

Poetry Series

**Emmanuel Damilola  
Adeyemo  
- poems -**

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**Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo(21-08-1992)**

# A New Born Child

The birth of a new child  
Springs forth a contagious form of joy.  
It distributes a new hope to nurse  
And new dreams to follow.  
It shares a new future to realize, □  
A new song to sing,  
Even new visions to accomplish.  
Though the labour pain might be overwhelming,  
But not even nostalgia can bring it back  
At the sight of a new born child.□

Through great chaos, labours and strifes,  
A new hope has finally come,  
A new song is on their tongues  
And with joy they gladly sing.  
A new child has been born□  
And South Sudan is her name.  
Congratulations to his mother- Sudan  
And a bigger one to our aged mama.□  
Another feather has been added to Africa's wings,  
We hope she'll help her fly over poverty.□

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# A Pathetic Structure

My mouth sings a solemn song  
Well starved of melody.  
My soul is about to plunge  
As it hangs on the wings of agony.  
All I can hear the sound of an harp□  
That is well armed with the tune of mishap.  
Even as I paint a picture  
Of a pathetic structure.

As the day's headache is night,  
Africa is the cause of my plight.□  
An aged mother once swimming in many  
Is now so wretched without any penny.  
A land where joy flew like a sparrow  
Has now become the target board for sorrow  
She's now a playground for poverty and diseases, □  
Even famine and malnutrition have sworn not to cease.  
Dragging on the mud of shame  
Is her beautiful and adorned name.  
She's on the verge of losing the game  
And no one is obviously absolved of blame.□  
But I'll continue to beg Africa,  
Day after day will I forward my pleas to her;  
Not to throw in the towel  
So that she won't eventually fall in to destruction's well.□

[11-09-2011]

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# After All

Research to nourish Africa  
A dream she made her outcry,  
Formal etiquettes and protocols are not in any way slack;  
Staffs always on I.D. Cards and visitors on tags.

Her reputation, I can't compare,  
Her name doesn't even need a repair.  
A perfect citadel for my brains so teachable,  
Where my theoretical plant breeding skills become practicable.

With joy, hope, faith and peace,  
I set out for IITA with my mind at ease  
And join my mates in the SIWES race;  
Unfortunately, not all survived her selective maze.

Disappointed I lay, like an helpless ram,  
All because I lack a 'long arm'.  
Bags packing on point  
Cos I'm bent on going back to my joint.

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# Boko Haram (Terrorism)

Sorrow fills my heart  
Like a target board attacked with darts.  
Agony massages my heart  
With her hands so tender and mild.

It started like a joke □ □  
But now, we are soaked.  
Drenched in your callous attacks  
Of making destruction your task.

As your name, Boko Haram,  
You make brutish harms, □  
Western education you claim illegitimate  
But your cakes are processed from it.

Many innocent lives you've murdered  
And you seem not to be bothered.  
You've brought tears to many eyes □  
And our souls repeatedly sigh.

As the ground stares at the rain,  
We helplessly wonder how long you'll reign.  
Our hopes lie on a God  
Who alone can save us according to His words. □

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# College Boy's Note

To God be the glory,  
Who has given me this rare grace.  
He made me so rugged like a Mack lorry,  
To persist for long in the 'book-race'.  
For hours, I've been here,  
Tiredness, I never feared.  
But like the day's headache is night,  
The only source of my fright  
p\*ss the bell in my stomach  
Which expression is still being masked.  
As soon as it rings  
All its lying birds get on their wings  
And every other thing follows its tune.  
May be I should continue  
Before it drives me to the kitchen.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Dangling

Feeble fingers at work  
The ball-point taking its walk,  
Strolling through my sheet's streets  
And its footprints it leaves in bits.  
Generation will come to see  
The great opportunity this man ceased.  
The up and coming breeds will marvel at his piece  
And at its contents, they won't hiss.  
The night my eyes steal  
Its dizzy hours I don't feel.  
My fingers are moving still,  
Aiding my pen in its gorgeous display of skills.  
My brains thoroughly ransacked,  
Its ideas heartlessly confiscated  
For inspiration I laid ambush  
To make sure this is poetically lush.  
Cos this picture is not just for my brothers!  
It'll surely survive beyond Africa's borders.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Even Though

Even though...□

Its walls are cracked,  
Its furniture pieces are obsolete,  
Its overlying metallic papers are perforated  
And stained with reddish-brown ink,  
Its sleeping beds are no better than the hard brown earth,  
I still choose my abode  
At Mr. Ni Geria's drowning castle.

Even though...

She has corruption for beauty,  
She's gorgeously dressed in debt's gown,  
She bathes daily with poverty-infected water,  
She enjoys brutal torture from hunger and malnutrition,  
I still choose to marry  
The confused green damsel  
As my only wedded wife.

Even though...

He has names like developing, third world...  
He's the key leader in the unemployment saga,  
He's endowed with a special ability to endure blackouts,  
His roads are beautifully designed with deadly potholes,  
Still I choose my country,  
My disease-susceptive country.

Like a drought-inflicted ground longs for rain,  
I patiently await that day,  
When terrorism will be described in a past form,  
When we'll no longer be cajoled as Africa's giant,  
When my people will see corruption as a venom,  
When our unsure future will become secured.

Because one thing I know for sure,  
Like a truth that can't be wrong,  
Is that that day is fast approaching,  
Fast approaching in a bird-like metallic monster.



# Homesick

One thing I know for sure,  
Like a truth that can't be wrong,  
p\*ss that there is a better home  
That can't be compared with Rome.  
From time immemorial, I've nursed it  
Thousands of times I rejoiced at its thought.  
But like a oyster shell at shore,  
I cant stop to ponder  
How long I still have to wait;  
To live with you in our palace.  
In the castle built with incorruptible hands  
With so much peace to contain my delight.

Yet, here I sit in fears  
With blurred focus and shaking hopes,  
Mind feebled, courage dying.  
Cos I'm still far from home  
Can't but keep shouting;  
Wont you give me strength  
To make it through somehow!  
Cos in Christ,  
There aren't goodbyes  
On Jesus, I wont lose my grip  
Until I see you again.

Just making my confessions Lord,  
I'm homesick.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# I Will Persist

The tunnel I know,  
is lined with so many foes,  
glued to its walls  
dissappointments upon failures.  
But just at its end  
Clearly will I see  
Success, waiting for me.

Yes, the road is rough,  
discouraging are its obstacles.  
But just at that bend,  
Hope station will I find  
and opportunity I will hit.

Now that I'm not oblivious  
of this fact so supreme,  
my cheerleader, Persistence I've made  
and with every step I take,  
To quit remains an option  
I will never consider.  
Another step will I take,  
Yet another step,  
Till significance becomes me.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Ichabod

On my bed I lay  
With different thoughts crossing my way.  
My eyes are wide open still,  
After the fruitless search for sleep without pills.

□

I can see the night passing on, □  
Unfortunately, none of her allies is around to mourn.  
Her African skin is becoming bleached  
But the day seemed so pleased.

It looks like a well-planned coup,  
'cos earlier the stars sung a song of dupe. □  
The cocks are its greatest rebels,  
Noisily flaunting the day's label.

As she rounds up her reign  
With a hope to be back again.  
She thought of another distant home □  
Located somewhere in Rome.

Soberly the night stood,  
Well engulfed in bad mood.  
She now looks like an apparent fool  
And wished not to have given in to their woo. □  
With the kidnapping of her glory,  
Hidden secretly in the morning's lorry,  
She nurses the fear of been odd  
Making her so fit to be called Ichabod.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# I'M Black, I'M Proud

I've got the blacks' blood□

That makes me strong like a fired brick.

It doesn't rush like flood

And uniqueness, it speaks.

□

I've got the blacks' skin□

That may candidly cause you to sin.

It shines with much elegance you can't resist

Even if you seem to be a racist.

I'm black and can say that proudly

'Cos we've got hearts starved of fear.□

Our sky is never cloudy

'Cos the sun's face is always there.

Oh mother Africa!

I'm happy to be your replica.□

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Letter To The Unwritten Exam

Even though you are here  
And some of my courses are still unclear  
Still I won't fear  
Neither will I be in despair.  
Come with your sword for all I care  
But I swear, I won't tear,  
Let your boastful words spoil the air  
Still I'll see and run like the deer.  
To your face I say I dare,  
Cos I've a God with whom you are mere.  
And as the clouds gather in the atmosphere  
So will I count my A's from top to rear.  
My promise land, I'm near  
Giving up now, Ehee! for where?

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Lovable Poet

Still your lovable lyricist-  
God's own boy Emmanulyrist.  
He's ready to flood your street  
Like a well-trained physicist  
With beautiful lines you can't resist.□  
His sweet stanzas will keep you glued to your seat  
Like a wounded beast.  
His poems dropp like mist-  
A way that will bring joy even to a sadist.  
May be I should insist, □  
As I continue with my gist,  
That I'm not encapsulated in a discriminating cyst,  
So I'm no way a poetic racist.  
The Blacks and Whites are on my list  
To watch out for a poetic feast.□  
□

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# My B-Day

It's my day of joy,  
A decade and five ago I received toys,  
But now, it's a time to reflect not dance,  
A period to check out my life at a glance.  
An occasion to examine my life defects  
And introduce the corresponding rectifying tablets.  
Like the employer will ask his chef,  
Maybe I should inquire from myself  
How many goals I've scored  
Now that I've clocked two scores.  
Well, some of my dreams came true,  
Few left me with no clues,  
While others underwent truncation  
Just like an unplanned mission.  
Yet, all through I've always recalled  
That His plans for me supersede all odds,  
So I take up every challenge with pleasure  
Knowing everything will still speak a secured future.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# My Heart Speaks

She's taken  
But my thought I've given.  
On my way I pray  
Everyday she should appear.  
Her face I wish  
Day by day I should behold.  
Her voice I long  
Everymoment I should hear.

The more thought I give,  
Go fight for her I feel.  
This if I do,  
Her friendship I may lose.  
Cos sure I'm not  
If she also feels like me.

Here in darkness I sit,  
Even the pen painting his sheet  
I hardly see.  
This is just how I feel  
and with these lines,  
my heart speaks.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Poetic Land (Part 1)

Outside I stand □  
Well surrounded with land;  
Family Poaceae wears the crown  
With its members as visible as dawn.  
At my front stand the Musas, □  
So much guarded by their suckers.  
Mrs. Carica papaya looks lonely,  
Staring at her children soberly.  
She nurses the fear of the future  
For her helpless kids growing mature. □  
Family Solanaceae seems well represented  
With the likes of the Capsicums so pungent,  
Even the gorgeous Lycopersicon esculentum,  
Loudly displaying her balls with the harvest-tone.  
Miss Annas comosus is still single □  
But her dreadlocks signals her readiness to mingle.  
The Cocorus olitoruses are astonishingly obvious  
In their shinning green clothes so chlorophyllous.  
There is still a lot more to see  
'Cos around me are different other species.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

## Poetic Land (Part 2)

Still in the poetic realm□  
In the kingdom Plantae so peaceful and calm.  
Standing afar off looking pale  
Is the madam Anacardium occidentale.  
She has suddenly been deserted with no reason□ 5  
Since she lost all her kids during her last flowering season.  
Looking gigantic is the Elaeis guineensis  
With no traces of photosynthesis crises.  
All her siblings stretch out with pride  
With so much elegance they can't even hide.□ 10  
The Euphobiaceae are left with just a comforter,  
Their only visible survivor; Mr. Manihot esculenta,  
All hopes lie on him  
To spark up the family's name already dim.  
Not so much about the Gossypium spp□15  
All endowed with ugly physiques.  
The future of their bolls seem so unhealthy  
'cos they wear stained white lints, so filthy.  
And this disgusting Gossypium sight,  
Pulled me down the poetic realm, from a great height.□20  
I am now on my bed  
Trying to restructure all I've penned.□

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Poetic Murder

The murder scenes continue  
On my papers so cute.  
My pen is the victim,  
Ferociously starved of its blood and lymph.  
I'm the callous murderer  
But I seem not to bother.  
I don't need a defense counsel  
Cos my cases are obviously goanna to sell.  
It is as speechless as silence,  
With no iota of violence.  
Painlessly its blue-blood flowed with ease,  
To make my pellucid lines an awesome piece.  
This is no doubt a poetic murder  
That will surely take me beyond Africa's border.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Real Talk

Have I been slothful within?  
A lemon squeeze and exam is in!  
I'll tell the real thing-  
In book-knowledge, I'm thin.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Sweet Story

I want to tell a sweet story  
That will surely make you give glory  
It's about my mother  
Who is worth more than a million dollars.

She has that ideal look  
Like that described in the holy book.  
A woman so perfect  
Well starved of defects.

She raised me from birth  
While I was small and fragile  
Her back was a wonderful bed  
And with her milk she made me fed.

Her lamp burns late into the night  
Yet, always the first to see the day's light.  
She has passed through a lot  
So that a could be her salt.

Join me praise a mother,  
Who is more than a trillion dollars.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# The Chocolate Snake

A U-turn I made  
When I saw you at gaze.  
My heart skipped its breath  
But my heels did the rest.

So funny it was□  
But my peers' tease will be worse.  
Recovery from the shock was slow  
But the rescue came through the air-blow.

The day was bright and sunny,  
Gluttonously, it licked the sun's honey.□  
It lay on its green bed  
And its skin and bed did not blend.

It was tall and slender,  
Wearing a gorgeous chocolate leather.  
Chilling was the mood of the snake□  
But I ran back to cross the lake.□

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# The Dark-In-Complexion Night

Like a snail in the mud, □  
You cruised into our neighbourhood.  
It is now obstinately obvious  
That you are back again to dine.

□  
The black skin is your pal□  
And with it you've painted our town.  
Creatively, you've autographed our land  
With your dark-in-complexion stamp.

You spent half a day seducing the moon into your world  
But treated her with contempt thereafter.□  
With her garments, she paid for her trust  
And shamefully she hovered, barely nude!

You alone murdered the day off our sights  
And even kept us glued to our beds.  
What else do you want from us? □  
The dark-in-complexion night.□

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# The Plights Of The Sky

The sky is in sorrow  
Like a knight hit by an arrow.  
Her pains is so profound  
Like a lame man crawling on the ground.  
Her pale face still looks dry□  
But she's well saturated to cry.  
Very soon tears will roll down her checks  
Like a little baby so sick.  
In a way to show her plights,  
She vividly sulks with flashes of lights.□  
These she seconds with thunders that sounds like hurricane  
Leaving a feeling that drives us insane.□  
The sky has become so blue,  
A obvious clue.  
Under our shelters we all glued□  
As we wait for the rain to rule.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# The Rude Rain.

Torrential rains in an agile afternoon,  
As a matter of fact, we are not expecting the moon,  
But the sun can't also move near  
'cos rain drops are everywhere.

Harshly, it hurried down, ☐  
On our ground so brown.  
Cruelly, it eroded our land  
And its noisy footsteps packed our sand.

It inflicted our farms with flood-  
The farms we cultivated with the last dropp of our blood.☐  
Our patience it tirelessly teased  
Having sworn not to cease.

Speechless, we all stood-  
Candidly attacked by a bad mood.  
It's so apparent that the rain was rude, ☐  
Hmm! How we wished it could be sued.

[26-09-11]

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# The Sojourner

Africa-

The adventurous sojourner.  
On different roads, she has plyed  
and of her experience, she can tell.  
For years, she voyaged  
through the golden streets of luxury,  
adorable intelligence, unsummountable  
power lined with excellent self-rule.  
Piece by piece her fame diffused,  
like a fragrance poured into the air.  
But little did she know  
that enviousness boiled in her brothers.  
In no time, they carved out a plan,  
the plan to hijack her car.  
From afar, she saw her brothers,  
still oblivious of their plan  
decided to enjoy the ride with them  
but it turned out as her greatest nightmare.

Within a squeeze of a lemon,  
she had been tied hands and feet.  
The tides have taken a new turn  
and her long drive through significance ended.  
Devoid of strength and authority,  
she was taken through the long rickety roads  
of pain, agony, misery, hell,  
gehenna, hardship and sadistic pleasures.  
She was tortured, tormented and callously molested,  
Her dignity was soaked up in mud water.  
She lost her prowess,  
neither was her sense of control within range.  
She became useless, lacked direction  
and increasingly grew in dependency on her hostages.  
However, in all she still dared,  
and with her impotence,  
she still fought all the way.  
After ages of misery,  
she snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.  
And her nightmare finally ended.

But alas, she has lost it!  
The mental torture has conformed her mind,  
The pit of depression has shapened her thought.  
Verily, verily, she lost it!  
To no avail she has strived,  
to get back on those glorious lanes.  
Will she ever get back to her golden streets?  
Can she ever be AFRICA again?

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Waiting Room

My system got blind  
and needed a new set of eyes,  
So I squeezed out 17k  
To get its screen replaced.  
After about 120 minutes  
in the waiting room,  
The hardware surgeon approached  
and with complacency, he said,  
'The surgery was successful'.  
My system displayed again!  
The gate of joy was let loose  
I was overwhelmed.  
He made my heart dance for some seconds  
and then dropped the bombshell!  
My heart shrunk,  
Feet became cold,  
I took my seat  
as his words sunk into my ears,  
'The storage organ is also spoilt  
and a new hard drive is needed for replacement'.  
Tear drops almost found expression,  
My knees immediately lost their strength.  
Don't know how much long it will take  
To live without my computer.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo

# Youthful

A spark that needs no ignition,  
Ready to explode his slightest intension.  
His soul is tarred with ideas  
And to his mind, innovations tightly adhere.

Dignified and decorated with power,  
With the energy and vision of an eagle, she soars.  
Her heart is well starved of fears  
Cos she understands nothing called threat.

He has strength as his glory,  
So vigorous like the Mack lorry.  
You can't beat the reach of his shoot  
Cos he is a youth.

However, remember the fresh grass in the morning  
That withers without warning,  
I hope you won't tarry  
To utilize the bars of gold you carry.

Cos you are not just tomorrow's leader  
But also today's partner.  
So don't wait as time pass,  
Go for gold while offer lasts.

\*\*\*\*\*note the use of his and her for a youth.

Emmanuel Damilola Adeyemo