

Poetry Series

**Damilare Tella**  
**- poems -**

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## Damilare Tella()

Born and bred in Ogun State, Nigeria. Speaks and Yoruba and English languages fluently and have eyes for details. Well, let me just say i am an open book with a complicated content, a novel character, that the author does not understand. Thanks for ur interest in my biography, i sure appreciate. I am me, that is what defines me.

# A Day That Won't Come

I woke up at our sleep hour  
And dusk was not without light  
My mind was filled with fright  
As an unknown took me to a lonely tower

There, i saw the sun in its ungolden self  
Beside, was the moon with a glowless gaze  
I watched as the cloud turned green and the field blue  
In the air the trees sang joyfully on Eagles wings

Soon, i heard as the River stopped in protest for a drink  
Even the soil wept for it had a shallow root  
I heard as the flies begged the wounded to wound no more  
The breeze squawked, for it has for long been without air

to my oldest kin, i told this tale  
'A day that won't come' he said  
Who else shall i tell, that i have seen the unseen  
who shall hear from me that heard what has never been heard  
Tis only me that look me in awe  
For to me what will never be, has been  
I have lived in that day that won't come.

Damilare Tella

# Dear Father,

Our hands are filthy and full of sins  
Active we are in unholy scenes  
Yet, your eyes ignore and pretend not to have seen  
Our iniquities, you easily forgive  
Even when sin achens our souls, your son you sent to relieve

It is with the devil, i want to part my path  
Find me oh lord, for i am lost in lust  
Oh GOD, my creator  
make righteousness a predator  
And me an humble prey  
My lord to the i pray

Heaven, let us feel the heat of hell  
So to no one, none will have to tell  
So into your glorious hands we all shall run  
Ignoring all that we call fun

Direct my directions, oh lord  
Decide my decision, my GOD  
Be my refuge and my strength  
Impossible it seems, only with you i shall pitch my tent

Dear father,  
Make righteousness a predator  
And me an humble prey....  
.....Amen.....

Damilare Tella

# Dear Ophelia

yes, I've seen you lie a thousand times  
yet, I long for my own fair share  
But if you will do it to me  
Please hold my hands and look into my eyes  
Pierce them with yours, and whisper those words into my ears  
And please, do it under the light of a thousand stars  
Or at night when the moon is full  
so i can feel like i belong to that universe.

Oh dear Ophelia, please give me a perfect illusion

Damilare Tella

# Even Home Is Haunted

On our way home  
Rocky and thorny roads we travelled by  
Guided by destiny and belief  
The hope of home beat in our heart  
Wait and rest, we dare not  
Fornature itself is unkind

The sun burns, yes with a smile  
The moon glows, yes in a scornful gaze  
The gentle breeze with a smiteful touch  
The frightful dusk and the melacholic dawn  
We were consumed by fear, but full of hope

Gleeful, we were in hunger  
Pleasure was thirst to our quest  
It is from our tears that we drink  
Only in our thought is our belly filled  
With the milk and honey of our homeland  
What choice have we?  
When our end suddenly stares aback  
As we journey on a lonely road  
Guided by destiny and belief

Here we are, at the door step of home  
No hand to welcome us from the journey so far  
Not a piece of peace is left to share  
Plagued is the place we call home  
Even home is haunted, but by what?

Damilare Tella

# Plight Of My Generation

Into their able hands, their fathers trusted  
The Jewel of their fathers past  
In gold like and diamond form  
Confined in glamor, clothed in splendour  
In the secret corners of our doting heart  
The right to own, we desire, we desire  
At youth, we labour for to perfect our 'able' hands  
Patiently and anxiously, we await our turn  
This we did to noble ourselves and our fathers

Alas, the day has come.  
That onto us our fathers must give  
The Jewel of our fathers past  
Into our noble hands, it was entrusted  
Jewel not in glamour but decay  
Shattered it is, with its splendour strangled  
But accept we must, reject we can't  
For our children, for them to live  
For death itself now dine with our fathers  
An itch, we can't scratch  
A wound that won't heal

Oedipus, where is thy face?  
why not forewarn us to follow thy step?  
Are you not a noble in our tales?  
And with what tongue, shall we tell our children  
That our fathers' jewel is glorious no more  
    cause we trusted our fathers  
Shall we be praised or scorned  
Shall we earn their trust or their hate  
Together shall we feast or on us shall they fist

A pain that won't go  
An itch we can't scratch  
A wound that won't heal  
This is the plight of my generation  
A scar forever on our conscience.



# Teach Me

Teach me, for twas claimed that &quot;i am&quot; empty at birth  
Prior, twas claimed that &quot;i am&quot; is outside matter  
Whether &quot;i am&quot; is empty or outside matter, i do not know  
And i know that i do not know  
Please teach me, for &quot;i am&quot; must Know

But, if you will teach me  
Teach me with my mother's tongue  
For twas in her soil the seed of me was planted  
Teach me with my mother's tongue  
For twas from her breast i quenched my first thirst  
Teach me in my mother's tongue  
For twas to her voice, was my first response  
I beg you, teach me with my mother's tongue  
And let my spirit align with my father's fathers

If you will teach me, teach me my father's ways  
For twas he who labored the seed of me  
Teach me my father's ways  
For tis the root my fruit must spring forth  
Teach me my father's ways  
And help me bring down the wall his &quot;masters&quot; has built on my path  
For tis like jail within and without

If you will call me, call me by my rightful name  
Not by that his &quot;masters&quot; have christened him  
If you will call me, call me by my rightful name  
For tis my right to bear  
Call me by my rightful name  
And let the abode of my fathers be home to me

Damilare Tella

# The Song I Never Sang

From far away, i could hear the sounds of you  
with my hands i clutched, in my heart i kept  
To every blink of your eyes, i wrote a song  
To the melody your breath, i beat my father's gong  
I even danced to the rhythm of your heartbeat

The gods of our fathers can bear me witness  
For they caused the beads around your waist back my voice  
Even your steps in the forest made the dry leaves help sing the  
chorus  
The torrent of the river in the evening time made the song a joy  
behold

Everyday, i whispered this song into the breeze  
hoping twill come to you at the peace of dusk, when dream was sweet to have  
For i feared if i sang into your ears  
The whip of your father's guards on my back will kill the rhythm  
I'll bleed and turn into a dessert for flies

I feared if i sang, the sky would loose its blue and the field its  
green  
The soil its brown and the snow its white.  
The sun its gold and the moon its glow  
The river its flow and the evening its calm

Alas, another has sang my song to you  
The song he bought for a song  
What choice have i?  
My belly i must fill, else i become the vulture's meal  
And for this, my soul has lost its homeness within me  
yet, dawn is bright and dusk its brightful self  
Now, it is to another's song i must listen  
for the song i wrote, i never sang.

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# Time Will Tell

Time, if tis true  
That thou art older than we all  
Then only to thee can i turn  
In this time of woe

Stabbed from behind by a kin by bond  
From my pool of tears, he drinks and bath  
Chronos may be you are no more  
If you still are, make him pay all his days

Even kins scorn me at my plight  
keen they are, to see me fall  
May be blood is not as pure as we think  
If tis, do to them as they to you

Loved itself turned away in disgust  
Into a union with bound  
May be love is cruel  
And if tis not, let venus smile on her no more

Truth shall one day, erase all lies  
Spoken against me by bond and love  
For my hands are without filth  
Time if truly thou art just  
reveal me to the world, like you did it to me  
Time, tell my innocence for me  
For i am now without voice.

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