

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Babajide Adepoju()

Earth

I am as old as the earth
4.6 billion years old
Are they concerned about my age
I have been screwed by the sapiens of the earth
They booed me up
To the point of frustration
A world of jinns and witches
Gyrating in their natural abode
Initiates of the highest order
Taking oath and blood thirsty
Placing the earth in a state of coagmire
A world of magic and mystery
Created in six days
A brain blast of the most high
Outclassing any other creator
A world of good
And chattels of deception
Trancing the sapiens
Those who don't believe in history
Are doomed to repeat
Start offering them historical perspectives
Of ingrates in the past
A world of beauty and geniuses
Blessed with brains and theories
Confusing sapiens and immunizing them
A world of tyrants and dictators
Satirizing the evil in men
Castigating the civilized society
Sapiens who promised us heaven and earth
Sapiens who made us stand needlessly in the rain
Immunizing them into power
But suffer from hallucination
When they are removed
I am as old as the earth
Do I have everybody's endorsement now.

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Earth II(The Destruction)

I've known a world where the dark don't sleep

A world where white hair

Don't make a man old

The wickedness of his heart does

This is the city of wicked revelry

The planet others look up to

Is fast becoming a den for domestic lions

The priests are unprincipled

Senators are shameless elders

All others dipping blood in fat

Eyes that twinkle in sight of goblet

Goblets that are full of red bloods.

Call it inebriation or senseless chatter

Just watch tomorrow and see what happens

Earth will be destroyed

Piles of rubble, heap of ash

Smiles taking the face of umbrella

Furnace the rain won't put on

The sea is sliding to her

It's not aid to put out flames

It's an aid to oblivion

How much does wickedness pay

In a world we brought nothing

Where the only thing remaining

Are the thick black skies

And our sandals on the ocean shore

With crosses above them.

Babajide Adepaju

Invitees Of Misfortune

They sneaked into the limbo of time,
Packaged but never arranged on a straight line,
Partial moralists and Barrets of our time,
I remembered the times we were blind
Flinging hopes and daring instances,
Wooing was our labour then,
Thought they could make us feel fine,
But it was all a classical drama in classical vain,
That was yesternight.
Invitees of misfortune made us wallowed in penury,
Cabals of transformation and political hegemony,
Bunch of ingrates and ne'er do wells,
Eloquent liars who see nothing of what they have made,
Just as our ears were deaf,
to their cries we listened,
Good children are dying,
True mothers are crying,
And I ask,
What ears would listen to our endless cries?
And hearts to our excruciating agony.

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Ray Guns

Historical memoirs
Told by my mother
Heard by my mother's mother
Experienced by the mother of my mother's mother
With tears dribbling down her wrinkled cheeks

They came in vessels that came through oceans
Putting on caps that looked like perforated calabashes
With cobras tied round their necks
And tight trousers that refused to cover their ankles
Men with color of my palm as complexion

They had long sticks that gave boom sounds
And spit fires that killed in seconds
Compared to our own gift from Ogun
They deceived our credulous leaders
Who sold us for money pouches
They told of their religion which was through and good however
And they desecrated the grooves and shrines of our gods
They deceived us with commerce and civilization
They left us in the midst of clueless rivers
They distributed our women as war booties
And made them minion in their own land
And taught our children accursed languages

We were thrown into sugarcane farms
Our slaves masters laid watch over us through windows
With manacles strapped to our mouths and legs
Some of us were taking to land overseas
To be either concubines or slaves
We witnessed the rising of the sun in our land
But its setting in hell
They took over our lands
Making us tenants in our homeland
'Surely we must survive
Just like reeds do during thunderstorms
Our freedom and that of our children
Lies solely in our hands'they said
Many have told this story

But the aftermath only I know
Of how their struggle and survival
Brought us freedom
Their struggle must never be in vain
We must pick up the pieces and show the world
We are not pushovers! ! !

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The Battleground

In times about
Chaos reigned
pandemonium ruled
And fear dominated
And the sheep quickly
Turned to the walls
And man will do whatever
It takes to claim victory
And the true nature is
I am prepared to enter the battleground
Are you? ?

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The Cult Of Personality

I am the best in the world
I've been the best
Ever since day one
Trust me when I tell you
I am the honest property
In this industry today
Nobody can touch me
The only thing that is real
Is me day in and day out
I am the best in the world
Do I have everybody's attention now

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The Day Of Promise

By the angels who extract with violence

And by those who remove with ease

And by those who glide

And those who race other in a race

Hearts that day will tremble

Faces will look miserable

Sapiens in the presence of the most high

Standing in rows

Thousands on the left

Thousands on the right

Sapiens who don't know their fate

Those who are saved from the fire

Are indeed successful

Whoever does good

Equal to an atom's weight

Will see it

Whoever does bad equal to an atom's weight

Will see it.

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The Kingdom Of Speciality

I've seen the beauty of the ocean waves
I've seen them travelled to reach the land
I've dreamed about taking a journey
To a place along the sea
Where every moment is timeless
A world of magic and mystery
You and I were hand in hand
Seeing the flight of birds
We will always share a moonlight
With the sounds of the sea
The waves that carries us
Will always drift forever
As we go into that special world
Through the sounds of time
All the things that history knows
Is said to be in a rose
All that could be in two
Is less than what I feel for you
We live in a wonderful world
That is full of glitz and glamour
Your beauty is like a life driver
That lies at the end of the sword
You are my saving rain
From up above
Our paths may differ
But will never part
A gentle world like a spark of light
Illuminates my soul
And as each sound goes deeper
Its you that makes me complete
A stranger you were
Then you took my hand
Your beautiful voice keeps out the rain
And brings a mystical breeze
Your special world illuminates my soul
And whenever we say goodbye
Know I hold you dearly
Deep inside my heart

The Morning Hours

I've not conquered
golden cities
Like Napoleon and Alexander did
But I've fought greater battles

I've not sailed the world on Titanic's
Nor travelled through labyrinths and mazes
But I've seen greater adventures

I've not surveyed prisons like Mandela
Neither have I been tortured like cena
But I've gone through greater punishment

An adventure of time
A battle of strength
Punishment of youth

Journey through ages
Times we were as agile as monkeys
Times we had the strength of pride

Times we rode on tigers
Times we docked on trees
Times we watched sunset in beautiful barracks

Times of exploitation
Exploiting our bodies, strength and brains
Times we wished to be superstars

Times we wished we knew the future
Times we wished school was a dream
Times our hearts were cemented in defiance and goodwill

Times of testimonies and wars
Times our legs were motorcycles
Spanning length and width

Times of rewritten laws and wonders
Times of undying love and protection

Times fatigue was no issue to us

Autumn falls and spring summers
So is the time of one's youth
Times of trivialities and dignities

Embrace it while it last
The captivity and freedom of youth
Only exist for a lifetime

Man cannot but journey through
Through this interesting phrase
Once in a lifetime and never to it again.

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