

Poetry Series

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Emmanuel  
- poems -**

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**Adidu Adebowale Emmanuel()**

# Death Be Not Proud

?Death be not proud you this unseen creation working under the guise of darkness

were nobody could see you though muster and brave you call yourself so why working in darkness,

death be not proud for i know i'll lay cold in your hand one day, though i cannot precise the actual time nor day but it's obvious that i'll die for i came from one place and will definatly return one day

death be not proud for i have been redemed from you with the blood of the saviour with assurance of a resting place after death, but listen and listen good, all i care from you is to come at grey period,

death be not proud for you can only kill the body and not the soul, mind you: the shoe maker has mended my sole

death be not proud for all you've killed you couldn't show up a laurel which you've won,

what is the cause of your pride if i may know that after killing you could not eat who you've taken time to kill

myself as a man kill animals and eat them and am not proud of myself

death be not proud for ?i do not fear of the eternal silence

don't you know: the quite place is not the most silence place

no where as absolute as the grave

death be not proud for all you have killed have all gone to rest

but you the killer still wondering in the midst of night for where you could lay your head and put your bile underneath your poor liver

death be not proud for one day you will kill every body and then you will look round and found no one to kill again

then it will be a show of shame for you!

Adidu Adebawale Emmanuel

# Effigy

?In the midst of night go's after me a black structure  
in the sunny it always behind me each time you kept mornitoring my doing  
haven't you a job, i looked at you and i smile reproachfully knowing too well that  
you are going dead soon, tactically i painted myself black to hide my presence.

effigy

clever though you claim to be but must you paint yourself black and even in  
darkness in order to steal public fund, what go's on come's around, haven't you  
know this after many years of purity.

we were left with no food except our skull,  
no wonder our children return with failure from school,  
is your effigy dead?

isn't our flag green and white?

Suddenly turn's red and black what have you gathered?

you planted cactus and expect banana

let those who ate and spy on the cloth await trial and to those who cover their  
clothe with bib to avoid stain should await trial

after taken your children children portion you still went ahead claiming you're a  
titan

mind you i'll stand firmly against you till you add little to the beauty of the  
ground?

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# Farewell

The last time we spoke you told me how well you had love'd me and told me you were never going to leave me alone and gave me a ring representing cycle of endless love

ho! i was so happy and my joy knew no bound

i did not know you were speaking in parables, that night you wet my lips with kisses and dropp a garment of honour to my laps saying you have given me a life cloth not knowing it's a garment of shame

i didn't know you were dead until you were put into that pit and dust was cast to your face that which you have been preventing from touching your ordinary feet i guess you were no more for not able to get those sand's off your body, no were as absolute as the grave

i put some dust to your face as a sign of love and last respect

i did not mock you with death for it is a prize we all must receive

but death this you've done is unfair though i know to set question is not as difficult as finding answer's you did not consider his love one's and let all in sorrow

i did not care of your coming for i know is certain you come for me but i plead you to come when i must have grown grey so that my death would be pleasureable pain to my then lover's.

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# Foot Print

Just at the time of honour the beautiful stars peep out from their duck  
the journey seem's so short but to complete it look more difficult  
though you live in the land were glory die before honour and you've added little  
to the beauty of the ground too soon but your foot prints were not erased,  
having worked earnestly we brought you home shoulders high to set you in the  
town of stiller people  
where titan's who could not rest stop and take their rest  
ho i cannot cry out as this should be made oblivious  
one beautiful morning i looked at the sky and saw the rays of the new born sun  
searching my heart for the foot print you've left behind and it shine's out so  
bright  
ho i realise now we really lost a rear gen

not unto you, but to those who gave us cocoyam while we were to survive by  
beans  
again, i cannot cry out as this also should remain oblivious  
for we have been made sitting on a thongs heap chair at the same time swim in  
the well because the river dried up.

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# Gratitude

Very early i rose every day making sure i complete the welfare of my chicken,  
Ho! poor chicken hands have you but cannot work for a daily bread so if i dont  
care for you how wound you survive the day? I have hands and legs so i worked  
for my daily chicken i gave you food when hungry, water, when thirsty, and  
drugs when sick, i even warm you up in cold weather, having done all these you  
decided to show gratitude and see me as your lord ho! poor chicken you need  
not worry i said. One early morning i went to my chicken with a bowl of food it  
accepted me with glandness then i noded and said the throat a channel to  
destruction. if my chicken is being threatening by the hawk it run's toward me for  
refuge anyway i said a closer friend has ever be the best enemy so if turning to  
be your judas i never mind for all i care is to reap my laboure.  
one faithful morning i asked my chicken is there any gratitude and it nodded yes  
while i was with my knife to reap my long time laboure  
and the chicken crock!  
all the care you gave are for your throat and not mine, and it sign no gratitude  
with human race and non should be given to him.

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# Law Of Carmel

Last night i slept and saw a pretty eye in a manger fully decorated with beautiful colours.

this must be a new birth i said

the gun salute!

the sparrow came together with the hawk, vulture and the owl

musn't birds of same feather flock together?

the funeral begun!

this must be a state burial

who was dead?

the beautiful stars peep in, and the wind blew,

the tree whispers, whozzz

suddenly the new born rose from the manger, holding me tight till the birds

caught up with me, lamenting;

having scourge our children children lineage, with hot water on our roofs

skull for food, flesh for meat, with carbonmonoxide for drinking and innumerable wars on our deck,

making four hands to dice for a piece of silverware indeed a hope for you when parasite shall grow all over your body with sparrow birds sucking your rigid blood on the pot hole which ought to have been filled years ago but left undone under you so that your portfolio and motorfolio's can be filled to the brim and you were unable to carryself

nonetheless you ate what you know's how to eat best even at it's consequenc.

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# Lost

Have we but world enough that twenty cannot be together for twenty years!  
Time was when we sit side by sides to sing the lullable jingle at night  
time was when we sit round the table and tell folk tale's  
time was when we sit and eat together in a plate of food.  
the hurricane dangle side by sides while we sit together to read our books  
time was when we walked side by sides with bag hung on our backs while  
scholing  
has our friendship plucked?  
perhaps one could not tell as the ranging wind of life blown every one apart  
alas! twenty children could not be for twenty years that's called friendship could  
no longer be trace except it's trailling lost.  
tell those who could hear that their bosom friend is thirsty of their present  
in unity we stand divided we shall fall  
have we lost forever? when the captain of the ship could no longer trace the  
route home, then the traveller's in hell wondering how they would go down the  
gullet of the river goddess,  
one who dosen't have a friend has no good fortune and the missing of a friend  
could lead one astray a good fortune  
but to the lost friend who could still hear this should know that the cloth which  
we worn at childhood is still fresh on our body how then we can't trace ourselves  
back home  
no where as absolute as the grave, it dose not matter how sweet a journey may  
be home is a place of abode and it's always sweeter to celebrate our twenty  
children together in many years.

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# Ode To Death

?if not for death man would have live forever to die in their struggle,  
death is our benevolent he rescue us from the power of pain and agony,  
and lay a self containe so we could lay our bile to enable the poor intestine a life  
rest

kudos to death

if you see him

say to him i wish him well

ho dear death our lover

i know one day i shall sleep to rise no more

but do bear with me for my blood is still young, and am yet to set the things i  
need to set down more years ahead

do stay away from me so i can imagine how it will be when i shall be carry on  
shoulders high wheal to

where no man would sleep,

place where fear shall vanish from my hearth

and pain will cease to knock at my door

and tarmite shall bear me witness that i'm the most quite man on earth

when my tears shall dry up

because death has host me

but never come to host me now

rather come at old time, when my death shall be a joyful sorrow

to my then lover's.?

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# Prodigan Son

right here on my knees  
i seek your forgiveness i have gone thro and fro  
and could differentiate;  
no place like home  
for i have put up selfish reason for my season to make my selfish season  
so i came back on my knees  
if nature permit or not do forgive me i pleaded, for  
my heart is heavy fully loaded with conscience and grief  
my head ache as basket of sin overwhelm  
still your forgiveness remains my antidot.  
justification eluded, it ran away for so long even it trace could be seen, but all i  
plead for is your mercy; it's enough to purify and sanctify my unsanctify soul  
and make me your son again.

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# Solitary Reaper

Heart filled with grief, desires piled up to the roof like a broken vessel, eyes sheared with blood, if the eye of the earth could not produce then you reap your tears like a lazy man do. people come and go i came and been force to sit at the extreme corner where passing-by could not hear me crying, i sat here daily to drink my salted tears while those who could wipe it off sit with hands folded round the chest, i was left alone with my heart purging out grief, with out much ado this life is an ocean of experience and my heart log for a solitary reaper.

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# Will The Sun Ever Shine Again

The cloud took over the sky covering it with a black blanket  
will the sun ever shine again

the sun ran from east to seek refuge at the west  
all because the cloud over threw him  
will the sun ever shine again

the stars and moon all peep in to mourn their master 'sun' who was murder by  
the cloud  
will the sun ever shine again

who could appeals the cloud to be lenient on the sky for it cries all day, mourning  
it master  
will the sun ever shine again

the sky cry and earth couldn't go out  
will the

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# Wind Tax

?I looked and search under the sun but could not found  
i search in the wind and it blew me side ways  
i search under the sea and could not found, the wind blew and the roofs bow  
before it the tree whispers in anguish  
the sirennic lighting kept discharging in the sky,  
the goat cry in anguish  
i can't found a place to lay my head  
women run heater sketter for their play-away children  
this is sinister i shouted  
suddenly the wind increased and it began to rain  
i was lost in thought in the cubicle which hide me from the rain  
and suddenly i saw my lover sailing down the street in a boat of love, before i  
came back to reality she was gone and i missed her dire  
then i looked so worried about her absence  
and i said to myself;  
if this is really a lover's wind  
i'll never mind to tax more of it.

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# World Is Useless

The sun will not forever shine  
the moon will lost it's glory  
the sea and ocean will run dry  
the forest will wither  
darkness will take over the day  
man will lose lose his life  
everything will vanish  
running heater sketter is meaningless  
everything on earth will be vanish.  
we are all traders here  
and will certainly leave  
those we stored those who store treasure like a mad man should note that...  
the world is to much you can't gather it all alone  
no food for lazy man well, agreed but working so hard would only fetch little out  
of the world resources  
more haste; less speed  
is what you get at each struggling minute  
the more you look the; the less you see  
isn't this world useless  
are the things in it not worthless  
we've all borrow a wondering leaf  
little remain here on earth; but every hour from that eternal silence is saved  
jingle the block at each passing by  
even before the advent of clock cock had been crown  
isn't the world too much with us  
can one tour it all  
let every one who know's that he can never tour every part of the world march  
the eyes of the world gently so to avoid stepping on the eyes of the earth.

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