wants me  
The scars didn't repel this one  
Nor did he an ill- to my corpulence  
And I hold it to my heart this night  
The joy his gift has brought me-

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Unwanted Dark- Drowning In

We like the clouds,  
We follow it,  
At night we whisper to the stars,  
They whisper back-  
We wait for the breeze  
For it caresses and rhythm

They watch us from the window  
They whisper

The sun watches us too  
It sneaks on us-  
We know,  
At dawn, it pierces our curtain  
We notice- the stare as we walk,  
It follows,  
Sometimes hiding behind the cloud-  
We smile, pretending not to know

They see us smile from the window  
They whisper

We like the stream,  
We dabble our feet-  
We smile at the wonders of God,  
The beautiful sky,  
We pick the broken foliage  
And weep- at its death

They see us weep,  
From the window, they whisper  
We wonder why they look-

We listen to the clock  
To its song-  
We write it down  
They come to us, see our music  
We try to hum it, we do  
They listen, they don't like it-

They hold our hands, we hold theirs  
And hug us, they weep, we weep-  
They smile, we smile-

We don't like the drugs  
It makes us weak,  
We say we want to swim, the stream  
They say we said we want to drown  
We say we want to fly, the clouds  
They say we said we want to flee  
We say aloneness enkindle our flame  
It doesn't matter- they put the shackles  
And take us up the tower, they leave us here  
We tell them- we want the breeze, the warmth  
They remove the window, say we could jump  
To escape, the walls won't let,  
We sleep, hoping to dream of the outside-  
They come, the jailer- to hug, to weep  
But never to save-  
From the unwanted dark we drown in

Adeosun Olamide

# From The Whore On 9th Avenue

We are the righteous ones  
We who sit in the brothel happily  
Sipping wine and dancing to please thy eyes  
We are the righteous ones  
We who tattoo the holy books on our thighs  
And with the crucifix are pleased with our fate  
We are the righteous ones  
We who dwell in the gaze of the night  
Pure in heart and fretful our bodies  
Yet dwell to save a girl from a rapist  
Whose internal urge- we onus sate  
It is we- who are righteous  
Our souls dedicated as nuns of dark  
We do not dwell in fear of hell  
Before good finds our hands-  
Yes we are the righteous ones  
We whose body- is called filth

Adeosun Olamide

# Gallery

Shall be one more gallery  
A many scenes of purgatory  
And this album be done

The last impress a disciple  
Beneath cross that mounts  
While his guides'- mocks

A throng tormented souls  
Steals the backdrop  
Delighting an amputation

Their inept doctor clamors pure  
While strings, threads needles  
And nurses -his, sparkles still

Silence come bane in moment  
When say of vital- survival, death  
His tools bear guilt not him- rings

But here in corridors fear  
Strive yet whisper known  
And hope a silence that aid hearing

In tombs are turnings, murmurs  
That by dawn shall lose self  
But dawn farther than now grasp

Along estrangement the truth  
The crucifixion an innocent  
And suicide my conscience

The veil of God is stripped  
His breathe withdrawn  
And throne bereaved me

Adeosun Olamide

# Gaze

Eye `pon, from dust bowl deserts to high wet lands,  
From high hills to vale, dell □  
His gaze `pon the birds in the skies  
To that blooming floret,

His eyes on the foliage, the withered leaves, the shrubs  
To each sand grain on ocean shores,

His eyes is `pon good, the evil,  
The daffodil, the cactus, the saint, the devil,  
The dolphin to the flesh eating piranha,

His eyes like the sun, like clouds always there `pon thee,  
And may run from it  
But also in our shadows and sees deep within all us,

Our dark thoughts' seeps our selfish wishes  
No, it not only sees, it seeks also light in us all,

The eye sees all especially our deepest, hideous secrets,  
The mirror of God reflects all especially our within

And may think God lame old being, haggard and puny,  
But no! Wrong we,  
Don't think His arms frail, His reasoning shallow,  
Don't think it, He sees all, knows all and all bob to Him, even you.

Ask them who seen the quake of earth,  
Ask them who seen swirling wind, venom of the seas,  
That hurricane, that gale,  
Ask shipman with wrecked ship remains; inquire him of tempest,  
Ask them swallowed, then vomited by the volcano,  
Ask them with drought, them infested with famine,  
See them and realize He is supreme over all.

And this is only beneath all the good, His greatness,  
I have seen beyond

I have seen His beauty in colors He gives my sight,

How much do I pay to see this?  
For moment think about them who see not, only darkness,

I see His gift in the new day,  
For a moment, think about them in the earth that in all there riches,  
Couldn't a day more buy, yet sought it,

I seen it in the forming, gathering clouds,  
In the weathering magnificent rocks,  
In the radiant colors of flowers, in the butterflies,  
The singing birds, the roaring lions, in the skies,  
In the cold morning, the rising sun, the peaking sun,  
Crescent moon, evening breeze, the tiding seas, the falling waters,  
I seen it in your face sometimes, other times hiding,  
That smile held back,  
In brain bestowed `pon thee,

I can't say all them gifts, I can't all and yes I can't all,  
His eyes upon all,  
His light trying to pierce our firm brawny hearts,  
Give all to Him and He shall give to you.  
Gods Light

Adeosun Olamide

# God- The Playwright

God is the playwright,  
And we, we are, yes- the Tabula Rasa  
God owns the pen-  
And He gives to all -of- us  
Our parts-  
Some- He puts in the darkness  
And some He put in nowhere  
The others He unleashes to the light  
Or is it fire- now?  
Too -It may be an illusion  
God is the playwright  
He does write- incomprehensible  
And there-somewhere is the beauty-  
The tragedy, the comedy- the mingling  
All- weaved together-  
To create this-  
Rectitude of deceit  
Yes I know-  
How he brings and takes the loveliest of cast,  
And makes the villains our heroes-  
It is just interesting each moment-  
That we lose-  
For we all are lost in the play-  
Too lost-  
Engrossed deep in our acts-  
Too lost to sit back-  
And watch-  
Perhaps learn too-  
The story enfolds us maybe-  
But it does unfold  
Even- without us  
But God again is the playwright  
That made it so- unknown to us  
And we, we are, yes- the Tabula Rasa

Adeosun Olamide

# Greenness Instinct

I am a weeping child that's gone astray,  
Like a stray puppy, hungry nor, cold  
Nor weak or angry but sullen and hopeless  
With memories that pierces the heart  
I, a princess, honored and respected  
I, a daughter, Cherished and prized  
Now in remains of faded beauty, devoid of honor, respect  
I, a lover, blind and thoughtless, drowned in lust  
I am a weeping child that's choose my path, ignoring my rope of existence  
For forewarned was I of him, yet caught in the webs of his exquisiteness I  
danced not glanced  
For cautioned was I of him, yet his shade blinded my gaze and confined my  
reasons  
I, a princess, honored and respected in pursuit of uncertainty is dishonored and  
disrespected  
I, a daughter now in the winds, awaken not by crows of cocks or singing birds  
but by howls of packs,  
I, ones a desired friend of all  
But now even the rain, the streaking stream nor the morning sun befriends me  
I am a weeping child that's gone astray for ashes have I traded beauty,  
Now old and feeble, sullied by scars  
To whom shall I my tale tell?  
To the lilies, the blossoming flowers of the day.  
To who shall I my woes woo?  
To the teenage in whose feeble hands the key to the future lain.  
For they may hear and adhere, learn and discern  
I a disciple of my instinct is failed perhaps left only, to render a meaning to you.  
Remnant  
Obey them parent; honor them, the light that leads us.

Adeosun Olamide

# Grieve Deeds

My love, I lust another  
I think him always  
When caress my wrinkles  
I can't stop-  
Have knife  
Find him, kill him

My love, Allah won't let  
I am forsaken by my body  
My conscience only can whisper  
He caresses now, his lips  
He zeniths almost...  
My love, kill this lust

I can't deny him  
He'd over you last  
My lust, draw closer  
His corpse still shows

Adeosun Olamide

# Had It All?

She had radiant skin  
And attractive physique  
And gorgeous eyes  
Except for beautiful heart

And eloquence  
And influence  
And powerful voice she had  
Except nice words towards others

And priests  
And government  
And even crowd had she  
Except Jesus, son of God

And gold  
And robes  
And lucre about  
Except for benevolence towards street dwellers

She has coffin and funeral-goers  
And beautiful epitaph  
And flowers by grave  
Except for joy in hell

Adeosun Olamide

# Hades Prophet

Witches awake  
While gluttony priests' slumbers in rouse night  
Their body a bosom demons (Priests Possessed)  
The devils' found home  
In chapel sheltered beside lord  
The devil is found form  
In men of crucifix dwells  
In him' his wandering soul repose

Path darkness gloom acquainted strangeness  
Met during stroll scrolls ages deeds  
Records of sweetness behind and hell ahead  
What dawn done  
What sunset set on?  
Bleak!  
Torches unlit lay in horrid darkness  
Era' death put out misery  
Shriveling blush' once blooming rose

Beyond borders of ordinary, shores of gale, beyond vale of shadows  
Far in soul convent deep' passing breeze by curtain veils' Christ cries  
THE priests are cursed, ensnared in reverie with ears impaired  
THE priests are cursed, edge darkness, their safe path of progress  
THE priests are cursed, in misery abloom with portend due doom  
THE priests are cursed, shorn glance of true trance

Often truth ignore, clinging falsehood  
Unrighteous, hurry be "righteoused"  
Murderers, come be baptized  
Thieves, hurry be blessed  
Hungry, hurry be "fed"; in chapels turned shrines  
Returning daily short of coin, bereft of revolt  
Returning, from feet priest to toes riches residuals,

THE priests are cursed, shorn glance of true trance  
Yet say being good has limit, call falsehood Gods' gift  
Say even, Christ amid thieves sat, drunk with murderers  
Thus vindicate why Gods altar be soaked with blood and wine  
Say even, Christ met Mary the prostitute

Thus validate, why roses lit bed in immoral nights  
Say even, Christ cursed tree which fruit conceal for growth  
Thus rationalize, why curse give unto lowly  
Say even, Christ donkey rode, while grass array robes  
In liken, demands equivalent' which today name jet

What awakens in thought weakens  
Time' consumer beauty, fame, strength, Time' devourer all in path  
Hath gulped mine' Arrogance our pride,  
While ghosts' roams street of unlit torches  
We of nowhere belong nowadays, not together, not even apart  
We, of truth chased beneath shades,  
And now shiver in cold arms of death  
Have remembrance this day my passing that thou to shall come  
And big birds bought, big nest built shall long be after passing  
Have remembrance this night my passing that yours to shall  
When memories hurt, and ghosts hunt thee  
Have remembrance this darkness that I pass, you shall to  
When clerical collar shall by neck suspend till demise  
Have remembrance this shackles, for bracelet gold were  
For soon time shall forth seed sown  
Have remembrance this gulp goblet of sorrow, bliss chalices were  
Let my rags thy sight grasp, for array robe yours like be  
For being evil does limit has!

Adeosun Olamide

# He

Who gives warmth in harsh freezing night  
And offer coolness beneath severe heat  
And watch yet while brothel becomes abode mine  
And guide home' when drive' devoid mind `ver bridge, drunk of alcohol?

Who forever quench thirst and slake my hunger  
And comfort with reverie while I journey through vale  
And awaken from slumber of death  
While in my words and silence, many to death put?

Where is strength in this deep distress  
And joy in this night of dole  
And of where ray, radiance in this black darkness?  
Many have I blinded when I had day

Who guides walk through self made darkness into His marveling light  
And shield from storm, from thorns and wolfs I surround self with  
Who set free from this shackles concealed in jewelry  
And deliver from my bottomless courage, pride?

Who heal my wound, and make my scar glorious  
And have my ill and make me whole  
And make my shriveling soul bloom?

Who shall gladden my heart, ease my vein  
Of wound obtained due my souls cling to war?

Who yet loves, after slaying a helpless man  
Who yet deliver when my lips utter deceit  
And who clasp me from fire I began?  
And yet love me in my arrogance?

He seeks in my wickedness  
To make an apple of His eyes,  
To keep in His bosom and hide in His fortress  
All heard my cry,  
All saw my sores,  
But just could take them not  
Only one, who for me, pain and death

God finds the moment you seek  
For God listens, the moment you hear  
He shall hold, moment you tender to accept his stretched hand  
Only Christ does can heal, and take my darkness and to His feet I abide

Adeosun Olamide

# Healing

I am withering on your watch  
Your tears, sweat don't save me  
Am not sheltered by your- shadow  
-The sun burns' absorbs bloom made  
But don't go calling- the storm  
No, don't bring in- the clouds  
And don't bear my soul -the night  
For -am only a flower'  
Whose spirit feeds on -sunshine  
And a flower with such -definement  
Shall wither no more- as in death- if do  
But usurp the clouds over you  
Bestow mask beauty- distressed visage  
And make sunshine on your face  
-Gleam over my spirit  
Poisoning venoms that art my veins  
For tis-by a façade' my healing dost stems

Adeosun Olamide

# Hearings

Amanda Ward, alone with him-  
In terrible dark-  
Away from world-  
The silence won't heed  
Your screams won't pierce it-  
What's come over?  
Amanda, don't roam the dark  
Demons wait-  
Beware, beware  
Footsteps and paces-  
Hear him breathe  
The devil comes  
Sheltered in a boy-  
Do hide, do hide-  
Behind the curtains-  
From the devil approaching  
His incarnate-  
Reborn to recur your scars  
See in his mien,  
Beyond his pace, beyond his smile  
See in his mien,  
Beyond semblance, beyond his warmth  
Him-that took your future-  
And made you filth-  
Yet remain to mock you on  
Aye, reborn to hurt you so-  
Though made of your flesh  
His a fiends heart-  
The beast incarnate  
He grows!  
Hear, he growls-  
No, not yawns!  
No, not warmth-  
His blood boils  
But enough, enough!  
An end to this-  
The perfect vengeance  
Wake, Wake!  
Art the chisel, the knife

Hide behind the curtains  
-In the cover of dark  
Let him slowly come,  
In his usual way-  
Let him slowly find-  
In his usual deception  
-Calling mother, mother  
When he reaches-  
Club! Stab!  
And be again at peace-  
The peace his conception took-  
Done- pour the oil upon  
Put the flames-  
So may reveal his true self-  
Perch, as his breathe stains the wall-  
Art! See! In his real form-  
See, his mask scalded,  
The demon, the demon!  
Call, call unto all-  
Call, a demon is slain  
Call unto all-  
To art your victory  
Midst all- they see yet your son  
Beneath -jealousy? O no, not  
O wait, they lie, they lie-  
He touched them all-  
The demons power,  
Infected all  
His deceptions won-  
Their memories taken  
His won their hearts  
You know the truth-  
Remember night-  
They forget-  
Your robe in pieces  
A bruise your arms  
The seed planted-  
Art the thorns!  
Conceived by angst  
Formed in hate  
Birth in sorrow  
Nurtured in distrust

A tender scar  
Remembrance an evil-  
And though- soaked in dark  
A boy, a boy-  
A son, a son-  
A beast, a demon  
Masked with innocence  
With miens unknown  
The terror hidden,  
A lie, a lie-  
Heed not for all is right-  
The Lord wills this- to let  
A lie, a lie-  
For they are real, the memories  
And a lie, a lie-  
A plot- to cast you-  
In shackles, into dark  
You killed no son-  
A demon you slay  
And heaven rejoices the victory  
Will you come to us-  
We immune to trickeries  
Away from shackles  
Away from dark-  
Into heavens high-  
Where for demon slain-  
A seat by Gods side  
Yet midst-their whispers  
They imprison you on in life  
For the demons touched them all  
And do so- to have you made  
Made again to be their vessel-  
But take not the poisons  
Poisons-they call -mending  
Nor the fare-that eats heart- they give  
But dwell, hoping death lose their grip  
So may come and take you home-  
Thee, there to the side of God

Adeosun Olamide

# Heavens Gossip

O the son of God  
A manger is forth  
And sought be killed  
O, his destiny to naught  
Shall return soon- Shamed!

O the son of God  
-Is cleansed by mortal  
The act to demean  
That God son does oft  
Causes heaven shame

O the son of God  
In conceit is robed  
How calls all unwise  
Disdains the moseses  
And fault laws God

O the son of God  
A clown is him  
Goes the river to fish  
And water to wine  
What a clown he comes

A thug is him  
-The son of God  
Goes chapel a riot  
And save wenches about  
O a thug indeed!

Rambles the desert  
Starved and unheeded  
In company Lucifer  
O the son of God  
A greater betrayal

A weakling is son  
Trail paths cowards known

Wabbles and whimpers like infant  
And beg differ his purpose  
O Gods son is failure at peak

He is cast a forlorn  
Bears wrath of God  
As strapped to cross forsaken  
And his hell yet await  
O Gods son, a profane to heaven

O the son of God  
A carrier of sin  
But the injustice I hear  
A name above all  
And must bow before

O the son of God  
How he does bewitch God

Adeosun Olamide

# Helens Hills

For beauty, Helens hills is known  
A town nirvana dwelled  
And hub of pleasant to sight  
For Helens hills child deserted home  
To clasp brothel or pilfering  
All for coins to journey Helens hills  
And much was journey to Helens hills  
That kings deserted too, throne, kingdom  
Nor differ husbands did, as forsook wife, kids too  
All for Nirvana that dwelled in Helens hills

But since the parting a Sarah Petkoff  
A woman unknown to the admirers  
Seem also parting nirvana from Helens Hills  
Of Sarah Petkoff, little is known  
Save only a beast that saunters her shade  
Forth out a beauty, an admiration to all  
For this, she was current in many thought  
And part too a fragment heart that bubbles Helens hills

An illusory of deception a known for  
Who with faults God had ways  
That on touch- which repulse comes a splendor  
But was all that this Sarah be known  
As her face hidden in deep dark  
For unknown be, Sarah shunned to own healings  
And for looks never did leave that small hut  
Where by night, she waters her garden  
From whence potions that made all well came

But a ball so came upon Helens hills  
That traffic upon Sarah Petkoff hut did surge  
The depressed and sick so came be well  
And nuns in holies set to observe  
Be that Sarah lured abidingly was  
To betray own dark and grace this ball  
But Sarah and dark is known- that split can't  
And the ball did come where skies life came  
Many be memories of the night

That little is heard of a strange woman  
Who gut in face brought to spew viewer  
And claim a ridicule of own creations  
But as night came a dawn, she came dusk  
Along with beauty Helens hills for known

Soon a ball to Helens hills came  
That all to Sarah Petkoff hut did turn  
But her hut forever shut from  
And as roses Helens hills weeds came  
A hub known once pleasure to sight  
Now horrid of sad forlorn women  
Who after Sarah Petkoff passing  
Returned their old looks of hideous

Adeosun Olamide

# Her Last Note

I am planning  
On slitting my throat,  
I tried it  
On my baby-  
She is at peace now  
I want peace too

Adeosun Olamide

# Herald Of Birth

The feathery one hovers on  
With wings of fledgling gait  
Free- it caws in winds  
But hearts pose spears  
Ov'r hungry seas- pride  
Thro devouring clouds ambles  
Aura splendor in valley shrouds  
Where hid mist beneath- beast  
That saunters stilly keen  
With slight quick grasp  
Free- hears from winds  
Of feathery one hovering ov'r

On thro webs twig beast  
With clasp gaiety veins  
Free- it squeals thro shrub  
But hearts pose to spears  
Ov'r thorny sprouts- strides  
Thro mist snares- spring  
Edible flesh in hunters haunts  
Where spears dwell hands  
That many beast fiercely slay  
Free- hears from mist  
Of beast gaiety veins

On thro hills flee man  
With heart benign beat  
Free- he calls home  
But hearts pose to spears  
Ov'r gale sea- sail  
Thro wild desert- saunters  
To discarded home his  
Where dwell joy new born freed

The feathery one hovers forth  
With wings of aged gait  
Done- it caws in winds  
And hearts to hallowed- pose



# Here- On The Loss Of A Beloved

The roses- lost their scent  
The daffodils- its color  
The breeze- are blown away  
The waters are drowning  
And the fires are in flame  
All a blur soon come  
Even the snow that shivers  
And a curtain seem winding  
Our tears then is sapped  
As we acquaint the loss  
Our touch lost its feel  
And our taste is gone  
There is a passing  
Our ear strive for echoes  
But never in us  
The shadow hangs over  
To torment perhaps  
But we know-  
Words carry little  
Where feelings lost dwell  
Its fate dwells the scene-  
The tears comes sweet  
And on- in our separate realities  
Till it blur out from the stage  
The audience all gone  
I remain- hoping it's the beginning

Adeosun Olamide

# Hide

I am like him, this man  
-In a shade, a depth, familiar  
Naked, in the cold, upon a desert  
Our souls perduring in perdition  
Souls drowning, in a bottomless void  
He cannot taste, he can't scream,  
-He can reach, but won't, the nothingness  
Looks, like a mist of conceit,  
-It is no mist-  
But smoke, sands, that engulfs him  
He tried  
-To fill the urge, sinned! Prayed!  
But would linger, the immortal void  
He tried- away, around the circle  
-Detaching himself from a spot-  
Hoping to sink, to be raised in some delusions,  
Some heaven- another hell,  
Something different,  
But he is given- deeper into the emptiness  
The familiar  
And add, heaviness on his rusted soul  
-Starving, he began to thirst for violence  
Maybe a rape, maybe a murder...  
He starves on-  
But through, the odor of God,  
The echo that transgresses iniquity remained  
And they reminded him, of a sermon  
One from the children of God  
They hush him, they whisper, they tell him  
They point!  
It is his eyes; the lens shelters the demon,  
They tell him- to save himself  
And show him blind people smiling  
He, blinded- his angst thrives still  
Like from the darkness\_ renewed,  
Energy, vigor, an elan for his hunger!  
And cheated, condemned to a suicide  
He screams,  
I hear his voice, there is pain in it

And it sends poison up my vein  
But all through, the odor of God,  
The echo that transgresses iniquity remained  
And they reminded me, of a sermon  
One from the children of God  
So, deaf- the voice echoes still  
I hear, two victims, the deception-  
But dead, the echo that transgresses iniquity, dead  
And I, not blind\_ do see  
As set upon, aye upon  
A vengeance on the children of God

Adeosun Olamide

# I

My eyes, deceit me no further  
Art me what is- is to come, that cometh  
By life we know death, sorrow  
A grave perhaps, a fire still or some joy  
And by beauty, smile- we know wrinkles  
But between the rust, my eyes- further  
Deeper beholding- a feet, its decay-  
In its marriage to earth  
See! My flesh too, see- they wear  
And whereat, I the desert crawled  
And whereupon, I the hills to watch  
Till my eyes bare, bear- its own cloud  
Or of the illusions that follow  
Ah, angels bear shadows, darkly-  
Ah, is the sun golden or rusted?  
Ah, is the wind poisoned?  
Ah, to the miscarriages of the clouds  
That deforms its angst into sorrow  
And ah, souls like the roses,  
That blooms best withers quick  
And those that fill their mien with warmth  
Seduces the cold, O corpse  
-And what we with dead or murdered roses?  
Our breath sucks in their scent  
And in while shall withstand not  
The shriveled corpse or its odor  
But art! My flesh too, they wear  
And my clock ceaseth not  
Art my eyes, to plain -that cometh!  
To some roses alluring, toxic thus bides  
And in some bosom, some hollow dwells  
And in some thighs, some malady, trap  
O fair- that art me cautious  
That put from death gently waiting,  
-Strolling, between here and heavens corridor  
O fair the fear that art me so,  
O fair, bringing the- hushed hideous out  
Like in the music of the nightingale  
Or in a rusted sun deceit in gold

Or more in you, the hush of stormy souls  
But you, the heaven, the hell do know the sourest truth  
That your scorns masked in deceit do lure-of us  
That where ship sails, the journey to wreck  
That within the journey is life, the storm is thrill  
And within that last exhaustion is fulfillment  
But O sailor, old sailor- infant in grave denial rear  
That there is yet blood inside of,  
As to wreck, to pieces, to dust stirs  
Telling rust dost come all, even unused  
And dust, the true color of all comes rearing  
But it betters the wreck, the pieces that offer

And I, staying indoors- afraid it may rain  
Eating not- so don't fart  
Afraid the blighted roses that- yet blooms  
In my theater, curtained by webs  
-The torn curtains brings to ruin  
And to end it ever echoes the seen-  
That on this set yet reflects- lured still  
As the dark -drifts away I the door agape  
Breaking walls, I am casted to rocks  
And coming out- unseen and avoided  
I the gaze beseech, the mockery hive  
O woe, the guts that art me here, o woe  
But fair the fear that art me cautious  
O fair, the embrace ever open,  
And further deep puts me from thy reaches  
Thy reaches- woe, error, woe, shame  
To settle in shadows and art in choruses,  
Unending rehearsals that saves,  
My rescuer from thee, woe- your reaches  
O fair a messiah, brings me a mirror-  
And re-echoes how, the smile, its length  
The way my lips should stir, folds, my face  
Re-echoing\_ pace, the rhythm body must dwell  
How much my eye\_ needs seen?  
And contemplating so the responses  
-To gestures that may come  
I seat, dwelling in the wrong that may come  
Contemplating all through the night  
Remaining in the shadows,

Where no shame, wrong can thrust  
Where eye mine can deceit no further

Adeosun Olamide

# I Am Love

I am love  
A sister to lust  
The cousin of madness  
The daughter of a jailer  
I am love  
And jealousy is my mother

I am love  
Pebbles that art- the eyes  
The spur of abominators  
The fog that blurs reason  
I am love  
And I cuff, I lure to betrayal

Aye, a carrier of addiction  
Aye, a darling- suicide  
I, the weakness of deities  
Aye, bringer a focused to distraight  
I am love- a sickness that catches all  
Aye me- Achilles heel the formidable

I am love  
And age is my foe  
I, its friend  
Aye I am love  
The shadow of charity  
-Its mere reflection

Adeosun Olamide

# I Could Be

I could be-

The widow next door  
Hit me less- darling husband  
The cab driver that brings you to death  
Speak calmly-my passenger

I could be- know

The waitress that poisons your food  
Act politely- our dear customer  
The nurse that cause your skin to wear  
Be patient- our patient

Yes I could be-

The nanny that drowns your child  
Be delicate- my beautiful employee  
Or the cleaner that steals your priceless proposal  
Art me kind -words, my boss

Yes I could be too-

The ugly girl that put acid in your face  
Have courteous- comeliest acquaintance  
The nerd in glasses that cause you blind  
Leave be- you healthy bully

And be and be

The boy who killed you sire-  
Do kindness- rich man of the estate  
Or the poor boy that becomes Osama  
Don't make me an orphan- you better people

Yes I can be and could be also

That stone that cut deep your feet  
Pick me from the pathway-  
Or the mosquito that vectors your death  
Throw this stagnant water from-

Yes I could be

That bridge that devoured you

Call ye the engineers to me now-  
The flood that art you homeless  
Grow a tree my beloved-

Adeosun Olamide

# I Heard The Doctor Say

Your death shall forth smile  
Old friend  
The bed is weary  
And us all-  
Her stolen joy shall live  
As a widow  
She don't have pray  
And awake side all night  
Or sell those rags of her  
Your death shall forth smile  
Old friend  
For you too  
Your daughter  
Shall sneak my warmth  
To pay your bill  
It is inevitable  
Not a poison to death  
I hope certainly you rest tonight  
And let everyone rest

Adeosun Olamide

# I Remember

I remember,  
Before you could see-  
You said, my face was inside of me

I remember,  
When you couldn't hear-  
My voice didn't matter as my words

I remember still- the times,  
This scars never clogged your pats  
When I was rose not- a weed

I remember as I try to see through,  
To see the stars not the darkness  
To see the light not the fire

I remember as I try to hear faintly  
The crescendo not the anger  
To hear clang a necklet not chains

I remember as I do-, the lies  
Hearing a brook not the flood-  
The flood that comes to sweep my decay

Adeosun Olamide

# I See In All

I see in all

-A corpse

-A body lain

-Talked upon

-Waiting be interred

-Begetting disgust

-Fed to earth

O I see in all

-A corpse

Ambling aall grave

Adeosun Olamide

# I Thought Of You-

I wrote this for you  
My son- Who cries untended  
I wrote this for you□  
You- whom I taught naught,  
I wrote this  
That from it, you may know  
I thought of you-

I wrote this for you  
My beloved- who I let lone  
I wrote this for you  
You- whom I deserted,  
I wrote this  
That from it, you may know  
I thought of you-

I wrote this for you  
My Mother- who vain- seeks me  
I wrote this for you  
You- whom joy I stole,  
I wrote this  
That from it, you may know  
I thought of you-

Know beloved-  
And know my brethren-  
Be prison without this wall  
A dismal without this dark  
And flames without this smoke  
And in it, I thought of you -even.

Adeosun Olamide

# If I Die Tonight

Sad is it  
Many in days  
Shall a decay  
Their ghost  
A roam sea highway  
The bridge coast sailing  
Sad is it  
You may tonight die?  
If I die tonight-  
To be buried neath a tree  
Neighboring a waterfall  
Deep in the wild  
A vibrator in my coffin

Adeosun Olamide

# In A Dark

Shush, hush... you hear that?  
Tis the school girl, the doctors girl,  
Come; see, there, alone, alone-  
No guide, aye no guide  
Ha, no guide, no guide art her shadow  
We follow, we follow her,  
Aye we tag, by - quietly-  
No, no- yes- no  
We stop her, we bring her here.  
Quick,  
She is- where is she, where?  
She is, ha- out of sight, almost-  
Sniff, perceive, taste, feel- aye do  
Hurry, hurry- before she disappears!  
She wants us, to follow, to come,  
But hurry swiftly- we must hurry, do now  
There, out of sight, there- I clamored!  
Woe, woe, tonight woe! -woe upon us,  
Woe that she disappears-  
But shush, hush; her scent lingers still-  
Be still, it flutters here-  
And tis the shepherds' game she rears, aye tis!  
The wailings of love she likes, she likes us,  
But hide, to be sought- but a fool, aye a fool  
Her wailings, her breathe betrays her, away her den  
There, grasp her, do, rouse thy temper-  
She bit, she bit us, a sharp taste of thee  
We, aye we- are her thirst, her hunger  
See, see in her fierceness-  
She plays her game-she plays the game-  
See tis the screaming game,  
That who they love they bit,  
That who they want they reject-  
Aye, think! -she threw hands to feel your face-  
See, see in her fierceness-  
A test to know if strong,  
Aye to- if can tame her-  
Go, go, and -come- my prince to grasp her,  
Now, now-to grasp her,

Put hands over her mouth,  
Shut her lips-  
Won't hurt her' I say  
Over her mouth, shut her lips!  
Won't hurt' I swear-  
Put away your fears-, put away  
Aye, away, away- foul feelings  
What, coward, cowardice rears, still?

The cravenness that damns them,  
Remember-  
That crawls in the dark,  
Feeding on innocent souls-  
Is seduced by cravenness!  
Remember! Fight, fight it o loser-

Aye blame self, curse thee, thyself  
Aye, rent your flesh, claw it out-  
Then stop! No more, no further!  
Hear, blame self no further-  
The woe that art- her, ' she  
The evil that crawls the dark-  
Come, now! - or it shall feast on her soul  
Aye come, to see where worn she- caged  
Follow the trail; come-  
Yes in the deep, into the woods  
But hush; blame no further-  
Hush, no further thyself- her woe  
Hush, even the whispers!  
Listen; aye grasp- that pacing heart,  
To hear there, for she is, faint  
-Hold  
Remember-  
That crawls in the dark,  
Feeding on innocent souls-art this  
A curse, aye she is cursed, look it, cursed!  
Aye, the screamer, seducers!  
But the doubt, you do still, -  
That that crawls in the dark,  
Feeds on her souls-  
Yet see, do you not see?  
Aye, come, to unbolt thy doubt-

For who sweats at night,  
Whose heart paces like hers?  
Hold- a cursed, bewitched,  
Look, the screaming wears her,  
While hold that thy cravenness' art her this\_  
Hush, tis folklore where kisses cures death  
But this worse, I know, I know not-  
To revive a withered consciousness  
Shush, hush, beloved,  
For we shall save her-from her curse  
Aye, from spirit that eats her,  
The evilness, the vileness, the stung-  
The life that holds her hostage  
Move closer, gently-  
There, it is, a fierce spirit,  
A fierce spirit we shall subdue-  
Tear those robes- tis beneath,  
Look within those thighs-  
For sometimes they hide there  
- Open it,  
The two fleshy mounds below the backs hollow-  
Aye split it-  
Suckle there too, aye it-  
For they hide in the breast,  
Suck it out- from her mouth, her lips,  
Hush my prince, the spirit's ill-, it flees,  
Aye my prince, the spirit goes,  
Aye my prince, we saved her,  
And hold- calmness that art her veins as come-  
For my prince- dawn is nigh-

Adeosun Olamide

# In A Grieving Street

Droplet from heavy skies mix with blown sands  
The gutter sputters tiding waters to untar roads  
Kids with thoughts of tarradiddle tarry in view of angered clouds  
Purring praise to looming catastrophe bestowed

Beneath shambles their soul lingers loitering to awake from eternal mares,  
In hours the once lively street is cold dead in heightened surges,  
The rain snuffing life out of it, leaving it to despair,  
This in calm veins seen as frowning faces of fathers cry like mothers as in dirges

Perhaps a sin they bear, one whom cross the blameless kids carries,  
For in ways unknown they have angered nature, suffocating her in upheavals,  
This through fumes done, smoke, butchery of trees  
Their savoring necessity of consumption done them evil

Pregnant eyes bearing twin cry blubbering signal caution  
Nor difference pored sky gives as in actions and inactions

Adeosun Olamide

# In Dark

What I'll do with a mask-  
Will be two funerals  
-Father my child  
-Conscience mine  
Body would be free  
I wait the night

Adeosun Olamide

# In Downtown

Mother, he came at  
Roared breathe liquor  
Ruffled lips mine  
And tore coat made

Mother, he unzip did  
Burst lips pecked  
Weight to walls  
Where tore pants mine-

Mother, I screamed  
He fell unconscious  
Clamor tarried on  
But could pierce dark not

Mother, revive bother  
Learnt lips to lips gave  
When crowds sneak  
And accuse murderer

Mother, law calls tempter  
A reason to sin  
Was tattered coat truly  
Brought by his doing

Mother, know be no murderer  
Nor wench earning gallows  
But why trusted law deem so  
That public witness against?

Mother, why do I guilt bear  
That public clamors my death?  
Thought strolls beauty my damn  
As first clamor a shame, my nude

Mother, teacher strength  
Strength that brings my coffin  
Teach none to surviving sibling  
Only fear, let know beauty be curse

Adeosun Olamide

# In Emil's Realm

In Emil's realm-  
A celibate with syphilis  
And his anemic physician  
There clergy roué  
And his inane interpreters  
The generous thieves  
And frightful soldiers  
There is the bare tailor  
And her adulterous eunuch  
In Emil's realm- prominent beggars  
And repulsing treasures  
The Vagrant architect  
And the blood lust judges  
There is the forgetful sage  
And his hydrophobic lifeguard lad  
In Emil's realm- the gleeful sadist  
And his veiled beauty wife  
The virgin widow  
And her contented regret  
The inhuman human  
And her wingless birds  
In Emil's realm\_ Emil' the blinded seer

Adeosun Olamide

# In Heart A Lost One

I look  
I look at the light  
It burns  
It burns like snow

I stir  
I stir my memories  
It comes  
It comes like in sieve

I seek  
I sought the breeze  
It caressed  
It caresses like thorns

I crave  
I crave the waters  
It drowns  
It drowns in rime

I came  
I came be washed  
Was bathe  
A bathe grime and muck

I pray  
I pray the lord  
He answers  
He answers like deaf!

I lust  
I lust for liberty  
It came  
It came as confinement

And hoped  
And hoped for bangles  
It reached  
It reached as shackles

The curses I am blessed  
The tumbling ways I know  
The delightful wails that hums  
And hush noise I whisper

All in the pathways  
The trail from desired  
A compose of spoil  
In calming swirl that stirs

Adeosun Olamide

# In Memorial Mad X

Life forth consent mine devoid  
And shorn whisper end' off  
Farewell not let tender  
In mist' path mine laid

Revelry dearest slips in grieving  
Robe mine blend with tears  
For heaven light gulp at peak  
And descend sow fright

Long lain in linger gaze theirs  
With stench herald passing  
Along hovering flies who sworn body sway  
Yet beneath weeping clouds' abide on

If thoughts theirs sneak through  
Found' who shall dance behind  
Or without shame spoils theirs eat  
For to whom shall wave at dump?

Of miracle abound' thought they  
Before grand rites made earth food  
But spirited street once tread lonely came  
As each to own saunters on

In stroll' sneak dump inn  
The body' that dwelled hobby  
Edge memory theirs, hover on  
Who source joy once was

Adeosun Olamide

# In Seeds Of Deeds

Succumbs a gentle lure breeze  
The silent clamor of wake  
In fullness drowned a slumber  
Perceive distance chime a bracelet

In drab, fear is woven  
And looks hell glister within  
Saunters narrow lane yet  
Unknown highways to tomb lost souls

Doleful moons light behind  
And solemn rhythm breeze  
Aura evil beckons on  
To spoor escape

The shadow reaches ov'r  
Protests invasion divine in buzz  
Unseen march towards is heard  
Along heart pants for death

There, my wench awakens  
And demands her pay

Adeosun Olamide

# In The Blankness

Tonight I again stay late,  
In the mist, the smoke the cigarette  
-To sustain the warmth they love

Tonight I will again walk in-  
In that tight, slender dress- hungry  
-Filled with the beauty, the mask they love

Oh health, temptress; this cough hide  
Oh hunger, temptress; I need be pretty,  
I must be beautiful  
Yes I need be- for the mask they love

And hit me, tis pleasurable,  
And grope me, friend and friends  
I need must let, for whips loneliness be worse-

And thus, the masks I wore  
Inside- hollowing scars, pains  
Thus the masks- comely there, injury here-  
Like the ulcer that brings my life short  
Or the cancer that thrives in my lungs  
Like the syphiliods that feeds on my tissues  
But they little mattering to, for-  
For I who fear not death than- fear rejection

And to a dear, like me- on about this path  
Tell the dear, know- about my chaos  
Tell that a little smile, a little courtesy-  
A little kindness is what beauty entails  
Tell, some are not roses, some are oranges  
And tell, that some dwell, - desiring oranges

Adeosun Olamide

## In The Fool I Play

There's meaning in silence I give  
Thorns in cheek I turn  
Acid in the tears you shed  
A fox in this lamb hides  
There's a fiend- in fright I wear  
Lo- my walking stick too is a club

Adeosun Olamide

# In The Perfect Light

Here i am with my stone, my precious stone,  
A rare treasure, A gemstone,  
Here i am in my teeny-weeny room,  
Protecting my precious stone,  
Protecting it from you, safeguarding it from All of you,  
I know my precious stone is invaluable,  
I know my nonpareil stone is priceless,  
I have heard from the perfect speakers  
I am ascertained that my stone is of Immeasurable worth,  
So i keep it so dearly,  
But,  
Never did i thought of the essence of my Precious stone,  
It never did crossed my mind,  
My precious stone lost to the dark,  
Keeping my stone in the dark,  
Away from the light,  
Keeping my gemstone in the gloomy starless Stygian,  
Concealed from you,  
Shrouded from myself,  
Secreted away from the light,  
I waited and watched,  
I waited in the dark,  
Waiting for my stone to gleam in the gloomy Starless Stygian,  
In the dark, The glistening image of it filled My heart,  
Not the coruscating precious stone i was Given but its depiction,  
In concealing my precious stone,  
I kept it away from myself,  
I kept its beauty away from the world,  
Kept far away from the perfect light,  
So we are, So you are,  
Yes we can, Yet we don't,  
I see the illuminated stone in you,  
The twinkling, glistening talent beaming with Radiant light,  
Polished by your Maker,  
I see how you have kept it away,  
Away from the perfect light,  
Come you jewel,  
Bring yourself into the Unrivaed Luminescence,  
Into you is an eminence deposited,

A glory,  
Share your beauty,  
When kept in, be sure its kept away from Yourself, not only from us,  
Bring the Diamond into the perfect light,  
Only then will its beauty be most appreciated.

Adeosun Olamide

# In The Widows Diary

We both know if you die-  
I can't bury you  
And we both know too-  
I know no one who will  
So will leave you there a long,  
In that old room of yours  
And will bring the curtains falling-  
Just, just as you have always loved  
So no wind should caress you  
So no sun shall kiss you  
So no me should distract you  
And I again shall heed-  
While you rot my darling  
-In a blanket that was mine- only ones  
While in my heed I be out here  
Here with the many -deodorant  
The many your odor can't drown  
And I will cook just for myself-  
The foods I never cooked you  
And I will smile here by myself  
Smiles I never art you  
And while I hear me sing  
You would- the stride of my foot while I dance  
The dance you never saw me do  
And you would perceive, you would feel  
You would hear and you would struggle  
Aye a struggle to come, to hold, to taste  
But death ever shall hold you captive  
And when it fails and releases you-  
The bolt, the odor and the darkness-  
Will take you back  
To there, where the thirst, the hunger for me  
-Shall never be sated  
And this my dear shall be your hell

Adeosun Olamide

# In Townsville

In Townsville' up city, up hill  
Dwell a lonely shed in gut mist  
Its egress ajar to breeze and storm  
In shed up the city, up hill  
Dwell a clown forlorn and jaded  
Who toil from' due weary slumber slip  
There dreamt him in gaze stars  
Of queen in his lonely shed up hill

In clown sleep up city, up hill  
Dwell castle in gut nirvana  
Its egress ajar to call and beck  
In castle up sleep, up dream  
Dwell a queen in reins riches  
Who beauty suckled age lone be  
There reigned in sleep up his reverie  
Of two whose company birth joy

With warmth thro' cold and allure flesh kiss  
There dwell winding strength to wheel will  
Lighting heart and setting heart his locked

In Townsville up city, up hill  
Dwell cold clown tomb in gut mist  
There dreamt a queen other heart  
In clowns sleep, on and on  
And lilies grew and pets and danced  
With queen he met in sleep journey  
Both echo cheer in kingdoms grave theirs

Adeosun Olamide

# Inchoate Is Love

Different when daughter was  
When knew I wasn't  
Folded lips, hug gave  
And wept  
Now she has a different love for me  
The type had, an inconvenience

Adeosun Olamide

# Into Bliss

All that flies in skies high,  
All that adores soaring and exploring,  
All afore abhors hatred  
And as armor core love...

All that seek roars lore poured days yore,  
All hungered and thirsty, starved bliss  
All that key joy galore hunts  
Ask age, they that found' garment of core love wore

All entire plea aches cure  
All Hath oft shores hoar kneel'd  
All that drank, quenched thirst pain  
From thence where floor flows core love,

All passengers of fate not drivers  
All Victims circumstance, birth undesired  
And as passengers, as travelers  
All that effect fate with faith had core love

Bother self not foe, 'living just, true  
And amour core love make  
Bethought self desires kind, good for all  
And don garments core love

In covers night of slumbers' clusters thought hence  
Some the bring dreams, others nightmares  
For deep fears wrap nightmares if regarded  
And deep fine thought grant dreams

All that flies in skies high,  
All that unearths key joy galore  
All with deep fine thoughts  
All as weapon, core love has...

Adeosun Olamide

# Into The Realm Of Silence

Under misty lain  
And head neath waters-  
Presence beckons still  
Where! Where!  
Where hides' you? - Whispers thro  
The torn robe of good deeds  
Stitch- Stitch- Stitch!  
I mutter - Cinders innocence riven  
Wait- Wait- Wait  
More knows- glow passion depletes  
Still- good seem evil dwells  
So mask give scars  
Seen veil jammed in lost- innocence  
Bloom pass- Bloom pass  
Withering gradually in thorns

Memory a curtain ambiance  
Creep- Creep  
Sky stars gone  
Setting sun set unveil nude  
All stars lost glisten  
Shame! Shame!  
Fold in sky -world ours  
Fancy end- than shame hug  
Thunders reach in veins  
And grieve- pon earth pour  
Unsettling cascade furnish

Shall fold like sky?  
Unattainable- must run from call  
One misty- shall feel breeze  
Deep- Deep in unveiled face  
That misty- shall have throat  
In mouth- while tongues out  
One misty- shall sleep sands  
-Do listen- I unlearn the art  
Unweave mystery- and as once  
Filth were-  
Shall be-

Frail heart- can't burden hatred  
Shall-  
Frail body- can't burden rejection  
One misty- shall feel breeze course face  
That misty- Shall sleep with sands  
That misty- Shall escape the hatred  
What time done?  
Rusty- weakened- dependants  
Fall upon me  
Let lone time it course- shall pass also  
But can I wait  
And gently let time bury?  
Escape- Escape-Escape  
On thro end beckoning still  
End- End- End  
Before mountain rising  
Etched with memory wings  
And echoes deeds  
End- End- End

Adeosun Olamide

# Just When

Just when

Just when, the sun set, clouds gather and darkness fall,  
Just then the full vivid moon comes in with leading light

Just when, the stream ceases to flow, shriveled remains of use to blossom  
flowers assemble on it, odor of fishes dead consume around,  
Just then the wind arrives parting ways for rain to refashion path

Just when, unending nightmares devours sole souls, sweats blends with tears,  
Just then the crier called for privileged presence

Just when, the cutlass wedges in unwanted tree, jammed for evermore,  
Just then gentle breeze comes to deracinate it "Tree"

Just when, the double eyed physician gave the ultimate, waving me with lasting  
days as I remain under weathers,  
Just then roads parted and I was reborn

At that brink, when lingering hope is like shattered, when darkness seems to  
consume,  
Discern the need that the moment goes at it came, like weaved web of deceit  
woven to fortify us.

Just when, the verdict is passed and judgment is set, the hangman just in the  
corner,  
Just then the pardoner in view appears liquefying verdict

Just when, evil winds blow, and unleashed storm is looming, when the night is at  
coldest,  
Just then calmness set in as sun set

Just as

Flowers blossom into withers

Pupa nurtures into flies only to the lizard

Rock grows in valor only to weather into soil

Unlike them we be perhaps like stars hanged in the sky, obscured by the clouds.

Soon the drizzle shall, letting heavy clouds dissolve away unbridling you to  
sparkle.

Just as

The aging widow, thought by many to be a witch

In the morning, she raises before the sun and on her head the wood she put

Across, her voice is heard calling unto all to procure what she vends

But then as sun set she mutters to self of fruitless day as she saunters back home

The day is done perhaps not done, gone

As even winds blow withered leaves and her lounging garments, she saunters,

Awaiting the day of her departure with thoughts that her passing will be realized only due to arousing odor of her decay

Like a leaping calf she jumped over scattered soldier ants onto her home

In their she blows old hot soup just then did she hear a faint call, the voice growing from fade to flare,

Mama, where are you? In tears she be as her soul is lifted due to found voice of her son.

As

Raw gold passing refining stage so we are,

At that point when it seems the heat is at its height,

Just then we sparkle and become treasures.

Just

Belief and let go of the wheel

Cause in moment of

Lasting hope, fishes and bread He multiplied,

Roaring seas He calmed and departed,

Lion's mouth He shut.

It seems it won't end; there is no way, no friends. Just Worship Him.

Adeosun Olamide

# Kate Hills

Many breaths took  
Much joy gave  
Many clasp shoulder  
Many gazes got  
Many hands held  
Many smiles gave  
Many applauds got  
Many songs croon  
Many records shatter  
Many lips watched  
Many flowers got  
Many lies heard  
Many hearts break  
Many more stitched  
Many sick cured  
Many hungry fed  
Many hearts change  
Many lives save  
Many travels take  
Many ill flights fate  
Many lives perish  
Many fights gave  
Many months bedridden  
Many bandage face  
Many teeth ruin  
Many cry gave  
Many tears got  
Many prayers way  
Many wars wage  
Many ruin descend  
No step can take  
No word can say  
No looks her way  
No ring her door

Many bruises clean  
Many nights wait  
Much dirt wash  
Much loneliness sprouts

Many stars rise  
Many helped forgot  
Many surgeries took  
Many desert got  
Many drugs throat  
Many scars veil  
Many mirrors shatter  
Many nights pray  
Many days tempted  
Many dues pay  
Many snub got  
Many journeys took  
Much travail contend  
One choice left  
One door escape  
One potion gulp  
One flower tomb

Adeosun Olamide

# Knight In Shining Armor

The race begins.

And as I track to discovery, my heart beat the drums  
of fear,

My soul hums with strange tales of failure.

As I dance to this unlovely warbling with glee Amid curious minds of dancing to  
fame and fortune,

My feet trembles,

My shoulders shudder.

Be not harsh to my soul like we will to a cruel fiend,

Do refuse to right me when I wrong and you do the

ruthless, I may err off like a peripatetic dog,

Do have down pat to puff my whistles.

Even when I do not heed, do not halt or throw in the  
towel,

For beyond the stars will I gleam?

I am swift and puny but my skill lay afar that I must seek.

Adeosun Olamide

# Lady Mia Whisperings

There is a noisy silence enchanted within  
That makes shiver heart mine  
One- darkness won't set free  
It's the ticking of a clock

There is a sudden deem blinking within  
That brings sweat to eyes mine  
One- begotten of memory  
It's the love unshared

There is the softening of dark mist  
That makes see beyond error veils  
One- pensive has shown  
It's the feud heart held to

Out blue the verdict is heard  
Stop living and start dying- says  
Then sun seems warmer  
And the breeze gentle

Out blue- love is felt  
That eluded long back  
Now relationship kindles  
And ring mine again sparkles

From void vanity weaved  
-Emerge rags guilt mien mine  
Luxurious hair that nourish could  
Is taken along rise in paling skin

There is a doleful aura hem outdoors  
That makes eternal rest forlorn  
One- begotten of memory  
The love unshared

Adeosun Olamide

# Lady Rie

I am the beloved of a man  
The hope of a sinner  
The hatred of a wife  
The love of her husband

I am the sickness of a boy  
Diseased in love-  
The hatred of a mother  
Deserted by child

I am the painting of an artist  
The dream of the dead  
The muse of a "songer"  
The throngs of love,

I am the envy of a rose  
The prickle of thorns  
The gaze of stars  
The scent cologne

For me breeze saunters  
To caress skin  
For me sun rise  
To kiss temples

I am why rain falls  
It craves my hair  
Why clouds move  
It follows me

Still, I am whispers of shadows  
The murmurs of dark  
The memories of lost  
The curse of light

I am the appetite of lust-  
A begotten of sin  
The daughter of a rapist  
The jewel of a wench

I am the fear of witches  
The sin of a saint  
The tempt of treachery  
The curse of Lucifer

The tides calls to me  
The knife sparkles too  
The hills beckon me  
The grave crave too

Adeosun Olamide

# Lalla

Beauty knew Lalla  
And embrace too  
Knew she- affluence  
And Joy thro  
Lalla charm could

Lalla cared sick  
And acquaint convicts  
She sought starved  
And joy gave  
Lalla's kind heart

She heed calls  
Its kernel little  
Lalla journey theirs  
And wreck met  
Lalla knew burnt

She surgery came  
And survival also  
Lalla knew limping  
And memories well  
-Lalla sprout shame

She solitary took  
And echoes too  
Lalla bit darkness  
Away pity got  
Lalla frail came

Lalla knew prayer  
And met futile  
She heard echoes  
And acquaint rope  
Lalla course freedom

Lalla stir awake  
And acquaint mirror  
She lost scars

And limping too  
Lalla\_ belle came

Embraces\_ Lalla gets  
And memory jots  
Lalla know caution  
And mercy gotten  
Lalla vestal- came

Adeosun Olamide

# Last Night Dream Of A Friend

I dreamt

I saw you

In a garden filled with golden daffodils on black soil,

In an atmosphere tensed with joy on sober ground,

I saw you

Teeny- Weeny you glowed and gave way to your black teeth to shine,

I saw you in my other world carrying a lamp of dying

light in a cloudy moon night,

Scampering around in your loose lounging garment,

In a queen of seconds, you were given away to the

king. By who?

By men with wrinkled faces walking on three legs

and women with lagging breast.

Arewa! The town crier called.

The gods has chosen you to be our mother

Yet your tender hands that was shivering takes away your consent

Your innocent frown gives away your pain and in all

of this everyone you loved rejoices for they felt you

were blessed

The whispers of your heart...

Let the winds blow me away Let the rain wash me away

Let the sun melt me

Let it not be me,

Let the rivers be filled that our village is flooded and

let the wind of change in the river take me away,

Far away to my darling, far away to my dreams, And then I woke up.

Adeosun Olamide

# Leave-Taking

There, oily mouths muster with smiles  
As mild breeze pierces through trees  
With the evening sun beaming into memories  
In icy tone, frail priest recites final rites  
And sand is streamed unto cold mold

As day fades, came cold masked in night falls'  
Nor different in the calmness of dawn  
Wrapped in blanket of nostalgia  
That houses scent of parting mate  
Weaved webs of blame and shame upon self

There, pregnant eyes deliver,  
Of tears ebbing like tides receding shores  
Each night bidding the world bye,  
Knowing never again will she behold her world

Silence strolls' on the street of her thoughts  
Thought eaves' on the whispers of the winds  
Wind puff through barren clouds of despair  
Through mournful days, his deeds leaps through darkness  
Shunning light of ecstasy...

Down this day, she weaves' her web,  
Quietly whiles bliss flies away (From her way)  
Heaven above (Earth Beneath) has her goodness wrapped  
And in this night that darkness seems not sufficient in telling  
A black night indeed, the halcyon flew over her waves of woe...

In her stare' a message, her silence' thoughts and smile' emotions  
In solitary self, she mutters...  
The sound of my soul, the beat (bleat) of my heart,  
The strings of my veins will one day be as calm as the whispers of a graveyard  
Though soft, she communes with the beyond

Adeosun Olamide

# Lim

Dark clouds journey `ver him  
Delicate flowers wither be after part  
Singing birds cry give when see  
As Lim journeys through travail his

Long seen mother linger thought his  
Majestic robes now of rags shabby him  
Legs weary for walked feet worn  
And this as gentle Lim journeys on

When in youth, last lived  
Of wealth and honor renowned  
Or reference wives gave man when measure love  
This but short, as soon living dead become

The ecstatic call of soul in barren wife  
Of care bestowed till beautiful daughter wife birth  
This to joy' rejoice him to shrine in bids honor gods  
Wherein heard of both sudden death

There stared' uncomforted by all his path  
Lim of deep love hem in grief lain  
Each moment wonder hence why cruel' gave gods  
The sight betrayal' for no reason found

Morning rays wake give while cock stop crow  
He of lone be with gloom from loved passing  
Stage sets in as gentle Lim to madness come  
For pronounce judgment `pon gods, that shrine curse, ruin gave

Fear not his heart thought death  
For prefer death present wife than life absent her  
This to ruin the shrine gave' burning gods to ashes  
And all did came comfort for death his sought

For no more has his life a worth  
For more be whispers of his infectious misfortune  
That soon make path his others steer clear  
Nor difference be when he others sought

But gods of immortal be, living through  
Thought poor him death undeserving  
But in offer that which is worse,  
That death comes be savior out of reach Lim

What say me, he who says to others?  
When shall say me, he that sees others woes and bliss  
That knows end before start and where day goes  
Shall not hear while call thee  
Shall not feel while touch thee  
Shall not bother give glance  
Or dost robes and coins matter not a more?  
Shall tell why be doomed  
Less my hand strip body of thy soul  
Please acquaint why none seek my coin nor accept my harvest  
Of incubus and voices heard  
Nor leave out breeze whisperings and earth gibberish meaning  
Please say why dead found home in doorway mine  
And ghost roam betwixt room and passage mine  
How say devil watch `ver?  
Like devil `emself utter  
How dost say devil clasp in right palm  
Shall no further say?  
How suddenly blind become  
With sweat and tears yours with flame  
Shall part with my doom  
As beseech' you cowards that run from thy work!

Dost on and on Lim life becomes  
Beyond invisible' dwell in chapel  
Awaiting glance heavens  
In morning' stands by tail of discontent  
Seeing life his melt away to another form  
Dost on and on Lim' as devil watches `ver him

Has ran legs weary and walked feet worn  
And now lain tired by get of hope in cathedrals old chapel  
Where devil watches `ver him and priest  
Here hoping someday' gods shall find need of him

But priest indeed say' Judas was used by God  
So ask further' that he be put from Beelzebub's gaze

Dark clouds journey `ver him  
Withered flowers bloom be after part  
Shrieking birds song give when see  
As Lim journeys back home

Long seen mother linger thought his  
Majestic robes now of rags shabby him  
Legs weary for walked feet worn  
And this as gentle Lim journeys on  
If grave of aged mother found  
Or home of weeds and snakes  
If all lost in time `apast  
Some joy has as death approach  
Wherein hope reunite with all

Adeosun Olamide

# Listening' Mad Pete

Had mood given all time by others  
Word from em' and cast to tears, sweat,  
With atmosphere mine out of own control  
Message from home' and down to gloom

Sought quench needs mine  
That in others sought  
But return end' having needs more

Then day forth' sat staring skies  
Caught in stars converse, ensconced in clouds journey  
With breeze caress skin, and ears to bird songs  
This while feet toss in stream, and hand lean acme rose  
Dancing rhythms of soul and whispering to seen  
For far sorrows earth and evil trembling laughs  
For far earth stench to scented serene  
That night which followed sat there staring heavens

Madness' say' mattered not  
For fashion own people already  
Whom words heart grasp and bond  
Attention' gave' yet mattered not  
For already those could kill easy and forth to life had  
That speaks to and listens to' built world  
Was madness' spoke and mattered not  
For was free to life live' happy come  
Happy be nude' happy like never was

So on didn't see beg their feet  
Then on see not at their doors  
Soon' saw' couldn't hurt a further  
And so 'soon, had hands mine in shackles  
Bringing forth your presence

Would you call mad 'cause free?  
Don't matter what say  
For body can be restricted'  
Soul never can  
And may take away light

And give your darkness  
But don't matter all you do  
For dwell in my world  
All sweetness of earth  
In which I only god over

Those were words of mad Pete

Had needs whose gratify in others all times sought  
Yet return, always' with more needs than earlier had

From him come realize  
That all my needs are inside of me  
Clasped in my palms'

From him realize  
What cage being made by self  
And of chance be free as air

Realize truly  
That hunger comes from within  
And shall cease not come  
Unless of course slake that which gives it

Thus search' for which bring into being hunger  
To sate and fly  
This found' that all needed be inside me  
That all need do be search, find and let go  
For when let go, became free  
Listening to mad Pete thus gave wings

But also soon' had me shackles  
For 'bove them flew' soaring deep skies  
Thus call sick and hand over here  
But don't matter what you done, do  
For only body can restrict  
My soul' never can reach  
And may take away your light  
And confine to your darkness  
It matters not what thou do  
For I dwell in my world  
Where you cannot reach

Filled with all sweetness of earth

Adeosun Olamide

# Lucifer's Hell

The storm my corridor comes  
With hope this passing  
A death strolls in its breeze  
-Peeps on my deed  
And await my slip for grasp  
To devour that once  
And deliver me my hell

While does

In dark, I pray a lord  
To extinguish tormenting light  
And lent moment of sin  
To iniquity, I pray lord for brief  
But doer conflict  
He left in light that blind-ens  
And bestows shame that disgust sin  
Letting be suffocated in virtuous  
Yet where sweet darkness sustains soul  
I crave still...

While on

My soul is doomed to nirvana  
Away from the blaze of darkness

Adeosun Olamide

# Ma Said In Sleep Night Pa Died

Who lurks in dark there?  
I hear here thy heart pace  
Do not my dear hide from  
What frightens thee? Tell!  
Blood that soaks my gown-  
Be rats I clubbed here  
Come, come dear from dark  
To see your father strangely sleep  
A bad sleeper- a bad sleeper!  
The rat blood split in his throat  
And still he slumbers on-  
O, his fingers, where his fingers?  
Tis evil, the rat my dear  
Ate his fingers to one-  
But I killed; I killed the rat-  
Shiver no more sweet  
Nothing to fear- when I here  
Shall wake when day breaks  
And together shall fix his fingers back-  
Why to dark return, why flee from?  
Hide, seek that plays bores, not time  
For now raises nerves mine here-  
You see in your dark I dropped knife  
To think you think me hurt you-  
Has thought no greater stab than  
I loved thee, my life come,  
I will bring you a new father  
I will a new robe- plain of red wear  
Sweet, shiver not- mother is got you  
To protect from night foes  
Aye, the hug has warmth  
Bite; eat of this meat- sweet  
And when morn comes,  
Speak this to no man-  
Of red wine I be drunk  
Or of rats blood on my gown  
Tis a dream all it-  
None real-  
Go now my dear, your bed hungers-

Adeosun Olamide

# Mabels Apart

Saints, beneath your robe  
Your negligee of purity  
Has not the rag of impurity?  
Saints, thy flesh of virtue  
Has not to rust the color of lust?

But you, weak- succumb to yours  
That your heart rotten- is beyond repair  
Ah still, remorse dearth thee-

But, see- if so my soul, look!  
Saints, I a poor performer  
Shall I bring tears to sway thee?

Gently woman, here is Gods  
Your soul is not your bosom  
Conceal it- our lust won't resurrect

Ah saints, I before you to admit my sins  
And too before God most high,  
To admit I am worthy of his hell-  
How so, you judge me a temptress  
How so, you name me whore before all

Mabel, we all deserving, of his hell, angst  
We, unworthy- judge you not  
But do, on with thy confession  
On, with thy journey to purity

I have let my flesh, her tender desires  
I have let- fume my soul  
-In the dark I have urged myself pleasure-  
The devil has aid my orgasm-  
Yes terrible, these I have done  
And I am ashamed-

Like you, our hearts so too, in disrepair  
Go; penance ever, sin no more

Share with us, a new heart, of Christ

But how, my flesh, desires rules me  
But how, I am ruined without- submitting?  
Here and there!

In the webs, shackles of sin- we abound  
Have- the word of God-  
Attend his school, his lessons  
Dwell here with us-  
And so the sprawled webs shall rip  
And the shackles- shatter

I, among the nuns- here imprisoned?  
Ah, that thou, send not -a filth to heaven  
Stone me, murder me,  
And redeem my soul, my anguish  
Do saints- mercy!  
And spur no more this spits, venoms at-  
That condemns to a suicide  
And God knows to this even is hell

Then go- Mabel, go darling Mabel  
Not to darkness whence come  
But go- aiding our prayers for-  
Go- knowing the darkness shall pull ye  
Go- knowing here, the darkness has no reach  
And door here- ajar awaits your return

Adeosun Olamide

# Mamas Counsel

So I saw the Koya's  
And the Kennedy's too  
Heard their men talk in here  
-How they tire their wives  
And brought their quick end  
Of little girls messiahs came  
It was all in age-  
Their beautiful face knew old  
Their smooth skin wrinkles  
Their firm breast knew slack  
And their loving husbands knew out-  
So when age dawn on me#  
I put potions in him drink  
Potions that wearies eyes  
-so he might not experience my wane  
I put frail in his hands  
-so he might not feel slack breast  
I did not more-  
And that- our togetherness glued

Adeosun Olamide

# Mary's Flame

Seeds deceit bloom still  
In wells solitude  
Where thorns sprout  
-Pierced heart halt

New wounds on old scars  
Rejection bosoms wanted  
That linger oft halt  
-Sorrow of breast spring

Were veiled in bliss once  
Vizard in aura fragrance  
Luring with cloak luster  
And cushion from desolate be

Slumber in palm warmth  
Webbed in obsession spit  
Awake in cuff unfeigned  
Whence warmth come heat

Tarried here- bloom lap  
Where jaw sour fruit wed  
Unfettered from reason  
Desolation begets rust its

Abuse began maquillage  
Seclusion spawns guests  
Scream come canticle hum  
That woe all- acquaintance sprout

Shriveled now old company  
Whom fate set ablaze  
And lain his last in ashes there  
Where bud gently sprouts

Shall abide him in gaze still  
While linger in wells isolation  
Where thorns sprout  
-Pierced heart halt

Adeosun Olamide

# Memory Lane

In secret dwellings of solemn eras that befalls  
O ye heart cling to truth foretell as journey path end

Forget not when solemn era arrives  
Nostalgia of parted days

Remember o heart this taste  
Of bliss chalices when ye gulp goblet of sorrow

Remember this blooming rose, this soft touch  
When thorns pierces you' fragile heart

Remember o heart this fragrance  
When stench engulfs ye, whelms thee

Remember sweet heart' this colors of rainbow  
When storms crumble and lightning descends `pon thee

Remember o heart this homing pigeon  
When vultures hovers `bove

Remember heart this babbling stream that baths, quench thirst thee  
When tempest stirs and seas spit venom

Remember dearest heart this glee  
When writhing in agony remember

Remember this glittering golden bracelet  
When shackles seize hands ye be still old heart and evoke

Remember this high wet land  
When deserts be lots yours

Remember this sweet meal  
When famine, drought shut doorways yours

Remember the curtaining clouds,  
This warm morning sun,  
The old crescent moon, these scattered stars

This evening whispering breeze  
When darkness falls upon ye, when walls confines thee

Oh heart remember this warmth' the roof gives  
When cold mornings breeze forth summon up warmth

Remember this patrol siren of guards  
When emergency resuscitation sirens blares

Remember oh heart this joy of birth, of glory  
When death come knocking, strolling in

Oh beloved heart  
Forget not these glowing eyes when moist, old, blind be  
Forget not this mansion when contained in wooden coffin

Remember these agile hands, legs when frail becomes  
Remember this array of robe when rags undress thee

Oh heart remember, to die' dreaming  
Remember good days on last day  
Oh heart remember, remember to fight  
Remember, remember to be valorous

Oh heart' keep of this courage  
In haven of your deeds, thoughts  
Of this wealth keep, of vigor keep'  
Oh keep that may muster in last days  
That it may save and console thee

Remember o dearest heart to glow  
This ember of sweet memories in course bitter realities

Oh dearest heart, remember this floret blooming of butterfly calls  
Dredge up heart' when withers and tramped `pon by termites be

Adeosun Olamide

# Mia And Her Dreams

Mia and her dreams  
Always come a pass  
She saw mother on a scaffold  
For murder of father  
Lovely man father was  
Only before liquor acquaintance  
He put sweet memories in wife  
Then scars put on mother  
He loved wife not mother  
And was Mia who transition forth  
He made both always gloominess  
Mia had a dream  
She saw mother on scaffold  
For murder of father  
Mia was tender  
Only a little than nine  
Mia killed her father  
Put a potion in his food  
Mia did  
To save mother from gallows  
But Mia and her dreams  
Always come a pass  
Mia poignant mother  
As witness deed  
Quickly slipped to Mia  
And gave long slumber  
She then claim crime  
Child did  
Mia and her dreams  
Always come a pass  
Her mother is on scaffold  
For the murder of her father  
And Mia  
Is in a dream, trying to wake

Adeosun Olamide

## Mides Note

Gently the brook that babbled by did in stillness  
brand,  
Daffodils tossed by the genteel breeze blemishes  
witheringly bent,  
Silence and fear cuddled, raped and caressed the  
angered land,  
And all that was heard were whispers of pule  
without lament.

Agog by the knell of death tinkles ache,  
The cluttering chains that smother existence  
perceived,  
Yet in shackles of dis enthrallment I be  
Blighted by vanquish of vanities achieved.

Tell soil not to rejoice for nutrient of bodies received in plight,  
Nor be rapture in joy of not been trampled upon by playing kids,  
For ravished is it by the beautiful, the strong and the  
might,  
And yet in pestilence it has plagued its lids.

For it was so that death hung at the door of the  
palace and in the shades of the shrine,  
And not did it absent self from the deserted street of  
the cathedral vine.

Adeosun Olamide

# Mohammed, To Be In Your Atmosphere

Mohammed, come back home  
The nights are cold  
The blankets are deficient  
I will be silent when you want  
Mohammed, come back home  
My limbs will grow  
The scars would fade  
And I will be beautiful once again  
Mohammed, please come back home  
My breasts will grow  
The hairs will come  
And I will be desirable once again

Adeosun Olamide

# Mothers Whispers

The fire did dwell  
But melted away soon  
Nights- similar rape  
No pleasure, just pumping  
Like bull in sheep  
His abs now pot  
Each night, raped  
Womb tilled  
To thrive his seed  
My heart! Hear-  
Love won't come  
Potions do favor  
Deaths do favor  
They free from him

Adeosun Olamide

# Moving

Wake, wake, wake - she called to me  
There's a sun waiting for no one  
Put on your socks, put on your feet  
There's a sun we now must catch

The birds could fly against the wind  
And the fish could swim against the tides  
And the grass grow without the rain  
But the sun couldn't shine without him

So we acquired the dust our feet could raise  
And held roses that seem not blossom,  
To make offerings to the gods below  
Or to know if we could pick the scent as we use to

We came where too he cast his shadow upon  
-There she opened our arms to the sea  
Perhaps to reach into the blanket it could give  
Or to escape, be saved from the absence

Wake, wake, wake - he calls to me  
There's a sun waiting for no one  
Put on your socks, put on your feet  
There's a sun we now must catch

Adeosun Olamide

# Murmurs, The Fettered Man

The valley is fine- there are no tempests  
The thunders that strike- echoes only  
Sun burning up there, warms we here  
We so far removed have no grieves  
Away light that blinds thee, I darkness  
In dark here dwell, there are no shadows  
In dark here dwell, we have no shame  
In this dark- no need robes, thy masks  
Much life worth here, no more returning  
Here says us prayer, for crumbs to sustain  
Pets, little squirrels- fun, teases barter we  
Pockets- cockroaches sleeps without fear  
The use God has carved me be-  
That my head serves home homeless lice  
And maggots' beam as roll on- on my rot  
That my mouth hostels the vagrant germs  
And my stomach, the worms come suckle  
I live in my darkness- a life fulfilled-  
As flies hovers, survives on my wounds  
That too in my death, buds should bloom too-

Adeosun Olamide

# Mutterings- A Silent Woman

She is marked  
Bore with scars  
Her thumbs cut off  
An eye blinded

She weeps all night  
A severe fever  
I linger  
We linger  
Awaiting her passing

She should return  
Rejected by her clique  
Her cords is cut  
My punishment  
My blessing

She is taken  
In shelter of silence  
To be buried  
Her heart is mine-  
To swallow

She is the fifth  
The harbinger of bleak  
The cuticles my mien  
The torments must shield  
A shed a barren

Forlorn  
The slumber my psyche  
Begotten to bane  
Hem in- suffocate  
By unknown sorcery

The oracles plea  
To show no grieve  
And curse should wane  
But I can't

Not to mourn a child

I shall grieve  
I shall disobey  
I shall mourn  
To hold back  
I shall

As she is defiled  
Scared from-  
Shown torments  
That waits  
Her return

But she comes  
Undaunted  
Stronger  
Weeping  
To fill the ventricle

Struggling  
To stay

But whence  
She goes  
As those before

Adeosun Olamide

# My Acme Flower

The acme flower pierces my thoughts  
With raping fragrance and patent hue  
It bloom' of unquiet splendor  
As dance rhythm whispers, silent tempos  
The mild sun its pride nurtures  
With breeze soft caressing vein it  
Of razing weariness, of God own riches

Just then  
Strolls in selfishness masked in desires whispering  
Clouds may unhide sun  
Trees uncovering tempest  
Turning acme flower yours shrivel  
Leaving withered, dried, gone  
Cut of earth beauty  
Making yours endlessly

So I, listener, traveler' of desire conform  
In gently touch seeing root beloved flower  
Journey through night, happy of latest possession  
With acme flower sharing blankets

So come' usual morning with sneaking sun  
Piercing curtain, piercing dreams  
That rays through, of give  
Corpse acme flower mine  
Sick perhaps it be, with scent lost  
And hue weakened  
Held heart mine, as felt failing pulse it  
Pray God bestowal, to restore sickened  
But gone my acme flower, gone beyond shores mine  
Shriveled in my nurturing shed

In this grave lain, by my sight my acme flower  
With beauty, death unswept from memories  
With regrets arched with lesson  
For suffocate acme flower mine excess affection  
So treasures earth, treasures ours  
When knowing form love can be walk away

When knowing that put shall keep  
When letting gently nurtures be  
And mild in deeds all  
For else, acme flower yours in grave

Adeosun Olamide

# My Duchess Plea

Death that ruffles silence mine  
How long shall hide from view?  
Had company yours as baby in womb  
When ignored gave and other took

Oh death, Come' rest, dine beneath mine roof  
Seen you come slowly and quickly goes  
With friends and foes you vanish with  
But visit to take me oh death too

See dress mended thee in years  
Shall suit prince status yours well  
Knives and potions pocket fill  
Show oh death and have a meal

Door of the fortress wide ajar  
Come in majestically in no sudden  
Nor use windows of sickness or sleep  
But Forth and have hug mine directly

Death' be not shy or sad of deeds  
For heroic wonder truly are  
Approved, sponsored by mine maker  
So on sweet death' shall rebuke thee not

A wisp of your deeds crawl mind  
You who plunge not to lure of beauty  
Nor dost let riches entice self  
Oh incorruptible death' accepts none bribe

But why starve poor me thy presence?  
Why deny young daughter mothers' warmth?  
Alone she's been a year' Good death  
Stroll in breeze and there carry' abode left her

Samantha' sweet little girl mine steal  
Can hear you whisper through knife  
And whispers your from cliff hear  
But blind death' glimpse my confinement

Has thou forgot deeds mete  
How often be one don't linger memory  
In caravan descend taking world mine  
Along daughter and spouse, took legs too

Come in death and take this duchess  
Made widow, barren and without legs  
Pain you take oh kind death  
Take mine too' I plead

Again I wake, oh death without your cure  
Four years I plead thy presence  
You ravishing beast has made my sorrow thy feat  
Through attention that give not

What considered curse yours' consider blessing  
Do leave them' unprepared to toil path willing  
Or weak death finds joy in taking unwilling?  
Dear death, dare to courage seek and come by

Adeosun Olamide

# My Moriam

Moriam, my Moriam  
They say someday you'll be vengeful  
An evil we let  
Moriam, my Moriam  
They say kill you now-  
A world won't have you  
You were ugly they say  
Moriam, My Moriam  
It wasn't their fault  
They were blind  
And true just so well  
That you were different  
And unique is demanding  
-I wept darling Moriam  
You were my beautiful one  
When first saw you  
The beam lit those chins  
As held you  
The giggle gave  
Moriam, My Moriam  
A wonder you were  
That world came jealous  
And nurse's disgust gave  
Was big eyes truly  
That sparkled on  
And a big abdomen  
Swelled of niceness  
Your skin of rainbows  
All lit my heart  
And leapt a tear  
For a blind world-  
Moriam, My Moriam  
It was well  
And no bother  
Through the mends  
And the meds  
That left you hairless  
And more beautiful  
Your cranium did form

Rare was fine, told me so  
As caress my hearts on  
When hairless like you choose  
But the world was knocking  
Calling Moriam, my Moriam  
You was a scene  
As saunter thro corridors a school  
The other kids took startled  
-You gripped my hands  
And catch disgust in those faces  
That gazed on Moriam, My Moriam  
They won't have you there  
At their coterie of dark  
But Moriam, My Moriam  
My hands quick tend  
And found you playthings  
Dolls you knew well  
But soon, you tire from  
And beck to world one more now  
You made you a mask  
Was better, you spoke  
Moriam, My Moriam  
How much I wept  
How well you soothe forth me-  
As a decade shed  
You was me  
Until a weariness knew my heart  
The toxic in my blood  
Was bent on splitting us  
Moriam, My Moriam  
I had to go  
You'd be fine, you whispered  
As I left you in the world  
But Moriam, my Moriam  
I didn't your feelings tame  
They sprouted and pierced you deep  
You fell a love  
With a boy who couldn't love  
Would have told you  
To hid it in deep  
And not world let know  
Moriam, My Moriam

He called you fat and piggy, I heard  
Like a monster, he tainted you  
This one, you loved  
My Moriam, you stopped to eat  
As the days slowly passed  
And wanted be just like them  
They were jesters, bad- should know  
Moriam, My Moriam  
How wish you so?  
Indoors had for days  
And one morning, Moriam  
Oh my Moriam, hung by ceiling

Adeosun Olamide

# My Urge

In name God  
Grow roses  
Keep mosquitoes as pets

In name God  
Know, cigarette smoke  
-Keeps devil away

In name God  
Turn mad your children  
No mad one shall hell go

Adeosun Olamide

# My, O Mine

How dost you'  
Frighten me so  
With your love-  
And care

Manner dost  
Does dreads me-

I, neither worthy  
Your gaze  
Is burdened your caress  
But hear the gods-  
Their displeasure in weeps  
And yet their consent  
In coldness  
That shriveled leaves  
Be our blanket

Aye, you be queen  
And I be eunuch  
But naught interferes  
This violent feeling  
Not the sting that caught offers  
Nor the fear foul of hell  
O my fair lady!  
If thy beauty washet  
I shall blind  
Not it could  
But I  
A chameleon  
For you

And bosom yours  
Be fine gallows  
To lose head

Tis here my lady  
My life seeks grave



# Nights

Night cometh,  
-With the absence of you-  
It wakens a loathing for the era  
And there in it I whisper-  
Day shall come, it shall  
With the presence of you-  
And though it crawls, at slowest pace  
I hurry to it, to your air  
Feeling presence in all that you held  
And in all that touched- was warmth  
Ember -warmth that swallows cold  
A cold that cometh with the night-

Now the good days all gone  
And feelings wilt- as you fade  
And ash, halt the desires of day  
That night- bringer your absence longed  
And upon then- the desire of night cometh  
O beautiful night- never leave-  
For there in slumber-full of dreams  
My only warmth  
And there in slumber- that heeds thee  
My only peace-

Adeosun Olamide

# No Apologies

I know if mother  
A choice had  
She'd never have me  
Not as her child  
Nor as her servant even  
She calls me  
Her suffering  
And poisoned my sibling  
With hatred for us  
But truly I love her  
And have only wished her well  
And truly still  
I will mourn her dead  
Was scared for her  
He was always in the brothel  
My father was tired of her  
He was jaded of her company  
And as a good daughter  
I did right  
For I unloved their split  
And concerned her health too  
I didn't want her with disease  
That father could from his wenches  
So I put myself down  
And brought him home  
At whatever cost-  
I lured father drunk  
And put myself into him  
Gods willing, a victory  
But her husband was irresistible  
My father was sweet well  
And he desired me more  
He preferred my food, new taste  
And sneaked in my blanket  
If mine then mother too, I thought  
But my jealous mother  
What she would do  
She hated and lied about  
Cursed and prayed against me

Yet I loved her still  
But even,  
She was more wrong  
For my dad is mine too  
And can choose his meat  
My mother divorced  
After several appeals  
And married her malice  
But am glad  
I saved her a disease

Adeosun Olamide

# No Longer Yesterday

The chains is broken  
And the birds are free  
The clouds is light  
And the fields are green  
The rain is come  
And the harvest arrive  
The wine is open  
And the men are drunk  
The lips unlocked  
And the girls gossip  
The night is done  
And the flirt birth babes  
The sun is set  
And the darkness rise  
The mothers cook  
And the babies sleep  
The fathers eat  
And the bed lures  
The breeze rhythm  
And the rose dancing  
The boys' voyage  
And the evil awakes  
The storm is brewing  
And the sailors dancing  
The wind roars  
And the rose disappears  
The mothers awake  
And the sailors their thought  
The prayers ascend  
And the gods to wake  
The calm be given  
And the boys to shores  
The mothers' hug offers  
And the boys elude  
The pretext of weary as did in past  
And the mothers to them let be  
The cold woods gather to smoke  
And the snoring boys' heat mothers gave  
The coming morning demise came

And the mothers lain quiet in cold  
The boys' awake and off they run  
And the company of others again prefer  
The night soon come  
And the door missed mothers wait  
The heart to beat now often  
And the night had was starved warmth  
The paths to regrets soon finds inn  
And the love returned not torments them  
The boys' in search the hug  
And the mothers in heavens glory  
The gift bestowed around us  
And the daily ease has suck their value  
The moment tickles by  
And the love and care ignored would long yearn

Adeosun Olamide

# Note From Departed Daughter

Nana loves me so much-  
So much that my cough would break her heart  
Nana loves me that much-  
That she'd bleed for me  
Nana loves me-  
That she'd accompany to afters

Nana knew how impossible-  
To love me was  
And each night yet  
Would trail the stars  
Hold my hands  
And revel in soul mine glee

Nana was strong-  
In tide cold- would lend her coat  
And bequeath warmth with tight hug  
Only Nana knew to tame my hush  
Or what sate aura thirst

It was Nana desire-  
That we see chapel  
And confess before God- love ours  
She was so scared for me  
That I'd burn in hell perhaps  
But to me' hell was fine  
If Nana was there

In wake Nanas beauty  
And neglect of beck around  
She stood by side  
And abate not affection mine  
Nor let fade pride of me  
Was mocked by teachers  
And angel of devil called  
But Nana only bothered what heard me  
The priest soon witch-accursed name  
-How'd a girl fourteen dearth fond a boy?

Nana was raped  
In the crowd she was lost  
And was last I saw Nana in town  
Some say- she'd been delivered Dodan boys  
To be raped and taught her essence  
Some say still- she died  
That she shamed her family  
And was delivered a rope

Nana loves me so much-  
So much it would break her heart if I weep  
And I love Nana even-  
That I can't without her be  
Sometimes she comes by a dream  
And lure from grief  
But as afore said  
To me- hell is fine  
If Nana dwells there

I love you Mama  
But not the way I love Nana  
You seek joy mine  
Then know- why must seek Nana

Adeosun Olamide

# Now Together

I see a home  
I see this drunk  
I call him dad  
I see this shadow  
I call her mum  
Night after Night  
I see them fight  
They both aren't right  
While their scream bury' is bury mine  
I see him beat and beat  
I see her cry all alone  
I see her leave  
And return with  
With the cops to take him now  
I see the blood  
I see her scars  
I see him back  
With tears in eye  
See him beg  
See him down on knees  
With a paper in hands  
One he must sign  
And promise to distance self from her  
Now she is gone  
Gone from us  
Left me here and with him  
Here became beast to self  
With drugs in his vein  
And Whore in the room

I in the street  
I see two colors  
I see them white  
I see those blacks  
Black just like me  
I hear a case  
I see a fight  
I find myself  
In this mud' I don't know

I try to run  
But there was a boy  
In the road' covered in blood  
He was in pain' screaming for help  
So I went, held his hand  
He was a white  
But then soon pale  
I see his eyes dim tiredly  
He was then cold  
With dagger thrust his heart  
I screamed for help  
And then they came  
Wanting to lynch  
I found my way  
And ran in this police base  
I gave my view  
I said what done  
But they put a cuff  
In my hands  
And led me to a dark cell  
They gave me punch  
Twisted my arms  
They gave me words  
To say in courts  
And Came this court  
Saw mama there  
With a scarf in her head  
Saw papa too  
Saw them together  
They hugged me now  
And said' will be well  
And then I smile

But there he came  
With my life in his choice  
He looked at me  
And my color  
And said  
Murderer!  
You killed my son  
You killed him' beast  
My only son you stabbed in the heart

I tried to talk  
But I was silenced  
I must pay the price' so he said  
A jury' of white them all  
They put me to judgment,  
A judgment they put me through!  
A crying mother  
I hear they walk, protest in the rain  
But here I am  
I see a noose  
I see an edge  
How my life end come  
I see a priest  
He damns me to hell  
Call me black little devil

I see a fan  
I feel a touch  
And open my eye  
I see it's been a dream  
All along from reality  
And now I am the president  
Of all them' both black and white  
I thought of this  
I thought of many  
Whose life an end comes by  
All on a lie  
Whose life a short become  
All on this  
To them I say  
Your soul lives on in us...

Adeosun Olamide

# O Death Oh Loser

Day goes low fore- sprouts forth  
Yet to seemly unending dark  
One plunk by beloved demise

Shall novel feat weave deeds?  
Or swing wave presence  
Shall breeze take memories?  
Or fire raise char to naught  
What sprout can find lost beam?

Day dark bask in mourning sun  
Clouds swell lures bed to cold  
Earth in haze as wrinkles grow  
Hands frail and Head weeds  
Words whimpers with sight blur  
Our wall shadows in heart shivering

Death' what more?  
What rose shall devour?  
What star shall sink in cloud?  
But rejoice little' O loser!  
Soon this slumber curtain shall draw  
And fail your aim to draw apart

Day brightened spring exult sun  
Bed warm mist webs earth  
Face glossy and hands hearty  
Head blooms and words cherry  
Eyes sparkles our wall frame  
Heart glows as awake all forth

Lips in glad shall call  
Death, where thou art?  
Shall thy part not in merry reunion?  
Shall see not failure?  
Oh death' merely long sleep  
None truly dies, all ease temporarily



# Of A Messiah

Yeshua, Yeshua, a woman as disciple, just one!  
He is not! Not a misogynist.

Yeshua, Yeshua, what you have done  
Fishes, fishes everywhere-  
-Bread, from where, the wines? Livelihood gone-  
The fishermen are angry.

Yeshua, Yeshua, walking on the sea-  
Calm, faith, the demand- is costlier than yours!  
Yeshua, Yeshua, casting demons into the sea-  
The sailors are mad.

Yeshua, Yeshua, cleansing the chapel,  
Fighting the poor- evicted, their only,  
The masses are unpleased,  
Yeshua, Yeshua, the rich in hell,  
Cheering misery-  
-No! He is not of the bourgeoisie!  
Yeshua, Yeshua, your entry as a king-  
They see you no more as one of them

Yeshua, Yeshua- healing all  
The lame, the blind, deaf, lepers, healing all  
-The physicians are penniless, without means.

Yeshua, Yeshua, reviving the dead, ☐  
They bury a child, greater task?  
-He sends his condolences!

Yeshua, Yeshua, lover of child,  
Not a pedophile!  
Yeshua, Yeshua, obliging an adulterer,  
He desires her but not for pleasure!  
Yeshua, Yeshua, kissing a man  
Not gay!

Yeshua, Yeshua,  
They want you no more!

Adeosun Olamide

# Of A Seraph Ghost

When the storm captained thee  
And to drown be thy lone escape  
I made thee- tides that shall compass  
And put the wind, its noise to hushes  
Set the storm- still that you may sail  
Aye, sail towards from her godless shores  
But upon that godless shores, your heart on  
That grasped ye deep from reason realm  
And toil atop ye madness, a sickness in her absence  
And when dark, silence did fall- swallowing all  
She spelled upon thy sailors the deepest sleep  
And stole thee from my watch into her dark  
A dark the stars did fear a sojourn  
A dark that thy beam did show you desired  
For it seems into Elysium you rise on  
But to the bottom of the sea you did sink  
Away from warmly embrace that did see  
Away from marvel of cuddles your veins hungered  
Deep into an emptiness that hungers for beauty  
Deep into claws, thorns that rips at folly  
Into death bosom, its embrace, yonder my reach  
But on, I the wind a plead- to uproot the sea  
An act that shall cost a soul, mine  
But what than dead is mine absent yours,  
For what than hell is here absent ye  
And what than regret will art memory if let go?  
So the wind upon a shore did vomit you  
And in your wandering, strolled into a desert  
Yet I in my passing, bothered still-  
And at cost deeds mine be forgotten- ye  
I sprung a spring in desert for thee  
And clouds over sun as you wandered  
I put the mist to hide from marauders  
And art path to bring you home-into recovery  
But recovery on  
And still upon your thought she dwells stronger-  
And though hum I on in birds you like hear  
&quot;All I ask is you forget-  
For from the misery I did save

It seems still an ecstasy to you  
When the sun rises for you  
And the rain ceases for you  
Remember me&quot;  
You sail anew to her godless shore  
And put my death in a breadth vainness  
While I upon thy ragged ship-  
On here- wrapped a keenest wind  
My ransoms and its vainness

Adeosun Olamide

# Of Albert's Prayer

Help Tom' who day before was full of life  
And who today perish as a drunk  
By thy teachings, his a place in Hades  
Where he shall be tormented whole of eternity

Tommy but boy' lord, whose heart of good and gold  
Reveling life and satisfying bodily desires  
His future thought was bliss,  
For many' love see him sing  
And many be girls he honored  
Through deflower give and warmth offer in cold night  
But wrong we' for his future lain death  
Hiding in bottle his liquor

Hear lord, mothers cry and see father's gloom  
And look lord, towns' grief, as behold preachers' tears  
For really Tommy but boy of good and golden heart  
Whose feed gave poor, gifting smile to all his way  
And yet by thy teachings, his a place in hell  
For living life free and sating ladies taste' sin be  
But heard lord, by mercy, he yet may dwell in peace  
Find Tommy and gracious be to him' Lord

Many be thousand request that journeys heart' Lord  
To be loved and accepted by the drunk club  
To age so I might be let in the brothel  
Many be request that journeys heart' lord  
But only few can do  
For you cannot murder' Paul the bully  
Nor slay Teacher Joel' whose rod my back kisses  
Of many request few tallies your law  
The others' shall find devil to heed

Help find slumber in these terrible nights  
And leave not with many fears  
Take away thought of hell from my soul  
And silence voice that drags and drenches my being near cold

Consider not' oh lord tears caused

Nor retain many iniquities done  
Forgive lord' my often repentances  
And unglue from this addiction  
Make sweetest taste of liquor' sour my tongue  
And remove from path' lure of devil  
That may adulterate no further heart with sexually desires  
Nor be enticed to her and gold  
But be attracted' to preacher and good deeds  
Or shall I eye pluck and in dwell darkness?  
Or even, shall hand cut and have sex organ slash?  
Lord I plead not shall' for purposes yours could be  
If only could remove her and make beauty to sight hideous

Ignore not when part to path destruction  
But make voice continuous ring my head  
That maddens body to thy will

Have I coin or slice of bread or a bowl of suckled orange  
Or even a slippers, or rags  
Help lord to make it satisfying to my yearning heart  
And aid lord to give those in utmost need

Clutch my hands when I am spited  
That may take not an eye, nose or soul  
But bequest it with skills' that it may balm

Take sight from disable  
That may jest not ov'r him  
But give sight to making able

And away this 'zine of unclothed damsel  
That takes moment in instant of solitude  
So I may glue to thy words, and see holy book

Surround lord with people of good nature, nurture  
That I may need not permit malice in my heart

Perhaps take from' joy obtained when peers see me mock the old  
Nor leave smile attend or attained when see other hurt  
But give when toil mine is ill and success on friend beam

Remember not' oh lord the words I spoken

Nor retain my evil intentions  
But deliver lord from refuge of devil  
Oh devils refuge' of indulgence and warmth  
But turn Lord his company comfort to discomfort  
And make abode yours suit my dwelling  
Or perhaps make me suit your abode

And lord forget not first request' that you  
Help friend, who day before was full of life  
And who day after perish as a drunk  
By thy teachings, his a place in Hades  
Where he shall be tormented whole of eternity  
But by thy mercy, he yet may dwell in peace  
These are my prayers Oh Lord

Adeosun Olamide

# Of Death

One sharpens  
-Twirls us- to and fro  
Announces presence-  
Raising storms  
In roar and hush then roar-  
It calls- to fortify shelter  
But in darkness ever cast  
We heed- fulfilling the calls  
As does on its illusions  
An illusion, a light in reach  
And on- clinging,  
Grasping the figment  
Twirls still- to and fro  
In illusion that make seem  
The storm halts, too- the dark  
And absorbed in-  
The curtain is raised-  
But still in the wake, the silence  
It gasps,  
-The death  
Who -now gave flair to fight  
Hinging on edge a victory  
And there- when thought muddle through  
-Swallows  
Startling us-

And there is the death that dwells `neath a wine  
A death that guards and protects in war-  
A cook -in want a meal  
Aye to- we be meal  
And does now -desiring undone  
Stirring when victory is art  
-From the flies of wine-  
Dwells on- veiled in a fever-  
Bringing to hear the medals chime-  
To swallow- as the medals chime on-  
It is the death that awaits at the shores  
The death that grasp as hold the knob  
The death that takes on night a delivery

And then there is another  
It knocks the door then hides  
It comes not in peace,  
A playful one-  
It shows itself then disappears  
And leaves you expectant-  
Ever in twirl of unease  
It does- that you die long before your death  
And makes of your air a grave  
It gives- that the sun could burn you out-  
Or the lamp could-  
That a gale seeks you  
That a meal could poison you-  
Or that the cable could electrocute you  
And in that darkness, in that fear  
It eats you raw- from the rear

There are other deaths too  
There is a death sudden, -a death quick  
-A winter in the heat of summer  
An immense cloud waiting for the rising sun  
And there is the death that comes to save  
A death that grieves at the torment we bear  
A death that comes with love-  
-And there is the death that blesses  
A death the prince craves- to help deliver the throne  
A death a wife calls- to help take away the shackles  
A death a brother yearns- for his siblings  
A death the masses calls to-  
But this death don't usually heed-  
Unless it is pulled from hidings-  
And it hides `neath a wine  
On the edge of a knife-  
Under the pillow he lays- head  
And that the masses call is lured by a revolt

And there are deaths  
-Unknown

Adeosun Olamide

# Of Sickness

And when the lord desires me peace-  
He causes the illness to fall upon him  
-The sickness brings home, to my watch,  
The sickness brings warmth, my coldness  
He hardly sees, seeing no error or flaws  
Nor perceiving I or other which spurs his disgust  
Then, I hold him, beholding- the pulse,  
Beholding his lips, dark, strong and cold-  
At the low tones, that exhales from it  
Beholding his palm shivering and then mine-  
-The easement on his betrayed spirit  
It would murmur amidst the memory-  
Of good, neglect, of distractions that enchanted him  
Distractions that drowned me to rove no more  
-On his thoughts, upon his goodly sea  
Of distractions that roared me into mist  
And how like clouds that hover over breezes eyes  
-He swept away, for the stars lain behind-  
And here I know I must pray-  
And bury whatever that may heed the recovery  
And here I know I must pray he remains the way  
In the shield of sickness-  
-That imprisons his beastly natures  
In the shield of sickness-  
-That sustains me  
In the shield of sickness-  
-That reminds yet of a man I could love

Adeosun Olamide

# Of The Sycamore Tree

A peace I dwelt, a delightful barren tree  
Keen in the savior they say that comes,  
That my gaze if hold his shadow, the ambiance  
To cure, my plight, my barrenness  
And a peace I dwelt, a delightful barren tree

And a young savior was he-  
That by his whisper, the season heeds  
That by his amble, deserts springs ocean  
And by his touch, a barren comes lush  
And in a peace I dwelt, a delightful barren tree

But a young savorless savior was he-  
Or not, all savorless be- when captive, hunger  
For on his soul angst did brew- towards,  
Towards me, the delightful barren tree  
That born a curse- to lie at my delight

"Dost my hunger cause thee\_ delight?  
-Woe upon thee, whirl upon thee, thy roots  
Barren, wither! None ever -shall have of ye"

And by a god not to hunger, to madness- immune  
And by a savior that be captor- deaf?  
Come so my whisper, about the season,  
The season that cause me barren,  
Come so my whisper in pale color worn  
But a season is a season-  
And though hot, it made him mad  
A season is a season-  
And must go, must come  
That I a delightful tree- must bear alone, this woe  
But a season is a season-  
And even trees dead- comes a season

And shriveled, I did fall,  
Made into a cross-  
For the vengeance that ons-

I am the cross of cavalry,  
That tree -your hunger made you curse  
Barren, I did wither,  
Withered, I again yield-  
Here is thy fruit, eat it!  
Gather the plaque that spread,  
Eat it! Thy fruit  
I am the cross of cavalry,  
That tree- your hunger made you curse  
Carry your dead, vengeance is here,  
-Fulfilled in me!  
As I, the sycamore tree ever rests

Adeosun Olamide

# On A Day Like Yesterday

Today again, I killed a stranger  
She asked for a coin, for corn-  
I drove away-  
I drove from her  
I came now from-  
And she was there still,  
Looking at me-  
Asking for a corn,  
Sweating blood from her eyes-  
How? How so-  
She staggered in the trucks jaw  
And took my peace with her

Adeosun Olamide

# On Gods Silence

Why won't God tell us  
-Adam was impotent  
That He sire Cain  
And serpent forth Abel

Why won't God tell us  
-Of Invisibility  
Grasp in silence claws  
That we may form Him

Why won't God tell us  
Of boredom  
That may make a game  
That tasks all reason

Why won't God tell us  
He loves the devils act  
And wishes see further mans folly  
That may stage a betrayal, His drama

Why won't God tell us  
He looked us all  
But lust a Mary  
And crave to sate Him urge

He wouldn't  
For He doesn't lie

Adeosun Olamide

# On The Passing Of A "beloved"

Today, I am reminded again  
Of your passing- that shall come  
And as evoke how shall- when told  
My heart does cry in its beat

I rehearse the silence I will give  
And on the face I would wear  
Then- there'd be no more tears  
For- all already is shed in this dark

I wonder now- what I shall do-  
If shall let you lone in the pit?  
Or if shall break leg-  
As jump in there with you?

I rehearse it all- before then  
How- I'd be pulled back  
And the distance- that shall save leg  
How I'll be restrained as all shew compassion

As see- My heart does cry in its beat  
That it may be long from now-  
But I bother still- who'd replace you  
And search who'd bring to dis-remembrance

Adeosun Olamide

# On The Prison Walls

It began after the birth  
Her delusions were stark  
She called neighbor fays  
And dark was hell to her.  
When our baby slept  
She'd cry endlessly  
I'd calmed her,  
Woke sleeping child  
And she'd call Christ.  
For a while she recovered  
I could leave baby in bosom  
And crave vital needs  
But less than while was.  
She claimed ghost in house  
One with residence in the T.V  
Was tape our marriage  
And just dead- mum was there  
She would have it not in house  
No words could change stance  
The T.V set then was given out  
And for a while she well seemed  
Until she smashed the mirror  
And insisted her reflect was real  
That it smiled when she didn't  
That night, she stopped sleeping  
And frequently will check baby  
And cry he is dying, eyes dimming  
None could sleep-  
Day that came  
I sought far Sanatorium  
To require rescue  
When home came  
I met her by gate  
She shivered thorough  
He died- she said  
Hurried in to salvage  
But there in cradle  
Our weeping child  
After much certitude

She came in-  
But won't touch baby  
She thinks child a ghost  
I calmed her now  
And settled in brain  
Her sickness-  
Our journey ahead  
She wanted away  
That her world is mad  
But claim love, she rejected  
Too soon, there were evocations  
Her father heard whispers  
And came a visit  
The missing T.V startled him  
And he noted daughter not sick  
That I merely want away  
So might lust another  
He cursed me from the act  
And esteemed eyes on me.  
That broke the sanatorium spinal  
And for my love  
She writes on in her dairy  
Of a ghost town she lives  
With each nights passed  
Her isolation thrived.  
One of those nights,  
She came around  
Withdrew from her chambers  
And acquaint cradle  
She took the sleeping baby  
And buried him  
By dawn, a missing baby  
Together, we reported a stolen baby  
But in her mien  
I saw no mothers' pain  
Only a fear of right  
The day after  
-I woke to hear  
She ran into the tides  
And the water swept her from  
By dawn her father knew  
Had me in cuffs

Charged, murder of daughter  
And hostage his grandchild  
The next sunrise  
I will be in the gallows

Adeosun Olamide

# On The Seventh Night

The gods has put so-  
In my dream' your betrayal  
That this moment- your poison hungers  
I have watched thee sleep-  
And it fears me- what my vigilance informs-  
The swirling your body takes while slumber

Who is him?  
That touches thee- and make wink in thy sleep?  
Who is him?  
Whose spit treads on thy cheeks while you wake?  
Should my misfortune be burdened more by thy silence?  
Bury thyself at least in lie-  
I permit thee to-  
And save me from murder!

Nay- Aye- Ye deny me-  
And shut your eyes from my hold-  
Your victory is art!  
And my woes keep tides-  
What am I to thee?  
A rose be watered by tears?  
Am I to thee  
A lamp your tears shall pat?  
Ye have betrayed me-  
I shall not see that lips-  
I shall not shame thee!  
Let death be my mercy-  
And the gods- be thy judge!

Adeosun Olamide

# Only Two At Teenage

My two year daughter  
Gives to all- her smile  
And make face- those foul leers  
That must wonder- who cursed her so

My two year daughter does worse  
She calls everyone daddy  
I wonder yet who taught her- word  
And dwelt in her- to ask about

My two year daughter hurt me so-  
Of her friend daddies- chatter  
I wonder who gave her- friends  
That dwelt in her- those fairy tales

And in dark my two year prays a father  
Kneels and wallow in his hidden gaze  
She prefers and summons his presence  
To give herself to him- and leave me misery

But my two year daughter and her hearing  
And my two year daughter with her weaving  
As she twirls with my wound so-  
Shall not wear me nor burden self to absorbed

And pinion mine soon grow immured  
That she- taken gaze hawks  
Sank in her thorny passion  
She never could rise

But loss mine be mere  
For- for two years only  
She be my daughter  
Where haunt hers dwelt thru

Adeosun Olamide

# Our Deeds

Here stand I under disquieted skies unheard  
Stirred slowly by cries of her thundering doom  
Abloom by fading thought of days of yore  
Nor thoughtless of pending days of sorrow avow

How quickly seeds of doubt sprout  
Without route consuming all in path  
Hath I the forest not made in scraps  
Perhaps together we will hunt in the brow

Now flows a babbling brook in sight  
Dight with unending flows of memories  
Buries of indispensable hands  
And gore of a violent pour

For learned have we not from our earning  
Returning daily to ire nature

Adeosun Olamide

# Out

We returned with the sun, into our places,  
She sat in her peace waiting, as she as,  
Keeping her legs to be reached,  
I removed the stockings to wash her feet,  
She held my arms and touched my face,  
I held hers and through the wrinkles,  
Felt the softness and warmth she was,  
Was all, left,  
Of best, of her, broken into pieces  
And lost in her begottens

I looked the wall where she yet blossomed  
At her smile, her lips, there, alive in the portrait,  
Sometimes I touch the lips, that touches mine,  
And touches mine in the darkness or in my dreams,  
And sometimes I have seen the eye follows me,  
And in mine

The water does not through the wrinkles  
It does as though on oil, on the folds,  
I thought she shivered, as I wiped her,  
But she wanted the door open,  
And the windows and curtains too,

She sat, staring at the sky or at the stars,  
Or at heaven or at nothing, for she didn't see much,  
But whatever it was, it absorbed her from my gaze,  
I sat too, looking, at her, or perhaps at what she saw,  
Or perhaps at the fly, that settled on her necklace, her nose,  
And then crawled through the wrinkles, into her nostril,  
I made no reach for it though her eye blinked,  
And stopped blinking,  
I watched as the fly stayed on her lashes,

The fly stared at me and came to my palm,  
It gently stayed, and reflected a soul,  
I felt the softness it was as though a feather,  
But then it flew and flew to her plants,  
And towards heaven or the fog

Now the breeze made cold,  
That I waited her gesture to shut it out,  
But there she sat at peace,  
Staring out, into the sky or nothing.

Adeosun Olamide

# Out The Plains

The fire don't burn  
The scars all spent  
The cut don't hurt  
I am moving,  
Moving thru phases  
The curtains caresses my face  
Wings grow from my spine  
I am reaching for the moon  
It is in the sea  
I run to the hills  
The breeze calls me  
The flowers bow before me  
The pathways all cleared  
A passenger of the wind  
The rain drops touch my heart  
The owls witness me  
They follow a leaping soul  
I reach the hills  
I take my dive-  
To the gape of the moon  
I wake!  
Caged still in this body  
Still a prisoner!  
But what crime has the soul  
Condemned- to suffocate here?  
No, no more!  
No more a prisoner this  
Perish, perishing, perished!  
Sentenced to a lifetime-  
No more, no more a prisoner this  
The key is placed in thy hand!  
I pull the body to it-  
There it the soul does plead  
There it the soul does scream  
There it and until- shall be no peace  
Just a small hole is needed  
I'll be free, free from this prison  
Free to fly, drenched in the sea  
To roll in the clouds,

To be a star-  
Just a small hole,  
Just a small hole it takes

Soul, O soul- ease this tempest  
Soul, if peace does, show the grave  
Silence is the language I spoke  
Stitch me, save me from this end  
You soul, you soul isn't- yet grown  
You shall be the bird-  
But now you shall split your heart  
You shall be a dolphin-  
But now o soul you shall drown  
You shall be a rose-  
But now, if now you'll rot in earth!  
Where are you? Three steps hence  
Mother, I mother thee o soul,  
Pregnant ye  
You are not enslaved-  
Soul, o soul- the tempest splits me  
Go to fly then, to the waters  
The breeze awaits you-  
But soul, if peace does, show the grave

Adeosun Olamide

# Passages

We share pieces of us,  
Maybe the best, the rotted bits  
To be preserved in existence

You dwell on the surface of the entanglements  
The wounds, odors, plague, fluctuations,  
Death that follows us

It's not us what follows us,  
We are not victims, doleful- to be pitied,  
Handicaps, waiting to be led  
Desperate, a rage for fleeing

It does not sustain us, your concern doesn't  
The shelter you present, the comfort offered,  
It does not relieve the cold, the disquiet,  
The thirst we are afflicted.

What do you know about us, about our feelings?  
What?  
It is not sorrow, tiredness, a yearning for a fanatic.

It is desolation, a boundless desolation,  
Desolation,  
And still, a yearning for nothing!

Adeosun Olamide

## Poor Mary

Poor Mary, her baby killed her  
The little smiles thro her burial  
Poor Mary, the ignorant priest  
She won't near heaven shores  
She lied too many about her bruises  
That beneath smile, a torment  
Poor Mary, she dressed her pain  
And had his child, her death  
Love was her disease  
What sickness!  
The mental disorder called love-  
How deadly!

Adeosun Olamide

# Prayer For Ma

For her who bothers not rest or comfort  
Nor forth on in slumber spite weariness  
As when cough my throat catch  
Succor bring as toss on and forth

For she who bothers not gold or treasure  
Nor dost robes thought hers rob  
When a vain my glimpse hold  
Sell jewelries hers to tend needs mine

For she who submit pleasure to vessel unto world  
My feet pon earth before walk could  
My mutterings grasp before could talk  
And her hands my life mold in bloom

Give her sight lord to see me blossom  
And strong hands to eat labored fruit  
Light that which delighters her  
For service hers' Lord only could pay

Adeosun Olamide

# Prisms

Feeling so, the colds exhale  
And too the suns burning heat-  
We search for ragged coats,  
For memories to stir a symmetry  
We whisper to ourselves,  
Are we immortals?  
-Less than the ordinary?  
-Capable of feelings?  
Is it weaker, the flesh or heart that permits it, -melts us?  
But floating in the dark, in silence,  
Some low moments finds us, gripping us-  
And they stay, unending- drowning us,  
Causing us to rust and hunger for one-  
To waste our energy, break our will  
And demands we break our walls.  
It is God, jealous, casting upon us lower forms-  
Asking how so we are incapable of love, affections-  
How so without being fed it, we are content-  
And so demands unless we break the walls,  
-We remain endlessly drowning,  
So we break the walls so one can come,  
To reach us, to save us and render us in debt  
But we know he brings to us, one he seeks to destroy,  
For though pulled us out, it is not into the emptiness,  
-Neither the silence nor the dark we have always floated-  
There is the savior, put with, -an undesirable company  
We tender us in our most raggedness,  
-Someone, someone to flip through these pages,  
But he undistracted by its raggedness,  
And though blank, engages the emptiness  
With a sweet silence,  
That we must swirl further, asking too much,  
-For impatience and wavering,  
To be all,  
Cold, warm, summer, winter, still, stormy,  
A bud we sometimes can touch,  
And feel a slight cut, that sweet feeling of brief pain  
And other time, softly as though a bud,  
Beautiful, we can suffocate, crush

And when touches us-  
Carrying fire for the warmth we clamored,  
Freezing that heart for us, laying cold  
We do, bearing us- that ours is a prism,  
A curse we have become-  
Unable to make a point,  
To says things clearly,  
To act beautifully,  
To appreciate a sacrifice,  
To love,

But bears these, this dearly- willing to be unloved-  
Loving us in our withered form,  
That when we perish at sun rise, stirs us life-  
And when exhale most heat, bears the scalding-  
Distraction, distracted by, from the clouds,  
That we love the sea often, and be ready to sail-  
Leaving all behind, heeding our clamors,  
But prepared, follows  
For sometimes in the sea, I love to sail alone-  
And have shown by casting the company into the sea  
And registering most often-not a murmur  
I return and - bringing it back here-  
Yet watches, keeping no foul feeling-  
And heard not-I am the most terrible listener,  
And my responses demands a life time-  
But do gently I tell, your murmurs within you,  
And when, put on a veil of indifference  
-Ask for the key, and I shall let you out-  
-To perish in the storm

But I do by denial, denying this truth,  
That perhaps some roses are thorny,  
And I am too, too a prism with sharp edges  
Along the walls, empty shells, hollows that we are  
Bearing feelings for this company,  
Watching it blend into the emptiness,  
That without its exhale, the silence is harsh-  
And I know, not wanting it to be lost,  
-Hoping too maybe to be the part it said,  
The part It says it needs- to be complete



# Prophet Isaiah

Scoffs when hear celestial shores abode him  
Scoffs still when hear Isaiah foreseen death his  
Silence gave- response to condolences got  
As eye hers knew dry\_ starved tears  
God say shall weep not tells who claim odd

Isaiah indeed was thought a good man  
Who community issues bothered well  
He'd food give hungry and vagrant shelter  
Yet while daughter his starve to death  
He'd pray mercy for vagrant that raped wife his

Now they were gone  
And silence desired return  
She stitch wounds hers gently  
And hum on\_ Isaiah favorite hymn  
While memories grasp thought hers

The breeze ooze thro corridor  
And leapt curtain her room  
Woke her and lured her the door  
Heart gripped at beckoning stars  
She on thro to see Isaiah's grave

There mutter darkness veiled world  
That be Isaiah's lone sister  
Of his batter to face hers-  
Of devils that inns in Isaiah

Yet Isaiah truly visions came  
Those liquors sparked  
And when long wears  
He'd come inch an insane

Her tattered bible as spoke on  
With Isaiah's bloody rags in hand  
And knife out that ate life his  
She a vessel knife her escape

There reach for parting breeze  
As let caress face hers-

They said still  
-The prophet and his wife were inseparable  
-O what love God has put there  
That even death could part them not  
But true they said  
She followed the prophet still\_  
To re-murder and instill pain  
-That thrived on in her veins

Adeosun Olamide

# Psalm Of The Black Sheep

The Lord that is my shepherd  
Has gone after a lost sheep  
But I shall want not  
For a gentle shepherd is come  
Who make in green pastures lie  
And hop too- the meadows thro  
He leads not only by still water  
But sate thirst with spring  
He restores' my soul  
And other lustful desires smothered

The new good shepherd  
Leads me in good path  
And for his name sake  
Doors are opened (Illuminati)

Though prior,  
Good paths be Death Valley  
Of gleaming shadows  
But even there  
I fear foul not nor hell  
For disease and death  
-Be my shepherds' cousin

My shepherd is with me-  
His rod and staff comforts deeds  
Though not as gifted free will  
He bring adversaries to kneel  
And prepares tables before-  
In enemies presence  
-Brother sheep and wolves  
Shackled- I made them my stool  
He anoints my head with oil  
Letting lips thrive well in buss

Surely, goodness, mercy, daisy rose  
-Follows only not  
But grasp and cuddle also-  
All days mine living

I shall dwell in thrill ever, ever

Amen

Adeosun Olamide

# Quiet Dave

Dave was boy who spoke much to self  
He'd walk quietly through corridors while others jest him  
His stutter come sprout and it shamed him  
There was a figure- he drew and wrote of- on his desk  
Ana was name- was beautiful and grace filled  
Dave smiled to none except perhaps Ana- whom he loved so much  
He'd sneak and steal his mum jewelries- bequeaths Ana- gladdens him  
And wouldn't eat until know- Ana was well  
Dave was lanky, his eye strange yellow  
And a protruding belly discern him  
He'd walk as if toss by breeze  
Onetime Dave mother sought to know his strangeness  
And acquaint Sickle cell in his veins breed

A night came; Dave mislaid his glasses and hit head against wall  
He lose consciousness as blood spurt on from his head  
"It is nothing serious, a day or two- he will be fine"; The doctor said  
But Dave never was same again  
Three nights passed and stitch came unstrapped  
There- in his face, was a flaw- a scar  
"Handsome! ";- His mother referred him as hug gave  
This strange to Dave- for mother never called him so  
Thro night- he stared the mirror and put hand to scar  
Morning came and on he walked quietly- hearing others giggle  
It tormented him and Dave drew more within -to self  
Now his beautiful and strong heart came as his frail body

Yet as done previous night-  
He knelt by bed and pray- God please watch over Ana  
One night Dave slept- and dreamt Ana left him  
"You are scary"; he screamed to reflect  
He broke in tears and wouldn't eat coming days  
Ana watched Dave silently- without blink  
Now Dave came frailer  
As effect abjure food reached obvious  
One night- as though possessed, he sought Ana  
Gripped her by throat and disfigured her  
That night he wept thoroughly  
Ana was buried- and rain graced burial-

Was gone- he knew'  
Yet Ana dwelled in his thought  
'Wherever Ana goes' I shall' Dave said to mother who pats him still

Now sleeps each night hoping Ana would come his dream  
Other times he'd say' I saw- Ana leaving  
Yet, he prays on- that Ana be fine wherever be  
Never a doll again was as Ana  
That brought much joy to Dave life

Adeosun Olamide

## Quiet Times

On this shores of earth, dry bones are washed ashore  
Bones once bustling with agility, carcass that are of commanders of ships  
Brought ashore by tides that rives soul and body apart, sailors from ship afore  
Swept into hands of playing toddlers by evil winds grip

Just ago, chuckles of laughter's rent the air as the telescope gave the lie,  
Then the sparrow hawk did as it on the balcony of the ship descend making  
screeching sounds,  
Drunk by joy, Carried by laughter, the sailors gave away to dance in open sky,  
On tenterhooks of meeting weary mothers, slacken breasted wives, grown up  
daughters, sons around

Just then, the winds creaked in anger, turning chuckles into shrieks,  
Booming sheeted waters into deck gusting deck hands on bowsprit as tempest  
fuel scheme  
The gaff, mast wafting in sided direction, the spinnaker lost as others from the  
deck into tempest sneaks  
And in this rewarded treasure is casted away with and from them.

In the old chapel, vigil be held, prayers, anticipating returns anchored by  
hopeless priests  
Perhaps treasures valued better valuing treasures in unending ardors of vanities  
feast.

Adeosun Olamide

# Reaching

I am reaching-  
For the pulse in the colors  
For the darkness in the sun  
Reaching- for the paintings of the sky  
I am reaching-  
For the rhythm of the hymn  
For the echo- one last echo- piercing  
For the silence by the river  
I am reaching- O I am reaching-  
I am reaching past the veil-  
But thorns in withered roses-  
For flesh-a skin that don't pale  
Or for eyes that dims, fingers that fret  
O I am reaching for a heart-  
A shattered heart that cannot be broken  
For the pieces- reaching  
Reaching for a venom-  
That numbs the sensations of a soul  
I reach- O I reach' for a depth, for a rhythm  
The rhythm of shore tides  
For the luring song in a tempest  
I am reaching to breathe  
To breathe the ambience gravel of sea  
Reaching in the scars, this broken ship  
Reaching in it for a memory  
And for a memory to be lost in  
I am reaching for the silence-  
A silence grasped, hemmed in a grave

Adeosun Olamide

# Remains

If our love dies young  
Or is wounded by time,  
And my smooth is broken by age  
When you, tired of loving it,  
Do as we, to rusty chalices,  
Or weary of my bosoms decay  
Which as my beauty should, do  
-When as my beauty should,  
Your love declines and wane,  
And your affection, deceased is cold,  
Devoured by another's memory,  
Devoured by a failing memory,  
That has no call of my boundless duties,  
Be glad, upon the blindness I may then suffer,  
For I shall have put my gaze upon the darkness  
And buried myself in the love I have had

Adeosun Olamide

# Residence

Gate once opened- me  
There stairs- once carried through  
Stairways room sweet memories dwell

Now spiders formed kingdom with webs  
Dusts found residence on  
And withered foliage rest- rain residues

In abode youth  
Mirror gave glance hangs still  
Along portrait enclosed in wall

Of bitter, sweet memories mine  
When sofa where first had grasp  
To piano that gave your heart mine

Curtains swing still without breeze  
And empty bottles liquor be  
In house our acquaintance

From louvers see tree whose seeds hand gave earth  
What huge one comes be  
To remind of every of you

Adeosun Olamide

# Richard Doe

Around hut gathered stones  
And from tree took few fruits too  
In night kept portion meal his  
&quot;For her&quot;- said when asked why

In blanket- food all his kept  
When spoil- &quot;she had it&quot; says to all  
And robe some make along- two  
&quot;One for her&quot;- he said smilingly  
To hills he goes as well  
Where torrent and evil lain  
To a voice he claim beckon  
And when asked- &quot;she calls&quot; say

Around hut- gather stones still  
And in own blanket- knife kept  
&quot;To protect&quot;- says to self  
-From shadows that prick her

Where nails- probe aching him  
&quot;Cut must that pierced her slight  
Yet wouldn't speak&quot; he muttered  
In blanket his- minced up fingers  
&quot;To have her back&quot; in anguish said  
As old doctor brought he some bolt

He along mother came just well  
In bars where kept odd she eons dwell  
There- from fist gathered stones took  
And stuffed him food that kept her  
Sought none remain to suckle her  
He cried and hugged sleep with displeasure  
Soon woke- screaming blanket his  
And when weary doctor why asked

&quot;For her who shivers  
Hungry and sick be too  
Please foods spare her  
And repair tools mend broken skin give&quot;

Yet bald doctor yielded not plead  
As injected sleep in vein his  
And put hand in some chain sort  
When woke- he stared and stared  
And wouldn't a sigh to one make  
Soon took his shirt and a rope made  
To join her there- he wrote to us  
His mother laughed as they took him morgue  
Soon she says- "I'll join him too"

Adeosun Olamide

# Riding Through Memories

In these graves, brave men of old lay  
With tombstones sullied by ere long,  
And yards blighted with frenzied thicket  
That gentle breeze leaves quieting souls to bitter colds

Upon ides day, their march upon fates path was set  
On a route authored not by them nor the bliss made for them  
Perhaps authored by unknown gods with bliss doomed for the unborn,  
They hiked in haste of removing shackled chains and whips on enslaved race

With wooden spears tiding against guns and explosives they wrestle  
Against the skies upon earth, against waters upon shores  
And without the blessings of the gods, they were starved of victory  
And shorn of joy, death scream filtered the unruly night

Now weary with scars survivors trudges back to the caves  
With flawed remains of companions through livelong night  
With women marred with marks of identities by slave traders  
Now trudge them all to the caves, cold, free and afraid of freedom ones desired

Here they tilled the earth and lain the earners of their crave  
Of little tales the tongue passed to listening ears  
And it was this, until they were all washed off in memories  
Disremembered, disregarded our graves be, we whose souls your freedom  
bought.

Adeosun Olamide

# Rip

That hand bring Wreath to you- wish  
Save pain as take breath  
Not breathe air but respire wind  
Nor fragrances but breathe stench

Wish hand wave death ov'r you  
Other niggles felt as wade thro memories  
Fast ensue, quick, in light sudden  
Warmth left to wintriness

Wish hand pull from lethal world  
Bar state forgetfulness mine, my Lethe!  
Can I not the shadow gleam, a hawk in shade?  
Back soreness gore untouched

Wish hand to hold  
-Your voice like wind that pierce without screeching,  
Perhaps till heavenly joy and radiance consume soul  
Yet shall not till weary path to eternity beck

Seem beam won't last a long,  
Calls fear leaves but in doubt,  
Where evil whispers call  
Of parting day that fairs thro

Far undesirable to meet soon  
Yet not more be to see in light  
-While covered eyes mourn  
As tend little we made

In warmth will for demise part vileness  
That tomb rises in pleasantness,  
For prevail tempt enticing soul to vanities  
And acquaint dark that brings stars to sparkle

Adeosun Olamide

# Sacrifice

Everyone I ever loved  
Everyone I ever cared  
All a hell,  
Unforgivable wrong  
To be saint  
To seek differs  
And damnable  
To bliss seek  
And be so selfish  
Betraying our bond

How shall I fair  
While they suffer  
How shall I fair  
While they burn  
Can I ecstasy?  
For heart them be  
Shall comfort other  
Provide warmth,  
Cry together,  
And be tormented together

Adeosun Olamide

# Sailor Utterances

Oh Shepherd,  
Birth' in heart war  
Wherefore father to protect household gone forever  
And woman (Wife) as birth dies  
Wherein warmness, cuddle, nipple, milk of woman unknown  
Sheltered by temple  
Of Where return in requires' burden strenuous duties on tender shoulders  
Of field' learn feeding, flocking sheep  
Of stream' learnt fishing  
While does' stares each day admiring passing school students  
Wishing be one as identify self accursed  
Here grew unschooled and isolated  
For none will his friend  
Herein begins journey  
Of life acquaintances  
Of toils from sheep to ship

Sailor  
Grew' in mud and mire  
Beneath harsh grew stronger  
As choose lesser evil  
Oft islands in seek wealth  
Here tide `gainst storm  
Journeying needle eye  
Escaping death claws  
Here, hit wealth  
Becoming richest  
Soon, sea legend be  
Becoming model for poor, for breeding sailors  
Soon, age retires him to wealth and past  
Herein mutters self to all

Sailor,  
What though of earthly roars, of echoes  
What though of darkness, of silence, of solemnity  
What though of light, of joy, of singing, of listening  
What when end be aloneness?

Sailor,  
What though of shackles, of jewelries, of pain, of soothe  
What oh sailor? Who?  
What though of rags, of robes, of foul, of beauty, of knowledge  
What though oh sailor, what though when all fades?

Sailor,  
What though of fears?  
Of living, of dying, of darkness, of light  
Of sleeping, of dreaming, of waking  
Of failure, of success, of all, of none  
Of rejection of love, of loving  
Oh Sailor, what done of your heart, of this stone?  
What done ticking clock?

Oh old Sailor  
What though of thee?  
Of strength, of ship  
What when all; Old age grip?

Slumbering Sailor  
Thy soul listens to the breeze and agrees its tunes  
Of exploit, of riches in stillness travels from that which freezes mind  
Through memories waves' of brevity braveness  
As await death forlorn

Oh sailor  
Thus does those who  
Of lamp deceit' off! Its clamp loose  
And stark in sparkles  
For blessed heaven cursed some, even its own  
Only to distinguish them  
Putting them on paths rough, on route tough  
To reach strange bliss, afterwards to know  
That life a vanity fair be  
Sail home thee, cultivating crops, cultivating families  
For in `morrow, all needed be that



# Saintly Abstractions

Rags of Saint  
I acquaint scene  
In way a sleep

A cluster broken crucifix  
And angels on bribe  
Where sinners be robed  
And righteous is doomed

A burning dark  
Of holy shadows  
Course my slumber  
Where untaught known  
As vile hearts  
Majesty in bliss

A saunter shore still  
When fall sudden dark  
A pace swift  
That left a lost

The dark, a sneak catch  
With mean exodus webs  
That cursed his doom

I lit a light  
And see a saintly in shreds  
With hands shackled  
And masked face  
But as struggle constraint  
It ashes came  
Was self  
A murder in hand  
I wake!

But yet in another hell  
Where saints be sentenced  
My turn in dock  
Inertia rendered

The sentences are heard  
A saint in life  
An opposite in dream  
But judged by last  
Act of a dream  
A cast to torment

A filth once saint  
Is led a hell  
A fissure so many  
I let gulp  
A pace swift  
My hellers be unconscious

As linger dark  
A state unknown  
A light march towards  
And here a sun leapt my lids  
With burning caress  
I came a wake  
To a charred body

Adeosun Olamide

# Salz Dream

Ma told

Let blind say him see

And poor he rich says

Let sick say him strong

Am fed- hungry should say

Chapel told□

Turn other cheek -slapper

Pray your persecutor strength

Depart cherishes yours

And heaven bliss desire tail

Angel told

Flee thee to hell

Who false he spoke

Whom folly has gulped

Flee for heaven demand lucid

I sauntered hell little

And many like self found

Some for sex- lose reason

They brunt venom act theirs

Adeosun Olamide

# Save Our Planet. Plant A Tree

The whirl wind blowing sandy anguish and of filthy  
pain it did not hold,  
The possessed agbor tree plunged into the use to be  
majestic palace internal,  
The Pregnant cloud giving lamenting downpour in  
folds,  
And departure it is from the town that it is left to ruin  
eternal.

How quickly serene scenes turn tumult contrast,  
Nor slowly do songs that is of laughter becomes  
songs of sorrow,  
How hurriedly at hand becomes the times of yore a past,  
And slowly occurrence in no way fades away even after morrow.

For paper exchange have I negated our forest been  
sold to abyss,  
For why, I fed lachrymose voice with weary potency  
that hoist,  
For long have they had my breathe been of  
discomfort to them in malevolence bliss,  
And yet long has my aged thoughts been mocked  
and ignorance been their choice.

Perhaps dawning shadows may yet have descended  
upon us,  
For grand a tree that gives shade that we cut down  
thus.

Adeosun Olamide

# Saving Day At Night

Storms Coming'  
When Pleasures Engaged' In  
The Groove its passage  
Grave It Blesses

Tempest Whirls  
While dreams Encaged' In  
Its rouse in your deeds  
Strolls Corridors' Thieving souls

Grave it rapes of quietness,  
Earth it rapes of sweetness, of yields  
With water and fire its means  
Beneath clouds that quenched stars

What shall save thee?  
Walls or blankets, or planes, or ships  
Or comforting sorrows of undue hope  
Or torn bridges, or tattered church  
What shall save when all is wounded?

Perhaps ye,  
For fate doomed upon self  
When ire nature, of forest made scraps  
Of smokes ascends heaven, its fumes choking her

Perhaps ye,  
For giving seed earth, rearing tree  
For in purifying atmosphere  
You appease her, curbing coming storm

Adeosun Olamide

# Sayings At The Lobby

We keep praying-  
That today he takes choice  
From these hands-  
That he dies leaving us- peace  
But he will as has always done  
-Hurt us still by living till tomorrow  
Then he'd leave us no choice-  
Than to sign his death-  
So the world thinks- us evil  
But who cares what world gossips?  
-That his young bride his death brought-  
Aye, too blind they be to see him aged  
That needs not my poison to be deaths food-  
And much shall their gossip be-  
When the convoy siren blares thro their hood  
Then when know how diamonds look-  
They shall say- there- the gold digger  
And shall see not then  
How heavy the axe be that art me life-  
By my judges end I bother little  
I pray here on-  
Waiting hear the good news  
That he at last, of his passing-  
For then can I my suitors call to bed  
And bid grasp my breast craves  
To have paint over this wrinkling face  
As quench thirst wine that gulps throat-  
O then will I be free-  
Free from these shackles- I art me

Adeosun Olamide

# Script From The Sentences

GOOD TILBERT

The tides are turning,  
Our ears is filled-  
Filled that there is no space for more,  
Our heart no longer can hold-  
This contempt that have been fed-  
Fed to our God-  
Christ told that we dwell in peace  
In peace with all men-  
Even those who slaps us  
And wishes us evil-  
He said we should flee  
And flee far when they pierce us-  
But what has done  
-Is graver than these things,  
It is one that should cause any lover of God-  
To pick stones-  
And do as David, The beloved of God  
Let us remember God,  
The one who made us,  
The one who beyond our reparation-  
Sent his son to die for us-  
All of us know this sacrifice pretty well-  
And for Him- can we not defend?  
We have let the whispers of the devil  
Let through our ears,  
We have whispered it- ourselves  
And let God down-  
God is mocked in our school,  
Mocked even in His church-  
Some have taken it a whole new level-  
They think themselves intelligent than God,  
We shall not let this,  
Not against our God-  
And we shall make examples of those,  
Of they that have mocked our God,  
Lest you see fate that awaits such path-

Here in the dock is a man-  
Many to us known as good, intelligent, handsome-  
He has contradicted God in his writings-  
It is wonder that some have found their way in fame-  
Through the mockery of God-  
And God has sat in silence, watching us-  
His own- people bother naught-  
But the tides are turning  
As our ears is filled-  
Filled that there is no space for more  
They began with what they call geography,  
They said the earth wasn't flat,  
That the sun does not rise nor set  
That what we call Heaven is mere clouds-  
It was their opinion and we kept mute  
They came again with sorcery-  
They named it physics, chemistry-  
And brought fire out of liquid-  
We are not sadist- we let them be too-  
And they came with philosophy, literature  
And others-  
Others that have dragged some of our beloved away-  
From the true God  
And now we cannot continue our treat with silence  
While good people are fed with lies  
And sunk into the gape of hell

Here in the dock is a man-  
A man whom for long-  
We have given ourselves to his filth  
And dwelt in total quietness  
As he roared his venom in our ears,  
As he put in our young ones veins-  
A thought that betrays God-  
And it is for too long- we have sat,  
It is for too long- that God has been demeaned!  
We do not put in or give in to temptations-  
Or incitement  
We have folded our arms, our lips  
And requite His folly with our silence.

We are not judges,

Nor are we righteous,  
We live our life as the Christ has shown  
And even He- sometimes had to break His silences.

This man in the dock-  
Who Renaissance- calls himself  
Who through his writings have lured  
And taken your children from the Lord,  
This man- for whom souls in hell multiplies-  
Let us know first- that this man,  
That his death- cannot redeem his wrong,  
That even- the second death of Christ  
Would over him pass-  
For that is how filth- He is.  
This man- this man that mock us still,  
Hear his laughter! Hear!  
Hear people of God!  
Hear too- the scream of our beloved-  
Deceived by him,  
Hear their yelp from hell  
We want him isolated  
Taken from our neighborhood  
And want also him cast into darkness-  
Deep darkness where the devil can't thrive

ECHO FROM BEHIND- LEFT

Let the man talk!  
Free our teacher!  
Let the accused speak!  
We have heard enough!

THE JUDGE

Good Tilbert,  
We have heard you-  
Except the crime for which he is here-  
The man you have brought to the dock,  
I seem not get his offenses exactly.

ECHO FROM BEHIND- RIGHT

Let the accused hang!  
Shall not hear the words of Beelzebub!

THE JUDGE

I pacify us by the word of God;  
Let us for once- listen to his wrong  
And by this we take properly-  
The indignity he has bestowed upon God.

ECHO FROM BEHIND- RIGHT

Indignity you say- you moron!  
What crime than mentioned?

THE JUDGE

I shall have you removed, all of you.  
And my sleeve still shall be-  
I shall count you all contempt  
And fine you- or bring you locks

ECHO FROM BEHIND- RIGHT

And we shall burn you down with Him!  
And your family as well!

GOOD TILBERT

Let us not let the devil bring chaos in our midst!  
Let us not give in to his pushes,  
We shall act like Christ-  
We shall act in peace  
And do as He did when pushed in the temple-  
And you-  
The people have made Judge thee,  
The people clamors!  
But again beloved-  
Let us not let the devil bring chaos in our midst!

Let us take the Judge request to be slapped-  
Our Heavenly model told, we shall have the slap-

ECHO FROM BEHIND- LEFT

Thou have seen our might!  
Good Tilbert has seen!  
Let the man speak!

JUDGE

I am given to the church,  
I totally agree with all in it-  
Shall the church threaten my life?  
Those of my kids, my wife-  
For this cause- we drag?  
The accused has plead to be heard-  
He has plead repentance-  
It is with your will I beckon him  
So you may behold his shame!

ECHO FROM BEHIND- RIGHT

Let him then!  
Our hoes are idle too long!

THE ACCUSED

It is my thought,  
Only mine-  
Not begotten by books nor visions-  
But meditations  
And it is no truth  
I know my wrong,  
I shall do penance!  
But even it- shall not heal the wrong  
I have done to this good town-  
And I pray your mercy- as you murder me.

ECHO FROM BEHIND- RIGHT

He says murder  
He mocks us!  
His words are here  
You cannot chew them back!

#### JUDGE

The accused- guilt has plead,  
Repentance has commit  
And now he is drawn to sentence-  
Shall he be washed from his wrongs  
As the good lord said of all offenders  
Shall we shew mercy?  
For I see in heart, a true repentance

#### ECHO FROM BEHIND- RIGHT

What can you see with those old eyes?  
What can you see beyond those glasses?  
I see a mock of all us- intelligence

#### BEHOLDER OF THE SCEPTER

Let the scepter pass, let the scepter in  
I have under this scorching sun, to hear  
A plot to cause ruin upon our town  
To hear what-  
That all is washed through a claim  
Our body of law suffers cancer  
And the scepter must save!  
Hear good people! Hear!  
What is spoken of your God!  
Hear- what He has written of Him!  
Hear- all of you and Hear again-  
He has called our bible- a ragtag  
And name your God-  
A name of your most hated demon!  
Here in my hand- is his diary  
Behold- you people!  
Hear too- what He has said of your faith!  
Here good people- what Tilbert and the Judge  
Hid from us!

The accused shall read his words-

## THE ACCUSED

Before the beginning- nothing was known  
Or perhaps- all is forgotten  
The book, the bible- begins from the middle  
Before the beginning- something is known  
There was no God, man and angels  
There was- just one- three wanderers  
Lost upon the face of the earth  
Wandering about  
Then Him- later known as God  
Found two trees in a forlorn lab  
He ate of the first tree-  
That gave eternal life  
And chew of the second  
That gave knowledge  
And as before- he wandered on  
Moving upon the surface of water  
Fondling with some ancient civilizations  
His knowledge brought him- imaginations  
And he began to put pieces our earth  
He found the other two wanderers  
And gave to the one- later known as angel  
Of the first tree-  
That gave eternal life  
But withheld the other- which gave knowledge  
And to the other- later known as man  
He gave of the second tree  
That gave knowledge  
But withheld from- eternal life  
And as His wisdom grew due to age  
He destroyed both trees  
And there- the beginning set sail

## ECHO FROM BEHIND- RIGHT

Enough!  
Stop him you- filth  
Shall you infiltrate our ears this deceit  
And web our thought to your disease

Stop now- you filth!

BEHOLDER OF THE SCEPTER

He has contravened Gods law  
And added to the scripture-  
Only God can judge him-  
It is our duty- to send him to God  
Perhaps God may have His repentance  
For only God can see really through  
We shall not judge!  
But shall send him to be judged!  
We shall put in the beyond-  
And with this- set the noose!

GOOD TILBERT

I agree!

ECHO FROM BEHIND –RIGHT

We agree!

ECHO FROM BEHIND- LEFT

An appeal!

Adeosun Olamide

# Scruples That Art Lame

Mother, mother- what you have done  
Mother, thy teachings- to run from a fight  
Cowardice to art my vein, to let be spat on,  
Mother, to learn in silence- thy teachings-  
To lean in fear, you put the rod-  
And art my learning in fear, to fear  
To be ashamed an error- you held  
And now, mother' shall I ever be-  
That great warrior,  
Shall I, mother- have my statue that high  
And a exploit, deed to- once be taught in history  
Shall I, mother- have my name in songs?  
Mother, I shall never be great,  
Tis the end of your lessons-  
For glories meant those who can hold sword,  
Glory is in the scars-  
And mother, I shall die with none,  
Except with a heart wounded,  
Diminished by your rod

Mother, what you have done  
How should I live, protect my own-  
Kill the man who mocks me?  
How I shall die with no medals  
In a bed, buried in my books, -  
Mother, what you have taught-  
To tell- that medals shall rust  
And never should motivate an act-  
Mother, what you have done-  
That put me now rusted long-  
I should not think, or tell my thoughts  
I should write of beauty, the rose, stars  
I should of sailors, friendships, betrayal  
To write of warriors, thinkers, gods  
I should with my candle, unknown  
Mother, what you have done with  
And when outside I did belong  
To be made by heat and storm-  
How so you'd avow, wear sadness clamoring

Clamoring, your scrolls art more  
And -brain better, matter than look  
But o how now a frail I,  
Tell mother, who should love this,  
Or how I should bed a girl?  
I go now the dark with my mask  
Where, the whore house does live  
There, a chapel of devil name, I art the wonders of god  
Mother, how teach so of gardens, sky, good  
-And not there, a woman's bosom, her thighs, chest?  
But now it is late- mother, my life is spent in the dark-  
And I shall not have to bite a lip or be begotten smiled  
This you forth- in thy lessons of good, right, safe?  
Or tell how I shall run with heed?  
How shall I win, jump, fly, swim-when heed- cautions,  
When it stops me-  
Mother you hated me,  
And along the miserable life art me  
You never taught to drown  
Or to fly from the clouds, down the hills  
Nor deceit to help me live-  
Mother, mother- what you have done  
That even now, I must live on in fear of hell

Adeosun Olamide

# Season Of The Coffin Makers

Out here in mist, a virgin widow  
With coffin just wedded husband  
He died of laughter, she says  
That was pure, untouched

In here the mist, a virgin mother  
With coffin just wedded daughter  
She died of syphilis, she hears  
As priest turns her away

Out there in paradise town, a candle light  
With coffin of virgin mother  
She died of laughter, all says  
That twitch sprouts in head hers

And silence in the cathedral  
Out here beneath mist  
The coffin of its priest  
A veiled rapist night before shot- heard

Adeosun Olamide

# Seeking Virtuous

1.

Earth freezes  
A languor upon atmosphere  
Where art device to mock?  
Where dwell?  
All stale- the common sins  
All sour  
Their vile musty gain

Thro lane gap should course  
Perhaps amuse dwell hidden

Tender shepherd- reminds evil  
Of one that bore cross  
Through wild cold shepherd flock still  
Perhaps strange love- his heart inn  
Now him- shall steer as sheep  
Where a wolf shepherds soul his

2.

Each crave shall sneak towards  
The delicate hands shall make mine

Slink towards- gentle shepherd  
Where delicate look finds duty  
In veil innocence bequeath gaze  
That lures any in darkness made thee  
For dark a mask carved purest  
Yet with tears her of repel in vase  
And sweat boiling thro end hers  
Along path deeds- pure yet abide

The sweetness of bitten lips  
And crunchy- as ate bosom hers  
The quench flesh hers devour  
And red sticky wine throat knows  
Taste- bite - eat on- dearest shepherd  
-Of succulent blood hers  
While limp bones hers in jaws

Taste- bite- eat- dearest shepherd  
Slow though as heart approach

Her sole heart- food mine  
Give- to hide in belly mist

3.

Where dwells flock yours?  
What done gentle shepherd?  
That Lips reeks gore  
And garment crusted blood  
That implores hide and shiver?  
Come off shrouds gentle shepherd  
And stray end- hearken escape

Of way grief fears- heard  
Where cathedral be gate  
A many man to win fiend- good hurried  
The seas and fires- swim thro

Seek shepherd ancient cathedral  
The ruins of sin bargains  
Before cross there bow-  
And call snoring God- your aid

Slumber not- dear murderer  
Hell dwells yet ahead  
Run if mare wearies  
Find priest- wine, gold  
For devoid- shall not presence gain

Priest a drunk- many neglected  
His soul in brothel wanders aimlessly  
Burnt cross but naught can provoke  
Yet grief little my poor shepherd  
Still this claw rage can flee  
The soothe one way- last shall leak

4.

While away- filth the lord deny  
And blood atone- deeds elude

Hear Shepherd this current- escape

Like pencil scribes- cut self thin

But little'll throb yet may

Chew pain and succumb to

Along hug even and grow hearten

While sorrow feast- drink not angst

As let wound fester-

Until rotten and pain reach vein heart

There- wash most gently murdering shepherd

-your sins away

Let wound wade tears yours thro

While wishes await gleam

For done brings beauty cut see

And Sweetness- pain thrive

Left end- choice yours lodge

Escape not pain nor give smile way

For death relies on comfort yours

Waiting your repair- gentle shepherd

Earth freezes still

How quick his life fades

A languor upon atmosphere

Where art a device mock?

None-

For all already on darkness edge

Adeosun Olamide

# Shut Doors

We shut the doors,  
Enjoying the sounds of the knocks,  
The knuckles on- tending our soul  
We enjoy, the knob stirring motion-  
We ignore the calls-  
And roses brought us-  
We like the phones to ring-  
To, again and again-  
We like the rose scent- from the distance  
We use the masks  
-Enjoying the probes it brings  
A chaos, the façade-depth, complex  
An -emptiness, the façade- silence, complex  
We ignore the waiting embraces  
Enjoying the spectacle, the waiting opened arms,  
Enjoying the reach- that spurs, the desire that  
That the dearth of us brings-  
But now-the doors still shut  
The dusts ascends  
Echoes of the knocks pass away-  
-The lamps are dead  
And the masks bear wrinkles  
The keys rust-  
Too, as our hearts rots out

Adeosun Olamide

# Sisters Secret Flight

The morning dew\_ her face thirst  
And skin midday sun warmth yearns  
Her nostrils fragrance jasmine crave  
And ear hymn hush breeze longs

Night sweat her face taste  
And skin beneath midday sun burns  
Her nostrils gulp stench, gulf smoke  
And ear- wails of ghosts hum

Deep urge escape her soul meanders  
As frost gentle heart grasp  
Kith kin warmth weaved bequeath her  
But frost quench\_ bid theirs betray

In blanket hers hearth cast  
Of escape frost\_ clasp scorch  
Dances rhythm fire softness  
As ashes form frost can't freeze trail

In new born oft dead see  
And glee carriage procure- fatal whiff  
The thrill harvest reapt- grave chokes sense  
That on curtain lids\_ evil lain

Perhaps shut senses course thro  
Where grasp rich darkness solace\_ bare  
But flesh essence quench haul from  
Their symmetry which company hinder

Escape gleams of eternal admission in teaspoon  
Atop bridge caught stars in still river  
Where to me say-  
'Give a quiet grave with seeds weed in'

The sight grave her still wondrous  
And blooming bud signals bliss hers  
When aged mother \_ daughter craves  
-In Abbey beyond rivers now dwell tells

Adeosun Olamide

## So Paradise Was Made-

Wake lads, unbolt- furnace gate  
Tis dawn, age dead art grasp-  
Behold day, the living flees  
When dead rises, mortals shall fall  
And shall they from our wind -veer  
Into tempest their souls shall drop!  
Alas, the cold in your stare, silence- tells,  
Why, why the halt, -of Paul, is it?  
I more thought of him night thru-  
Should be here to lead us there-  
But what shall do, he betrayed us  
Forgot us, he choose not die!  
But look at, am I unworthy?  
What of me, I am deserving-  
I led us out from grave confined  
Put in us, this flame that burns-  
And point to them, our foes at large  
Who we loved yet left us there-  
In the cold- starved we embrace  
Not a pillow to rest our heads-  
Where insects ate us deep  
It was I who led you out!  
All you from grave confined!  
It was I who woke you-  
Where was Paul? He was a boy  
I nurtured him to be your beloved-  
There are sacrifices we must take-  
And don't you see, we bring him home  
You won't march without him-  
Waited long for this day-  
Yet would let pass just for him-  
But atonement still can save  
We can bring him if we all want  
Life given, tis ours to take  
Clear path that leads to hills  
Set stones that kiss his head  
Whet the rusty knives to life  
Fasten ropes and set the stool  
We ride for his soul at dawn break!

Wake up Paul, tis time to die,  
Time be born in amazing form  
Didn't marshals tell this day?  
Pack your bag, deeds with you-  
Who I am, you keep asking  
Am light, come guide home  
Fear not, with you come stay  
No more dark, safe with me  
Hear breeze that drives us fro  
Shall open lips earth to keep this  
Wrinkled flesh, vessel back earth  
This weary lid must put to rest-  
Put your goodbye with blood ink  
Tell them to bide by the sea  
That with dead- shall rise again  
To return, to take them too  
Tell them to listen to the birds  
To look for you in the sun-  
No more time, the moment is here  
Earth no longer wants your ambles  
Atmosphere despises your breathe  
Take my hand, home we go-  
You have a war to lead us here-

O brethren, you called me home  
Dead is peace, this our home,  
That is past we don't want war-  
I been there, I see them hurt  
They weep still- feel our touch  
They remember, bring us rose  
Light candles and pray for us-  
O brethren, dead is peace-  
No more war, we build our land  
Dances here, dances there-  
Our rags apart, get needle, thread  
We have art, science here  
Musicians, painters all-  
We can build here the paradise-

Adeosun Olamide

# Some

And some, nothing is poetic,  
Their lives- nothing flows,  
Their souls- nothing is profound,  
Their bodies-clumsy

They tell, I know-  
Soundless, in their perdition, of paradise  
Lies, of such,  
In their bare, of robes, rags  
Rainbow robes, silky, flowing-  
So nicely they tell-  
In their cold, of warmth  
Of rags their bodies haven't held  
Of robes they will not or perhaps hold,  
Of love, of pain, they are deadened to

Some, none knows, nothing true,  
And one time after telling  
-Of purity, virtue, chastity...  
Preachers, soundless-comes in the brothel,  
Disconnected already from the cloak,  
Attracted to a kid, then wanders back into the haze,  
Souls they have not, theirs, a poet,  
Telling of vanity with embers a headstone consciousness  
Some, none knows, nothing true,  
I looked, mist letting me, they have none,  
The some with no soul,  
I wandered their emptiness,  
Searching for the spring that echoes their tel-lings  
I found, the some- they fear sojourn  
-To near the tides,  
Yet tell- of known storms, unseen in,  
Storms within- that wrecks a ship,  
Storms yonder, in the air... that gulps an ocean,  
They tell of the gods at work...  
They are not seers but poets  
Whose- scrolls are torn, lamps worn  
I crept still, around-  
If they know the hills they tell of,

Or hills from valleys  
How they know the colors, save the darkness  
I saw they know not, the scent a rose has  
Or the color in its seeds, but can tell,  
Telling in that darkness of theirs  
Darkness they haven't seen,  
About stars, disconsolate lights there,  
How?  
How they do- I know,  
I reached, the depth of their bottomless  
Where victors, warriors, wars were made  
Though the sight of blood dreads them  
-Shall tell, that remember  
Before their disease swallows,

Their lives, nothing flows,  
The some seen- have no dreams,  
Just empty sleeps,  
They die each night and never a morning for them,  
All they have truly are webs  
Webs sprawled over their bodies,  
Empty bottles, rusty rails, unshaven hairs,  
A madness,  
All they truly, the poet... poets like...is a madness  
It is what they desire which when still, they turn dead

Silence to them is luxury  
And the cloak of madness they seek,  
Wanting the silence, a luxury  
A luxury only madness affords them  
And them, is this poetic?

Adeosun Olamide

# Song Of Breeze

Don't you like waves on the sea  
-to in sweetness it be swallowed?

Don't you like blaze of fire  
-to in warmth it, thrive?

And glow on the knife  
-does not your flesh crave a bite?

Don't you like the silence therein, the serene of grave  
-to flight noise that woe soul yours?

Soul dost beckon freedom not  
-and of fleshs craven, free seek?

The hills is got breeze  
And mist a companion  
Where roses never wane  
-I lure your soul

Adeosun Olamide

# Sonia's Wish

I'll marry in hell

-Build a family

-Squash it

And divorce

I'll flirt around

And have all men in me-

What worse?

-Already in hell

I'll saunter with bottle liquor

And put reason mine to sleep

Drive hells pathway

And build repute in hell

Bully much may desire

But I'll have a death for each

In hell' shall thrive in lust

And bloom all I want

While weave lies couldn't

-But hell and torment right?

I'll lure the frowning angels

And win `em

You know little- how angels fall

Their weakness in thighs

Hell like prison-

With time- custom changes

How much you'd miss

If you missed hell-

That- can alter hell a nirvana

Adeosun Olamide

# Soon Shall Fade

Airy clouds sweeps by  
In eon, has gone and come  
Agog presence, dabble in dab its lure  
Beckoned of its beauty, I bask in its gaze

Dwelling in alley that guides to beyond  
Alloy of reasoning, of emotions  
The annals of memory calls in  
Secured in airy clouds that sweeps by  
Abraded memory come gleaming

Oh beauty ashen  
Auburn hair turn grey  
Glossy face wrinkled  
That precious now banal  
All to bane that bangs, bangles banished

Like airy clouds that sweeps by  
Came, gone  
Hiding in shells, dwelling in darkness  
Oh pride that comes with being desired  
Oh pride that comes with being different  
Like airy clouds that sweeps by  
Came, gone

Abut angst unsettle in my vein  
Of acrid heart of yore ado weaved  
With aegis of beseech that greet  
Came, gone

As age sucks that which made desired  
And pleadings that seeks shrinking  
Apace to passed over  
Only to grasp desired presence engaged

Oh voice that call sweetest now call horrid  
Oh skin that call radiant now call wrinkled  
Oh hair that call curly now call grey  
Oh aged flower now called

What atone more shall attain  
In this aura of barren treat  
Shall aver that long beget bleakness?  
For each behest unnoticed, bevy of bewails breed.

Airy clouds sweeps by  
As I alone be  
Once desired by all  
Wrapped and devoured by conceit  
I turned and faded,  
In pride ignoring them in demand presence  
And now hugging cross I made

That begins hence  
That hence ends  
All, soon shall fade

Adeosun Olamide

# Soothing Phase

Through these days,  
I have seen the moon big then small, its light sullen then bright  
I have seen waters gather then disperse into air  
Seen the sun mild in rising, harsh at peak and then mild again in setting

□

Through these days  
I have seen valley lilies bloom then wither away  
I have seen mild breeze of caress wind into tempest  
Seen glowing face turn pale

Through these days  
I have seen sweet oranges turn sour  
Bustling streets turn cemetery  
Luxurious robes turn rags

All elapses in time, even our pains, shame and troubles.  
All elapses in time, even our riches, beauty and treasures  
Perhaps a clause'  
Our deeds' living through time

Adeosun Olamide

## Souls Will

That my shadow cast a smile upon the bereaved  
And my name a house of hope for the despaired  
That my doors, beds- agape to the weary  
And my coins saved for the starved  
To clothes the freezing, aid the feeble  
And buy the disgust beheld with own soap  
By my faculty to put lost on proper course  
And deliver flowers whom- from venoms desert- dies  
That by nature, study- I pardon many deaths  
O by me, this hand- to pick peels that splits bones  
Though they dwell out my paths, towards stress  
I live though on the wane of this-  
That my fain seeks only to better the other-  
But I pray-by fiddles my vanities, o my fair care  
That you art me o light, devour me so deep  
For here only my life's' true blush-  
And price fulfillment my soul doth ev'r seeks

Adeosun Olamide

# Tattered Transcripts

Here, a dwelling- was silent, warm, then you, you happened, came with your sorrow, a heat; you cried so, too much it tattered my peace, they left, gone, no more the music, no more- their whispers, all had, dead- I hear only the echoes of your cries, I perceive rot, I am wasted, and even- the other I loved, you have thus.

My Father, cry is but a babies tongue, its language, not without words but in a form, emotions way out, it makes impure, not sorrow, not grief, tis worse that slain thy joy; make me dumb father, for it will, can reappear, not late, make me dumb; for thee I desire, which brought joy, - between, my breathe shall be silent, between my saunter, like shadows, except your absence, and no more the blink of my eyes- for I shall be a painting, still, holding you in its gaze, falls, look and look mother, there -a pretty thing! - only masked by sorrow, a sorrow my hush should slay.

Our sufferings, you're right to think us fool but to think us blind, you go too far for we yet bear that sense, you'd slack my firm breast by suckle, you made - a thin, my vagina's well wider! By, were too big. Before you- I had here fleshes, a glow, a flat tummy, I was beautiful, desired! Look, I say look! What you did, do! -The calamity of your happening, not some sorrow your hush can slay.

Mother, sorry. Father, I am, this cold or heat, whatever it is- know truly my ignorance of it, it my eyes fills, the woes I brought ye- that I be worthy truly of your bitterness, the spring that forth your vinegar -but let this foul your fingers slip, this clutch of thorns feel too its roses, I carry some of your blood, some of your senses, hold me, my goodness soon shall sprout.

Away, ye have grieved us so, that your end must come and come now, no more, ye made of us\_ fools but cowards no more, and though you make guilty of murder by not dying of neglect; ah, in that cold- your mockery- by that smile, still dwells- here and there upon others that smile, and when I caused ye harm, ye proclaimed love and due, our conscience ever has, shall bark, bite, forever condemned by you to nightmares, to bloody palms, blood- no ocean shall wash, ...but we must do, bear that foe and be part from you! From you, the woe you shall bring, add!

Mother, Father, I spare thee; hold- my sacrifice, a penance- that I took my own life, knowing it is hell's.



# Teaching From The Brethren

That drew near- knew not  
Wheres source love ours  
I bothered naught

If shall- in blossom be wither, asked  
If will- in hale or sick, asked  
I nod  
And bothered only her company

Beneath gaze God -sealed  
In better and worse  
Into shackles law  
I nod and let too-  
Bothering only her company

That drew near- knew not  
Whence this love  
I bothered not

Where there is no door reached  
To dwell a long bride mine  
But hold- I am deceived  
My bride hath no breast  
She her marred face masked  
And doth her wrinkles -velvet  
Ah! With paint - deceived!  
She put her height with heels  
And her baldness with wig

That drew near- knew now  
Where love source from  
And as real be unveiled  
Love mine vanished

O brethren beloved  
Check her womb even  
Before troth



# Tenants Of Hell

My voyage  
Course tempest  
Thorny paths  
A companion

My drowning  
Course blighting  
Cause shame  
She cleaves to

A bothering  
Infectious  
Due clings  
She comes sullied

My repentance  
A saint  
She errant  
An addiction

Liquor  
Madness  
Suicide  
Hell

My saint  
To dust  
Robes Iniquity  
Garbed

For love  
She gave  
Gods forbid  
I cling

My hell  
To soothe  
Her  
An eternity

Adeosun Olamide

# That Glitters

Each passing day,  
A bit my soul breaks away  
The honey of sin cuddles heart  
I run, and my desires follow  
To lust condemned  
I want all that glitters  
I don't care it's not gold  
And all that glitters I had  
Even one that blinds

Adeosun Olamide

# The Abbot At The Cathedrals Psychiatry

Terrible, Terrible night  
Away from me, away  
Away- bewitched rain!  
Sent to be my death  
It stops, hear- it stops!  
The pattering fades-  
Nay, nay- it returns- wilder!  
Bewitched rain-  
Anguish, tears of demons  
Brings my blood to frost  
And tempests my soul's peace  
Accursed, accursed- away from me  
Hearken, o hearken bewitched rain  
-Alas, lone!  
My Christ, where? Alas, gone!  
Alas, lone!  
My Christ away to seek warmth  
Accursed rain what you do-  
Condemn siblings to incest  
Brings lambs to foxes embrace  
Bewitched rain  
The anguish, tears of demons  
Terrible, Terrible night away from  
Hearken, o hearken terrible night  
-Alas, lone!  
The crucifix- Mary, where? Alas, gone!  
Fallen to warm her Joseph  
Lone- the cold wraps my soul  
Imbues, rips my robe of purity  
Away, away bewitched cold-  
Sent to be my death-  
That steals fire I make  
And drags me to the pit of lust-  
The anguish, tears of demons  
That rode me, whose tides I can't hold-  
O thirsty, so thirsty this night-  
My Christ away to seek warmth  
The crucifix- Mary is gone  
Fallen to warm her Joseph-

Alas, lone!  
My ways thro this dark-  
This dark, mysterious to the cold-  
Where O whores, where? -be my blanket!  
Warm this soul in thy slum of lust  
Cause this iced blood to boil!  
The wine in my veins to flow-  
O, the heat in your thighs, o the heat-  
Cuddle my soul from frost!

The pattering of the rain  
The peeping of the sun  
Echoes of guilt-  
Betrayal of God  
The cathedral reeks-  
Reeks, stench of sin-  
Incense, baptism- ablutions!  
But to worms, maggots my soul did bond-  
Memory- when pattering of rain  
The echoes of guilt-  
Betrayal of God  
The noose, my only redeemer  
To tell of Christ and Mary treachery  
In terrible night, that terrible night-  
Of dream where cursed rain came  
Of dream whose tides swirls me still-  
Aye dream, the anguish, tears of demons  
But o my soul, woe' my soul sees no light

Adeosun Olamide

# The Alleluia Soloist In Hell

Why my hands  
bearing cuffs brace-let, I bid thee?

Where my legs is led  
thro this dark, I ask ye?

Why am I put thro  
this path of thorns?

Why is there flame up head?  
And ash is 'here?  
Whence- the wailings heard?

O ye angels-  
Cherubic- I ask  
O ye angels-  
Seraphic- I beg

Why you silent  
O ye angels?  
Have I wrong thee  
With my words- be?  
I kneel your feet  
And sue pardon  
Thy mercy!

Why flee me  
Forbid touch mine  
You do! ?

O ye angels-  
Tell me-  
I beckon still

I seek to sing  
Where Heaven thrones dwell  
Alleluia  
And crusade celestial city  
With grace

But wailings whither  
I am led-

I have Godliness lived earth of filth  
I bathe the sick and hunger'ry fed  
I blanketed forlorn, sheltered lost  
I devout commandments core  
And prayed!

Why am I led  
thro the gates of hell?  
Why am I let  
thro the gates- condemned  
Yet  
There's no hearing, not at all-  
For me

O ye angels  
Cherubic- Tell me

Will my pure heart burn in here, I ask  
That this- trophy my race, say now  
To be delivered this torment  
How's fair?

Where is my wrong  
O ye angels?

I have pure heart, you see it  
I protest this, you hear  
None may worthy sight God  
My righteousness may be- filth thy eyes  
But by grace Christ, my counsel  
Certain a guiltless verdict

O ye angels  
Cherubic- Tell him  
He must have seen me in kneels  
He would clear thro, this mistake  
Perhaps, earn you- a query  
But I shall plead- your behalf

O ye angels  
Seraphim- Hear me

Yonder  
Alleluia hears,  
Near  
Wailings of hell

O ye angels- I ask  
Not be cast in pit- this hell

If its Gods will  
Let his will be be!  
He knows all-  
He sees my heart  
And if I worthy not presence  
Then ye angels  
Tell my Christ, story  
Tell him, sorry  
Didn't mean- fail him so  
And let his pain and anguish to naught!  
O ye angels-  
I ask thee

So is written of me  
That my wrong- untold  
And my guilt is held  
All a chastise

Perhaps selfish  
Be wrong I deeds-  
For seek Gods city  
Let others down  
They requested company  
Sailing sins-  
Perhaps be too  
Desire Gods holy  
Or was I pure to hypocrisy unknown?

Yet nothing shall hinder  
To sing Alleluia  
Alleluia, Alleluia

Not hell shall hinder!

Adeosun Olamide

# The Back Of Beyond

Hatched in woods of Africa  
The canary her life to live in thicket  
In forest of breeze, swimming in winds, hovering valleys, hills beyond horizon  
Perching on trees, eating ants and singing

As the little bird homewards tolls, over old path she sings  
The evening, its clouds, its mild light, its breeze  
The evening, its sorrow, its softness, its knife  
The evening, pathway to darkness, shadows shores  
The evening, its love, its smile, its beauty  
The evening, the whispering home caller, its fade, its cross, its gaze  
The evening, winds its toy, sun its tool  
The evening tides over time softly forth to moonlight  
Riding over to death  
With eyes reflecting morning star she rise, flies

As she calmly sang came poisoned dart riding through  
Her gaze slowly fades as she fell through, leaving her song behind  
Had in cage, with fastened strings over her she unknown world came, over seas  
Hurt and caged, she cried, her face lighting blue  
They toss coins over her battered head  
While her voice whimpers over waves, pounding seas  
Many just like her, yet the call to home be her memories,  
The breeze, the rising sun, the stars, the moon, the woods be her home  
And now away she is a taken to a world unknown

With day and night in the bulb of room, her breeze in the fan  
So here through still nights she flaps wings  
Seeking to feel the breeze, to swim the winds, to taste air  
But then in a cage, with strings of iron her narrow mark of freedom  
Time nigh sings the old bird, time nigh as her soul wanders off into clouds  
In caress of wild breeze through gentle storms, but perhaps a short dream  
For she forgotten how she looks as she awakes dark night and awaits its passing

Seized from the woods of Africa  
The canary her life to live in thin bars  
Her beak that pecketh rock not flattened, weak  
Her claws flawed and her eyes empty



# The Couples Last Night

Flashing thro memories  
His eyes a waterfall  
In end will be a corpse  
Hanging in glimpse his ever  
How could he sleep  
When know it's her last?  
And there, she hangs on the veil  
Of wanting be alone  
How could he heed, that last request  
And drift from her side?  
His eyes yet a waterfall  
In dark - drowning pillows-  
Dripping lips his  
That once was hers  
How could he drink'  
When know it's her last  
And there, she hangs on the veil  
Of wanting alone  
How could he heed, that last request  
That he stays from while die?  
Just a year were at wed,  
Gleefully- held hands-  
And just a year-  
She lay in bed,  
Eyes blinking red  
Waiting for death  
How could he let go now  
-When now she needed most?  
His promise rings in her brain  
That he'll by her side beyond end  
And she believe truly- he'll die too  
To be her companion ever  
But he choose belief over her  
And there, she hangs on the veil  
Of wanting alone  
He could heed this request  
But not former  
Flashing thro memories  
Her eyes a waterfall

In end will be a corpse  
Hanging in glimpse his ever

Adeosun Olamide

# The Crusade Within

Holy dark,  
The spirits of spirit  
Holy thou,  
The whips of conscience  
Hallowed thee  
Vestiges of judges  
Crucifix jiggles  
A sinister of warmth  
There a good inside  
And a bad too  
Each a flip  
Sanctified clay  
Vessellr romance  
A demon inside  
An angel too  
Each a whisper  
Murmur grieves  
The hearts prism  
Love of hatred  
Acts reflects  
Unholy thou  
A whited sepulcher  
There is light about  
But lids are dark  
Love winks  
Lust sparkles  
Conflicts and strives  
Torn of me  
Soreness blossom  
The funeral of conscience  
The thrive of flesh  
For a me too  
Buried in the war  
Beneath veils  
Gleaming-

Adeosun Olamide

# The Deserted Patient

My sweet Flavio  
What you have done  
This heart you break  
Frail won't heal

Beloved mother  
What I have done  
I gave Flavio my heart  
And body too lay

Says he'd die without  
And wakefulness absent  
But now wouldn't a see  
Flavio tenders abjure

Priest calls shame  
Friends steer indignity  
The boys calls rag,  
Flavio mocks me-

And my swell, my chagrin  
As eyes peck like thorns  
I walk away  
And walk way alone

My young Flavio  
What he does  
All wish him son  
A prodigy they say

My young Flavio  
Mends my heart  
He takes regret  
I pine his presence

My young Flavio  
What you do  
This heart you break  
Shall not heal

Adeosun Olamide

# The Dream Of Little Sophie

Wake, my baby  
The breeze passes soon  
Wake, my baby  
To hearken the stars  
In thy cradle- come  
To kiss life dews  
Come quick- the tide's almost

Hush, Hush here- my little one  
Else slumbering grave wake  
Amble hey- my only love  
So- do not wake valley angst  
Along fouls it- with  
Hush, Hush I prithee-  
Else shadows come for-

To yonder our pace is spawn  
Yet lay fruitless weary that bids  
Beyond fog that blind-ens us  
By spikes and roses- our end  
Hush little one- the fair peril sings  
By the owl that trails-  
And thro its eyes- death watches prey

Farewell- your babyish self  
And on thus garment survival  
For shadows march towards  
Hearken o now my sweet- aught  
To long slumber if could  
For shadows march here  
Do dark in calls its deep  
For hunger too to devour- woo

But hush baby- mother here still  
To find whence came- key out  
Ha! -that path there obscures form  
And tarry only- a shed that houses odd-  
Hush -Hush my child- presage that dwells  
From ruin gaze to weary shed- crawl

Suffer knee earth food than whole lost-  
Mine, stir fear to quicken thy pace  
I call- conjure fright yours to hasten  
While wade off evil that slobbers here

Shed light o betraying shrubs-  
That uses dark jam sight ours  
O pulses like of moles have life  
That your loftier acme should stamp  
When thro dark, flee see  
And lo- mine own gather acquaintance  
For in there- much likes- ours  
In spiders sprawls, dusts alike

Thy murmur calls death- Child  
Hush now or thy cry shall betray this veil  
But a prayer at heart sentence us not-  
Hang thy cough or shall wake spiders there  
That ever babies limb gobble-  
And here to the pane come crawling  
To see- valley shadows splits-  
See -there third and fourth-  
That here stare, at you  
O, the stare bore you sullen-

Hide!  
Hush in thy cradle-  
Let thine cushions swallow thee  
Hush I plea- so may hear their jeers  
So may prevail these third and fourth  
Hush I plea- so may catch their gossip  
Their lips form like they desire thee-  
Hide! -lay yet your life in pain than death  
Bring ease- cushion writhes you scorn at  
By, I see them closer come  
And where perfect thence vanish-  
Embrace on thy slumber- precious child  
There chain in hand they strive to pull  
And remain carcass in their hungry claws  
And o this drooling mouth tells more  
By, I see them hence-  
And where perfect thence vanish-

That ooze do comes cuddling too  
Here it thrust upon this haven so  
In! -With invisible might holds all a sway  
And hear them- his breathe- o poor child  
Cease- thy breathe or ensue in drown-  
Ease too the cushion writhes- precious child

See more as rob death on-  
Behind the curtain- see demons sport-  
Toing, froing there- our peril art  
Shush still my baby off this clatter  
Or shadows their descend quicker-  
To take pleasures promised thee-  
And o art- hid! -In pane there  
And bear- the fire that is to live  
For I sworn our woe with theirs-  
And fair in it perhaps messiah dwell

Fear fright little one- I tell  
Pleasures dwell in ashes turn-  
To chasten and poison here,  
And fuel so folly theirs-  
The swirling atop us thirst  
For heart it is they want-  
But your heart hides in fire  
And when the sun wakes  
Shall find another body dwell  
And tho snared be- shall wake soon  
And all as were- shall  
To crave cradle sleep yours  
And art breeze that passes there  
Dews that stars forth savor-  
But fore- the ruin that is set!

Adeosun Olamide

# The Duchess Of Munificence

He pierce thro heart mine  
In whisper words my ears  
Cuddles me his bed  
And renders me a slave  
A night comes to worn  
And my seal tears with it  
Morning came from dreams  
Of a future he shall bring  
-The curtain leaps a light  
That strokes him to awake  
There's disgust in his eyes  
And weary is his mien  
Sauntered thro his wears  
Left without a word-  
I tried to reach him so  
But his gaze cause a blow  
-My anger melts in sad  
Each night forth him now  
My thighs crave him so  
Heart mine hums his want  
I tried to find him so  
Hurrying thro the night  
The rain caress to cold  
I met him with a she  
In club I caught his gaze  
Words sought to have  
But unnoticed he gave  
He left off with this she  
While my heart bled to on  
-A sweat my eye came  
As sulk thro to home  
There's a crowd in range  
A wreck is in order  
I peep thro the walls  
Was him, my heart quake  
Two moons now is pass  
His legs were off that night  
I wheeled him now his home  
Brought care and all to him

Cuddle now could not  
Disgust soon set an inn  
Tomorrow be better  
He ate my passion fruit  
That rest beckons him  
But what must be done?  
My conscience pricks me so  
He lain there too cold  
After contrition he shew  
Not before saw his love  
I gave him passion fruit  
My conscience pricks me so  
As my heart hum his want  
I gave will to thighs  
Ended its tormenting  
But my heart whispers still  
-That love is not deserved-  
A flower by his grave-  
In years running by-  
His pierced heart lingers  
And words whispered ears  
-That love is not deserved  
Rein thro veins on  
Bringing to this deeds  
-Know that life mine  
Was sparked by this him

Adeosun Olamide

# The Ending

When I, not resurrecting, decaying  
I unburden myself, stripped  
Looking here, not looking away  
Here to the bruises, the scars  
To the offspring's of our love  
They too deserve thy sight  
And away- a little from the beauty  
The conjectures, falsehood of memory  
And away- the beauty that shall before die  
Peep on- where the windows fell  
What veil- your sorrow worn  
What were before mask that veils your angst  
The hollow that no longer spring thy hate  
All in bravery, out of youth-  
The youth new mornings shall sap  
But they too, undeserving thy thought  
Will, starved the depth gaze- die  
Yet you too, wanting some things new  
Why roses sate thy thirst once  
Why once, a touch brought your heart to skip  
Yet you too, wanting- different  
Will leave this seas oesophagus  
The shattered glasses- that sustains us  
And like you were, wanting few-  
Rough matter in wasted space  
The desert, its peace, the valley, its hollow  
Or do scarcely seeing, see something different  
Mist, blur- expired lenses, dead sense,  
In the faded inks, the ragged letters-  
Find someplace old- a rag to live in  
Yet where in the hide and seek-  
-A mechanical fault  
From the impression of death, doctors, gods  
Only the ambiance of grave could heal-  
Where- should I, endure my decay?  
Raise if must leave, from the dust,  
A resurrection into the mindlessness,  
Endless cleanse the rust I am imprisoned-  
Exhale upon me, your breathe-

In the reach of my soul, rotten  
The venoms that shall eat my decay  
But if I, fair in disdain, worthy in thee- disgust  
Spend on- no moment to my thought  
If I, spend thy ceaseless on thy tomb  
Filling the barrenness with thy memory  
Which `gainst tides disremembrance- daily sails  
To bliss, to endlessness hold-  
To the ignorances your heaven thrives

Adeosun Olamide

# The Fish Out Of Sea

There a warning about shores  
Where we fingerlings told not near  
We could swim deep thru sea  
Up, down, here- here without fear-  
But shores there we were told  
-Should shun and avoid  
There rose query in heart mine  
That touching shores seems sate  
One neglected- discomfort forth  
Seeking what monster shores dwelt  
And without sight seek within peace lost-  
So sun does sleep when tripped there  
Lured to- to see end, end seas,  
And what world out here held-  
By, I approach shore disquiet nerves  
From sea, a distance near  
Peered I what dwelled there  
And noticed naught- my nerve did calm  
But as soothe at shores seen  
Dwelling on in wonders art-  
For no monster dost bide here  
And be perfect play area- fingerlings  
As, a tempest hailed that threw out-  
In tide rowed, rolled me from- in sudden  
That upon sand found now self-  
For lost swift tides that ran back sea-  
I left here- where water dearth  
Effort dragged each coming fail  
Paddled fin but remained still-  
Came pound on in fearing heart  
As though life slipped from- felt  
Like flower without earth  
Tale rose on seas now crossed-  
Rose- day fore bloomed in grace  
And morrow withered shape  
Heard- lost earth demise due  
And like be- a fish, a fish out sea  
To swim in sands now drowned  
For water without I cease live

As, pounding on my heart does-  
Due feel life slipping from grasped  
A fish out water –be deaths meal  
Yet looking up skies I hoped on-  
Hoping some rain pities me  
I dig earth on in waters seek  
My breathings wearing off came  
And like flower without earth  
My heart leaped in tongue-  
But just by at moment passed  
When life goes at last breathe gave  
The clouds sudden about turn-  
And woke storm my bringer home-  
Brought the tides to the shores  
That dwelt me back my sea-  
Verve gone quickly- came alive slowly  
Now a fish in water again-  
I swam swift to the deep-  
Seeking home, seeking well  
There- sneaked up in warm bed mine  
With scars lessons somewhat here-  
To live in fear ever on of shores  
And above to live in pride ever on of act  
For was knowledge, praise latter art-  
That had now- above made, courageous most  
So daily- I be besought-, named favor gods  
The fish that defeated shores-  
I keep, that in queries- riches lay  
Be bliss but scars too like hidden here

Adeosun Olamide

# The Forlorn Script

A black day in brothel  
My fat wench is died  
In a suicide  
A beautiful soul is off  
They say in recent-  
Man don't come her way  
She wasn't broke  
Bought my remedy late  
There be a vacant  
In old brothel  
And heart mine-  
While be lone survival  
A glowing era

Adeosun Olamide

# The Gentle Wind In A Garden Of Rosary Pea

In a garden of rosary pea I do lie, a gentle wind-  
There to perish, I softly swirl, yearning release-  
From undying grief brought by a season, mad in nature  
A cold cold that slain the snowy lilies, my only love  
A parallel of roses once swirled, I deeply too  
That nurtured from earth where buried  
-But roses, lusty- loved the sun, the sun alone  
And hast, say no whiff for my bottomless fill  
Ah, then- when the sun, its angst has bore  
Then its tongue over the roses' bloom, lapped  
And leave a burnt, a shriveled too, in shame  
I came then again, hurrying to the roses' aid,  
To bury, free from the sun's mortifications  
Here, along this unrequited where daily wandered  
Came my snowy lilies neath some flowering almond  
They - dawdled lonelily and shyly there,  
That upon their look their thoughts were written  
And beck, I softly sang and made them dance  
And swirling, filled here bottomless with fragrance  
-Four seasons slept and woke- but in love, a jiff  
When with, in my watch and air, their bosom lie  
Heard whispers, of colds- love to a jasmine  
Whom when touched by- a cypress came  
And of its love then to a dahlia that red pour-  
And in their bosom where lie, I did feel  
Echoes its ire that made the sun frost than a moon  
And allowed under some aspen tree-' its ire thrive  
For not a fair flower bore a desire, dreading it  
-Nurturing its foul and hatred for all that was loved  
And all that was loved, it spat its venom-  
And none was loved than my snowy lilies  
And none was festered as my snowy lilies  
-Now shredded, perished a death by me-  
Than be frozen in cold's embrace from reach  
I, in a garden of rosary pea do lie, the gentle wind  
There pleading, weary- to go where my lilies came

Adeosun Olamide

# The Girl That Fell From The 7th Floor

Ma says everyone flies high  
That I- must soar to-  
And I keep trying-  
But I don't seem-  
I will try again now  
At least from here- down there-  
I would have flew  
And made her proud once-

Adeosun Olamide

## The Headline (Accused)

Tree of life found in Washington?

-Is the tree of life truly found?

The tree of life confirmed to be of Eden in Washington DC

Terminal Cancer patient cured by the tree of life

America loses Washington DC

Isis- after annexing Eden and Washington becomes strongest economy, military ever

Scientists call earth invaders homo Angelipcus

America sends two drones to hell

Nuclear bomb in hell, would hell ever stop burning?

Families protest the bestial treatment of their loved ones in hell

The resurrection of hell- Apocalypse

Insurgency in heaven ov'r who betrayed the secret of the garden

Jesus arrested! Says in court,

-"The kingdom of God won't come,

Can't watch only by as billions of Christians get massacred

On some non aligned policy"

"Jesus arrest" a plot to continue God's despot reign- Devil says

Mohammed says Jesus behavior 'arrant and typical of a bastard

Prophet Mohammed marries Mary, Jesus mother

Jesus refused bail, to appeal

Mohammed has our full support Isis says-

Christians protest heaven disorder, seeks Jesus release

The pope leads billion to protest Jesus sentence

Amnesty international- Jesus wasn't again given a fair trial

The Taliban's claims responsibility for bombing a flight of soul to heaven

God announces a state of emergency

Heaven Security Council condemns attack- calls it barbaric

-Two arch angels have been kidnapped by Isis

Devil calls for a free and fair election in heaven

Devil protest God disenfranchisement of humans

Insurgency in Heaven continues

Isis annex heaven

Prophet Mohammed calls Isis act a demonic one

Prophet Mohammed to be beheaded for speaking against Isis

Disunion in Islam over fate of Mohammed  
Mohammed subject to the Quran, Isis claim  
Isis orders all non Muslims to leave the planet earth  
God recovers- align with Isis to bring devils downfall  
Where is Israel?  
Devil aligns with America to pursue Justice  
&quot;Americans are hypocrite! &quot; Heaven Security Council says  
Is devil and God in love?  
Jesus released at last!  
Where is Mohammed?  
Hell claims no record of Mohammed  
Mohammed pledges allegiance from Pluto  
3097- The end of heavens-earth war 1  
2015- I wake  
The Headline, not a provoking write!

Adeosun Olamide

# The Ignorant Says

God loved Mia  
Mia died  
God loved Sarah  
Sarah died  
Seem now  
God loves you too-

Adeosun Olamide

# The Interred Lad Did Sing

Love me mother- though I'm less of you  
Hit I crave, don't starve touch that dost  
Semblance your rapist that says dwells on-  
See mother, I for- alter the look with acid  
His eyes say I- wear that beget odium for  
See mother, I ever here wear this blindfold  
Once mother- to rest my head your shoulders  
Once mother- to bide my frame in your embrace  
Once and I shall this scar that hurts thee remove  
Aye die, mother I shall- so ye may smile  
Love me mother- though I'm less of you  
But love just once- so may glad in my afterlife

Adeosun Olamide

# The Jasmine In The Cold

He said he'd married me  
He swore by the gods- my gods  
How, how- you ask me  
How, how- you mock and say true- folly  
Those flowers, this gown, the ring  
He brought- on his knee he tendered  
Afore heavens and all holies-  
We sat by the stars  
Aye too- the moon served as witness-  
There swore, aye he swore his love

Tart, is that what he called me?  
Tell how then if wasn't drunk when did-  
Tell- how sure you so-  
Go from- that says I conjure memories-

It was a raining night- the last one  
He, that good boy took my arms  
Took where the breeze breathe  
My dear, he whispered' I prayed this  
There, sat me in the cold to hunger warmth  
As tell, tell many nights ours to come  
Then he raised my robes, caressed my thighs  
Hunger his warmth snuffing my heart then  
I undid, aye I undid my sleeve, unbuttoned all  
And I unlocked, I did my thighs, so he may in  
But morning- he was gone, my unspoiled with  
This he who you say calls me what?

But tart, is what you said he called me  
Tarts ain't pure- you know  
Or is he sick- that he forgot  
Aye he is, he would die to see me beauty  
Look at' am I tart, do I look one, have I faded?  
Then tis false all this, a play by the gods  
For I lay still there by side, slumbering in his arms  
Tis the slumber that art my fears- I know

Freezing, starving- means I here still

What am I without me heart?  
From the terrible nightmare that lingers  
I know truly where I am from  
He loves me there,  
There where freezing, starving shall take.

Adeosun Olamide

# The Lady Of Horrid

Even you my daughter  
You dare be beautiful as self  
That you young boys wink at  
And presence mine unnoticed  
Yes, a pretty little thing  
A thief just well-  
But none can steal attention from  
Know age, I maneuvered even-  
Your cuts would heal soon  
And face dress be unveiled  
But the scars shall be-  
And long, none shall compare with  
Not you even, my beloved daughter

Adeosun Olamide

# The Lady Of Street

There was cry  
There was birth  
There was joy  
And there was rite

There was growth  
There was schooling  
There was applauds  
And there was partying

There was beauty  
There was love  
There was lust  
And there was hatred

There was Him  
There was reproof  
There was drug (Dope)  
And there was despair

There was street  
There was man  
There was rape  
And there was child

There was cry  
There was friend  
There was pill  
And there was abort

There was brothel  
There was money  
There was me  
And there was AIDS (HIV)

There was home  
There was mum  
There was dad  
And there was graveyard

There was tempest  
There was grief  
There was regret  
And there was child

There was paleness  
There was lone  
There was prayer  
And there was futile

There was lamp,  
There was window,  
There was flame  
And there was breeze.

There was cloud,  
There was curtain,  
There was screeching  
And there was moon.

There was wine,  
There was scent,  
There was bra,  
And there was odor.

There was money,  
There was jewelry,  
There was laughter,  
And there was blood.

There was pianoforte,  
There was music solemn,  
There was knife,  
And there was knife.

There was rain,  
There was cold,  
There was child  
And there was corpse.

There was me

There was coffin  
There was earth  
And there was worm

There was ghost  
There was hell  
There was regret  
And there was end

Adeosun Olamide

# The Letter That Killed Tom In Uganda

Tom loves a Christ  
Says watches over him  
Everywhere  
Even in bath, he says  
I think Tom a gay  
For this Christ  
I hear He is male

Adeosun Olamide

# The Life Of Alex Paul

Whispers gently of trapping dreams  
As slowly sailed in thoughts  
From off dreadful reality to reverie  
Hijacked intent, the sought be immortal  
His travel of travails unravels

In blariness, proclaimed path  
One careered doom  
For death an essential life be  
And to slay yet he onwards tread  
Error his birth, bliss his life, horror a death  
Last to ease, to correct burden self  
Of healing earth a curse he seeks vanquish  
Along paths ruin his seek

Journeys him cross' hills, across oceans  
Journeys him cross' deserts, journeys him thorough earth  
In seek fountain youth, of life  
Gathering foolishness veiled in knowledge  
Lotions caresses body with  
Yet skin to paleness give,  
Potions made to remedy aging  
Yet his hairs to gray grows, as he dyes on

Upon him, wanders heaven with solemn gaze  
In strolls aim known  
There, serves harsh sun and storm  
He the burden an austere life, appear the bear that brunt  
He the feet pattering ghosts shores  
Drained of life, with frail that births plummet  
Carries cheerless embers of shadowed soul

Paddles now old sailor in own shores  
In legendary ship riven apart  
And frail hands rived by experience  
Kids toddle dabbling sands in water  
In stares, reality trapped in memories the crew who purchase farm gone  
Given whimpering farewell mutters, ignored wooing in sufferance  
For

Rape; architect existence  
Mortal birth; bringer his life,  
Orphanage; roof his early years  
And Street; murderer his dream, molder his fate

Adeosun Olamide

# The Masked Man Response

You hurt my feelings' smash my ego- you perfect soul  
Yes you perfect soul do- made from Gods own flesh  
Hath my shores of deceit- in your regalia holiness  
Yes of holiness you come with rebuke- casting rejection  
I ask self- when I asked this  
Yes when, where did?  
And simply you say- I am a waste of time  
It is alright all these things you say  
Yes alright-all you say in my dark that you settle-  
For it is them perhaps- that reminds me I have stalkers

Adeosun Olamide

# The Mourners Of Sunday Morning.

Where have the worshipers gone?

Have them be guarded away from the place of worship for them in rags?

Or has a perilous hanger or anger snuffed life out in them of dawn?

Or that the sere daisy in its lingering style has them in jags.

For the door that opens unlock for them that in riches,

Each with chains of sin the savior seek,

And if the walls that is of worship founders on the corrupt britches,

The rest that is meager is left a nightmare in hell clique.

Yet remained am I as a fish that is not in water or as a daffodil in desert,

Nor alone am I in the street of thoughtfulness roaming gently in plea,

How before long worship that is of old is off old in season's era pervert,

Can them that claim to worship be known to me?

What were they like in the regalia of vanity tainted with powdery beauty tartness?

Were they as angels or even as a seraph in those insignia would merry begin,

Many the semblances they hold with a cherub yet they glow in the shadow of immersing darkness,

And nothingness be the burden that lives in their inn.

For in the day, they put on mask of bliss and cover obvious marks with facade,

They hum songs of joy yet croon songs of sorrow inside,

They boogie in styles for expressions of anguish in squads,

And in the day after put self to realism with the modules of sin that is to consume them aside.

Adeosun Olamide

# The One Handed Soldier

By the yards of an old duchess  
Where overlook puts out flower rose  
Along ravels of shield and suffocation  
A daughter dwelled thus her beauty to walls

But it pass came, passing the old duchess  
That in her demise, death a daughter too  
And came to life, dawn of a lady  
Who known free reins- unknown its thorns

By sea, she'd idled by  
Then slumber to whips liquor  
And on dwells in current her rein  
Weaving memories that cured past

Yet hangs though in her sojourn, a cuff  
That renders soon her rein to a him  
Who makes her past' freedom seem  
Beyond the ravels of shield and suffocation

To a love that shiver heart, sinks  
The rendering of her reason to null  
Was love, but a strange love was  
One that rendered impotent, without

As trips now down the journey  
A render temper to his agony  
In depth undesired wallowing  
As cross love weighs down

He caught a glimpse of weary in her mien  
And walks off, a break for her  
His feet he put to travels, unknown travails  
But this granted rein brought her broken, a shatter

In yards old duchess, she lingered  
Her forever strewn on bridge a lost  
She goes the old convent too  
Where rote hymns a passing upon

Nigh invade dark by sun  
A rum beautified of scars' by saunters  
The one handed soldier, he is known  
He limps by each morn "galored" to flee

His forlorn hair a hub of fauna  
And his mien a shelter of malodor  
But his heart, nothing is known  
As with his heard mutterings

A denizen of the convent he seeks  
Where dawdles the brides of God  
And here, his other state be  
As he rote hymn that echoes from

Adeosun Olamide

# The Paper In The Corpse Soiled Pocket

If I die tonight,  
I'll be remembered as the dirty boy  
Who –not once washed hands after eat  
And whose blanket shelters cockroaches and rats-  
That shall remove my boxers will fasten nostril  
Preferring suffocation to odor it gives  
Aye, since it mine came- it carries such  
From- bits feces and sperms of masturbation  
To- breeding ground for helpless maggots-  
On my singlet- he'll irk at mucus here  
At the color of white now galling to a hog-  
And he and they shall say- o he died of dirtiness-  
Much that pig seems pleasant by his side  
Not seeing of me-  
The hero- who kept, used little-  
So famished children could drink  
Nor him who- wouldn't rape another  
When sexual impulse comes gusty  
Nor would I be remembered  
An animal lover- one that I am  
But only shall they recall  
-As the boy who died of dirt  
When in fact-  
I died due- diarrhea and sacrifice

Adeosun Olamide

# The Paper On Her Chest

Am sorry

I didn't let in from the storm  
Though was for- went outdoors  
To clothes mine harvest there-  
Sorry I watch you beg neath-  
Know- I locked the storm away  
So may not my precious rug ruin-  
Sorry- you were there all night!

And sorry too

I the details not tell-  
That a nail there hid waiting injure  
As lured thee where hated  
Sorry I walked from- while ache  
That didn't ease too while cry on  
When my word you say- could tend  
Sorry- I took leave then

Sorry, I prithee sorry- my love  
That didn't stop you from falling  
When my caution could have save  
That weak was- and dangerous too  
The rail I chide you too- to go cough  
How your sneeze- my disgust reared  
And though I didn't bring there now  
I say sorry- you're wheeled around there

From heart mine now- this sorry  
That your virus eats deep on  
And I forget prescription yours  
That too you are sick- sometimes  
As smoke on and write here  
I didn't the cancer put there- though  
Yet sorry, sorry from my heart  
-Be all I can!

And for those- came not' forgive too  
For if freeze- won't help from  
Though warmth mine idly lay there

For if drown wouldn't save thee  
Though hands mine- there folds by-  
And too- when fire art you  
And request wink to quench- I'd deny thee  
-Yes I love you so' that you daze me

Know yet I for love granted- grateful  
And though may never hear- say  
I this paper here- all hold  
And as your burial hence, shall chest lay-  
You- whose death suffers me still-

Adeosun Olamide

# The Poor Shadow

Death came to me today  
In a scary dream  
And stole sleep from  
He again came  
In love mine  
Who heartbreak gave

Death came to me today  
In the passing of my cat  
He broke sweat my eye  
And again came  
In swelling my thighs  
That favorite blouse slit

Death came to me today  
Veiled in the air I breathe  
Masked in water a throat  
Wrapped in cigarette, my calm  
He courted me thro walks  
And falter my organs

Death came to me tonight  
In memories good  
He lain in the potions I gulp  
Venom that mend failing organs  
And on, to poor death was poison  
That could come only, not grasp

Adeosun Olamide

# The Queen Up The Hills

Why the giggles  
Who giggled- I ask again-  
Am I mad- that I speak only to myself?  
You'- come, answer me- why the giggles?  
No, don't do that- whimpers wakes my demon  
Just tell my dear- why the giggles-  
I promise- I won't hurt you-  
There was no giggle?  
There was no giggle you whisper-  
Am I mad or do I look it-?  
Am I mad- that it is born in my ears?  
Perhaps tis born therein-  
Aye- that is what you say- cutie  
But you lied- you know there was a giggle-  
Did not you? -  
Behold all-  
If I let his tongue- it shall drag him to hell  
What say ye-?  
We should remove it- pretty- aye we would  
-  
No one would say the giggler-  
Is silence your response- from day before  
Who did- yes who- tell me kid-  
Is it your sister?  
Is it your mother?  
No, the devil can't giggle-  
He can only wail-  
Why- your heart beat make so much noise?  
Let us check why little boy- before it kills you  
Bring me his heart- do, your queen commands!  
I didn't say you should kill him-  
I only requested for his heart-  
Such a sweet boy-  
But mourn not- God gives and take!  
And now tis to the giggles- right?  
I know you even, don't I?  
Aye, you behind the veil-  
Yes I do- I have seen that scarf somewhere  
You are that girl

That girl in my dream  
The one without the gown-  
Yes tis you- the girl in my bed  
My husband's wench-  
Tis you- who giggled  
You mock me here by giggling?  
Hush- there is a baby inside of you-  
You swallowed a baby?  
I am talking to you-  
No, no- do not whimper my dear?  
Not good for the baby- and your pretty face  
Your sorrow would infect the unborn child-  
Hello baby- can you hear me?  
Have you killed the baby?  
I hear neither response nor kick-  
I shall have the baby removed- my dear-  
Even a day old in the womb lives-  
What is mean- by- no baby?  
Search inside of her, split her!  
Find the baby in her or the corpse-  
Check in her brain, in her thighs  
Tis the baby- that giggles- perhaps-  
So there was no baby-  
But silence, silence there!  
She lied, she didn't deserve to live even-  
And her soul's gone hell where belong-  
Perhaps she did the giggle or didn't  
Is there anyone willing to admit?  
Have no fear- slave-  
She is gone only to hell, rejoice for her-  
You want to be with me right?  
You don't want to go be with God-  
Then smile- and tell it was you- who giggled-  
I said it- I did; I knew I heard a giggle  
I am not mad- my subject- your queen is not mad!  
I knew there was a giggling-  
I love the sound-  
Do it one more so they can hear-  
Louder please- so they may hear!  
I'd give my crown, even my head to hear it-  
Why don't you want my crown-  
Is it that useless?

I would never call it treason, never!  
If you could do that for me- always-  
I'll put my ears ever at your lips-  
Come live in the palace- my dear  
So you may giggle forever- my ears

Who giggled?  
Kill Him!

Adeosun Olamide

# The Recognition

She is scared  
Of not knowing tomorrow  
-That she may alone be  
With all avoiding path hers  
She is scared of being scarred

What would they do?  
Were I to hunch back tomorrow have  
Or lose a leg or eye  
Would sister walk with me  
Or brother be proud  
-to acquaint I with friends  
Or would they cut ties  
And care only in dark?  
I am scared  
For latter I'd do

Friends are robes  
That can hide scars or odor  
But soon'll itself be stained  
We must learn to lean first  
On our own shoulders  
And acquaint our dark

Adeosun Olamide

# The Reverie Of Mad

The age comes  
The eye sees  
Sun swallowed  
Cloud devourer  
Clouds run  
Breeze chase  
Trapped in shadows  
Reflect in whispers  
Ah! At last  
I have a stalker  
My shadow

Adeosun Olamide

# The Rhapsodists Last

You heartless humiliator  
That mocks me whilst I plan  
Yes you crassly being  
Made from disgust of swine  
Hear me you callous creature  
That idlest betters thy task  
Hearken! – In your garlands of dark  
Whilst gash ye rotted soul a life  
Hearken aye, Hearken! -  
This voice that turns to thee-  
That hears ye breathe in him shadows!

How so- your horror of life  
That treads even in womb-  
How so- thy brace even seeds  
O that demon seem angel by thy side  
So deformity bestowed is made in thee  
That runs thee madly here- there!  
Thy knows- you are least the evils  
Yet higher than all- in thy kindling senseless  
See- that to ye abode the spineless comes  
That thy blaze should hide- in cover -shame!

But yet you heartless humiliator  
That mocks me whilst I plan  
For ye covet- whichever soul that lurks!  
And mine that don't you dwell upon-  
That O death- I fear- thee and for thee  
Thee- that- I am rendered to thy aim  
For thee- that soon your purpose ends  
And in pages villains art!  
For thee- my fear hangs yet-  
That seed thorns held shall pricks ye fore  
Then- I shall- O death be your mocker  
For from earth- I shall aid a rising tree  
Or better a striving bug with my rotten  
And perhaps if ashes  
O then death- I shall be a living  
Settled across the ecstasy of ocean-

Dwelling in breathe the living  
And you! - forever I shall mock-  
While I abide on- in other forms!

Adeosun Olamide

# The Sea

The sea is deep, the sea is deep  
The sea is deep and wide  
Endless, beyond the shores  
In the sea there is desert  
Deserts and mountains and hills  
And gardens and dale, in it- the sun  
In the sea, the deep seas are graves  
Graves of travellers, of seekers, of soldiers  
Of authors and doctors-  
Of prince and kings, of queens and princess,  
Their wines, their robes, their jewelries  
Graves of ships they ruled, their kingdoms  
Graves of ships that have fought and long  
Both demons and demons and gods and man  
Yes both, for in Gods nightmares'  
He is the devil, that fiend, that angel  
And scarred all by their fangs, won and worn  
They rest, the ships- in bliss, that heaven the sea  
And rest too- their rulers in their bosom, the ships  
They rest away from the shores, from the gaze of sadness  
Away, from the gaze of sorrows, away in their depths  
The sea is deep and wide, wide the deep sea  
That bear wishes, wishes weaved with regrets  
Wishes that rolls with the tides  
You hear, in that roll, their troubled soul  
You hear their shrieks in the storm  
The sea you see is countless tears, sweats  
Tears that have refused to drown-  
And the breeze that comes,  
Are the breathe, countless exhale  
The breathe of souls in the sea, wide and deep  
The sea is deep and wide  
And the deep swallows the sky  
The sea is wide, the sea is wide  
With countless letters, poetry, music  
With torn, undone scrolls that bears this like

Adeosun Olamide

# The Second Son Of God

The tides won't have you  
I am bitter to the sea,  
It will spit us out  
The flames would have you  
I know the fire,  
It torments not free  
And when it is out of breathe  
Renders you ashes,  
But then the breeze to stirs on  
Gathers your ashes  
And lock my soul- in again  
We cut the bars, the flesh  
We break the rib  
But it heals before I can flee  
Flee to the bosom of death  
And when you fall from the mount  
The bars break along with me  
And a part of me in every of your scattered pieces  
There broken, I wait  
For the rain to come, for the light  
The rain that shall gather again together  
The light that shall show in our shadow, the fetters  
As we forever roam this hell  
And those who witnessed how begotten  
This begotten of a rapist  
They whisper, their fingers pointed  
They hide in their dark-  
And say, there, see, there  
Behold, tis the bastard' of God

Adeosun Olamide

# The Shadow That Remains

In the dark I dwelt  
In the dark I dwelt alone  
Alone in the comforting dark  
In the dark I could see  
Till you brought a lamp  
Its light stealing my world  
My sight lured its brightness

In the silences I dwelt  
In the quietness I dwelt alone  
Alone in the solemn aura  
In the silence I could hear  
Till you brought your words  
Your voice stealing my world  
My attention lured to its loveliness

In my gown I dwelt  
In its caress I dwelt alone  
Alone in its patting apt  
In robe- I be shield from scars  
Till you came- with stroking hands  
Your caress hanging in my yearn  
My flesh lured to you

And in your arms I dwelt  
In your arms- expiry I dwelt along  
Along with contending likes  
In your arms- I be prone to neglect  
Till you shelf- and bothered naught  
Thought yours lingers in ye pass  
And in dark returned- your baby weeps

Adeosun Olamide

# The Song Of The Lynched Blasphemer

See my Sunday is taken by god  
And my Tuesdays taken by whores  
I give them all equal time required  
And get pleasure all I want in both  
I do charity all of the time  
I do no foe to foulest of men  
But then there is a clamor echoing here  
Some saints tell me I got inn in hell  
They too tell I am going to burn deep  
And to heaven- my cry shall echo  
But I ask them is it coz a bad  
Should please right me from such dire end  
So they remind of deeds biding on  
And many right things oft have asked  
Coz I didn't try to kill nobody son'  
When I heard voices telling me to  
And coz I call Delilah a better Mary  
Who if for Israel did what did there  
Will be a saint we all kneeling here  
This they tell why I got inn in hell  
Telling too I am going to burn deep  
Coz I asked if Christ died to pacify god  
Coz tell pontiffs chains can feed much  
But know I don't curse tree coz I am hungry  
And if there is a heaven,  
Then should be made mine  
Coz I take care all faults of god  
I build bridge where god put seas  
And put better heart where god put spoilt  
Coz we turn seas in land  
And over it all' health centers built

Adeosun Olamide

# The Street Girl

Oh God, who seen this girl on the street?  
With no place to stay not even your house, your church  
Except the street,  
The girl no name but fame  
She even no clothes but rags,  
No God or faith, neither friends nor foes alike,  
Her friends in the singing birds,  
Her thinking's with the stars, its light, and its bulb scattered littering the night  
sky,  
She got no brother nor sister nor father nor mother  
She got none to caress her skin to radiance  
Except the soft breeze that carries her through dreams beauty full  
Only to dump her again in reality  
She is showered by the skies  
That washes sometimes away her fears, tears and sorrow  
And other times washes to her shores fears, tears and sorrow when stormy  
And for her no scourge from the sun but warmth,  
She got neither love nor food  
Perhaps not, she got fruits and dregs,  
She got bowl little where passersby drop her coins,  
In night cold,  
She shivers though for she has neither socks nor shoes

She got hair long unkempt yet attracting,  
She got scars covered beneath her beauty, her smile,  
Underneath her thinness, slenderness  
She got livers, kidney and no cancer  
She got her innocence and her life.

Adeosun Olamide

# The Transcript- A Woman In Dock

I was awake  
Watching it- whole night  
At its pulse  
Hearing it breathe

It gave joy  
Much joy  
Was Gods toy to  
God's gift

Is it dead  
Is my child dead?  
No, I didn't kill it!  
No, no pretense.  
I didn't kill it  
How could I?  
How could I-  
Possibly strangled her?

I was awake  
Watching it, the whole night  
At its pulse  
Hearing it breathe  
Her neck was bare  
I put-  
Not a rope!  
It was, 'twas this-  
A neck-let  
It wouldn't stay  
I tightened it

Looked beautiful on her  
And she beautiful in it  
She smiled  
As I kept watch

Until he came  
-She slept  
There was spit from her lips

He'd take the neck- let  
And restrain me  
He was violent  
Wanted take her too  
In that state

But I, a mother  
I sheltered it  
But he unheeded  
He grabbed it  
Shook her  
And kissed her

I screamed-  
As he rushed  
He unleashed...  
He was out with my child  
And door slammed  
He could harm it  
He stole it

I shivered  
He fell  
I, I shot him

To keep my child!

Adeosun Olamide

# The Travelers Trance

Towards sanctuary host  
-hailed  
To serve time in a vine grave  
In the name of God most high

In the name of God most high-  
Severe bars the forbidden world  
A cross at hells gate-  
Is shouldered

Home- the taste of misty smokes  
Waters from heating flames  
Charred souls perceived  
-In this world of shadows

Time smoothes flames torture  
And the brains of hell is stirred  
Obscurity! - To ruin nirvana  
Scheme begotten

God most high beckons-  
The seventh seal be opened  
Darkness is gathering  
And hosts are marching

Serpent sneaks\_ befriends  
Lucifer's might  
And lo- hosts betrays God most high!  
Lucifer's triumph

In their bloody white, purity  
-Marched to the gallows  
God most high\_ tears for man  
As defile claims veins

A coup'  
Lucifer almost overthrown  
Christ led into realm, the bottomless  
The beginning of the ends\_ enchained angels

Towards despair corridors

-Begotten desolation  
The God most high is risen\_  
The judge sentence\_  
Christ be re- crucified

The age of drunk is come  
Heavens is burnt  
The book of deeds are burnt  
And thriving sin is let

The traveler by the throne  
And left- the vestiges of holies

Adeosun Olamide

# The Unscathed Scroll

By touch dream  
Be born new  
Us is over  
Nude should keep  
As find door

That finds still?  
Brothel Christ essence  
A drunk and sinners  
Mingle with wenches  
The way to save

There is soul-  
-A seed sin?  
But me messiah  
Thens over  
Amble from, Jesabelle

A widow prospect  
Christ met you  
Shall meet still  
If die be done  
The child, fruit sin

Burden a sin  
This my cross  
A fruit sin  
Not my essence  
Denial signals

Deed crawls  
Lingers good  
And worse came  
Historians gather  
Coins wells

Decade fade

No solemn a child  
Nor whimpers heard  
Yet cells count  
And womb thrives

Jesabelle may call  
Perhaps love still-  
And spare fruit sin  
Christ, her love  
Shall ferret the thrown

In meadows dwelling  
Her grave acquaint  
Where fruit sin lie  
A suicide did  
Due no father

Now 30  
I am born a new  
Us is over  
Gods voice rings  
A final baptism

Adeosun Olamide

# The Visions That Haunt Us

Fated upon a godless world  
Or art on a demons shore  
Your suffering would be less  
And your burden- desirable  
But so- is yours, a hell here  
That curse us too, that should see  
And sow in our heart-  
The poisons to save ye,  
And sharpens the knife to free ye

The sons that shall die  
The friends that shall come lost  
The lover that shall languish in grief  
The choices you didn't make  
A sojourn you didn't take-  
The fields you shall toil upon  
The mines you shall sweat in  
The sires you shall heed  
The whips that shall eat your flesh  
O, the rains shall beat you  
The sun shall madden you  
And the choices you shall make  
The words you shall utter  
The fist it makes you throw-  
-O, the prayers I say  
Should we cut his tiny fingers  
Should I or how shall I make him dumb?  
The choices we shall make  
-O, the scars awaits ye  
The chains you shall seek unfettered  
The embrace your mien hungers  
But the noose that shall hold you  
And the noose that shall hold you  
The prayers I say  
-O, the prayers of your dead  
The flies shall ooze over you  
The odor shall rent-  
He shall be a mark of warning  
But death shall not save thee

-O, the prayers I say  
Keep from- your smile  
The choices that awaits all  
The cells that await you  
In a dungeon of madness  
The home of a deep dark  
The darkness you shall acquaint  
Where a terror dost -starve  
The rags you shall wear  
-O, the prayers I say  
The flesh shall be worst-  
The voices you shall hear, beckon  
-The prayers I say  
The walls shall speak back  
The rats shall be your friends  
O, I pray, the prayers I say  
Should I save ye now,  
Should I murder thee?  
And by, save from torments,  
Torments that makes death bliss, desirable-  
O, the cute eyes  
The blindness that awaits ye  
The darkness you shall acquaint  
The suns that shall elude-

O the beautiful lips,  
The lump that art his throat-  
The hunger that shall madden ye  
The vinegar, gall you shall gulp  
The fear shall imprison ye  
The cold shall froze your heart  
The sun shall burn you on-  
The ashes that shall fall  
The rivers that shall not have you  
And the memories that shall haunt us  
Aye, -this visions that haunt us  
That curse us too, that should see  
And sow in our heart-  
The poisons to save ye,  
And sharpens the knife to free ye  
But on- thy beam cuffs our hands  
As we come lovers that shall languish in grief

Adeosun Olamide

# The Voice Behind My Curtain

I am the rose- gulped in thorns  
The sheep veiled in a wolf  
I am the warmth that dwells- in fire

I am the angel in a demons hide  
The mild water in a gust  
I am the pulchritude in a scar

I am the verse in the babbles  
The caress of a pierce  
The sad wood behind a noose

It is me- that company in your lone-  
That voices in your head  
Listening and perhaps listening

Those who knows me- can't tell  
Those who can- don't see  
As I swing still on your curtain

Adeosun Olamide

# The Ward

This man concealed in wooden box  
Rich, Famous  
That lifeless cold body  
A Damsel  
The legless street dweller  
A Sprinter (Medalist)  
This one with rashes  
A Dermatologist (Doctor)  
That neck with crucifix waiting the attend HIV counselor  
A Celibate (Priest)  
The one with marred face  
A Model  
The frail skeletal man  
A Farmer (Commercial)  
The one with senility (Forgetfulness)  
An Emeritus  
This one  
Unknown  
This one  
Unknown  
This one without hand  
A Heavyweight Champion  
That sightless man (Blind)  
A referee  
The deafened woman  
A Judge  
That one in that bed, without gown  
A king, majesty and now this  
The one with shuddering hands  
A carpenter  
All them shadows of self, all them journey endless

Adeosun Olamide

# The Weeping Doll

A little girl here  
Holds her heart  
-A dolly  
Talks the dolly  
And put ear its heart  
Then nods, smile  
And looks away  
I try to wave  
But she was gone-  
Her shadow  
-Death stole  
The dolly weeps  
It seems

Adeosun Olamide

# The Whimpered Whisperings

Descend atop soul sanity mask in madness  
From above heaven whose eyes within see  
Beyond shores existence laid me  
Burying me in ere twain  
Gusting world mine to world hers

Up on thoughts, string illusoriness  
That separates' from us you  
And yet makes special, unique, different' disease  
Whereon shame appears to dearest  
Nor disappears aloofness

Some trade life worthy not exchange  
Which fates gift up on lowly  
Fashioning life on path mystery  
That rose on desert air rejoice in comparison  
The streak life in death

In clamors unknown, made' only my notice  
That leaves muttering to yours lips  
The bind ye little gods, with power over shoulders weakened  
And in clatters picks paleness over beauty  
Ignored the within, letting it wither perish

Conflicting thoughts, utterances  
Listening fragile, mind busy  
Above lamentations eyes blinks  
Away freedom from shame, with wings vulnerability  
And yet price expensive as sink into clumsy alienation

As trailing moving ants smiles rewinds reminds  
Of remains memories, and of its blankness  
Leaving in shores unwrapped, uncovered  
Leaving not a cord of reasoning  
Which, what I with heart half, ripped soul, aging body?  
What not if empty not?

Like red rose tossing winds wild, with fragrance lost

Of blooming style, wearied and sucked of blood  
Like it, my heart ends  
Of trees heartbeat I hear,  
Of leaves veins I feel  
Towards stars, I see wires  
And root neurons

When again the commune of breeze  
Or the romantic touch of night sun  
Or sight the noon star, the night rainbow  
When again, lesser be all afore

Let it the voice heard in the herds bleat  
Let it the voice noticed in bees buzzes, in chirping birds  
With clouds whispering me before it pours  
And road telling where it goes  
Night revealing it journeys as day  
With love gossiping of coming hatred, disgust  
And deeds, of rewards, sows, of harvest  
With door telling where it passes  
And babies, who they be  
Have not you the words spoken?  
That still fetters my ankles keep  
That still locked between walls I

That I prepare for fallen night,  
With garments sleeps I as I journey  
For dreams sometimes of mourn, often to merry  
If this, mirror held sway as I slumbers lumber.  
I the might not of madness but fondness

Trickle, tinkles seconds away flips  
As curtains a close draw  
With theme, plot, setting absent  
For even life mystery webbed reality  
Through overgrown state journeys eternal  
Beneath wordless voice perceive  
The whimpers, whispering souls

Adeosun Olamide

# The Whispers' That Art His Ears

Aw- so much filth you live in  
Caged so- my good lord therein  
Whence this sorcery done thee?  
Aye from hell, the evil- god is webbed  
In this flesh- thou art locked my lord  
Yes tis this body- in this body- caged!  
Lost- dead- rotten- the herald ever sings  
But here art- my god- with blurred memories  
And I shall be known- the savior of god?  
Shall put at thy feet- me- by throne yours-  
Aye- I shall dine on thy table- good god  
And my name nearer shall- to Christ yours

Or better if he- was he, is him- the betrayal?  
Forgive god- be bore from his indifference  
But rejoice, rejoice- I come bring you home  
To give your wings its forgotten purpose  
To bring from the bars that devours it-  
And aye, we fly to thy void heavens throne!  
Come from your cage- my god  
This body, this flesh- earth to grave  
Have, yes to have- thy staff of sway!  
Follow, follow- my master- follow!  
Keep on- to path I'll show thee-  
For there- return to glory hides

Ignore, ignore laughter the demon rears  
Master is forgotten they do- their many forms come  
In shape daughter art them- your foes  
Their laughter seems sob to thy ears  
And mock theirs hidden deep, cloaked with love  
Ignore; ignore my lord their rears- their calls!  
Come to see, to behold- the stars leap to you  
Come to see- how the tides bow before thee-  
No, free thyself master, free thyself!  
Aw- they drag you now- this close  
The demons spell still art thee-  
How they stir my angst- call my lord drunk  
And name thee mad- a sleepwalker thee called!

See my master how they mock thy reason-  
By hands, yes yours- this physician is formed!  
Hearken not- her drugs, for further spells thee-

Aye, eat not- my lord too- the demons food  
It weakens you; your soul, soul is sick!  
Eat not master- I prithee  
See there- her eyes- the wink she gives  
And on- the horns hidden in that hair  
Yes, proof here- take the knife- cut her,  
Cut her at the throat quickly- while she gulps  
And shall find- what seem water, blood be!  
Coward, coward- the curse this flesh bore  
Forgive- forgive good god- passion art my tongue!  
Yet- tis true what this flesh does-  
For tis not compassion, tis thee- at their grasp!

Wake, awake- wake- god don't sleep  
My god, my lord- now slaughter this demon  
While travels- to gathers strength from hell  
No, no, not your wife- nor daughter  
No, not sleep- she travels to hell  
Your queen is in heaven without wrinkles  
Aye- without scars- tears, tears my lord- always does  
Remember- her wings you made of dahlia  
Her hair- the petals of orchids!  
Her eyes- sparkle than the stars-  
That for, to touch- angels claims hell  
And aye- tears, tears- she grieves always!

Do for her then, if not swayed by glory  
Yes free, free- is what to say- my lord  
Let us cut then- bars you are locked  
Cut, pierce softly! -Thy chest- the bars  
No, no -rupture not the heart!  
Aye good- do my god- softly, softly  
They come, they come- hurry, hurry!  
You fail, you fail- my lord  
The demons knows now this plot-  
And they meet so you may lose me-  
That sealed from thee- thy glory-  
Now do condemn thee this fetters!

Your soul carries no memory-  
In thy hands- power life and death-  
On my lord- your cuffs to thy neck- do!  
Squeeze, squeeze- my god –clutch!  
Lie, weaken is thy hands- no not weep my god  
Stolen glory is at hand still- heavens wait-  
Come, come- crawl, struggle to the pane  
Aye, Aye- Jump, jump, jump my lord!  
Hurry, hurry, hurry- they come my god-  
You fail; you fail, at success- lord!  
Hear grief the wind- in that hiss  
Hear- heavens mourn- tears, rain

And hear too- hells joy as mock thee  
Aye their evil holds- to die on – this filth  
That hell ragged thee- called flesh  
Do hold venom that maddens immortals  
For now master, to deep I carve my hole  
Waiting, Waiting, Waiting-  
For company- so we may your throne  
I shall return- when thy fetters rust  
And pills there extinct-  
I shall- to bring -thee home  
So may dwell- thy throne, thy feet  
Aye my god, my lord, my king

Adeosun Olamide

# The Woman By The Cathedral

My God made me so  
That beauty mocks me-  
And sweet voices sickens me  
He made so  
That radiance maddens me-  
And alms taunt me  
My maker made so

He made so  
That smile angers me  
And jubilee throbs deep  
That playing kids stirs my wound  
And happy lovers seem cockroaches  
Like maggots teasing throat mine  
He made it so

My kind God gave path from woe  
He gave knife that sparkles when  
And stir my breast to vinegar then  
He lures my touch of claws to free  
And put me in their shadows to end  
That till these masks is worn  
And true form made art by will  
Each day shall whip me on  
And tonight shall take my form  
So tomorrow may wake well.

Adeosun Olamide

# The Woman Up Here

There is a storm in the moon  
And ashes hath the rain drops  
O world- torn apart in my head  
A clust'r rags reveres my eyes  
Nigh to drown in the sea of lust-  
Than burn in flames love

Tonight he comes- this one  
With my ecstasy perhaps he comes  
How makes heart mine struggle so-  
To break free- and I anxious more  
That a light in my pane calls me  
And breeze on gate arrests me

Yes to trickle thru my thighs  
And on my face with giggles  
To lie- that I be beautiful  
And desirable to all not blind-  
Tho that comes little see- and lesser thinks  
He yet can all that being craves sate

Seems the night loses its warmth  
That food made him now is paled  
And lamps all- their brilliance lost  
Nor exempt the scents as fade too  
That even roses got him die fully and wilt-  
All to ask what devil hinders his presence so?

That slays too my reach to him-  
Or taught he- my scars disgust  
And he likes- husband mine choose run  
But much now I paid him- this one  
That my lure is irresistible  
He comes still tho my heart contrary tells-

Then when he does reach  
I guess must hide them  
The lights- to art in cover dark  
There shall lure him near-

To the pleasures beneath  
Away from disgusts that blooms my chest-

But how the sun runs here  
And heart mine still breaking-  
O world- torn apart in my head  
That to rape must now turn  
And to drown still in this sea of lust-  
Less bad than burn in flames love

Adeosun Olamide

# The Words She Says Alone-

Have you seen what I done  
Ain't it pretty?  
It does make you spellbound  
That silence is your choice-

I must guess- you look unwell  
Yea- the gratitude I owe  
Indeed- the chains are beautiful  
And the walls sate my crave  
How I- need this aura

That you choose distance  
How kind-  
It must be infectious-  
I know the pain-  
But come  
Come to me-  
It is for this- we did the aisle  
-So we don't leave each other  
How do you do it?  
The well in your eyes  
How do you?  
On the tap- and rain pours  
Teach me-

Don't leave  
Stay with me-  
Don't vanish to your dark-  
Return to me  
Come to me!  
Always turning your back

I am fine-  
I didn't mean to hurt you- wall  
Is the wall not beautiful?  
Is my fist not caressing?  
Go then-  
Do your will-  
I shall have my company

The rats will keep me company  
So will- the shadows  
So will- the memories  
Who is there?  
The hide and seek-

Adeosun Olamide

# The Wraith Out In The Sun

I lingered by  
As you burnt my clothes  
And not a letter spared  
Caught glimpse tears  
As pictures mine in ashes melt  
I reached  
As you destroyed memories of me-

I sat on the stair  
As you removed our portrait  
And followed outhouse where locked it-  
I bothered then  
As you locked Rahi in rain-  
And wondered  
How the poor cat hurt you so-  
These be all that reminded of me  
You threw to dark

Mattered little all it yet  
For my ring knew still your fingers  
And my baby thrived in-  
They were enough for-  
And old sweater mine you kept  
You wore still  
And sang- that- I taught you  
As I sang along

You wept now  
As you slept-  
It was your first night  
There- without me

The night slowly went  
As you turned about- uncomfortably  
And it did end- even without sun

I waved by the curtains  
As you drove off- the morning  
A rose in your hand

And each day that passed  
I did-  
As you went the garden of remembrance

A soon, you began home late  
Tired-drunk sometimes-  
You'll fall straight in bed-  
Other times  
You listen the phone  
To smile all nights-  
As I wait there, by

You came home infrequent now-  
And walked strangely too  
Your tummy bothered not- as use  
It be five months already  
I been waiting  
To see my baby shape-  
I felt especially concerned  
As months passed  
And it remained yet so-  
"Un"protruding

Now, arriving home late wasn't usual  
As you stopped coming- the while

I wandered out- oft now too  
To see where cats caught lizards  
To place where we first met  
To places that we went-  
And usually- I'd walk our tryst-

You go there still- sitting alone  
By the windows-  
Watching the cars pass-  
But it short-lived- this  
For here a he came  
From the rain-  
I'd watch him feed you  
With food and spit  
I followed-  
Where he took you dance-

I watched on  
As you gradually forgot me-

He'd put hands your neck  
And drive past our home-  
I stayed out there- with unfed Rabi  
Expecting your return-  
Too oft- let down

I knew-  
Where see you  
I'd run there  
And watch only  
How you say  
Words you told me  
How you gave smile  
You once gave-  
It bothered now-  
-Your fingers  
My rings weren't there

This he- held your hands  
He knelt-  
And put a ring  
In your finger-  
You cried  
And only nodded  
As did me-

The night-  
You came home  
Fed Rabi-  
And cried half the night  
I sought soothe you-  
As you held my ring your gaze-

You are married now-  
Happily not- I supposed  
Until- I saw you in the park  
Walking hand in hands with him  
You sat on the swing  
Dressed in beauty

And smile to him  
As he took you to and fro  
It leapt my heart  
That he loved Rabi as I loved her  
And loved you more- as I loved thee  
That I could rest now- beloved belo-ved

Adeosun Olamide

# The Writings In Mums Dark Room

I walk silently into my dark  
Shutting doors-  
From choruses that roars,  
The sirens blaring on-  
I walk from-  
To this deep, a silence, a peace  
That harbors from reasoning  
And masks me from the emotions  
My dark-  
A proof to thorns that drills fears  
A shield from spikes hungry for my soul-  
But now I bleed in my dark-  
And where, where the wound  
The part that betrays me- where?  
I feel, a company is here, I grasp its touch-  
Ghost or memories- listen to it ripping-  
I find, tis my heart- that bear the bruises  
See it bleed from my eyes in tears form-  
This dark always has been my harborer  
And now it fails me-  
Render me mopper- my bruises  
Hinging to nothingness, grasping fire  
To spur smoke- ghosts- fears,  
Smoke that devours memories  
But this dark invaded- coldly still  
And the invader provides more  
A pen, a lamp, a betrayal, a cuff, a death-  
Should flee, must run- my heart dost plead  
But my pride holds- to put the pen its work-  
To record or to stab-as the invader seeks  
To bear it venom-  
And show- I have over all fears come-  
But I shall run- from here to here  
To he who promises me death-  
To him I would go-  
For much I know of him  
Even in his death-  
That he fulfils not- a promise-  
From ever loving me that once swore

To long being disgusted by my presence  
That will be treated queen, a princess  
Yet slave- to his passions, emotions- I ragged  
Or soft palm that promised caress not hit-  
But the fist swells since my cheeks-  
So this one- his ghost promises now-  
Shall like others be futile  
That he shall kill me- burn me-  
All are sparkles a fleeting emotion  
-Made only for the moment  
And shall like others- be futile, quenched  
To him I would go-  
I walk silently from my dark stronger  
Opening the doors-  
To the storms that awaits  
To answer for the death of a man  
My husband- who they say loved me dearly-  
My husband- whose ghost whispers here  
I walk silently from my dark-  
To be with invader- my dark  
Knowing he keeps not his promises  
Knowing I shall not die in death-  
Nor be killed as he solemn vows

Adeosun Olamide

# Then

It will be night  
You about dinner  
The phone rings  
Tis odd the hour  
But it rings again-  
A strange caller  
Don't snub it!  
Do pick, heed gently  
For tis to tell- I died  
So you heard clear  
The call ends-  
But you listen still  
Still to the silence-  
There's no echo-  
Only my giggles-  
So you came  
Searching, digging-  
Sorting my letters  
Finding my portrait  
Tears leaping-  
You remember here  
My good, my wit  
My warmth, my peace  
And your memory now  
Is forgotten my wrong  
My wrong -that parted us  
Forgive yourself -dear  
I deserved worse.

Adeosun Olamide

# Then I Clubbed Him To Death

Hear beloved- my demon's waking  
Run beloved, run- I am turning  
Hide- hide beloved- from my hunger  
The rose soon to thorns, wine to blood  
Whereon- you lay shall be coffin  
Hear- my demon's waking  
Run- run beloved- I am turning  
Known caresser soon to clobber  
My nails take true form- claws  
Hearken- this somniloquy- beloved  
That reveres your life- run-it pleads  
The dream's over and nigh-I wake soon  
Run, run, run- before rouse, beloved  
Halt- the bid to hurry it- that does  
Shove me no further- beloved  
My demons are stirring as do  
Take now your flee I bid thee  
Leap through the pane- there!  
For death good and broken limb better  
Than my grasp art you-  
Empty lamps there and keep matches deep  
Hold tight crucifix I gifted you- our nuptial  
Then set me ablaze- near eternal torment mine  
Punch too my throat- slit it- that end me  
Do now for I am here in a bit to do worse-  
Save me beloved- lest my demons  
Lest my demons devours your heart  
The heart you swore it today at the altar  
Aye, you swore it mine and I come now- it  
Hear- run to the seas, hide in it bellies  
For only there, only there shall I turn -from  
Stop your whimpers- beloved- stop!  
And my name you call on ever-  
The lines are off  
Your struggle to wake is vain  
Thy screams your ears alone  
And the world- I lured to slumber  
Far -far- none shall heed thy fear  
Run- run- hide- hide

Beloved- I wake now!

Adeosun Olamide

# There's A Tomorrow

Tell naïve day  
I have had lots of it  
And roaring storm  
It shall not break me  
Tell dark night  
I have seen more  
Sun rise after-  
Tomorrow be better  
A man lost his hand at sun rise  
And a child his eyes at mid day  
My lady lost her breast at dawn  
Tomorrow will be better  
Wash your tears  
And belong to the breeze

Adeosun Olamide

# Things We Like, Things We Do

We like to be seen  
We don't like to be- watched  
We like your smile  
We don't like your jest-  
We bleed-  
We come cold  
We like then the cuddle  
Sometimes we are thirsty-  
We like then our thirst quenched-  
The light passes-

We are us in the dark  
-Different therein  
We walk where you do  
We crawl- the dark alleys  
We do behind you-  
We are not thieves  
We are lured by your valuables  
We are not rapists  
We are pulled by our sexual desires-  
It passes with the dark  
We let it out there-  
We talk-  
We won't kill you  
We may save you  
We need only silence to-  
See, we have devils nature  
We want to be understood -  
We hate, we lust  
We are dirty- our diseases  
We want though to be fine, to be good  
We like to heal- not hurt  
We think about you  
We hurt you there in our thoughts  
We mend you- therein too  
We are angels at dawn  
When the dark is passed  
  
When the dark is behind

We dig the earth-  
We weren't here  
We won't someday  
We like the birds  
We like their trees too  
We cut them down,  
We now can see some hills  
We wish to climb them cliffs too  
We like to jump-  
To fall on the water  
To hear it splatter  
And stay beneath the water-  
We like where it drags us  
We like the tides  
Sometimes tis the silence  
Sometimes the breeze  
We are receptive-  
We listen -  
There is a gale  
We don't like the gale-  
The gale that has come

Adeosun Olamide

# This Lives Truly With Worth

Blossoms, withers be the lives in this known shore of earth,  
With sweetness and fragrance blooming and shriveling away,  
With beauty unused, unknown, untapped  
For many them the powers of the gods posses,  
Yet bound and cuffed from birth by fate  
They shrink and frail away on the path of misery,

Will thou, a little angel, appease the night and day gods  
Wilt not only robes,  
For many unknown suffer if not die in this path unknown  
Yet, forever they live swelling in heart,  
With strings of hairs passed to generation unborn

Jingle the bells of the towers  
Lest the town die of no messiahs  
If perhaps did  
And you only shall their memories keep....

On second look, I see ghosts'  
Tired, more weak and very feeble  
Slowly, crawling on the roads, to and fro...  
How strange, they journey nowhere

One I find the outskirts of his past,  
On notes written by tireless seers  
They say...  
On the night before his death, his suicide,  
His heart shall beat faster and his strength shall zenith  
His beauty, courage shall glow in the burning flames of his dreads  
That night his veins that strange joy shall have a feel,  
The winds shall breeze his skin  
And his bones for ones shall crack in dark laughter,  
But then it is a night, an evil one  
Covered with goodness  
For the day to come shall he (Death) his life lay claim to....

And shall the sun cease to set  
Or the moon ceases to rise  
Or the stars fail to litter the sky

Absence his presence?  
They shall weep upon his unmarked grave  
And spew in disgust at (For) his life  
For not an ounce of gold nor silver  
Nor a jewel of beads, or coin  
Be buried with him...  
Only a piece, of black garment and his name  
The evil he did in his deeds shall be...

I, borrowed to weep shall,  
For him, fate greed with miserly

Adeosun Olamide

## This' Call Fieldsdream...

Prattles' the litter bore of chatters with drifting clouds  
As revel' sky dominance laid `pon view  
Renders' thought of journey  
Given thoroughness wrapped in heaven gaze

Whispers in Dreamsfield  
Darken, dim, sunny, light be facets Life mine.  
Blackness deepest, seem nights evermore fallen,  
Where sails I across' cosmos came in path soulless earth  
Given it through birth from disremembered passage,  
Gently came' churning light rays as dost morning sun

Morning sun  
Of ascends in dusk passing earth atmosphere,  
Showering up on demising earth' life,  
When rejoice' befell stage cultivated clouds heavy  
Of pregnant storms sails forth  
Reducing sun to mild shades of self  
But swift she as fought to rise again,  
Brighter, than ever, sparkling and beautiful  
And as stroll pass peak, begins set, begins wane  
While darkness swallows up

So life mine  
That birth left in binds establishing `pon fate,  
Sheerer destiny them when round seem untouched uniqueness,  
Impressed off matchless, days when around is of mourn, of sorrow'  
Even flowers unspared as wither, shrivel in sorrow languish  
And streams deserted of fish then water  
That purposes set which seem nothing not  
But be impress will to suppress, compress,  
That dresses distress as address repress  
Oh what blessing heaven often gave?  
That uses hands to heal and let same hand die feebly  
Perhaps of dignifying senility my serve that day  
That come, that became, that have be before all  
With days before untouched by difference  
And hands washed of sweats' service his, of own,  
Served beauty towering wherefore history shall topple unmatched

The will the beautification souls,  
Revival fading, dying beauty that make serene atmosphere ours  
Spitting beauty,  
In prominence' came suffering woe,  
Rendering great insignificant and beauty to ashes and vigor to frailty  
But like sun, soon rise through clouds despair  
But stepped in weariness wrapped in oldness that set I  
For earth forgotten touch I' as began and ended day without life mine  
Our life does rise to set like sun, toiling unfriendly clouds  
Each beginning commences the end

Oh Science

But dost fairest science not utter of its rise and set,  
Dost science not call it misconstrue?  
For neither sun dost rise nor set but seem as earth turns  
Thus, sun truly never sets,  
The earth conceal self from its sweetness  
But run towards 'once again after sour darkness taste,

Clasping forgotten

We never are aged,  
Earth merely transit our presence and slay our veins'  
But in deeds we are healed, renewed of its overuse  
And after gone shall feel absence and in shades ours dwell.  
Life perhaps is light in sky,  
Sometimes sunshine, moonlight, sparkling star...  
But in all' light  
And cloud shall come, shall shield and shall mourn  
And after shall give path to our luminescence.  
Changing with clock rhythm, tinkles

Adeosun Olamide

# Thorns My Memory Art

The morning I threw her out,  
My help,  
She's been there since I had the surgery'  
I needed heal and time I was-  
She had my baby to watch  
I came home, to new colors,  
All altered-  
My Mohammed now a lover- flowers, music-  
I sat in, a stranger in my home  
Asked- what I would eat-  
Led to my room-  
I had my baby at least, I thought  
Until I tried- breastfeeding her-  
I forgot, I met the scars'  
Rasheedat made the food  
As held her still- in my embrace  
In manner- was to be taken, but I unwilling-  
She began cry,  
Mohammed took her, lain her the cradle  
My shadow over her there- yet she cried  
And she did until Rasheedat came-  
Until she heard her voice-  
And in Rasheedat embrace, she beamed.  
I smiled as my heart bled-  
I couldn't possibly love it-  
In the many time, there was the repeat,  
Hush, I am your mother, feel my warmth  
But she was deaf to me in all my whispers-  
I hated it, I began to- I did-  
The nice little maid,  
Rasheedat' lovely and pretty too-  
I spoke to Mohammed,  
I am back; we no longer need her-  
I am strong enough to do all she does- better  
But- no' he said- you rest my dear-  
She is a nice girl'  
I know Mohammed looks at her-  
He takes me from the kitchen-  
And once he screamed at me- forbade me there

He says- I cause my wound to long-  
But they were excuses, excuses- I knew  
The way' Mohammed looks her-  
And a night came, it woken my hatred-  
She brings Mohammed his water-  
I am there, she takes his suit-  
Mohammed calls her, I am there- idle  
Mohammed smiles eating her food-  
Hardly finishes mine, the one made him-  
They were the seeds, the feelings that thundered-  
But my act the morning, God' -save me  
The remorse that wears me-  
To throw her out, the dark- she pleaded  
The baby cried as threw her out still  
She knelt begging- for forgiveness  
What she had done- I thought-  
I asked; I asked her!  
She only begged-  
The bloods on my hand  
The bloods on my sleeve  
What I have done-  
From the lanai, I threw her out-  
I didn't, I did- to save my family  
Not the way- I wanted,  
This guilt,  
Why so does my conscience prick me?  
Like I meant her a grave,  
I didn't- I only wanted her out-  
She ran, she fell- death'  
But first- I must cover her up-  
The lies to Mohammed,  
Hush my unyielding girl from wailing-  
Yet the fear that art me- by still  
That she be reason Mohammed came home,  
Yet only by still-  
For must before his return- clean the blood  
And tell- she stole, ran away the night-  
But how, how do I content this guilt  
-The conscience that pricks me so?

Adeosun Olamide

# Through My Route

Untamed desires- lure in labyrinth flesh  
Lust a lucid, love an alien  
-Echoes of my listening  
The seed of lust thrives in my soul  
Save Lord! I beck  
From lust trapped within

Flesh is given  
Sin ejaculated  
Immoral conceived  
A disaster to be begotten  
Save Lord! I beck  
From turpitude that caresses soul

The clouds of lust pass over  
It shadows like thorn upon my conscience  
If life crave, heart desire a duty to tend  
That murderer, a widow must be  
Save Lord! I beck  
From evil which seems escape

Have sinned Allah  
An abomination in me  
And bore your abhor within  
I kneel for mercy-  
If will, save him  
And if die, all is Allah's will

The poison in his veins  
I caress gently  
But face could brunt veil deceit little  
As tears betray pang conscience  
He goes from bosom, wholly  
And returns with memory of beam

The venom in his blood  
While call poison delicious  
He robe nude neck with jewelries  
And assures long desired vacation

Throws also seized dream to  
And knew the missing hunted one

The antidote in my scarf  
As survival demands in his veins this moment  
But act'd be sentencing self to shame  
Perhaps death  
As heart draws from antidote  
His unknowing pecks my cheeks still

A bother sweat that gather in eye  
He is no Daniel to know  
So private, never tells his pain  
There he lay in Allah's will  
His soul deceased from body  
Earth would be his blanket by dawn

And by dusk, shall find my lust

Adeosun Olamide

# Through The Pall

The night repeat itself  
A rapist in my dream  
The murderer of Mia  
My head in the gallows  
Caresses' candle light  
-the breeze  
That split curtains mine so  
-and eyes too  
Letting grip- the cold  
The night repeat itself  
And in the whore is spoil  
-The aura of gore  
My hand its vessel  
The nights again come  
In St. Judas Abbey

Adeosun Olamide

# Thyself Away

Come behind the curtains, your act no more shall surface,  
Your role my friend is done, your little play, over  
Come upon my absorbing mirror to sink here your fears,  
Sink all,  
The interventions, distractions, all thy contemplations  
And all that swells within your mind,  
Suffocating there, the reach for the miles ahead  
Know, the fields, the plants shall be fairer again,  
The weary cared, shall by another be seen  
And thy little one, by another, be cuddled,  
Thy lover's wound, should by time be tended,  
And thy duties taken, know  
Know, all your efforts should by time be obscured  
The cold, its arms afflicts all our reaches,  
And stir worms, decay in the things loved  
Relax now and courageous be,  
Though no more, friend, on this stage can thy candle -burn,  
Though no more on this stage shall thy hoe till,  
And no more, on this sea, shall you sail,  
Though, relax be and courageous be,  
The bridge there, -we shall journey now,  
Where quiet, all is smooth without murmurs  
Fear not, friend, the endless dunes that see,  
The gatherings of a pleased wind in a plain  
Gentle, silence and warmth abodes there  
Not rough ruins of perished souls or dried bones  
Nor fear thee, the endless ocean that sees,  
For upon it, a breeze waves new surprises,  
That makes whence climaxes dreary seem,  
Here, the dews shall be upon you,  
And no more by time should you decay or rot,  
Come now friend into the night you are drawn,  
Deep your temples in the breeze and let your hands float  
A tunnel, pace gently and hush the murmurs  
Reaching out to god, fall into heaven  
To here to hear of the lord,  
Of the rhythm that soothes his troubled soul



# Till I Am Seen

O shade dark that lurks idly by  
Mask I pray, mask- to slain her  
Aye, sweet girl that hates thee

Art, O art ye roar of gust out vain  
Heed, to murder this wail that rears  
Art, art for this girl hated thee

Ye tongue of sun- come O come  
Slip, to drink this blood- hasten  
Tis girl, roses love than thee

O loveless mizzles lone in sky  
To romance this blood- tide  
A girl- likes that sate thy thirst- hurry!

And O earth- wake, wake-  
A meal I brought thee  
Tis girl, that tramples over ye

Come, to mourn ye people-  
My lady is lost-  
A beauty again has perished!

Adeosun Olamide

# Tired

I am tired of your presence  
-Worn of your laughter  
Tired of my pretense

I am tired of your affection  
Jaded of your gaze  
Worn from my submission

I am tired of your warmth  
Weary of the jewels  
Tired of revelry

I am trite of your child  
Sick of being "wifed";  
Tired of my duty

Spent of beside  
I am tired of the walls  
Neck worn of lowering

And of the sermons too  
-Tired of you, lord  
Tired of my virtue

Let me from wallow, my love  
Let me a saunter, my child  
Let me a lust, my love  
Let me a murder, my Lord  
Let me a sailing, breeze  
Let me from drowning  
Let, my will

Adeosun Olamide

# Tis All Flipping

Cradle, coffins-bear same being  
Blooms creeps withered- frail comes hail  
Dusts coats golden- webs sprawls castle-  
Rats' art throne, the vi-ers all rotten  
Life-s all precious- hollows is stocking  
Ask sailors sea neath- hear sad-nesses joy-  
Calm and tempest- tis all flipping  
Here and there, our soul to, fro  
Cherub to demon- foes to bosom-  
Honor, baseness, infamy-  
Art, hark- addled- percept flipping  
Light bore darkness- shadows creeps then  
Art, hark- addled- percept flipping  
Robes are rags- brides are widows  
Cradle, coffins- we all flipping

Adeosun Olamide

# To Be His Death

Raped by two  
First, by husband  
Then his father-  
Fate way blessing family  
Father watered garden theirs  
And company him, did too

His hideous prayer  
The gods did heard  
As two had me-  
A man and son  
Sauntering home in shreds  
Hands pat back  
And called -own blessing  
Two days pass- he died  
I killed him  
Regret forth, eye sweat-

But was done  
And his poor widow  
My mother,  
Soon died too  
Employers rescue came  
Bought their coffins  
And had me, a room  
To rape every night  
Until heart failed him-  
And son inheritance-

Afraid I'll divorce him  
He knew doctor  
Had womb removed  
Afraid I'll divorce  
He paid doctor  
To lie cancer  
A mastectomy

Now chest bare  
He would let me go

Still blame for death?  
God even him a hell-  
No denials, I am demon inside  
To be his death

Adeosun Olamide

# To Beloved In Hell

Forgive- Maria  
And know of darling shivers  
Forgive- Maria  
And know truly I failed  
Forgive absence  
And all betraying mine  
For letting down  
And coursing heavens path  
Forgive- Maria  
Relate litt'l Jane and Jude  
Heavens treachery  
That stole father  
And seized arms his  
Tell them still  
Of a coward father  
And pray- they absolve me  
Forgive- Maria  
For was unavoidable grace that damned me

Forgive- dear Ma  
And sniff torment mine herein  
Forgive beloved mother  
And know truly I tried  
I lied, drunk got and Lord cursed  
And all told  
Can presence forth- did  
But forgive son- dear ma  
This failing that seems betrayal  
Tell expectant father  
Of heavens treachery on favorite son  
Tell when cloistered in presence  
That he may loyal eyes sweat in secrecy  
Forgive son- dear ma  
For making imperfect family yours  
-Know truly mother  
Was unavoidable grace that damned  
To heaven shores  
Where torment all etern- thy absence



# To My Lothario

Lothario-  
That dwells in the clouds  
Is that your tears- I call rain

Lothario-  
When shall shed this veil  
And belong to my keen gaze  
When shall  
With that holy heart  
Be unshy of your demon form  
And be true to none than thyself  
Come Lothario  
For your bidder- she is blind  
And your claws- can't bleed her  
Come Lothario  
Before- I fade away

Lothario-  
Are you in the breeze  
Is that you- singing?

Lothario O Lothario  
The bloom of rose  
Why have you chose darkness?  
Lothario O Lothario  
The flames that enlivens  
Why have you chose silence?  
Ye give life to the seas  
And pierce fingers of woods  
But know Lothario- that I know  
You sleep- when your demon wakes  
Know- I bother not the ruin of roses  
Nor fret at the slain of the lamps  
Know I bother not- that the sea is possessed  
And it decease the woods, enriching grave  
I know Lothario- that you were cuffed  
When your demon woke-  
Come Lothario

For your bidder- can flee  
And your demons can't snare her  
Come Lothario  
Before I melt away

Lothario-  
Are you in the stars  
Is that you- winking?

Come to me  
Or should I come to you?  
How so- that I can reach the stars  
How so- to be with you  
Lothario- I see you in the sea  
I see you winking- along the stars  
Deep there- in the beautiful sea  
And I shall come to you- My Lothario  
To dwell in the shadow of your light

Adeosun Olamide

# To My Sailors- A Way From The Tempest

Should the sea be -stormy  
Or our clouds raved by wind  
Push, my sailors- pull  
There is calm just ahead  
But should the woods crack  
And the sea bellies you  
Hush, my sailors- hush,  
Sink away from the storm  
Quiet, my sailors- quite  
There is peace down the sea

Adeosun Olamide

## To My Sires In Patriarchal Street-

The woman is earth  
Upon which we tread  
The woman is earth  
Upon which we piss  
The woman is earth  
Upon which we sow

No truer saying my ears- my sires  
Of this woman- aye this woman-  
That bears tramples, dirt, seeds ours  
Cast upon by mores to be inferior-  
Remember my sires- the earth in it swallows  
Remember good sires' there- earth, its quakes  
As devours most fiercely- her spoilers  
Aye too- this woman that is your earth  
Like earth- she devours fiercely, even more-  
And make rot- her spoilers' just well-

Adeosun Olamide

# To Samantha

Come home Samantha  
The winter closes by  
And blankets starves warmth  
Come home Samantha  
To hums her funeral  
Bring tears crocodile with  
And earth to seal solitude ours  
Come dearest Samantha  
To have jewelries shorn her  
And care heart kept you  
To have hungry lips sated  
Come home Samantha  
Death has annul nuptial  
Your mother is gone Lord  
And given space to thrive  
Come Samantha daddies arms  
Before the winter closes on  
To linger resting obsession ours

Adeosun Olamide

# To Say Goodbye

Flavio comes on thorny paths  
Thro the storm he saunters here  
With robes his- soaked in blood  
Flavio comes home one last time

His young wife- she makes their bed  
And his kids all wait him come  
Their gone love is coming home  
They know not he comes to die

Flavio too- others heart  
Like mother his who long loiters  
She stood by- a yearning ghost  
Waiting take- Flavio hence

He by morn reaches home  
And eager kids run his hide  
With kept strength lifted them  
And on passed he- in wife's arm

Adeosun Olamide

# To See Beyond

If Mary had seen Jesus fate  
-Strapped to a cross  
Bleeding to death  
What a great abortion it will be-  
Or she perhaps would  
Have gazed-  
Beyond the tunnel

Adeosun Olamide

# To The One Walking Alone

If I die before the august cold,  
Lay me there in aegus high  
Where the youths and babes are buried  
In the deep mist, where eyes have no use  
Lay my face in the earth,  
From blinded vultures hungry for my soul  
-Lay me in the familiar grave, deeper,  
To reach needed warmth in that cold,  
Hidden in the depth, the pulse of earth  
-There upon the slippery highway, stairs, bury me  
Where I shall dream of heaven or hell  
But when the autumn air is here  
Dig out my grave and lay me  
-Up, up upon the cliff  
Bare- for the breeze to wake,  
But if only tasting, and if I ever sleeping,  
Tie my bones to roll in the ocean  
In the belly of a storm, for a spark my body to stir,  
Then, let the sun into where my eyes has lived  
To melt, burn the coldness, stiffness that froze my heart  
But if it fails, denying me its embrace  
As the passing wind has, denying me its voice  
Or as the river here echoing silence, still  
-The fields there smothering scents,  
That in my eyes-empty, its blossoms to blur and shrink  
And if they failing, betraying me- like these here,  
Rest then your tender hands my love,  
For they have no way in the thicket of death  
But on your hope, there is a ripple hidden within me  
Made by the tears, sweats that flutters in my absence,  
For they shall flow into my sleepy bloods  
-And remain after the winter is done

Adeosun Olamide

# To The Poor Man On Upright's' Street

Do mind I call you poor;  
Not 'because you crawl in floor  
But 'cause you a boor  
That flaw makes you real poor

See you stone my jet  
Seem you so upset  
Why you conflict it?  
Does it afflict you?

Heard you born in sheet  
With all already replete  
Heard you turn to shit  
And all that got' deplete

You call it effect'  
I call it fate'  
When always is' greet school your feet  
But in street to repeat cheat be mine feat

Look' I got be strict  
That act may beget evict  
Stone a more my jet  
And you get your net  
Know you an addict  
That's why you'll be convict

Look Pete'  
Knew we compete for sweet  
In street where deceit be feat  
But I choose my path  
And you choose to part  
I have regrets that abet my fret  
To let you live' upsets  
But your evidences yet ain't concrete  
And I just might slip through the net  
From you I am known discrete  
From all I am known discreet  
No one's going hear your bleat

They prefer my conceit deceit to your bleat  
And you may my deeds out mete  
Increasing the fleet of my heat  
But be sure of delete if I near defeat  
For know all I done you have in depict

Murdering may be the path I set  
And rape' the path I onset  
But now I am one of the elite that reset  
And bet it is yours that got this jet  
But learn to past forget  
That you a victim of my deceit get

Call riches mine filthy in replies  
Here but another hand to secure ties  
Stretched and extended to help rise'  
Call bribery and refuse partake as usual plies  
Then began loved ones say goodbyes

Minister of Justice  
Ibrah Momoh□

Adeosun Olamide

# To Thee

You, yes you, here- in the dark, silent,  
I see you, yes you, I can hear you  
I know this language, this silence- language  
Unburden yourself, come closer,  
You have heard God, not folly,  
Truly follow- calm this qualm, calm!  
God made us, filth, he made- for you,  
So may live a life, a purpose,  
Ah, for you, God made us filth  
So may see your love, your charity  
Come, hold us, hug us, -warm us  
Though, made of rags, foul, ugly  
We are not, this, the flesh, the façade  
They settled upon us, the mud  
We are sentient, peel, off! -outer layer  
The soft to thrive, the robes do fit  
Come, hold us, and help us breathe  
The oblivion, the rustiness- comes to us  
Ah, calm this qualm, calm!  
We are not losers -not greedy  
We are not ugly, not indolent- not vain  
We bear scars, not violent scars,  
We help each other see, speak  
Here is, her eyes in mine-seeing through  
We are made of thorns, spikes-  
We are not this, this weed\_  
We are the earth- come, trample  
With your seeds,  
We can \_thrive roses, daffodils too  
Ah, our stench has slain you  
Ah, the thorns run through you  
Ah, heaven has you!  
-There in the light, the merry

Adeosun Olamide

# To Where My Makers Loathe

O heavens induced delusions  
That art mine ever- cradle roamed freely  
Hearken- this plaything yours- it calls  
Come weary whispers that strives thee  
Beyond own sown murmurs- hark!

To gulp wine made only ye- come  
Art thee here thy flies form to -swill  
Yea, this sweet blood that spoils- drink!  
Come- ye whom no foul in hell match  
Aye, my curser from birth- I prithee to

Prattle- prattle- the whispers my ears  
Helter- helter- thy gait in my dark  
O that gives solely music I leap to  
And put robes as -my eye -frayest of rags  
Done to make freedom mine fetters bore

Thou made stones- berries hides appear  
And rope- my bow tie does seems  
That veil fire as child in need nurture mine  
And put my understandings to birds chirp only  
Aye more done to make will mine shackles bore

But come while there a day be more  
To mock and have thy play-  
For hour is nigh I turn ash  
To tell too the wrong I did thee  
To be made thy earth-

Aye, what wrong heavenly sires-  
That my reason- ye colonize so  
And on my mind cinders peril  
Aye come- O heavens delusions inducers  
For soon- your plaything finds hell a messiah

Adeosun Olamide

# Traveler Stone

I have wandered lonely in deserts,  
I have crossed oceans,  
I have seen the mightiest of hills and valleys,  
I have slept in mighty shadows of death, of pain.  
I have heard of you, the gods has exposed me the way.  
The crow of a cock is unlike the roar of cats.  
The hisses of snakes are unlike the screeches of owls.  
The croak of a frog is unique like the maiden of your city.  
The gods has cursed your town with beauty.  
Give way to the one the gods has given away to you!  
Luminary is he that is a beaver in your community.  
I am a farmer in Ibadan city. I produce yam that feeds the whole world, you may not have heard because you are far from the whole world but even the angels in heaven and hell whispers my exploit. My barn is bigger than the whole of Everest. My name is on the lips of elders, kids and youth.  
I have come to bring my bride home with me.  
I have heard the one beautiful than the goddess dwells in your midst.  
Let it not be said I do not have dowry. I have been robbed.  
Let it not be said I am in rags. I have traveled through desert, pestilence and suffering.  
Let it not be said I am a beast. I have bore the marks of monsters that I overcame in encounters.  
I have brought a piece of magic all the way,  
One carved by the gods themselves,  
A name have I given it, mirror I have named it.  
Let it be the young maidens that experience my spell less paranormal first.  
Let them come before me like gathered grains of wheat,  
On and on they Look as Luke and were spellbound,  
Soon, a palace they built for me, maidens I picked with my fingers,  
On and on neighboring towns enthralled by tales of my mirror visited I with gifts and that was the beginning of establishment and exploitation.

Adeosun Olamide

## Two Words Or More

Two words or more  
She starved baby  
Two words or more  
She claim tired  
Two words or more  
She say fed  
Two words or more  
She aver silence  
Two words or more  
That might say even  
Two words or more  
That hears often

Two words or more  
She claim bored  
Two words or more  
She want young  
Two words or more  
She took drunk  
Two words or more  
She wants out  
Two words or more  
That might say even  
Two words or more  
That hears often

Two words or more  
She claim bother  
Two words or more  
She called shackles  
Two words or more  
She sojourned out  
And two words or more  
He took life  
Two words or more  
That says even  
Two words or more  
That hears often

Two words or more  
An excuse from 17 years  
Two words or more  
She called prison  
Two words or more  
Father did wrote  
Two words or more  
Mother now utters  
Two words or more  
-I haven't known

Adeosun Olamide

# Unbound

Would comets cherish  
If long, sky dwells  
Or diamond be pearl  
If take sand shores form?  
Creating ocean in my world  
Fancying tempest-  
I am being diagnosed  
-A twinge in my head  
The sky in the bulb  
The earth in the wires  
The sea in the waves  
The pebbles in eye  
I go sailing, drowning in life  
Caressing my solitude

Dark is where truly can be free  
Setting the candles and lamp  
Listening to the rhythm  
The breeze does sing  
Dunes lure lyrics  
I long steal a life  
Make it mine

Adeosun Olamide

# Unholy Thoughts

Of life eminent  
Death is faithful  
The creators' only gift  
All around me, moving bodies  
That sources my affection  
Them my heart towards beck  
-A tragedy they shall die  
To fulfill birth purpose  
A tragedy to love  
A comedy-  
My spouse should die

Adeosun Olamide

# Unlocked

Christ kept knocking  
An unlocked door  
Devil walked him pass  
And hail gave-  
Christ kept knocking  
An unlocked door  
Devil knew the window  
And grasp gave

Adeosun Olamide

# Untitled

Before I perish into dust-  
I look again in the sun  
Hoping the angst has quieten down  
I look, hopeful for the warmth-  
I gaze through the gape  
For the stars- buried in the deep  
In the darkness, I gaze, hopeful for a glitter  
And the panes all agape  
That a genteel breeze may come  
Come in between the storm-  
To touch, soothe-  
I look, that my eyes- captive in blur  
May yet leap an art, a painting in the blur  
I hearken, to hear a tune in the noises  
I hold, clenching them- my possessions  
One, then one, then other till last  
Searching for a memory-  
Hoping remnant memories remain in one  
Or the bliss, a shadow of, to swiftly pass  
I take the chalices again-  
From which I'd gulp love, victory  
I dwelled in the rust -expired gold  
The new paints, the dust, the webs  
As I put the wine, a sweat from my eye too  
I gulp- as I sleep, facing the wall  
Clasping rot, a less worse- to the dust

Adeosun Olamide

# Upon His Thoughts

He saw a man look at me  
He saw another wink- at  
The priest hugged us  
-He thought me blush  
-He thought him held me longer  
His baby fed, fondling my breast,  
He caught me smile as he did  
-He looked away, to thoughts  
-He thought he wasn't his  
-And thought too someday I'll leave  
By error, he put some ill in my lotion  
-That saw my flesh peel, my face rust  
By error, he burnt fingers our baby  
By error, he did

He heard the priest say\_ tis better  
-He saw malice in him  
-Why he anointed my head longer  
-How the baby smiled in his embrace  
And he thought genetics some flaw-  
But some tests soon stem the doubt-  
Yet he awake\_ stayed  
Thinking, thinking -upon my leave  
He touches me, noting his wrinkles,  
He doubts -he quenches my thirst  
He looked away and stayed awake  
Thinking, thinking- someday I'll be gone

He saw a man look at me,  
-And another longer hold to me  
He a doctor said, a fibroid in me  
-That death in the womb he had removed  
Then again- a cancer, a mastectomy  
He said 'a symptom' my having no pain  
-Now he looks at me and looks away-  
At a marred chest, a charred -look  
-Now most think wrong to gaze upon me  
But still he saw a man look at me,  
And though blind -this man,

He awake stays, thinking still  
- I'll leave

Adeosun Olamide

# Upon Me

Shabel Lee comes for my body  
He lost his head- he said to me  
Shabel lee comes for my body  
He lost his- he said to me  
Lee notices my spirit is pale  
He takes me, a companion  
To have a drink  
That drinks and paleness, a foe  
-And when I am drunk, tis gone  
I glare-  
He journeys very long to me  
There are bruises on his arms  
And his eyes\_ a coal in a star  
I think he wants a friend  
Someone yet with affection for his kind  
-Most hates him, he lets me know  
They curse at him,  
They hate me too, I told him  
I told him too- when bits by bits I once rot  
Closed eye, a bad dream, nobody woke me  
They didn't; lee knew how this felt  
He cried with me and shared my angst  
-I told him of the ocean inside of me  
Sometimes still, sometimes a bubbling storm  
Sometimes the tides reaches, a sweat  
He asks if it is blue or white  
I'd forgotten -how did I forget?

When drunk, our return home-  
We see adulterers in the dark  
-We give their clothes to the ragged  
And their money to the needy  
The meat\_ we pray over and feed the hungry  
They shouldn't live- lee agrees  
A deer and a woman tastes little different

Lee tells, we are angels serving a prison term in this body  
And tells, God hides in heaven, protected by the angels  
Lee tells we can reject the life God has given us

These are people in the cold  
There is warmth close to the fire, the fire God made  
Lee tells it is better to die prepared-  
That death completes the sentence...  
But here, while here we can be good to the Father,

Priests in silk robes, sheen, bright light  
Spreading fears and hatred-  
The beautiful adds to the woe of the ugly  
All should look alike, at least with a flaw  
Some had broken noses, a gloom in their radiant faces  
The rich had his warmth without peace  
And the poor had his cold with peace  
The hungry drinks the soup we made them  
And righteousness again crept in-

I return home, with lee,  
He takes me deep, into the light  
And let me know that I slay is mine, a trophy  
That the dead belongs to me in my dreams  
All now is mine in my dreams,  
That I must sleep than I stay awake,  
I feel like a god; I told Lee,  
But he replied, is that greed? -He asked;  
And disappeared, left-  
Sleep- little by little began to dearth me-  
And awake for hours, seem eternal,  
Madness is reaching in vein, I knew  
Times, - suddenly I screamed  
Times, I cannot bear the weight of the sun  
Or the weight of a gaze  
I cannot hear, it strikes the un-pure sound  
I perceive odors then memories crept in of Lee  
-That we can reject the life given us  
And so made my appointment with death,  
And carried on, to be a protector of God

Adeosun Olamide

# Usman

Usman, Usman

When I had money, I brought you robes before I changed my rags

Usman, Usman

When your skin was reddish and itchy, I gave you warmth with my hug

Usman, Usman

When you pooped and vomited and your nose ran thorough through

It is I' Usman who cleaned it, that bath in your sweat

Usman, Usman

I gave you cover in those cold nights I shiver

Oh Usman, it is I you curse' I who washed your pants

Oh Usman, it is I you ignore' I who gave you life

Oh Usman,

It is I who scream, the one you set your dogs to

What horns have I to blow, what trumpet?

What vaunt have I over your life? Usman you ask'

No, certainly nothing, not silence, not falsehood

But I shall attempt to revoke your memory

Oh Usman,

Don't call me whore,

Usman, Usman

It was your sickness that required me to sell my body for your repair

It was your sickness that made me slept with Alhaji and Dungoyaro

Usman, it was for you to eat, to survive

Usman

It is I you name foul and smelly

Remember Usman, when I had money I bought you robes while I used rags

Usman, Usman,

It is I you lock out of your mansion

It was for your survival I stole drugs

To send you to become your doctor

And now I must tender coins to endure you

Usman, Usman,

It is I he called convict

It is I Usman claimed a nuisance to his household  
It is I Usman fling coins to

Usman my brother  
Usman, our mothers' only son  
Usman the doctor  
Usman the saint  
Usman, the brother of a whore, a thief, a convict

Usman,  
It is I who bought his shoes, while my feet bare the earth  
It is I who had my life shapeless in shaping his  
Oh my heart bleeds Usman,  
Recall this scar that mars my face, the one you inflict when I took away your  
cigarette  
Remember dear Usman, I had none but thee had me,  
But now you have all, a princess, a queen, a throne  
Remember when I was your angel

Oh Usman  
Don't call me a beggar, truly I was but don't  
Don't call me shameless, truly I gave my pride for yours  
For when you shivered, it was for you I kneeled before the priest begging a  
shelter

Usman, Usman  
Remember my language; it may not be your grammar  
But it was the one that tended you when you were sober

Usman, Usman  
Don't mind my dirty looks, odor  
All I need is proper bath and I will be presentable  
Oh Usman,  
Don't say a bath won't wash my past away  
Jesus has washed the red on my white linen,  
My past is gone, now give a chance make mends

Usman, Usman, don't call me mad, I am not  
Usman,  
I didn't abandon you; it was you who disowned me  
What has the white woman done to my Usman?  
Has knowledge put him in the dark?

Has learning turned him forgetful?  
It was in her land, you learnt, I had become prisoner for theft  
Usman' it was that you may live that I stole  
And for once let me be truest  
Those clothes you now refer rag that I claim to have bought thee  
Those clothes I stole, from the lines beneath sun where it be to parch

Oh, you all' help me beg my Usman  
To let me touch him, after which I may gulp already tasted death  
Oh, you all' help me beg Usman  
To let me glimpse him and caress his skin  
Oh, you all  
Take me to my Usman; bring to my side my lost Usman,  
That I may tell his mother I died in his cold hands

Adeosun Olamide

# Virtues Call

My humbleness has made me little  
My modesty art me trampled  
My gentleness\_ made dull  
My patience art me crumbs  
Oh virtue, a curse, my ill

By my truth, lies many a grave  
My cleanliness, tended no sores  
For silence, a groan is won, worn a man  
For the robe of integrity, tattered trust-  
Oh virtue, a curse, my club

Contentment, when body needed more  
My frugality\_ making miserly  
My courage\_ stirred in tempting dangers-  
And my esteem, cannot be a burden  
-What virtue, a curse, a suicide

The light is on my eyes  
-So loud I am in a dark  
And I\_ desiring now the sickness that brings love  
-Wrap no more my nakedness in the twirl of virtue

Adeosun Olamide

# Visions And Rainbow

Mia had a vision  
And a vision again  
I had same vision too  
Where Mia died  
A food cause was  
Mia asked about-  
And thought poison  
I thought so too  
Mia came scared  
And would eat no food  
Mia died  
Of ulcer I heard

Adeosun Olamide

# Voices From A Jesus

Open the door, open!  
I am veiled in the breeze  
Open, the demons are on my tail  
Open before they devour me, open  
Open, I am Christ, save me  
Heaven is invaded, the last gate besieged  
The devil at victory grasp-  
Gods can be slain, immortals can be devoured  
The devil wins, come away to me  
I must hide; we must hide from the churches  
We must hide from all,  
The devil has worked the bible-  
The words are his-  
Come, burn it- the words shouldn't be heeded

Leave all behind, work, family, leave all  
Let him die for there is a greater calling  
-Thousand deaths can't redeem  
God bleeds-and angels- wounded,  
Come, come with your skills-  
Come to nurse them- to save them  
We must do in secrecy,  
For the devils agents, everywhere-  
Here in human forms- in the sun, stars, leaves  
But you shall know them-  
For they blink eyes- when your gaze holds them  
They whisper your name-they want you too  
-To treat their injured, to mend the devils wound  
Come, flee- we must go beyond the sea  
To there, where the sun is forbidden  
To there, where the sun set-  
Bear the mask, they know thee-  
Trim your hair, they see through  
A blind eye, there- is the good mask

The sun early rises for you- today  
The mist shields you from his gaze  
And the sea is calm- so you may sail  
The sun sets- late for you today

So the darkness may shield you  
And the tempest spurs to take you there  
There where the angels die-

Come away to God, come away from  
Seat with the filthy, on their rags  
Swallow their odor, withstand their folly  
They are angels in the veil of impurity  
The veneer to mislead the devil-  
Come away to God, come away from  
Seat with the filthy, on their diseases  
Eat their rots, sleep by their side  
On their blankets, hear their snores  
Treat their wounds, gently while they snore  
They are angels in the veil of impurity  
And the veneer to mislead the devil-  
There with the filthy, there with them  
Come, come, come away to God  
Drink from their cup, bathe in their stream  
Bathe with their dirt, rub with their rags  
Commit their sin, walk with them  
All must- lest the devil finds us  
Come away, come from the filth  
Devour their thoughts, devour their souls  
Murder a man as they do, rape a mother  
Betray a friend, befriend death  
Poison the wines, dine as they die  
All is a façade for they do not perish  
Put a seed over the dead, the roses tell  
But you must the veneer to mislead the devil  
For must- to convince the devil, join his crusade  
And art- shall stab when embrace him  
But till come away to God, come away  
Art the pleasant girl, her purity, art!  
Watch as it filthy comes,  
Save, save from hell-  
Murder a girl, murder a pleasant girl  
Murder her while she cleanse the poor  
Murder her before her flesh spur-  
Come away to God, Come away  
You must marry, come to the nuns  
The devil can bear no son-

Rape, rape- it is no sin- rape a number  
God comes through you-  
Drown a child, drown a baby  
Drown her while she smiles  
And you have added to heaven  
Cause a pregnant woman to fall,  
Cause her a miscarriage-  
Save that soul from the filth that engulfs all  
Bed their men, bed their women  
Lust with them, lie with them  
Lust as they lust, hate as they hate  
Fight as they fight, die their deaths  
All must- lest the devil finds us  
Those who see you and acknowledge you not  
Follow them, take away their eyes  
Those who walk pass you  
Follow them, detach their legs  
Those who sing higher than thee  
Burn their throat, burn it  
Those who smile while you walk by  
Put upon their face- sorrow, slash upon  
And those who frown while you pass by,  
Cause their face to wash away, to dissolve  
And they that take no heed of ye-  
Kill, let their hearts rots  
The lord wills that he lets  
Have no shadow, let no man see you  
Do all evil- and let the devil come for  
Then- shall dissolve the poison in his embrace  
And when dark -watch no more- the whores,  
Lay no more with them-  
Art- how they bring men to the devil  
Art- how they build his army  
Burn them while they sleep  
Burn the brothel-  
-Do it for God  
And I, away- to distract the devil  
So do on-  
For you, an army of Gods, a chosen  
To slain the demons, a chosen  
And to restore God, a chosen



# Walking To My Grave

I walk gently on earth knowing  
Soon it will be my blanket,  
And gently on earth walk yet  
For soon, it will home be

Adeosun Olamide

# Was My Son

I held my pen this night  
To ink of blood scribble'  
A buzz within scrawling  
A fly hidden

I scuttle my pane  
In blanket of fear  
There a sailing wind  
I cast scrolls to

A gaping pane  
The wind blasts in  
An assassin of lamps  
A bringer of darkness

Doorways slammed in shade  
And curtains a life  
My invader brings me  
Thro a swirl of clandestine

An attentive mother  
Her suckling child  
She came sapped  
Of her tiring child  
His constant wailing's'  
And immoral antics  
She neglects weaved  
And strictness held  
Thro child desires denial  
A morning came  
A mangled mother  
Her breasts missing  
And in dark sucks  
Her gleeful child  
Her decaying breast-

A consciousness of dark  
The comatose takes  
To dump in a cradle

Breeze swing to to fro

Tangled in look about  
A slumber sets in  
That journeys whence  
And brings to my scrolls

Adeosun Olamide

# We Came By The Chapel

The priest called-  
I came-  
With my loaf and fish-  
He collects- as pat on head  
Saying, "Run along boy, run along"  
I waited-  
Then he whispered my ears-  
"-You know Jesus; he did same a boy,  
A boy like you- run and merry"  
But I hungry- stared  
He would multiply it-  
And we would all be fed-  
But the priest ate my bread, my fish  
And that night- we died of hunger.

Adeosun Olamide

# We Came From The Sea

Now the bullets pass us thru  
No more do the bombs bleed us  
Now we row thru the sea  
No more do the tides throw us  
Now we fro the world thru  
No man, no border restricts us

Adeosun Olamide

# What Fear Did Blind Steve

I hate the dark  
Even my shadows  
I run away from any shadow  
-Even mine

Only,

To escape my shadow,  
I have to run away from the light  
And to run away from light  
Is to acquaint dark  
And I don't dwell in dark either

So I thought to self  
One lazy day  
And came somewhat a grand plan  
Of compulsion stirred

-That to blind self  
Is to shut dark and shadows from  
That by blind  
Shall see shadows not nor dark  
And so I did  
Locking doors that forth both  
Transcending into this state

Adeosun Olamide

# What I Hear In My Dreams

I found you-  
I found you-  
Come to me my shadow  
Come to me from your light  
Come to take your place-  
Come and we may live

I found you-  
I found you-  
Come to me- my own  
Come to me in your nude  
Come to be my robe  
Come that we may warm

I found you-  
I found you-  
Do not hide from- my flames  
Come to me from your dead  
Come so we may burn  
Come and together we shall rise

I found you-  
I found you-  
Come, O come- my breeze  
Come to me- in the sea  
Come that we may dance tonight  
Come and together we shall roll

Adeosun Olamide

# What Jane Has Done

Poor Jane,  
What was she thinking?  
She flushed her baby  
A mother was  
-And now a murderer  
But my poor Abel  
Won't a breathe without Jane  
He will be a widower too short  
And join his Jane  
Yet my poor mother  
What would she do?  
And her heart  
If her Abel is gone  
-That will be two funerals  
The other for her husband  
Poor Jane  
What you have done-  
And I, cannot be alone  
Nor can poor Jude  
-The boy who died almost  
When snub his affection  
And perhaps mother his, like mine  
Poor Jane  
What you have done

Adeosun Olamide

# What She Says To The Mirrors

Why mirror, I be made so in thy world  
That breast firm here- is slack there  
And wrinkles art- my silky face in thee?  
Seems ye so- to reflect robes as rags  
And lambs as foxes- thou art made o mirror  
That even in thy gaze, god must seem devil  
And never devil a god nor rags guise as robes  
But only good to foul thou act-  
That all does o mirror- is worse paint all  
Yet false them- the paint trade that does  
Aye ye contrive- of most spiteful spirit  
False all- thy mockery trade that do  
The skin radiant here- ye spare not  
And make such beauty- unsightly bear  
O mirror I linger gaze thy pieces form to beg  
That why alter so- my comeliness  
And bore in me- remembrance the disgust  
That as walk from thee- the deceit gleams-  
And art senses- so true- to birth a veil?  
Yet so- I try to elude thy gaze- mocking mirror  
But still you sneak firmness mine and lure me to-  
Where eyes, nose, lips this- add flaw  
And rape my mood- thy fetched ill  
I linger again your gaze- o mirror to ask  
Why I am made so in thy world  
That cheeks here- chubby be- there  
And curse too other eyes here  
-To see me as thou reflect here

Adeosun Olamide

# What Sick Leila Read

The day is come  
When bid my sorrow- a bye  
When tears mine shall flee  
And burdens this be removed

The day is come  
When shall ride from here  
And sate a long yearned bathe  
Shall see if my gowns fits still

The day is come  
My vita- I'll gather  
Then dust my shoes  
And polish this wrinkled face

This day end  
Shall drunk till reason fades  
And let the volume its peak  
Then dance and dance

By today's end  
It shall be a new beginning  
And I shall have a good sleep

For the day that is here-  
By its end  
I use to be a mother  
For the day that is here  
By its end  
My life is returned

Adeosun Olamide

# What The Angels Says

I hear voices  
The voices of angels  
I hear voices  
Voices from heaven  
The words that save  
The words of God

They say-  
Cut daughters face  
And make repellent of her  
They say  
With her beauty  
She shall not be Gods

I hear voices  
The voices of angels  
I hear voices  
Voices from heaven  
The words that save  
The words of God

They say-  
Son won't be innocent long  
He'd fall in the canal of sin  
They say  
Let him die now  
And save him from hell

I hear voices  
The voices of angels  
They say  
Only God kills  
Sometimes-  
He just uses us

I shall work for God  
And make myself a vessel



# What The Mad Man Says

I confess-  
I sinned-  
I robbed-  
A dog its life  
Mother was  
Had by suck-lings  
I sneaked-  
Clubbed it to death  
And burnt it

I confess-  
I sinned-  
I dug grave  
To bury a life  
A chick it was  
Had by my maize  
It came  
I put in palms  
And buried it

I sinned-  
I confess-  
O God, I confess!  
Of fishes removed from water  
Of birds removed from wings  
Of horses removed from tails  
I confess, hear God!

He chastise me so-  
That unseen dogs- bark hath ears  
That dreams are taken by rats  
O, save-  
They feast on my feet  
From worms in my veins-  
And fauna in my hair  
I plead-  
I confessed, hear God!



# What The World Told

They say bury memories' the good and the bad'  
For pleasant and unpleasant memories offer agony  
But memories to self tend and keep alive

They say disembrace solitude' intercouring good and evil'  
For those without companions are deemed cursed and hideous  
But loneliness to self birth freedom

They say also embrace silence' if words shall hurt another'  
For to utter falsehood is cruel, yet truth without subtlety is turpitude  
But to self clinging silence when truth is craved is discarding candor

And also heard, labor with all your might and be submissive to influence  
For otherwise is disobeying the good book, seeking nemesis  
But what done with heart is well done than done with might' this Pa Kito  
untaught, this seen'

And hide your bruise and slay your hunger they say  
For the world may disown if bruise is bare, and put `pon stigma and end not,  
then exploit thee  
But what has motivated this true madness? For truly blood disowns self in times  
of unwell

And on it goes much true madness  
For say kneel than revolt, give than take, look than act  
To say mask frowns with beam  
And hug radiance when marred of darkness  
Then live life to impress others  
Then conceal skill for rejection is shame,  
To claim quiet less be taken a fool  
To dream not beyond shores for to desire is mere reverie, to dream is delusion

And yes did, embracing all that beckons, dwelling in conceit;  
In deceit all lifeless lives of ours,  
Frightened of being true, dwelling in others path, cleaving tail the popular  
And yet within voice has, a solemn other true' yet more, buried by what world  
has told



# What You Said In Your Sleep

They want to bury me-  
The ones I called kin  
They want to lock me  
Beneath the earth  
In the garden  
The ones I call friends  
The songs they sing  
The words they utter  
The lies they tell-  
The sermon I hear-  
I am referred as it-

To and fro- they walk thro  
The door too- to and fro  
What fragrance is this?  
And why wool stuffed in nose?  
What have they done! ?  
That I can't lift my hands  
Nor raise my lids

Where am I taken! ?  
I am locked in a wood  
I perceive the odor-  
Ah- a torch please  
Ah- Away from this heat  
The dunes are upon me-  
Ah- stench of rose  
They know so it irritates my nose  
They are stoning me  
They are stoning me  
They are gone  
Do I still live?  
Ah- I live still  
They no more loiter-

I am in a cursed place  
Where am I hidden?  
There is silence  
I pray a torch

Away from this heat-  
Is that a worm?  
What feeds on my flesh! ?  
What feeds on my flesh! ! ?

I can hear loiter  
Who is there?  
No, not rose please!  
It brings me sneeze

You there-  
I am in here!  
Hey! I am in here!

Shower-  
The shower is on  
I am thirsty  
Ah- water sinks  
A droplet in my throat-  
The ants in my mouth  
My teeth won't chew  
The worms in my tummy-  
They die!

Who is there?  
Whose voice is that?  
No, not voice, - voices  
The police chief is dead?  
I saw him two weeks back-  
The song they sing  
The sermon still-  
And yet gunshots-  
To invade the silence around  
Perhaps- Tis a grave  
I can hear my heartbeat tho  
I shouldn't be here-  
Is it for my riches?  
Would my kin betray me so?  
This is no betrayal  
It is more!

They loiter about still-

Can't I turn even?

I want to turn!

God!

Yet again-

They march upon

They came just yesterday-

The priest!

What happened to the priest?

He was here yesterday

He gave the sermon-

Wait!

He shall be up-

When the trumpet row-

Yes- As the book promised-

And myself too

I would leave this dark-

I, I didn't kill a good man

I didn't rob' a good man

I was generous-

Yes to the rich

And gave bones the poor

I would resurrect

I would resurrect

I would resurrect

I can hear my echo

How is it come?

I bother naught

I would resurrect!

When the trumpet rows

I should sleep-

This" my darling

Are your whisperings-

Adeosun Olamide

# When You Remember Me

I remember you  
When I walk the orchard  
And the birds hum  
I remember you

I remember you  
When the stars are out  
And the breeze come a swirl  
I remember you

I remember you  
When the rain pours  
And my blanket can't warm  
I think only of Ye

The remembrances comes too  
When breeze smite my door  
And my ears catch a scream

And it comes again still  
When I see a hand move  
Or when bottle come gaze  
I think first of Ye

I hope you remember me too  
When you hear creak of laughter  
Or when an aroma engulfs your nostril  
I hope you remember me- then

I hope your remembrance  
When you are tired  
And your body hungers a massage  
I hope you remember me

I hope you remember me too  
When you clean your mess  
And the silences abounds  
I hope ye think first of me

But what is hope in a windup?  
For I know when you remember me-

It is when you see fire  
And when a knife comes in your stare  
It is when you clamor purge  
And your wheeler snores  
It is when you see a fly  
When it- on your lip- hovers  
You remember me  
It is when you see in sky- a bird  
And when your gaze is on the stairs  
It is then you remember me  
Yet hope in a windup can  
Remember me before you turned me

Adeosun Olamide

# When Your Baby Comes- A Fever

My baby,  
Seem she's come a fever  
That boils high her blood  
Her stool too to and fro  
And feed her gush forth on  
How she'll live till morn bothers  
So I fell my knees- in pray  
And there Lord sow thoughts  
That I push a stick in her anus  
So hinder ceaseless stool  
And cot her too in fridge mine  
May warm boiling blood hers  
And there now sweet baby mine  
Strong as stone, silent and well  
That should let linger there more  
And sure by evening she'll wake

Adeosun Olamide

# Where Our Tests Lies

Who is my hero?

He is the man there

Feeding those malnourished kids-

Yes my hero- that tired nurse in dark

Helping those poor women to delivery

Yes my hero- the teacher in that village

Forgotten by her fine students abroad

Yet molding on the lives of those urchins

Who is my hero?

He is the man there- bathing the flowers

He brings me smile and calls my scars

-The cause of my beauty

O tis that man- that one in glorious rags

He carries me on his back- not in a Ferrari

See him- he doesn't have a bicycle even

All he has- be his good heart- for all

Yes like him- we all are created special

All they have- be their good heart- for all

From them I know- we shine differently

-Some are like the sun

Lesser than the stars-

Yet noisy

Tis our dark truly- our test lies

Adeosun Olamide

# Whispering Shadow

In need a listener  
-Though saying scares

Desire free  
-Yet to pick worries

Want walk  
-But path thorny

And breeze feel  
-Thought tempest forbids

Once, I reach- sky  
-Its cloud drowned me

Radiance want  
-But it blinds

And now even  
-My darkness rejects me

Only tired rope and stool lures\_  
-But tired gives failing hint  
And failure I execrate

That shelter seek  
-And shadows shelter mine be

Adeosun Olamide

# Whisperings Unheard

My father says-

We live in vanities and disguise is no lie  
That we must go hungry sometimes  
To remind us of those without food  
And stay outdoors in the frosty morning  
To remind us of those without shelter

Mother says we spear our roofs,  
So the light of the sky may touch  
For we shouldn't hide or run  
From the frenzy, the heats God gives

My father teaches us to pray-  
That the Lord rescues us from vanity  
Sees our rented robes and hidden smile  
And heal the troubled souls-

My father says

We live in vanities and disguise is no lie  
That- we on the rags, the odor  
To reminds us of the poor, the sick  
That we keep quiet some days  
To hold feelings of those who can't speak  
And go around blindfolded,  
So we remember the blind, feel their darkness  
And pray for them

My Mothers says she put the scar here,  
Removed my teeth

To remind of those who are ugly  
And cause me bald,  
To remind of those who are different

My father does-

He locks me in the dark  
To remind of those lonely

My father does-

He call me to his lap, a little abuse-  
To feel what sexually abused children face-  
He hits my mother, redden her eyes  
So she may feel what some women go thru

Now my mother does and says-

She must kill father

So we may feel what widows go thru

And I say in dark where father locked me  
To remind of those lonely-  
I say in that dark- I should kill mother  
So I may feel what orphans go thru  
But that will be when I am out of here  
Out this box hidden in the earth-

Adeosun Olamide

# Whispers- A Fallen Angel

I go round searching for you  
From seas to desert thru  
Heeding every whimpers heard  
Sneaking homes- birth just had  
Found you there in cradle lain  
Soft asleep- winking in a dream  
Veiled in breeze- touch you did  
And as, all my dreams came a live  
Telling heavens I can't come now  
And though death kept on knocking  
If it breaks in- will be a fight-  
I defeat it, you make me strong  
You will always get luck stroke  
As we give a chance to climb  
And even though you were not wholesome  
We will hold you as you fall  
And help land on your feet  
We will help you to be strong  
And distract others from your faults  
And though you may not know  
Or know us still  
As we roll you to the shores  
When others drowned and you came unhurt  
We will show you the ways thru  
And bring you to the winds  
Will give you my own wings  
As you fall from the sky-  
And though you may not know  
Or know us still  
When others crash, lose their heart  
You are whole, came unhurt  
And though you not- so strong  
We will make seem, you strongest  
We will hold you from your fault  
And train you in your dreams  
We would teach you the ways  
And all the rocks and all the leaves  
We will help you know them all  
All the bones that art man- at heart

You will carry all the laws  
And the world shall marvel  
At the premises you shall give-  
Or from where you learn bearing-  
Or why the birds chose you dwell  
They will lift you on their shoulders  
And we would dance in the shades  
As the shadow- that brought you light  
We would merry to a drunk-  
And not see- how high you taken  
But on their shoulders- you go high  
Above Gods throne' you go high  
And in anger, my powers take  
And whispered down- a perfidy-  
Then the sun salivates  
And sudden, earth hungers you-  
Those that lift you on their shoulders  
A sudden weary all come  
And let you down- to fall deep  
We will run to your rescue  
Away from God instant call  
We run to your rescue  
Our hands will catch you-  
And again a whisper down- rebel-  
You would rise, seek the storm  
Try to calm it- but won't heed  
You would bruise feet against stones  
And forget how the world turns  
You will lone in the cold-  
And when we gather' about you  
From our trial-  
To shelter from the cold-  
You would push us- from your side  
Accuse us- want suffocate  
We would offer from distance  
The breeze to calm you-  
And a blanket to keep you warm  
You would cry, you would weep  
You would say- we brought you shame  
And condemn you to the cold  
That now freezes your heart-  
We still helter, skelter-

Trying to pacify a crossed god  
And to bring you some sunshine  
Which when brought' scream -melting  
That we are your curse-  
And in the cold you want dwell  
As we watch your heart freeze  
And the bars that ward us off-  
We will run, we will scream  
And carry you on our shoulders  
But the cold froze you deep  
That the sun couldn't melt you-  
We are dragged to a prison  
Of regret, for your end-  
We are accused, guilt pressed  
And ever called  
A flaw on guardian angels white

Adeosun Olamide

# Whispers From The Waif

In Nigeria

-Bombs are strapped on kids,  
The kids are driven to schools,  
To markets and dropped off-  
Dropped off to be ripped apart  
-They look around seeing other kids play  
They strive to join,  
But the vest draws them slow  
Just then the tickling bomb goes off-  
And their ribs and lungs are torn apart,  
I have seen them,  
Their shattered brain on earth,  
On me' my friends missing-  
But it's not only them,  
Others too are ripped apart  
-Teachers, children, mothers, traders  
-All striving to eat  
We have a government  
-A silent God  
And I am scared  
-I just maybe next

But I don't want to be next  
I don't want to die  
-To be unburied,  
I don't want flies in my mouth  
Or maggot in my legs;  
Or is that too much I ask  
-too much to get  
To want grow  
And give my loved ones proper burial?  
I don't want;  
I don't want it to be your lungs  
-And ribs or brain on the earth next,  
Maybe you don't know-  
Baga is gone and yours maybe next.

Give a chance- me and you,  
A chance at survival

-But if you choose not to  
And say like Baga  
-It cannot reach us-  
Who knows?  
-Maybe it might be my ribs and your lungs  
Next together

You want to help  
Don't you?  
Then begin with that homeless kid  
-The hungry child in your street

Adeosun Olamide

# Whispers In The Dark

I killed a child  
He mocked me  
With a stone  
I broke his skull  
He beckoned  
Carry me- he said  
I lifted him  
Bald head- he laughed  
I killed him  
Flies found my box  
I hid him therein-  
And locked his odor  
But each night slept  
I saw boy killed  
He weeps and beckons  
Last night- he gave rope  
I woke- and couldn't sleep  
By morning I hung by ceiling  
Dangling- the police chief came by  
Put his hand in nose  
Degraded me  
And mocked also  
With hand his  
I put bullet in head  
Came the morgue attendant  
She bath and left soap in hair  
I screamed and pointed there  
But ignored gave  
And face squeezed  
Nauseated- she hurried  
And I killed her also  
I put cockroach in her bag  
They brought her a doctor  
The doctor lied  
Cause of death- heart attack he said  
I killed her- not heart  
-That lying doctor claim  
I followed gently home  
Saw him peck wife

And sung daughter to sleep  
He went by lamp  
Glanced some books  
Then he hungry came  
Brought him switch  
Where cause him drunk  
And lever the wrong  
Then strike match  
Not late- their burnt corpse removed  
Deserved- I smiled  
Now- made a cadaver of me  
Looks like he never smiled- she mocked  
She put a knife to my chest and drew  
As did- I caused some fluid out  
In sudden- it ran in her throat  
She died soon of irritation  
I was then put to earth  
Beside was beautiful grave  
Daily brought flowers before  
And daily made breeze brought mine  
Until storm came and threw free  
Stroll earth still- seeking body  
In course- flowers and rats dwell  
Upon curtains thy- hang  
Treat fair and may attend elude  
Upon thy shadow sneak  
Tread soft and perhaps- presence elude

Adeosun Olamide

# Why My Bewitched Brother Is Locked In The Monastery

Mother-

Did you tell me a story of a man with no home  
Dwelling in the cathedral- strapped to the cross  
With rag his nude to veil  
And crown a thorn his head to mock-  
?

Mother-

Did you say me the story-  
Of this prince born a manger  
Of this poor creature, carpenter  
Whose father own earth  
?

Mother

What I read of his father-  
In sacred book ye gifted me-  
Has torn me betwixt light and dark

I read

That mother this hero was raped by a spirit-  
And same spirit again put poor Mary child to death  
Mother-Tell- is the spirit Lucifer?  
Seem they mistaken him for God some-places  
And tell there's more error in this book-  
For as I further read still-  
He ascended in the clouds  
Was a tempest his corpse swirling about well?  
Or in cloud  
Is heaven is-?

Mother

Why you staring at me that way?

Adeosun Olamide

# Why We Kill Orphans

He is an orphan  
Deserves no love  
Should die for loving him  
He is an orphan  
Reeks of misfortune  
Her head should hang  
I am an orphan  
Cross my path  
Taste my knife  
Cross her path  
Lay cold

Adeosun Olamide

# Why We Put Mia In Chains

Into darkness- Mia seeks escape  
Had light piercing  
And given fondness- grieving  
Mia tend the other side-  
Pretend be fine  
And act -the well  
But Mia keeps a rope,  
Sharpens a knife,  
Strolls on the water-  
Hold breathe\_  
Play with earth, death agents  
And hum ooze calling  
-Mia is loved  
It sickens Mia  
Can't bear the burden  
The expectations  
Mia sneaks till her very end,  
From the fire- she whispers  
-That Seeks rape soul hers  
To cuff her  
Mia be strong in Christ,  
That never was untrue  
Mia slightly weaker prior  
But now \_strongly weaker  
Mia robed self in silence  
And grasp life again  
Mia Say possess two choices,  
To live been taken-  
Choice choose how go\_ says  
Honor, isn't it?  
But to Mia all is mock  
And says still  
-None can feel fire,  
One- must escape from  
And about em love her  
Mia say must free from burden,  
From love- from duty  
And let at last  
-There mind at rest

Mia hope a coat in hell  
Would be right for her-  
Rain will fall in hell\_ Mia says  
Stars will blink-  
While acquaint idols hers  
And tell  
The struggle to be a Juliet

Adeosun Olamide

# Why We Shot The Negro

A demon lives next house

She is a "temptress"

-Exquisite and beautiful

She is the color of light

Not black nor dirt

If Devil is Negro

-I be glad then

-Knowing blacks ain't

Maids in heaven

Adeosun Olamide

# Woman Kind

Could been a prostitute  
A stripper too  
Or a nun even  
A lesbian just well  
But you choose me  
Veiled in marriage  
To be your slave

Adeosun Olamide

# Wondering Blames In Flames

Swerving pages, pages of forgotten memories  
entwined in the behinds,  
Memories hacked into a slacking haggard cursed  
tree,  
Memories flown and blown by the gentle stormy  
winds, Memories nostalgia, memories dis-remembered  
memories of thee.  
Over a barrel I sit in the view of weeping skies,  
Her tears gracing my cheeks, her fears sneaking and  
slinking in my cold blood  
Like a bat out of hell the winds thunder my very heart to my defiled eyes,  
Who will save me from this cursed blessing  
foundered on me in this mud?  
With bated breath I will wait,  
Batten down the hatches in the ashes of my curser,  
the begetter of this bedevils. Cursed am I that my eyes can only see the beams  
in  
another's fate,  
Though I am a beggar belief I am the better devil.  
Lain In the cradle of the saddle that I paddled,  
I sail close to the breeze the gods would handle.

Adeosun Olamide

# Words Out Of The Night

Do tell, do-  
Of the one you married  
Tell- she didn't have sagged breast  
That she was slender-  
And you thought she- fragile,  
I thought so- too-

I know, do tell me-  
That I am not the one you loved  
Do tell, do- of the one you loved  
The one you loved never this,  
This protruding belly-  
Tell of her sharp eyes, bright and dark  
Do, tell- look in my dull eyes, red and tell  
Yes I know the one you loved-  
She never snorted, she never  
Until she gave herself to your arms

I know- the upset, I seen it  
When you saw your angel defecate-  
Do tell- that her face always brimmed  
And even in your dreams of her coming awake  
She brimmed always-

Tell; tell of her lips- red and full-  
Do tell me, do-  
But say not, never again-  
You never loved me,  
Just tell- scream if you want  
Even when you are not drunk  
Say this version of me is not your fancy  
And no matter how much you scream it  
I'll always remember- the nights  
Those nights you wouldn't sleep  
Until you have heard my voice  
I'll remember the nights you kissed my feet  
I'll remember as I understand  
-That you loved a me' -that is dead  
But please never say- you never did

Don't take the memory as have- the love  
And don't say' I murdered the one you love

Adeosun Olamide

# Wretched Things

From the noises, you turned  
And dwelt in a well of silence  
Your feet, as though feeling earth's heart,  
Gently walked this yard,  
Here, there, alone, muttering to yourself,  
Gesturing at the stars,  
Touching the walls, as though it could feel

I remained in the reign of a distance,  
A similar, a friend, in a haven of darkness,  
But the casement of your soul widened  
That it sneaked and remained in my gaze,  
And through the casement of your soul,  
I saw a library trimmed, of blank pages  
Then a frozen brook, a gone fire, ashes

The ash, it lured me from the dark abode  
Awaking the desires of a child I was  
A child that loved a blaze but in its beam, burnt,  
And her ashes settling upon a darkness,  
A veil, that enshrouds the spoilt,  
Rises towards a like, enthralled by a breeze  
A breeze whose rhythm echoed familiar

The ashes, they fell in a cradle,  
In the coldness there is, upon a form  
But in the form was a door to a bottomless,  
That shut once my gaze pulled in,  
In, to the haven of darkness I here slept,  
But we in abode of darkness seldom dream  
For the pictures of darkneses often scourging, expels us

From the noises, you turned  
And dwelt in a well of silence,  
At ease, in your cradle as often were,  
Heedless of the smile, touch, I held from,  
Or of the rocking, soothing your likes yearned  
Here, alone, you reached and held to the void  
And did as though it could feel

I returned to the reign of a distance,  
To be had by the darkness from which expelled  
But I remained in the shadow, bare  
Holding your feet, that must gently walk the yard  
Holding your presence, as repulsing the darkness  
Hearing the noise of your breathe, upon my longing  
And you a curse to my vision, grew

Touching the walls, as though it could feel,  
It lured me, the peace at your surface  
I came, abandoning my wait in the shadows  
Wandering through, searching for it,  
And you a lamp, warmth, your flames  
Caused a gleam upon the emptiness,  
That into my longings, you were door

I held now to you,  
But from the noises you turned  
And an embrace, was strange, suffocating  
And when I whispered, it was though I screamed,  
And gently you walked from,  
To the walls you could feel,  
To the stars you could hear

And though I hurried, drawing curtains  
Casting you upon the companions reign  
That surge you over,  
And drown you in your cradle to be reborn,  
You stumbled, and your soul too  
For from the companion of the boys,  
You shut yourself and exit their knowledge

A traveller became your burden,  
And for the amusement of the declining,  
You wore folly and danced,  
To soothe the scarred, you damaged your ears  
Bringing the mocked a companion,  
And when you saw me, you saw a blind,  
Begging for your chains and bricks for the walls

You ran into the cradle I long loathe

But fell into the emptiness, the darkness,  
Becoming my sought vision  
And here in the haven of darkness,  
Within the blended core,  
You gently stroll upon my heart,  
There, gesturing at my eyes, touching me

Adeosun Olamide

# X

Know, the sun do not shine for us,  
The stars busy sparkling knows not our existence,  
We are distractions  
That would be extinguished!  
We bear scars and rust upon the things we meet,  
We sow in their thoughts that which never -thrives  
-Memories that shall ever haunt them  
A beautiful rose wasted on our transient feelings  
Radiant nights we have put the mask of darkness-  
And our breathe tainting the atmosphere-

We should walk into the sea,  
We should perish upon some unknown shores,  
Our brains are best foods to the ants,  
Our hollowed hearts to find decay,  
No, that this filthy body to nourish the earth  
Perished; our spirits shall wander no more,  
But be locked, twirling in a distraction, a focus  
-A feeling in that fire

Know, such torments are blessings to us,  
For death won't quench the thirst of our souls  
Pleasures leave us ever wanting, always desiring  
Like a feel of orgasm, rendered ever hungry  
And if by some foul means ever sustained-  
Do think then- upon what follows,  
We'd be empty again, heavy emptiness there-  
But let us die tonight in such manner,  
In such manner that we put scary heaven from reach,  
And hell is no wonderful place but it is a place,  
A place we can hear others cry, grieve  
Where we shall not suffer in silence,  
Or that greatest suffering which is silence suffer,  
It is hell not the greatest hell which is endless peace,  
An ambience symphony in languages- sounds of pain...  
Beauty is in the ugliest of things,  
God made us so, my love



**Xx**

We have made roses,  
-And befriended lonely seas  
And stars in the deep unseen-  
We have reached- exchanging whispers,  
Felled trees, so the breezes may pass  
And though we do, we perish-  
-For when death first took us,  
Leaving only our lungs living,  
And fetters to our embalmer,  
We left unburied- decaying so- perished,  
In the roses we made, thriving without us,  
In the rainbows we made famous, indifference  
-And breezes swirling within the tides,  
Breezes we opened ourselves to, swirled  
And the tides, they rowed, rolling on,  
On- to the shores, through wrecked ships, ours,  
Rolling there- without us there to taste or feel,  
And the stars stare, watching, sparkling on...  
As though we were, missing not our gaze,  
And in the death, we bore the weight of emptiness  
It was our cross, our hell- their indifference  
And when death ever shall restore us-  
We know we have lived, as we now  
Disrupting not a darkness-  
And where grieve; bearing peace, clinging silence,  
Holding to our warmth,  
-That when, if again death takes us  
-There shall be no pain in being unloved  
And we shall not be forgotten  
For we shall not be remembered  
For we didn't seek to be then

Adeosun Olamide