

Poetry Series

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel
- poems -

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Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel(May25 1995)

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel Popularly call Emacot, Started his Education life at Lagos where he obtained both his junior and senior secondary school certificate respectively.

His writing Ambition came when he gained admission into the prestigious polytechnic Moshood Abiola Polytechnic to study mass communication, There he contested in his department pen competition 2015 and came second, He also contested in many Competitions both and in his school

Today he is a writer of many poems and Frictional writer

Agony Of An Africa Child

POEM: AGONY OF AN AFRICA CHILD

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

MOOD: FRUSTRATED

Someone come and call the superior to an end,
we are in a world where we no longer care to be our brothers keeper,
A world where we live in fear and dismay
A world where we walk naked yet not ashamed
And live comfortably with our nudity
Africa!

we are Africa! we are blacks!
We feel pain in us for we discover our nakedness is open to all
We Claim to love our youth ironically
And call them leaders of tomorrow
At Twenty-five they still have reasons to borrow
Their sadness in heart is longer like a lorry
But our leaders still ask them not to worry
For how long will they keep moving on this journey?
Is that a villanelle of hope?

We are Africa! We are blacks!
So we hail ourselves, still in dark
Our child of yesterday is our youth of today
Striving, straggling and smuggling
They say our country is bad
and go overseas, leaving their father's land
Our Aphorism hidden without the insanity of our sane minds
Africa!

We are Africa! we are blacks!
Our currency no longer have value
Our youth get up each morning and head off to work
Doing it well and rapidly, From construction to retail, and a paper shuffling clerk.
Working hard to get better,
Earning money to settle matter,
Focus more on every tasks,

At the end of the month still can't punch a penny out of their pockets.
Africa!

We are Africa! We are blacks
So blessed with youths of great potentials
who can turn the world to a better place
our leaders coax to Sponsor
We all hail our leaders for this and give them their honour
But our youths are cajole about the future unseen
Now their intelligence and Spectrum of ideas is no longer celebrated
They all move into the Survival of the fittest Race
What a shame!
Youth are Frustrated
The old at seventies are ruling
while youth at thirties are wandering around
Africa!

We are Africa! we are blacks!
our illusion has made us incline
We carefully hide the finest face of our dame
And live in pathetic charade of pretense
When are we putting on long trousers?
And pull off our knickers
Our Youth Tarnish the image of our continent
Who are to be blame, youth or Leaders?
No job, they move into Being a fraudster called Yahoo
We hail them for making it and become a Star, for they are now in full bloom
What a Paroxysm dilemma For an African child
African! .

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Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Being A Poet Is Good But....

POEM: BEING A POET IS GOOD, BUT.....

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

MOOD: MELANCHOLY

Just like every professions poetry is one,
Am a poet, a gifted and talented one.

Just like a gold smiter, I smite Words, blend words and play with words, people call me a wordsmiter.

Just like a drunkard, each time I hold my pen I got drunk with words.

Just like john the baptise, I am baptized by the holy ghost with words.

let me take you to the world of poetry, which am skeptical about.

Being a poet is good, but am so sad to be one

sitting for hours to smite words, writing for hours like a drunkard to carve out words, yet no encouragement!

Being a poet is good, yes you hail me, yet I write and post on Facebook, still I get little of No likes.

Being a poet is good, have written up to a hundred plus poems, am financially down, no sponsor, yet my president said am lazy.

Being a poet is good, am sure you never want to be one!

I take this as a profession, yet can't even punch out a penny from my pocket.

Mummy and Daddy is waiting,

Friends and Family are pulling my leg,

Fans are hailing me, still I appear like a layman.

Being a poet is good, Am not trying to Castigate poets but the reality is shown,
At times I feel like I should stop writing and at times i turn poetry to a fun thing.

Should I say the country is not suitable for poets?

Should I say poet are not always encourage here?

Should I say there is a world meant for poets alone? then, there I will go.

Being a poet is good but I wonder why some hiphop singers get millions like and becomes a celebrity with that, while we poets still struggle to be known.

Yes, you can make reference to people like Professor Wole Soyinka who has made it in the poetry word, But that was then, Not now!

Am trying to be plan, nevertheless, being a poet is good even no matter the

condition I will keep writing.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Bleeding Pen

My lot is been created by the almighty,
Oh my lot! oh my lot! ,
My lot I seek, my lot I hind,
My lot is been created by the almighty,
To make me rise and shine,
My lot is safe from the thieves of cane,
My lot is been created by the almighty,
Oh my lot! oh my lot.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Breeze Of Life By Boy Pee

BREEZE OF LIFE

I'm writing to sensitize the students and the youth in general,
For we all say education is the best legacy,
Not knowing our government are playing with with our lives eating delicacies,
Truly Education seems to be the best but based on individual capacity,
We all choose to be successful but many die unsuccessfully with the flee of the
empty breeze in the barren of the weaken rulers.

Sleeping youths wake up from your irresponsible slumber,
Don't put on an armour of no employment for it makes you look like a toddler,
Waiting for the government to employ you will only make lower
Why not sit and create job and be the employer of yourself for you dream higher,

Pray to the one you believe and thing will work out under the barren of on
nothing for you desire.

Yes, I look at the green leaf and see different colours from far,
Meanings cross my mind for all I know is that the way to success is green,
Never underrate your friends for you never can tell the end journey of life.

Yes, I was told by mama that I like woman,
Liking woman doesn't makes I'm a proustite, for woman signifies glory,
For without my mom there will be no me,
That is the key of how important woman is.
Life is earnest, life is wide, life is skeptical you need to take your stand,
I have my stand and I choose to be successful even when there are lots of
hindrance.

Hope alive and don't be stagnant under the breeze of life, for being stagnant in
the breeze of life will sweep you away.

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®Emacot

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

But In The Dark

POEM: BUT, IN THE DARK!

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

Morning, Afternoon and Night makes up a day,
Night here doesn't mean am talking about the dark,
But trying to explain something complicated.
My first impression was, looking far and wide
I Could hardly think of anything because thought are full in my mind,
What on earth could I explain this to? ?
All I see is the thick, tiny road, but, in the dark.

Yes, in the dark i walk all alone,
There I saw a little boy, sitting all alone, well I could call him a vagabond,
Yes, in the dark he sat, crying, looking lonely.
I was scared to move up to him, Cus it was a thick darkness.
I looked so dismay, so pale and confuse.

Oh little boy, as I say, who are you?
Why art thou sited there all alone?
Are you a Wonderer? A vagabond as presumed by me earlier?
In a loud voice he replied, A voice that move the darkness in the forest.
He said "I meet my shadow in the darkest shade;
I hear my voice in the lowly Wood
A lord of nature weeping to a tree.
I live between the heron and the wren,
Beasts of the hill and serpents of the den";
All this happened not in the broad light but, in the dark.

Looking around, hearing the Scary sound of birds, And the woo-woo Sounds of trees.
I looked comported, need to conquer my fear, Then he continues
In the dark i stand alone, In the dark i live alone,
My shadow pinned against a sweating wall.
And live in places among the rocks at times cave, Or winding path, The edge is what I have.

A night flowing with birds, a ragged moon,
And in broad day the midnight come again!
Death of the self in a long, tearless night,
All natural shapes blazing unnatural light.

I have made hours change habits and late seeps
into early and rain, in another part of this
country, suddenly, heavily falls, flattens seams,
frays and splits them like I did away from a lover once
The only person who recognized me for a thousand miles,
The only one who knew where I was, And
then not, Is the thick darkness

After hearing all this, my heart begins to see,
My leg begins to shake, Not moving but wish it move,
I wake and feel the fell of dark,
Yes i woke up, it a dream that happened in the dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hours we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.
With witness i speak this. But where i say is cries countless, cries like dead
letters sent to me from the dark, but in the dark, things are unpredictable.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Destiny Lamp

POEM: DESTINY LAMP

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

Secret things are hidden only those with knowledge can see it.
knowledge in life is not in isolation, but there is a correlation of life in knowledge.
Life is beautiful as we say but only the lyrics is messed up.
The well to success is deep only those that are opportune can have it.
This is mine I am doing!

life doesn't get easier, you just get stronger
Destiny lamp represent a man, those in this battle can understand.
who you are underneath doesn't matter, it's what you do that defines you.
Destiny is your gift, Destiny is your assignment on earth,
light illuminate, when your gift is blessed it illuminate everywhere,
Neglecting your gift means regretting it,
The difference in winning and loosing is most often not quitting.
This is mine I am doing!

Don't let dream just be your dream,
You cry not because you are weak, its because you've been too strong for long,
Have you forgotten you have a gift, who place on you far beyond what education
can't place in your hand?
let me remind you in case you've forgotten!
I have a gift, you have a gift, every man has a gift, only those with unconcern
attitude fails to discover theirs.
This is mine I am doing!

Civilization and Education has taken over,
Certificate is good but can't take you far in this twenty-first century.
Salary is good but can finish before the end of month.
Stop struggling and pick up your duty
Have you forgotten the Talent Master?
Let's not do things hasty.
Cognition of life is Eerie, This is mine I am doing.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Dichotomy Of The Assemblies

POEM: DICHOTOMY OF THE ASSEMBLIES

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

(EMACOT)

MOOD: MELANCHOLY

A single ray of light in a world of eternal night
I dust myself off and on my feet I will stand
I will chose to follow my father's command
Fight back the negative feeling and emotion
Battle beside my brothers, in strength and love
Our determination and tenacity come from above
with purpose in our minds, and courage in our hearts

In deceit they say we are one, but no one seems to know it false
one country one name with diverse ethnics
now the story has change they segments,
step and vein now forked while the root is dancing beneath
There they came splashing on our mental shore
And asking us to assemble in one direction
in line and line we queue to the very end
Even longer than the river Nile

We complained about change in country
so this previous years we suffered,
putting on a serious faces looking like we can not be cajoled again
like the previous years, now it another.
We queue to elect our leaders, we have the right to choice!
Poor and rich all gathered, the system still remain the same!
leaders are at the corner given the poor penny,
punching up their pockets and stealing their choice of mind, so disheartened.

I am not thinking, but my mind is full of thoughts,
I am not dreaming, but not awake,
I am not listening, but the bell rings,
My mouth is not dry but my cheeks are not wet
Am just hanging at the river's edge
not only folding my hands but looking and watching the mess
I complained but my single opinion count not! for this is a division in nation.

Election Or Selection

POEM: Election or selection

POET: Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel (Emacot)

Up and down we go, that is how we do every four years
The preacher says he who has ear let him hear
For the rival of that position is between many parties who have ambition to get
to the heir
No visible crown but don't take it to be mere
It is near, how do we go about it, through Election or Selection?

It is bloody and Scarry, lives are been wasted,
What a leader we crown with so much blood shed,
With every action Election divides our nation into factions,
Giving our nation a villanelle of truth, yethe replaces fact with distraction,
And Selling manufactured satisfaction

Democracy is there we have our right to make a selection,
With the help of permanent voters card, franchise can be decided on the day of
election,
But it a pity after election our leaders change into tragedy and calamity,
leaders look superior and have lack of humanity on the masses,
Myopic, yes, A far shot from sanity blinded them with vanity,
Then the masses accept their fate with maturity,
we can't continue living with this mentality
Let make the right selection this time for the time of Election is near.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

In My Hood

POEM: IN MY HOOD

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL (EMACOT)

It was in a small village very far away from the outskirts of Ogun,
So far that even electricity couldn't reach, that village we call Abule-Elegun
There I live with my parents and my lovely sister Akindun,
It was a boring one but some of our neighbors do come around from the Village
of Aiyedun,
Even at night we sit under the moon to hear a lovely story from Adijun,
That has always been the culture everyday in my hood.

Dreams are for the rich and not the poor we say,
That has been the popular slang we chant even in the rain
It can never be a sweet sad memories even though I was raised as a nigga,
And at noon with my friends House keeps smelling like an early morning smoke
from the river.
Ain't no smiling faces, Ain't no open spaces, Ain't no aspirations, Because that's
all I see in all places.

At evening I watched those little children
Coming back from school bare footed,
So dirty even rats couldn't come closer
Yet they still rush around about their plays,
And their mothers are busy with duties
Even those old men still dream of boyhood, They sit in the sun at the door.
With the popular Pako Stick In their mouth, so funny I laugh.

Even when we cook we deep our hands together in the same bowl with papa and
mama,
Mama wouldn't stop beating Akindun when she tries to take a bigger meat before
me,
So funny enough because that has been the popular Yoruba believe.

At noon, on our way to the farm, there we saw a little girl crying herself sick
Because her mother stole her money out her piggy bank to get a quick mix
We move Closer even when we have nothing to fix,
And our pockets still have a nix
but we still cuddle her into a villanelle of hope.

It has been a wish and non wished life but that is how we live in my hood.

inola@

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Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Much Ado In The 20's

POEM: MUCH ADO IN THE 20's

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

MOOD: WARNING

Hey, hey, hey, that was the sound being made,
It was a rush of the militant, that got
People running helter skelter even with their maid,
Running to secure their lives since there is no one to come their aid,
Crying, thinking and praying to God for solution,
I sat and watch even though am part of them,
Have they forgotten they caused it all?
Much Ado about Nothing.

Yes, much Ado about nothing,
It is the fuss that happen in the 20's,
In the continent of the Blacks, that place where the world seem end even when
jah hasn't come over,
Killing, stealing to live up to stranded,
Yet they blame that man in the high seat for doing nothing,
Have they forgotten they caused it all?
when they were collecting penny and cups of rice to put that man in seat,
if you know you know, Even though am part of them, much ado about nothing.

Now those high men are gathered for another higher seat,
We have our power and right in putting them there,
Just like that snake came to Eve, they came and deceive us with penny,
Even the monkey still keeps thinking why it was said of him he's a stealer
well, whether the Animal or Human, God knows who is the deceiver,
if you know you know, Even though am part of them as a player,
Much ado about nothing.

Another part is coming up soon,
I sat on a fence to watch at noon,
The atmosphere was good and cool,
Then I saw two man, discussing in a pool,
One gave out five thousand penny while the other two thousand penny,

This was given to us all to steal our mind,
It wasn't a surprise to me when I heard them calling us fool,
Because we entrust in them to lead us for good,
If you know you know, I was sad even though am part of them,
Much ado about nothing, for nothing can help the Blacks of 20's if we keep selling
our minds.

#This poem is written to all citizen of the Blacks, Election is here and there, keep
your PVC, don't sell your mind, and fight for the future.
Remember, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, DONT CAUSE A FUSS! .

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Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Politics

POEM: POLITICS

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

There is a man you need to study that require adequate understanding,
He is the first born of Modern democracy even though he has so much fuss and
misunderstanding,
He is complicated, strict and Demanding,
Yet, he has a large heart to accept both the literate, illiterate, young, old just
keep mentioning,
That man decides the future of human with proper commanding,
His name is politics

Politics is the name, politician is the driver,
They call themselves our Messiah even when they were not born in a manger,
Politics is cool and good, Because they enjoy in the pool,
Politics they say it a dirty game headed by Commander in Chief, A liar and a
thief,
let keep playing the game and see the interesting part of politics and it families.

With every action politics divides our nation into factions,
Giving our nation a villanelle of truth, yethe replaces fact with distraction,
Selling manufactured satisfaction,
In fact we are living ration to ration
Press releases become trash compaction,
Gluing facets to fit the latest fashion, And
hiding their utter lack of compassion

Politics, This game is sweet, let keep enjoying the stanzas and talk about our
Governors,
Our orange head of state, who Ignores what is at stake,
They take and take the ego without no mistakes
Store in the money like rivers and lakes,
They don't even shivers and shakes before they make executive orders,
And even tour around and Walk off borders,
They bloated wealth hoarder,
funny enough, Photo shooter, reporters and Narcissistic personality still cause

disorder,
And still go on air addressing the masses thinking they have put things in order,
Politics.

Politics will bring sweet words before election, and after election things change
into tragedy and calamity,
Politicians look superior and have lack of humanity on the masses,
Myopic, yes, A far shot from sanity blinded them with vanity,
Then the masses accept their fate with maturity, Politics.

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Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Psalms Of Life

POEM: PSALM OF LIFE

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL (EMACOT)

MOOD: REALITY

Life is real! Life is earnest!
Life is full of competition!
Life is a race where we run on track!
Life we track for survival of the fittest!
Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And the grave is not its goal
You are dust and to dust you shall return was spoken to the soul.
Am not a psalmist am just a Poet

Life is an Administrator who Administer for Three hundred and sixty-five days
and Twelve Months a year
Every year life recruit new members and retire old members
We celebrate life for recruiting new members and life seems so enjoyable to us
And mourn life for retiring old members and life seems unfair to us
Have we forgotten dust thou art and thou returnest? And the soul concur!
Have we forgotten our destiny is attached to two comparism? "enjoyment
andsorrow";
Am not a psalmist am just a Poet

The world is a bubble; and the life of man is less than a span.
In his conception wretched; from the womb so to the tomb
I have had my share of necessary losses,
Of dreams I know no longer can come true.
I am done now with the Whys and the Because
It is time to make things good, not just make do
It is time to stop complaining and pursue destiny
I play no organs, tambourine nor harp For this Psalm
Remember am not a psalmist am just a Poet who write with my pen

Life is nice! Life is cruel!
Life we taste for power and oppress the weak
Life we love! life we get hurt!
Life we are scared to help who needed help for life is full of mystery
Let me remind you the taxonomy of life!

Life is something we all share Just like oxygen in the air.
The way we live it is up to us with a negative or with a plus.
Life is something we should cherish for we know not when we will perish.
Life is something we have been blessed with the choice is yours, choose your
quest.
Follow your passions, and you will be fine,
With the right attitude, you will shine, This is the Psalm of life.
Remember am not a psalmist am just a poet

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Somewhere, Whereabout

POEM: Somewhere, Whereabout

POET: Emacot Ft Pelumi ft jesutobi

Pelumi

To the sessions of sad silent I thought,
I sigh the lack of wisdom, some ease to find,
A flow of knowledge came in, of a thing I sought,
It was silent in the mouth and mind,
Helter skelter to find the missing soul,
I perceive the soul, I felt it in every vein,
It appeared in silence, my thought put hold,
An untold, unheard voice came in

Jesutobi

I sort to South whether I can stand
my wounds lip further
My heart bleeds my tears swirled harder
I remember the joy and gladness I once had
the solace and sweetness in my path
when kings brings fortitude and queens brings warmest,
There my heart regards my heart was sound
but not anymore
I now mingles amidst thorns

Emacot

Jingle jingle bell my heart he plays,
Pretended to love me yet it never move to a pace,
I let go of your hand, Realising how fast this year has passed, with no
memorable moments,
Tying together our broken dreams would only hurt more,
The shards of this shattered life, slowly fading made me a question,
Why I wasn't capable of leaving you, when I no longer feel your embrace,
You once stabled me with a dagger and made me buried my heart far off in a
place
Now my secret scared soul wondering around like a vagabond,

Not on earth not on heaven, i wonder where it will be somewhere or Whereabout

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

That Journey

POEM: THAT JOURNEY

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

I moved out putting on my coat in the rain,
And headed down the street to board a train,
That place was empty, no train, so I set on the lane
I climbed the hills even mountains higher than a Crane,
It was dark, scary but the moon still shed a Ray,
All was in the fifth month of the year, they call it May.

That journey I set on which has no destination,
Well; I didn't even wait to ask if anyone have the description,
No time to waste so I don't deal with procrastination,
Because I know life is calculated on speculation,
This journey is what we are sent to do on earth, for there is an attestation,
No one knows this, fear arouse in me for I know many people have some
misconception.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

The Adventure

POEM: THE ADVENTURE

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL ft AKINRINOLA OLAYEMI

MOOD: REALITY

EMACOT

It all started in the sixth day of the week,
When our master sent us out to the world without given us milk
Be either we are tested to be strong or weak,
We have different assignment to carry just as the meek,
You read the first four verses and still don't understand the words
Let me tell you in mournful numbers am talking about the world
Where we are all sent out as a living creature
With the aim of fulfilling our destiny in this adventure.

In the morning we set out for the task,
But it is a pity some fell behind even in the mask,
I looked behind to see my love ones been pulled down like a dask
Yet, it a journey, an adventure which you can't predict even in the dark,
Young and old are all involve in this market
I remember on our arrival we were wrapped and been put in a basket
But going back home they dig and put us in a casket
I felt sober for this race because we can't stop, keep running like a rocket

EMACOT & OLAYEMI

This is the third stanza, you still don't understand life characterized by
speculations,
life is a race of war, I saw people living based on calculation,
Gathered into the world of invitation,
The world of market I heard in description,
No matter how man liveth he shall get to his destination.
We came Into the earth with no one, its caught between two stools,
With no one shall we return.

Life a race of war, We cry, fight and enjoy;
We cross the bridge when it comes to us,

The world is a bubble; and the life of man is less than a span.
In his conception wretched; from the womb so to the tomb
For this journey is dangerous and woe is he that slumber.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

The Diary Of A Happy Child

POEM: The Diary of a happy Child

POET: Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel et Ayomide Tella

AYOMIDE

Innocent creatures
created by the magnanimous immortal
filled with joy and happiness
with no inkling of their poor surroundings
and how they are being deprived, from the beneficial of life
yet smile radiant like the morning dew

Their laughter's fill the air
despite being clothed in rags
as they make innocuous remark
and surrounding painless to them
because they get non affected by the ills of life
by making happiness a choice of living

EMACOT

Happiness a choice of living
but they choose to keep moving,
Even when life seems so unfair their laughter's still shake the earth,
Not about the money but about the joy they say,
No wonder that man at seventh still don't forget boyhood,

The uncare Amoo clothed in rag still radiate his laugh and play the whole long
day,
Part of his body mould covers and painted his legs with moulds, So interesting ,
At school, The taste of their leg the sun knows because they walk bear footed,
No discouragement, Always happy for this is the diary of a happy child

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

The Power Of Resurrection

POEM: The Power of Resurrection

POET: Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel Ft Dehinbo Oriola Ft Ajayi Taye Ft Ajayi Kehinde Ft Akinrinola Olayemi

ORIOLA

The only begotten son of God died for our sin,
He was beaten, mocked and crucified,
Jesus Christ has risen from death to give us eternal salvation
His resurrection makes him reigns forever
The power of his Resurrection lift up, give hope and strengthen man's heart
This is How much our heavenly father loves us.

TAYE

Now realizing the plans own severity
Right at the break of dawn
Needing comfort, He went on His knees & communed,
"Father, Father let this cup pass over me
But at all cost the written scripts needs to be continued.
Being lifted up on a tree for all to see
He gave up His essence, going down under,
Now amidst they that sleepeth,
Deep down the Earth's depth,
The keeper and his cohorts on him they pounced,
Seeking to erase him all at once
Showing up, the adapter, he he energized
Separating him from those cold hands eternally,
By these we all shall rise
Living now in the newness of life.

KEHINDE

A love never seen beforehand
He took the pain dealt so hard

that I may be free from shame and pain
but rather I bask in fame and gain
for my benefit he was crucified
All in all, that I might be glorified

OLAYEMI

in the mood of the dark hour he died,
on his sides, he valise the two holy men,
the sinful ones yet, vindicated them with his power,
with an unmarked rampart he wash the sins of mankind,
no one is mated with a holy grace but, for us he suffered,
his great deeds, for us we celebrate with our festivals,
killing of rams, holding tight our sinful act,
he's not man but, to us a maternal father.

EMACOT

What a God you are given us your only son,
Folding hands and allow humans to kill him even in the sun
So funny enough the key of death he holds,
And the long dead humans gave him an ovation,
Much hope you bring, Even the grave is powerless on you
Wash me clean, make me whole, help me heal make me good
Nothing else could bridge the gap that sin had wrenched apart,
Now we can freely go to God and receive Christ in our hearts,
For this i know there is *_power in your resurrection_.*

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Vagabond

POEM: VAGABOND

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL (EMACOT)

From East to West, North to South
Dangling around every hooks and corners
Moving From one country to Another
With no future to imagine
And nothing to explicate
Vagabond

Another lonely story without any care
Shoots a puffy white cloud of smoke in the air
We can't help but stare at all of our dreams
Briefly lingering there as it disappears
Leaving the cold, winter road seem so quiet and bare.
And the sun in the sky is In our eyes as it rises
Vagabond

We are Vagabonds, A king among the poor
We are Vagabonds, A king among the fallen
The lowest of the least, The best of the worst
We are ostracized in the other world
We are vagabonds, we are wanderer
We are poor and drenched with poverty
We have no home to live and family to miss
We are different from humans yet born of man
We are vagabonds, at night we find
each other in the late hour of the night

we are the wandering souls
They say all roads lead back home,
And every journey ends where it begins,
Why do we feel so lost?
Even among humans we feel neglected
We spent most of our twenties living out of suitcases and shacking up with
madmen
At twenties we have no future in view

We are vagabonds, We are different from thugs
Riff Raff as we are called
We put on tattered cloth just to cover up our nudity
Walking, roaming with no aim of searching a single thing
So many questions we ask, are we going to marry as a wanderer?
Are we going to give birth to children as a wanderer?
Even with a skeptical future we still fondle each other into a villanelle of hope
And maintain our brotherly love even as a wonder er.

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(ALWC)

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Village Lovers

POEM: VILLAGE LOVERS

POET: Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel ft Pelumi Adepoju ft Akinrinola Olayemi

EMACOT

It is a story that talks about ololufé mèji(Two lovers)
Yes, two lovers, Àdio and Àmóke,
who have been together lójo to tipe(for a very long time)
in the village of Àyekóto, our village is rosy, full of Ìgbadun repete(lot of enjoyment)
With no worries about the future, the trees we reside,
With animals right beside, the birds chirping,
With rivers flowing, Mountains in the horizon,
Helping spirits enliven.

In the late hour of òjo (The day) , there we go together under the Àbe Ìgi orobo
(under a tree) ,
singing songs full of love rhythms and playing of Ole pamí layó(different lovers games)games.
Motorbikes beeping fast and loud,
People talking happily, Bird cries all day,
Singers singing Khmer songs,
Traditional music for weddings and festivals,
At night, the dogs bark and scare us but
When Darí losi'le (going back home) , friends who see us on the road envy and
pray to be like us.
it indeed a village love

We might not be rich as we want but ànifokanbále(rest of mind)
we might not have roof to stay at night but àniàlafiá (Sound health)
we might not have children yet but we live and do things like ìbeji (Twins)

PELUMI

Our love appear as the dawn of day

We may not have money to solicit Our needs, sugbon ife wa gbona (Our love is genuine)

No matter how people feel envy about Us, o tun jeki igbega ko wa Larin wa
We may face lot of challenges, Eyi o'pa Ina ifewa (this doesn't quench our love)

They may look at us like eni ti ko ni eniyan (poor human being)but our life is meaningful

When we compose together, won tun ma jowu.

(Envy us)

From year to year ife wa ma gbona si(love bound becomes more stronger)
its indeed that we can't compare ourselves with them.

OLAYEMI

I choose you laisi iye meji(without doubting of mind)

Even with the stolen kisses under the bamboo tree,

I choose you not them; be always happy

Ifemi (my love) , ayomi(my joy) ,

Even when, you give birth to morenikeji; (Our daughter)your love will stand lai
sidi(without no obstacle) .

We are not perfect sugbon kosi ote(but no malice)with the advice of maami(my
mother)Iwa loko obirin, (Character precede a lady)

Have been to many orioke(mountain) to have a woman like Amoke.

Even when my eyes are pregnant with Amoke mobi we'ree(safe delivery)
because when have got nothing you told me kosi iberu(no fear)

GLOSSARIES

Ololufé: Lovers

Adio: The man

Amoke: The woman

Jowu: Envy

Iberu: Fear

Morenikeji: have seen my second

Orioke: Mountain.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

When Shall We Rise Again

POEM: WHEN SHALL WE RISE AGAIN?

POET: EMACOT'S INK FT KIRA

MOOD: PATHETIC

EMACOT

Let me take you tour to a world,
A world created by the Almighty and later recreated by Humans,
A world where we live in fear and dismay,
A world where we walk naked yet not ashamed
And live comfortably with our nudity
When shall we rise again?

We have been through a lots of Tribulations,
Just because everyone cares for Education,
Even when we have constitution and yet live under maladministration,
Because no one is ready to voice out Communication,
we die inside with immediate Devastation,
And twice the President leave us for Aboard Medication,
No entrepreneurship, Our youth looks like a phone without configuration.
When shall we rise again?

I sat on my fence looking far and wide,
So many thoughts came into my mind,
I remember those heroes' who fought with their might,
And water roll down my face like a saint who is kind,
Not even now adays, the country is so worst,
Just because we all neglect our duties and it moist,
All we do is go to churches and mosques,
Praying to God even when the answer is right beside us.
And I ask when shall we rise again?

Our Birds with his feathers can no longer fly,
Doing all what we can just to make sure we attain a height,
Economically, We are nothing to write about,
Educational, We still struggle to get that,
Political, we are ready to be there, because there is lies in the Alter,
Most people who steal, fight and kill are crazy,

You promise them good leadership and democracy,
they were all disappointed for the failure, no one knows if all we have is
autocracy, When shall we rise again?

KIRA

Let me take you down to the journey of planet earth,
Created by a Godly creature but destroyed by the greed of man.
A planet where there is no trust and hope,
A planet where we have been ripped off our dignity,
And yet we still feel no shame.
When shall we rise again?

We have encountered a lot of difficult situations,
Just because we are hoping for a better future,
Even when we have leaders and yet we live with frustration,
Because our leaders are not leading but only caring for their own stomachs.
We searched through the east, north, west and south for a better leader.
But inside of us we still believed there could be no change.
Our youth are dying of depression,
All hopes are been lost.
Children are now even been declined of simple and direct education.
When shall we rise again?

This is the same country great legends fought for,
But now it's all a waste.
The question that comes out of everyone's mouth
"Will there ever be a better Nigeria? "
People are weeping,
The trying circumstances are severe.
No jobs, no good education, no way to a better life.
When shall we rise again?

If only our leaders will take up the post of leadership for our welfare,
And have pity on every Nigerian working so hard to make this country a
progress.
It would have been different.
What have we achieved being giant of Africa?
What can we boast off?
Is it the underage kids hawking just to feed?

Or the youths who struggled so hard to get education and yet no jobs.
What exactly is our pride?
We cry out today for a better nation.
When shall we rise again?

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Whose Fault

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL

POEM: WHOSE FAULT

MOOD: REGRET

So often I lamented
I wonder what the reasons are
So often I felt demented
That I cannot explicate
The cause of my coronach
Whose fault?

Whose fault is it that I am in my present state?
Slugging when am meant to be repose
Who am I to blame for my ignorance attitude?
My parents or the government?
I have grieved, protested and wailed but to my condemnation and shock
No one appear to take the blame
Whose fault?

Whose fault is it for not making a daily three square meal?
I complained of Economic recession and inflation in the country
I felt sober cause I believe the government should take responsibilities
But is everything the government?
Don't I have my life to live?
Are there not people making it out there without the government?
These questions i ask
Whose fault?

Whose fault is it that i got pregnant while schooling at eighteen
And tarnish the great destiny that await me
Because of my pleasure for sex
Whose fault is it that i cannot wait for marriage?
So painful and challenging
Even more than I can ever imagine
Each day I fight the dark cries of an unwanted pregnancy
Who is to be blame?
Whose fault, my boy lover or i?

Whose fault is it when I failed to discover my talent
And make use of my potentials to turn the world to a better place
Whose fault is it when I turn to area boys (Agbero) running after buses for money
and fighting in Streets at twenty-five
When my mates are in office making money with ease
Because I failed to be contemplative while in school

Whose fault is it that I decided to be a Thief
Picking pockets, smuggling of hand bags and stealing of other valuable things
from human?

Whose fault is it that I upgraded from Thief to armed robber
Visiting people at home to beat, steal, rape and kill them
Just because the government refuses to provide enough employment
Just because I graduated with first class and waited for years yet no job
Is that an excuse?

Whose fault is it when am being caught by police
And am sentence to life imprisonment?
Whose fault is it that I wasted my Destiny?

Whose fault is it when I die and no one seems to miss me because I make no
impact in life?

Whose fault is it when I get to heaven and I regret the way I live my life on
earth?

Whose fault is it when I fail to impact lives with my skills?

Whose Fault is it when someone else replace me because I fail to take my stand
and responsibility?

Whose fault is it for this pathetic way of life?

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel

Why That

POEM: WHY THAT?

POET: AKINRINOLA TOSIN EMMANUEL(EMACOT)

MOOD: MELANCHOLY

Fifty-two weeks, three sixty-five days,
up and down we go even in the rain
so much stress we get, yet; no complain,
Out of this just little penny we make at the end,
our part we played your part you left
we never disturb you because we are courageous;
so why that?

Black is the colour, African is the continent
you are the president, number one citizen to be precise
You appear so simple and nice but inside you are nice ironically,
Youth might not be in power today that doesn't mean you are Superior!
You started ruling at youth age; currently you still rule, so why that?

Although things are hard, Because of trials and pains,
Continuing not, Does not get you anywhere.
maybe you know not the meaning of laziness,
People who are lazy, Quit everything and don't try
calling us lazy ones guess you owe us an apology
because I still wonder, why that?

I write in pain, even in tears!
You went up there and defame in the air,
you think the whites will imitates and embrace this mess? Calling your youths
lazy ones!
but remember we voted you in! i drop my pen because am disheartened, for I
need to know why that.

Akinrinola Tosin Emmanuel