

Poetry Series

Arabambi Obaloluwa
- poems -

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Arabambi Obaloluwa(15th of June,1993.)

I am Arabambi Joseph Adewale, the last and the only male amidst the three children of Overseer Gideon A. Arabambi and Mrs. Christiana O. Arabambi.

Arise

At twilight
Stars twinkles
Brisk winkles
Beauty bristles
All getting brittle
Hope so little
How then is the risible
To solve the riddle?
Oh! Sons of riffle
Arise and buckle
Let the horse, saddled
And not be feeble
For the future not to rumble.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Breeze Of Life

Oh! Belligerent breeze of life
Surrender your sword and spear
Take a stroll and never look back
For the waters needs to take a nap

Oh! Belligerent breeze of life
Don't you think enough is enough
Haven't you received enough sheep's for sacrifice?
Rule wasn't made for you alone

Oh! Belligerent breeze of life
It is high time you relinquish your seat
The trees are pleading for calmness
For the soothing air has turned chilling

Oh! Belligerent breeze of life
Take heed and be calm
Shamefully cover your head with peace
For no one is convenient with your tune any longer.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Choice

Think through, think deep
Don't move, don't skip
Thou cannot go without a tip
Less on a perilous trip
Don't not dare make it a beep
For the pathway seems do deep
Make thorough, drive it a jeep
That thou will not end it a weep
Where thou would cry without whip.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Desire

The things that I like
Things which seems right
Hoping they bring light
To the darkness of the time
Though not in my might
But, they worth a try
And when held tight
The result makes the heart bright
Just like stars at night
Though, at its right time.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Dream

This I dream of
To soar high the sky
And trend on mountains
So near the heavenliest

This I dream of
To conquer the dark soul
And lighten the confuse and stony heart
So to bring to understanding

This I dream of
To clasp their heart with words
And envelope them with atmosphere of knowledge
So to manifest the power of word

This I dream of
To be called a prolific writer
And ever reside at the peak of word
So to inscribe my words on the sky

This I dream of
To be thorn to the flesh of the mighty
And peace to the soul of the helpless
So to quench injustice.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Enough Is Enough

A battled life neither see, hear nor speak
It is a conquered water which never flows
But endowed with the power of stagnancy
Never at peace, but always lost in the battle of the mind
But I renounce and declare enough is enough

A battled life neither see, hear nor speak
It is ever engrossed in its wretched horizon
Like a stormy water, which leads not to the destination
Landing the mind into total and active destitution
But I renounce and declare enough is enough

A battled life neither see, hear nor speak
Ever blinded and bonded to its rage
Not to see nor smell the rightful passage
Still suffers, even at the knowledge of its predicament
But I renounce and declare enough is enough

A battled life neither see, hear nor speak
Always active to recognise in the eyes of others, speck
Even though its eyes are punctured with stick
Rides on chariots of ignorance at its peak
But I renounce and declare enough is enough

Be still saith peace, to the ranging storm
Enough is enough, for the birds missed their melodious songs.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Fate Ofthe Chained

Just not fair
A chained fairy
Down in sorrow
Up to no morrow
Bound to the air
But going nowhere
Rich in tears
Poor to wear
Stripped of care
And no one spare
Left to weep
In the pity of him
This is the story
And fate of the chained.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

I Love You

So soothing and refreshing
The breeze of love blowing at me So enveloping and pleasing
That it blew away all my worries
It feels like a journey to the wonderland
Whenever I gaze at you
The love I have for you gets me intoxicating
And whenever you speaks
I get totally carried away
My heart ponders for you at every ticks
Restless I become whenever you are away
But joy floods my heart at your presence
I feel like a fish in its abode whenever with you
My heart twinkles at your call
Since I met you, my heart has been lightened
You have become the sun around which my heart revolves
Nothing can be compared to how much I love you
Not the biggest thermometer can measure my love for you
You are so unique that words cannot express
From the core of my heart
I say 'I LOVE YOU'

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Merry Christmas

CHRISTMAS! ! !

Eating the Rice

Feels so Nice

That you order Thrice

Especially when it's Spiced

More, people Cries

Oh! with the Fries

Served with drinks which are Iced

It look good to the Eyes

Well, all for Christ.

Merry Christmas

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Merry Christmas!

Christmas is here
Merry is here
No worries, no fear
Even sorrow never dare
It's Chicken and Turkey not Hare
Let your joy be loud and clear
For the moment is for fun and fare

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Morning

What a morning it is!
Though I called it wonderful
Even when the birds ain't chirping
The sun too shy to express its feeling
Calmly perched are the goats

What a morning it is!
Though I called it wonderful
The cocks too cold to crow
Leaving tortoises rolling in their beds
And men reluctant to interact

What a morning it is!
Though I called it wonderful
The greens gently dancing to the tune of the breeze
A busy one, but all necessities met
Works getting done every single thick

What a morning it is!
Though wonderful.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Peace

What can be, if not for it?
A natural drug that cure separation

What's that which doesn't allow a division?
If not a calming pill which bind together

The hill can be so pleasing, when it exists
Low abode sparkles when at work
The two perfect, when in the system

Tasty at excess, not enough is disastrous
It adhere, mountains and seas
Fleshy and perfect, just as an onion bud
But can be thorny, when not in place

Considered stupidity by the the illogical
A messiah given birth to for orderliness
But a ranging storm when aborted

Why not let peace reign, for things to fall in place?
Violence cannot, PEACE CAN!

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Rainy Sunday

Oh what a day!
Filled with tears
A day with
Tears from heaven
The ground soak
Till stupor
Divine tears it's called
Though it flows
To ease earth's pain
Its (ground) heart
Cannot persist
Not a being can walk it
For sympathy sake
Go away!
I say to you
O tear
Stop to flow
For the eyes
Is to behold
And worship
Not for sympathy
Leave the earth
To a proper sense
Performing it cause
Not to act
To the power of will
But that of Deus
Please I say
Dear tear
Go away
For your flow
Makes the birds
To sit back
At nests
Weary and weak
Instead to pick beans
Off the earth
Go away
O tear

I plead thee go
For today isn't the day.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Steaming Anguish

The meaning of life
Hard to digest it's becoming
Won't not here be perfect?
It seems like tomorrow shouldn't be
So tiring!

What family means
Fading away like fog
Day in, day out
Living appears a option
What to do?

Questions flowing in the air
All without a stated solution
Grievances growing at sight
The start impossible to visit
Who will help?

The heart becoming strong of pain
The soul filled with waters of fear
The eyes so weak to release tear flow
It's against the law for the mouth to speak
So confusing!

Won't the driver sprung to action?
For the storm is making forward tedious
I place a call to thee dear Unfailing
For only your delivery can pave way
A expecting heart!

Arabambi Obaloluwa

The Storm

Trouble in progress
Perceived not quite far
Chaos at sight
Not far from exploding
The water is getting dirty
Patient getting empty
Understanding tending skeptic
Smoke of irritation puffing
Drastic conclusion emanating
Firm decision forming shape
Hmm! What to do I?
Let there be call to order
It will be relieving, if each party come to terms
Where the foul air clears away
And success on the seat.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Then Came Heaven

The moment
Struggle for survival is over
The pure
Air of being
Escape its contained
Levitates to the sky
Joyfully marching back
To its source
Leaving the soul to summon
Then came heaven
When the feet
Cease to trend the roads
The eyes fails
To notice and recognize
The mouth at mute
To declare
What is seen
Felt, heard or experience
Lying still
The body posed
A statue
At which people
Watch to wail and cry out
Their pains and loss
Then came heaven
The season of accounting
At which the body watches
While the shadow speaks
The time
At which behavior murmur not
But, talk expressly
At which existence
Feels like never
Where riches and assets
Becomes nought
Then came heaven.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

Voice Of The Sage

The cup of life I bring thee
Why not diligently have a sip?
Ocean of words is today before thee
Why not gather and have a toast?
A word is said to be enough for the wise
But, what of the numerous irrationals?
The vast soothing wise water of words
Have I bring to your dark table
Why not turn reasonable drunkard?
For the kid won't forever be milked
Dear generation of gullible
Moon will not always smile at dusk
Perfect swine of ignorant
The perfect tick is here
For the mountains to flow
The ship's horn is blasted
The sun should stands to its reasonable functions
And the birds stop chirping and speak
For others to diligently listen
Just for the sake of the innocents
Why not displace the intruding smoke
To secure the well being of the yet to come
For the dawn is at the doorpost
The grass cutter I'd said to take on its child's when old
The high sounding drum has to stop
To prevent a disastrous tomorrow
The bell of wise is rung
For the fertile ears to understand
Let's call on a reasonable gathering
To authenticate a bright future
Wise up saith the ranging voice of the SAGE.

Arabambi Obaloluwa

What Is Life?

What is life?

If A won't end at Z

What will be of a day?

If it won't be succeeded

By dusk

Young shall grow

It is said

But how great is a nation?

Which toils with

Her youth's future

Bargaining them(youth)

For favour

To be called professor

Dyed the young grey

Babies pounded pestles

To breastfeed greed

What is life?

Streets left dead

To seal selfish needs

Lions cries of famine

But bones won't cease to pile

The streets filled

With weaklings and hungry

The wise left mumbling

On the contrary

Fools belching of satisfaction

Puffing currencies

Like automated teller machines

What is life?

If the young

Won't bury the aged

Do you know?

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