

Poetry Series

**EZEKIEL HARUNA
DANBAKI
- poems -**

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EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI()

A Child Pray

Mother Earth and father time
Give ear to your son's rhyme
Let this prayer get me through
Let my wishes turn true
When dreams are lost in streams
Let this plea greet in screams
Oh! Let me act with aim
Let me be like them
Like heroes and makers of histories
Like giants and doers of mysteries
Words to them-i share my emotion
Words to them-my absolute devotion
Words to Paul words to Silas
Words to peter words to Barnabbas
Words to Daniel words to the three
Heroes in jail heroes when free
Words to Moses words to Elijah
Words to Joshua words to Elisha
Mighty names knit into sheets
To wrap my head my heart my feet
words to the saint brothers
Words to many others
Just like them i want to be
Just like them i want to be.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

A Choice Made

Two roads start in a green wood
God and men long they stood
Men were given a choice to make
A choice of path for them to take

Two roads diverged in the undergrowth
But God cautioned 'you can't travel both'
First is bushy, thorny for only fewer feet has trodden
As for the passings there had the second broaden

Men ignored the first but the second was as fair and on the left it lies
And men beheld it though with passion in their eyes
I say this with a sigh for the left was their claim
Even in their hearts that choice was the same

Also in their eyes was the look of happy bright
In the strides of their steps they felt the choice was right
The wrong path they thought was one less travel by
But today and tomorrow see what of them is left

Sad eyes
Sad days
Sad hearts
Sad face

Sad today
Sad tomorrow
And every day
Sad sorrow

Sad them
Sad everything
Sad them
Sad ending!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Adress To A Politician

No! Not like that
Be thou not brutal

.
Let thy rich hostile fists
Not covet weaker cheeks

.
Stop kicking cans down silent streets
Dogs may surge and chew thy feet

.
Alright
Let the leader loose his bossy tie
Humbly shall we reach the sky

.
Still in this life
Of peace and strife
Whether here or there- stocked in this earthly shelf
No man is man all by himself

.
Let the hidden stones of foes
Stop bruising innocent toes

.
whatever we do- deep or shallow
Follows us just like our shadows

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Alltimes

Sometimes we have it going well
sometimes its full of trouble
Sometimes we scarcely have any
sometimes we having double
Sometimes we see us losing it
sometimes we see us winning
Life...

Some people think you're serious
Some people think you're joking
Some people have reasons to dance
Some people are not happy
Some people true are living well
Some people are not healthy
Life...

Sometimes... All times
Life is a bed of roses
With the thorns intact.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Are We Ugly?

We have being lovers of ourselves
Before the accuser came
His mouth so wide and deep
Lies flawed his speech
'Look at you'. he said 'not grand as others'
From then, we feel so bad
In lost of self-concept

We don't like ourselves
What we were
What we are
I dont like how fat i'm
How skinny, these scrawny arms
I don't like this look
How my hair grows
My eyes
My lips my nose

We don't like ourselves
Dark our skin - we spoilt with a bleach
If pale - we get a tan
It's strange how we work things
What we are, nobody is satisfied

The smallest in the team
We feel so bad
Unloved by all else
We kick and cry
Who do we blame?
The maker of us?

Becomingly clothed
Then the accuser came
In and out of the sewing house
Till we walk the street in absolute nude
We gaze upon our attire with loathe
walking around in caged emotions
Murmuring in self dislike
Taking turns saying to one another

You want to be like me?
I want to be like you!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Ashes Of Immortality

At the death of yesteryear
When december rounded off its transactions
Somewhere in the forest crowd of Dogon-kurmi
I met a poem
Gyrating
Burdened by weight of ashes
The ash of a burnt library
This poem stalled my walk
And gifted me a sacred vial
In the vial - some sacred ashes
The muse of pen warriors
A legacy of their legendary
A slice from the loaf of ingenuity
'Rub and rub' it told me
'At dawn when the sun rekindles it vision'
'rub and rub, mortal bard'
'When darkness slumbers lone'
Ashes - the fate of a burnt-offering
In worship of poetry
'rub! rub! '
'It shall create you anew - a bard immortal'.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Awake Christian

Wake Christian no longer sleep
We've promises to keep
From Calvary a cross to bear
To Zion's walls a crown to wear

Shall tonight our beds be made?
While tonight the heathens fade
Shall in peace we rest our back
While others salvation lack

The shepherd's voice for long we knew
Onward then with strength renew
The valley low and high mountains
Bold we march to cross fountains

Each down is a day made new
With hours that keep getting few
In bold and strength we rise and stand
Our king the lord himself commands

Wake Christian no longer sleep
We've promises to keep
And miles to go before we sleep
And miles to go before we sleep

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Away With You

O' thou awful spirit of woes
Accuser of sins and maker of throes
Thou art foul in name and form
Thou art the devil

Thou invisible spirit, my foe
I blame thee for all life wastings
My soul is wholesome away goes thee
I be not thine own
Away! Away! Spiritus
Away! Away! My heart insist still
Be fair to thine own self
and abide by Heavens will

Get thee away! Away get thee!
Prayest thou me to catch? Away! Away!
Tears are scarce, in vain i seldom shed
And so you may do the worst you can do
Be assured mr. devil i won't seek thy aid

Prayest me to thee for riches?
Away with you!
If for riches need i seek
To God alone little need i say
Since i value not such things as these
get thee away! Away get thee!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Behind The Facade

The innocent crying baby
Has grown into a young deceitful lady
To a man of brutal agendum
On a mission of no little doom

I see the meek little lamb evolve
To be a ravenous wolf
The sweet melodious 'baa baa' soar
Into a thunderous roar

I see the growth of a region
From garthing of one to a legion
From sallow stage of weakness
To a house of the brute and heartless

I see the saintly white
Turn a cause for fright
Cause of a violence sight
With peace in left and sword in right

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Being There

When nothing goes just right
As it sometimes will
When all is lost and gone
And you are all alone
When your heart is filled with pain
And worry plunders your petite smiles
When love as it goes rips your heart apart
When you are beaten by hate and injustice
And the world seems cruel and unkind
When you wake at the dawn of a gloomy day and fear
torments your pride
You will cry
And just when no one seems to care
I will look beyond your tearless eyes and see your
beauty
I will listen beyond your faint sobs and hear your heart
I will feel beyond your cold spirit and touch your soul to
warmness
When you are down and your spirit is needing cheer
I will put a strong arm 'round your falling shoulders
And whisper 'never mind'
I will be there when your spirit is broken
When chaos looms and your waters flow uphill
I will come along when you cry for help
I will stop by, I will help you carry on
I will be there
Being there makes us more human
Being there makes our world a better place

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Better Day

There shall come the day
When no pain fades the heart away
When no storms rage the skies
When no tears blur the eyes

.

There shall come the day
When death shall lie in silence of nothing to say
So we sleep with both eyes employed
And the sweets of our labour enjoy

.

There shall come the legendary watchman
One greater than mortal man
Who shall stand by the giant gate
And sorrow away, stripped of her lethal hates

.

The graveyard spreading wide
Shall lie bankrupt, emptied of her pride
Silent pianos and muffled drums
Shall be alive when that morning comes
When all mourners go home
To wash for a festive return.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Between God And The Lady By The Church Road

The old large bell
Claps in the belfry-Ah! God's call
Bell's sonorous voice
Says me a call
'come' it says
'pledge your devotion to the worthiness of God'

And you.
Stand there.
Skirt skimpy.
Chest bare.
Lips wax-coated
Beckoning to me?

I learnt of you
Of causing comrades to harbour lust in their loins
And when they do
Do they not survive it in the confine of their graves?

And you.
Stand there.
Hands akimbo.
Bidding me - come?
Me? Wait, my absence shall attend to you
Beside, my heart is right in God's briefcase.

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Bid Me Come

Lord bid me come
Unto thy sacred place
Give my whole thy beauteous form
With thy image on my face

Bid me come before thy throne
So i see thee as thou art
Dress me in beauty of thine own
Rid me off! a sinful heart

Bid me come that i may know
Of thy saving-cleansing power
And to know how much i owe
To live holy, my every hour

Bid me come my whole is thine
O Lord my soul transform
My world i leave behind
'if it be thou-bid me come'
(mathew 14: 28)

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Book Of Books

Divine words of beautiful lines
Lovely pages of holy fonts
Most comely of all texts
Plenty piles of infinite mysteries
Chain of genealogies mounds of histories
Authored by few - inspired by One
Splendid display of truths
Nourishment for life abode therein
Den of answers for all life's whys
Before time was - these fonts are
Words that rekindles dying visions
Dissolving hearts in repentant tears
Blossoming ideas roots in thee
Pregnant prophecies adorn thy whole
Thou hast life
Thou hast love
Salvation of souls being thy deeds
Thou no man's work
Thou restorer of men
Thou the Bible be

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

'Change'

At long last, they did not give me the permanent voter's card or pvc as they called it

But still, i was there to relish the sight of two elephants fighting

And here, there were plenty grasses to absorb the impact

I stood in my characteristic way wandering my eyes through the throng of faithful denizens

My eyes caught sight of an old mummy who already has a standing space in the queue- though the sun also did not spare her its scorching hate

Soon it was her turn

and because she was shaky and tired, the uniformed fellows helped her

She painted her wrinkled thumb as would an old compatriot

And with such meticulous savvy acquired only in years of voting

She voted the sameness of her country

Just like others did

Amids the synchronous razzmatazz of 'changi dole! '

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Convinced

Come lack come wealth
Come ill come health
Come good come bad
Come joy come sad

In trouble and peril
Persecution deep and real
In famine or nakedness
In blackest of darkness

Neither depths nor towers
Nor all world's powers
Neither death nor life
Neither peace nor strife

In conviction refined as by fire
Persuasive in will and desire
Nothing! No...thing!
Nothing separate us from the Love Of God
Through Jesus Christ its ours, its all we've got!

(Romans 8: 35-38)

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Dark Days Gone

Gone forever are the days of the dark
When i longed for a shine of light
A twinkle will do or even a spark
Just for once let my life be bright

Lonely sat me in a dim coner
Rested my back on the tattered wall
Wishing someone could claim to be my owner
And look through the darkness to see my lack

These Wishes were only but a nightmare
Darkness around hunts me everyday
Bringing with it despair so near
Deeper I searched but could not find the way

Just as I'm no one seem to care
Or to my ears whisper words of hope
If for a moment I got a word of cheer
Then to my feet i shall rise and hop

I wished as my hope drew close
In holly strides to give me freedom
In my darkness I felt forever lost
Lost in the realm of cruel kingdom

I am a lost sheep from a hundred herd
I realised my wandering far from the pen
But Jesus the loving-caring shepherd
Came after me and washed away my pain

Gone forever are the days of the dark
When i longed for a shine of light
Now not a twinkle not even a spark
This life as mine is full of light

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Dear Abdullah

I have not the wizardry
To ink wisdom as of a sage
I have not the subtle wit
To weave a story false and true
But I stream on this yellow notebook
That which form my hope and strength
I chose to go by the candle flame
Today, the sun died frowning at the sinning world
What if it do not rise again?
I wonder how the world survives
In fear of what tomorrow be
I write to you, dear Abdullah

Forget not the moon-light stories grandma use to tell
How baby Jesus looked at the world
From an angle not known
And gave out salvation
How foreign feet mocked the forest briars to bring us words of hope and light

Forget not the carols mummy love to sing
Their short stanzas
Their cheerful words
How life eternal abounds
For those who chose to live
for truth and righteousness
Dream them tonight
Keep them at heart

The world be not your paradigm
The world be not your stay
Befriend not the world or the sweet therein
Foe not with God
Spare His truth to sin-ruin souls
Dear Abdullah, till such counts but none

I write this with a sigh
For what happen next eludes my know
If tomorrow start without me
I change my whistle to trumpet

I stop all I do to take a look
The works of my hands
My disposition my choices
May dream find me in the land of reality
The road that takes me where to get a crown.

Yours in the race.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Dear Revered Reader

Dear revered reader
From my heart these unpolished lines

.
We have waited a long time
We have nurtured faith, tended hope
For this to happen

.
We have crossed many fountains
And have come a long way
We have waited patiently
Grimacing, in suspended sleep
Gloating,
For this major breakthrough

.
We are a people- great people
We have suffered asking many questions
Have stretched hopeful necks over immeasurable heights
We have climbed sky-reaching mountains
But this castle of doubt, jutting against hope and faith
Is yet the major challenge

.
We are a people- wonderful
We have power in our hands
Promises in our eyes
Freedom in our hearts
But the air we drink do not satisfy the thirst in our hearts
Until we get to it

.
Let the man... Prayerful
Add to it some hope
Let the woman... Faith-full
Polish anew her mustard-seed of faith
Because
We have come to it
Being within reach of our major miracle

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Devils Cry

Sometimes, the devil cries
Muddy tears run from his eyes
The evil in his name
Was his only begotten shame
He's made big family- many brothers
Kid devils and their sultry mothers
They sit in vicious circles, round and round
Rehearsing a cry, perfecting their sound
And as they do
They stare at you
Fixing bloodshot eyes on your girded loins
As though begging for survival coins
When they do, do not feel pity
Do not say it's a sad ditty
It is not to earn your sympathy
It is a call to a sin-party

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Dirge Of Nature

Distress in the graying grasses
Soulful Screams of severed lilies
Flapping wings of wounded quails
Wholly adorned in man's brutality
Agony in the heart of a mother deer
Losing a fawn to the jaws of wildfire
Fleeting breath of a starving gazelle
Losing its grip to the hem of life
The sky is empty

Rivers shrink from stretching roots
and the sky derides the bearings below
Deceitful clouds gather but for form
Food trees, angered into barrenness
Stand ghostly like the skeletons of ancient statues
Raising leafless arms toward Heaven
As though in prayer for clemency
Terror in the belly of elephants
like some thunder rumblings
Lions roar faintly in responds to the pangs of hunger
Ribs contours lie in utter nudity
The jungle trembles and writhes
Perspiring and shaking
lone and desolate
Whatever happened to nature
Is nature hostile to nature
Chirp birds muted by silence of nothing to say
Sing no symphony because the wind's hot
Flowers bloom fumes into the burnt-out atmosphere-A goodbye kiss to a cruel
world
Bruised gardens suffer the sky a blameful stare
Lands expanse shattered and broken
Like the potter's clay
Food bowls hosts no food
Stomachs do not comprehend
Clouds vacate the sky
Rivers do not understand
Fishes swim but deserts
O' nature where gone thy pride

The aids of thy pacifier
Only if thou hears
The Soulful cry of sickly Babes
No sooner born than diseased by unhygienic environments
Their trills rise in height than the tower of babel
Their plea to the heavens speaks in innocence than the blood of Abel

Oh the world be not sane
Guilts of men, the sons of nature
it stink to Heaven!
do I blame it to Heaven's causings?
Perhaps I am thinking in the reverse.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Does This Worry You

The beauty of war
Teaches man peace
The beauty of sorrow
Teaches man comfort
The beauty of loneliness
Teaches man company
The beauty of enmity
Teaches man friendship
The beauty of mortality
Teaches man...
Teaches man that we all are going to die
Does this worry you?

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Don't

Don't see lack
Don't see poverty
Don't see pain
Be blind to wretchedness

Don't hear miseries
Don't hear wants
Don't hear sorrows
Shut down the negatives!

Don't talk weakness
Don't talk losses
Don't talk failures
There is power in the tongue

Open your eyes,
See beauty, see the brightness of your soul
Hear the humming of the stars- your name in their song
Talk,
Talk gratitude, talk grace, talk possibilities
Look at the bright side of living. Always look that way

The world is not going to the devil; it is going to God.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

End Of Time

Who wakes
Who sleeps
When the wind whispers warning
And the sun drink up the rivers

Who listens
Who ignore
The lightning flash
When Heaven thunder down messages

Who understands
Who tells why
Kids making kids
Mothers drunk in the bar
Children gun down in their classrooms

Who sees
Who's blind
Time, the bank of emptiness
Is rounding-off its transactions

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Evolution

We accepted that we are in college

Like berries in cluster we gathered

Round and round - a myriad of learners

A bearded professor; deluded by his erudition, gave a speech

a long long speech on evolution

glad we are!

Then we accepted that we are learned

each bearing a certification of school participation

we depart from study

greater fools than when we first entered it.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Examination

I, for unknown reasons
Surrounded by books of the erudites, poets and sages
I, for unknown reasons
Stop my sleep, grimacing, flipping pages, chapters and topics
Exams will soon be due - I know
Will shrink closer to challenge my learning
And I, sitted here, wears a head of enormous frame, worthy of meagre learning-
I wait
Though I have some wax bulging up-my-sleeves
But of what use is physique in the battle of the mind, ink and paper?
Of what importance when intellect embattles problems?
Knowledge and understanding, God made them twain
Wisdom and learning, God made them twain
Success and victory, God made them twain
And I, sitted here, knows that I am God's!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Failure

Counts it not lethal if failure haunts about your door
Take courage for a name and there she goes away
Do not fear when you fail
Failure is like a mix in the air, and once in a while, everyone breaths it
When success triumphs, Failure fails too
So when she bares her mouth wide against you
Do not fear the blades in her tongue
Wear courage like a shield and you can pluck even the lion's teeth
Refuse to give up
Refuse to lie low
Get up each time you fall, atleast, that is success too
The rocks that make you stumble might be your bars of Gold If you persist in
rising
Failure is not falling down but giving up
It is not failure yet unless you fail to rise up

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Fools For Christ

Hearts soft and calm as wool
This makes them call us fools Though we be quite and cool
knows not them that we're tools

Fools for Christ, this We be
Salvation gift announce by we
Though suffer we years to come But our pains will wane at home

Fools for Christ, we they slice
Love for them in heart arise
Though they cut us and we bleed
Yet their hearts to Christ we lead

Fools for Christ, these are we
we have Christ all day to fee
They who walk the darker way Have devils all nights to pay

Fools for Christ, lets be call
And the worlds not see us tall
If today this be our name
Glad! someday will be our fame

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Four Sons

She bore them eleven
But seven now in Heaven
Though said me before
That they now are four
Bad as sin stains
stained them to their brains

They gad-about the streets
Against life's good chosed sin's sweets
For good to them she told
To change as life unfolds
But four men too deaf
Changed not a newer leaf

I checked into the sky
And sighed a heavy 'why? '
Now at the eleventh hour
Now Mother's gone,
And age's rough upon their youth
Of all their lives wastings
They blame to mother's causings

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

From The Heart

I have an issue
Bothering my tissues
Its name is self
My carnal self

I need a saviour
Saviour that can
Rid me of this behaviour
One more than man

I need a saviour
From jaws and paws
I need his favour
To rid my faults and flaws

I need a saviour
To rid me of my self
I need a saviour
I need a newer self

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Gain After All

That we will have all eternity to enjoy
What joy!
That we will never die again
What gain!

Birth is the entrance
That makes us mortal
Death is the exit
That make us immortal.

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God

God is more important than money
Sweeter than the sweet of honey
Had you taste His love at' all
You would find no cause to stall

I wonder; If you will shake his friendly hand
Somehow; I think you will understand
Take time to see the things he made
You will have to call a spade a spade

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

God Without

In strength of arm and health of body
He gave his dreams a youthful chase
In skill of hand and wise of heart
'all that matters, glad is mine! ' he said

Now, with age indeed is old
In weak of arm and ill of sight
Since his opulence to mammon owes
None remain that equals his lack

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

God And God's People

Clouds gathered deciding when to fall
Its been months they have chosed to stall
Folks below waited for a lucky share
If for their luck the meeting is fair

Rainful clouds in a celestial chase
Flaunt a blissful life of their own
wind's rythmic whistle rise
Tuned by the natives' joyful cries
The sky have gathered all its beauties
An impeccable reason for a moonlight dance

The fair was set for the moonlight dance
The dance was danced but the morning broke in a woeful trance
Clouds that have gathered dispersed to burrow
Besetting expectant hearts with mournful sorrow

it was at the end of yesteryear
Hoes where summoned to root the farmlands
The busy sky offered not small hope
But the clouds in deceit refused a shower

The earth fatally bruised
Food trees angered into barrenness
Stands ghostly like the skeleton of an ancient statue
Starving stomachs suffered the empty foodbowls a blameful stare
Children spelling woes from their parents' eyes
Sang a Songlike cry in responds to the pangs of hunger
Their cries rose in height than the tower of babel
speaking to the heavens more in innocence than the blood of abel
Parents longing for a greenish sphere
Pleaded with the good eye of heaven
To shed down its tears

'O' the heavens up above the sky so high
Bear in sympathy thy people's plight
Send down rain
Send us grain'

Voices where tense
And the prayer was so said
And the heavens thundered
As rains came not later

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

God Speaks Last

To a world of bombs and vicious missiles
Of sorrow, death, diseases-
A world of hunger, pain, darkness- a living hell
God speaks last

Everyday people go up in flames
One man swipes a murdering knife, another man dies
Somehow, somewhere, people take up guns and spray instant deaths
Killers killing and loving it
Wailers wailing and hating it

To this world of greed, injustice, hatred- this gloomy tomb
Where the innocent goes to jail because the guilty has the bail
This world
God speaks last!

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God's Love

When God said he loves us all
Since then I have been bold
I find no cause to fear or stall
Or doubt as life unfold

While i live and take in breath
I know i'm God's to the end
For Jesus Christ of Nazareth
Did prove a loyal friend

For God i live with all my might
His promises are blest
Helping me not to lose sight
Of His peace and happiness

Step by step my soul adore
And seek the living God
Who brought me from the heathen shore
To learn is Holy word

I search God's word to know His way
Because i've understood
His holy fonts have much to say
Beyond my neighbourhood

He said He bought me with a price
Christ's pure redeeming blood-
Lamb of the wondrous sacrifice
The first born son of God

And When God said He loves me dear
I know that it is true
I also know without a fear
He loves you dearly too

From Heav'n, God's awesomeness outpours
God's outstretched arm of love
He set me right upon his course
With grace that stream enough

By faith, i write, not knowing yet
How far the journey be
Yearning someday to walk His gate
To live a newer me

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

God's Love At Christmas

O' God our Love since ages past
Our strength forever unsurpassed
Bless thou today the Christmas morn
That Christ our saviour was born

O' God our hope in rough and smooth
Invests in our hearts thy breath of Truth
While falsehood may yet grin with a false face
Cause us to see thy saving Grace

Not in rich food, not in wine
Not in priceless buys combined
But in lowly baby Jesus
Saviour of all of us

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Good And Evil

Both good and evil
In the world resides
Between twain as folks make choices
Hell yawns at sinning men

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Grace

Grace-saving grace, how pleasant are your deeds
That rends the veil of vain-life and gives life of hope and purpose
Grace-saving grace, excellent are your ways
That shows us how to die that we might live again

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Great Christ

O' great Christ my sins to sweep
Thou promised and came to keep
And thy soul has found no sleep
So that mine can cease to weep

O' great Christ nailed up a tree
Showered salvation so free
Wretch soldiers in drunken spree
Suffered thee a mocking glee

O' great Christ suffered all pains
And wretched me getting all gains
And no pain in me remains
Since thou broke the daring chains

O' great Christ paying my bill
On awful Golgotha hill
Freed of debt I pledge a will
That my heart thy glory fills

O' great Christ my all has done
Salvation deeds thou left but none
In three nights thy tomb is lone
Into heaven thou art gone

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Hello To The Innocence Of Children

No!

I did not come to interrupt your sweet voyage
No, not again these morbid pictures on your Polished screen
I have only come to say 'how do you do? '

Life's alley is narrow, peopled by all of us
Fate is the fat man, congesting the way
Some get through, some are trampled
Others get stuffy and run out of breath
But while the struggle lasts and you are gentle
And you see a young heart wearing an old face
With a soul that burns twice faster than his age
When you see, in the heat of day or in the cold of night-
A frail face, beaten by adversity
Say hello- say hello if you can
Say hello to the lost kids who never made it home
Say hello to the children who cry in hunger pangs
Say hello to the children without a home
But the streets to roam
Hello to those who were never shown a school
But the trigger to pull
Say hello, say it slowly. The world will not hear
The world is noisy, busy offering ovations to repeated feats
And don't care about gentler forces
Like forgiveness
Like kindness
Like love that traverses class and race
Like the innocence of children
. .
Sometimes, when I am alone,
I cry for you ghetto child-
Poor child
Drowned in the pool of innocence
Lost in the dense fumes of humanity
Walking down indifferent streets
Head casts down,
Eyes searching for the penny of a lucky day
Scrawny arms,
Reaching out daily for survival crumbs-

This morning I looked through your anguish
I read stories from deep down your soul-Poor soul
Victim of helplessness, tortured by circumstance
The wars that erupted,
The bullets that flew,
The blades that swiped
Took the two that bore you
And the world has not another pair to give you
You didn't ask to be born, but was
You don't wish to die, but...
Your journey has been long
Your wound has been fatal
And I feel pain in my heart
I wish to alleviate the suffering
But I cannot, our song is same
I too have suffered- tortured by the things i see
Society is weak
Our trills have been loud
Humanity is failing
We've cried that too
We watch with belated gazes
Histories write themselves in inks of pain and tragedy
But you see, despite the odds
With each other, we can make a bigger better whole
We can lock hands and attempt a dance
We can sing songs composed against the tragedies of today
We can say hello and pray for a heaven-
A far away haven
Away from wars that kill and impoverish
Away from terror
Away from hate and greed
Away from here
To far away there
A place to find peace and rest and happiness
May be now
May be then
But surely when God says hello

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Help! Help!

Heavy are my fears
And thick my tears

Sometimes to pray I cannot
Help! Help! are the words

Still I wish, at each turn of the road
To meet someone who can help me with my load

One that can
Help! help!
One more than man

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Highway To Safety

I'm on the runway to somewhere
Leave your issues behind
Join me lets go there
The place of joy and peace of mind

Join me on the highway
It's call the hallelujah street
From wretchedness let's go away
And be forever sweet

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

His Worthiness

What crowd! The orchestra of Heaven
Music of the seraphim
What worship! deep and true
To God enthroned, these glorious hymns

Gathering of the saints-shouts of Angelic cheers
In the land of fadeless light
Four and twenty Elders falling prostrate
Casting their crowns to the worthiness of God

Songs of zion-lyrics of praise
Triumphant anthem to the Lamb on high
Melody of triumph-honour ascribed
Holy-Holy Holy is the cry

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Home Of Glory

With yearning heart flaming as fire
I work to earn my great desire
To be in that glorious home of light
Where saints departed, clothe in white

Let no sorrow plague my day
No fear shall mute my say
Of his love that won my whole
How he saved my fainting soul

Let no battle my absence find
Let no duty tarry behind
For so glorious so joyous a home
Too sweet to follow but for form

Let no stone cry in my place
Let my soul not cease to praise
Till I gather at his feet
Thenceforth to be forever sweet

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Hope Not Lost

Should we this day not dance
But stare in woeful trance?
Should we yield to the lonely chill
And let sorrow whistle at will?
Should our fates in the fading year
plait on us a crown of fear?

After the tempest come our calm
After the dirge - a happier psalm
After the long, long night
After the darkness - the light
After the dawn has clearly break
The shouts of cheer our joy awake.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

How Sweet?

Across the borderline
Stands rooted the living vine
From then to now the fruits it bears
Sweet and juicy in clusters and pairs

Only for he that adhere
He who the distance persevere
He who arrived the border
He who crossed over

Cross the border in your complete and whole
It's for the purpose of your soul
O the fruits divinely sweetened
And the nourishment found therein

Wallow not in disbelief
Cross over and find relieve
Believe in Christ
Taste the fruit
Sip the juice
Only then you can know how sweet

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Humanity Owes Ecology An Apology

I can see it clearly now
Wildlife is gone
The whale in oily waters
Wave and yell for rescue
A flock of birds clad in tattered regalia
Fly in silence
Vainly hoping to build a village
Where man's eyes has never set foot
The jungle is lone and desolate
And the forest crowd spent
Fun lovers defile wild beasts in zoos
A pipit laments a faint note
There is sorrow in her song - the dirge of a caged bird
with no kindred to belong
The sky spread wide her arms
In guise embrace of gases combusting from below
Now she is scored with noxious fumes
Have many sores in her heart
The sun rises with a frown
Suffers the earth a loathsome stare
With its morning soothing warm
That soon turns a scorching hate
The sages said 'the globe is warming'

We inflict nature with lesions
And clothe ourselves in fashions
We burn all the gases
Fell the trees and flame the grasses
We pump fuels to race our cars
And paint nature in lethal scars
We are living too fast
We can never outwit our past
Already it is here
To ensure we are not there

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Hypocrites

And there be no worser knave
Than he that saints with the Church
Yet fellowship with the gate of hell

...

What villain!

He that smiles with friends at morn
And turns a vengeful foe at noon

...

Save and save me
From crowds of folks and attitudes
There be no truer friend than
solitude.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

I Know My God

The devil may be older
But I'm stronger now
I know my God

·
Enemy, he knows who I was
How much I failed
He mocks me from a distance
Hey! It's over!
Save your breath!
I know my God

·
Dead to sin
I can't live for the devil
Alive in Christ
I can't die with the devil
I'm different now
I know my God

·
Tales of past misdeeds
Clouds of accusations,
Barrages of terror
Nothing stops redemption
I'm not afraid

·
You invisible spirit of woe
I see you!
You invincible beast of the dark
I conquer you!
I'm stronger now
I know...
I know my God.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

I Will Do Strongly

'There is time for everything'
Ecclesiastes was right
But Man, in his nature
Has not enough time for everything
Sing, if you wish to sing
That could be the time
Give, if you wish to give
That could be the time
Dance, if you wish to dance
Before strength leaves you and you start to feel cold
Write, if you wish to write
Life is fleeting, time is quick
There is time for trouble,
And time for merriment
There is time to reap good fish
And time to harvest a net-full of crabs
So, in this life
Of bliss and pain and joy
I will be strong
I will get my sums right
Before time comes when there is no time
I will do strongly
Before the sun stops to shine
I will do strongly
Before the rivers cease to flow
and the wind fails to blow
I will do strongly
Before the dusts of time fossilize my name
Before it's dusk to dawn no more
I will do strongly

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

I Will Pretend

No no, I will pretend
I will pretend through all this
I will pretend others are the weak ones
Others are the troubled ones, the ugly ones, the bad ones
I don't need a doctor
I'm the rare exception
Strong, brave, indomitable
I don't need a preacher to lie me about a paradise of milk and honey
I'm fine eating these nuts
I will pretend I understand
The sun is black
The sky isn't blue or gray or red or burnt or... There is no sky over my head!
I'm fine
I don't want no roses near my nose
I will pretend
I don't hurt
I don't hate that I've to pretend
I'm my own company- alone, am better
I don't need chatty friends
Wags who talk and laugh and pat on the shoulders
When they come into the room
I will put on a quick smile
I will mop my face and pretend I never cried
Maybe I will stop dying inside
If I pretend I live

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Idleness

In abundance of idleness
When indolence crowns her own chiefs
He swagger the streets in gad-about bliss
Yawning to the pangs of hunger

Less you think he be no victor

He owns a wife whose mammary glands had survived four gluttonic mouths
and now serving another

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

If

Dawn's creeping
And the sun with it
An owl from a distance hoots an awakening call- her morning symphony
Clouds swirl and twirl and the wind blows in slow haste-a promise to rain milk
and honey
If the sons of the tropical soil
Will uncover their tools and toil
And able to steer clear
Through the burnt-out atmosphere
If machetes of brutality are beaten
Into shovels of nation building
So that love and peace lead the ancient paths
If culture scored and lost will not in hesitant
Answer the call to her mother land
So men grouped in tens dine from a tender sekenu leaf
And women take turns in the arena dancing in not brief
If boys and their females will walk the moonlight path
To baba Atama's compound for their lesson in math
Adding and subtracting values in a song-like counts of the fingers
Guided by the yellow flames of specially dried tinders
If worthy men of old
Can see clear through the fumes of yesterday
Mining from intelligence locked up for long
And able to recover abandoned dreams and ideas
The distance will be near
And there will be here
And bright will be the African nights.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

If The President Hears Me

'There is time for everything'

So we learnt

But how long does one thing happen before another appears?

While nature brew mangoes for us

Fate is busy hatching surprises

Gen. Buhari,

When we queued bathing in the sunbeams of saturday 28th

I knew not that you are the one hatching

While i stood, i feared you will fall-off yet again the rungs to Aso Rock

I had suggested you park at Zuma Rock since you insisted you must stay in a rock

But now, Jesus is Lord! you harbour the keys to Aso's gate in your kaftan

Congratulations, General

When you begin tracing your map to Aso Rock

May Uner - my hometown appear in your sketch

I shall send my absence to witness your installation - but do not worry

I shall send too a vial of peppery ginger to spice up Aisha's broth

While you grace our polaroid screens on may 29th...send words to the inhabitants of sambisa

Tell them to offer burnt-offerings of their cocky guns to the worthiness of Allah

Tell them to beat their matchets of brutality into shovels of nation building

Less you wade the path of thorns Jonathan waded

I fear your feet may sore

I pray you to God, dear General

May your wax not melt with speed

May heaven syringe health into your veins

May your foes never live to relish the sincerity of Jonathan's smiles

Salute Osibanjo the pastor VP for me

Our exiled brethren shall return to merry again

In no distant time I hope to sit in a rockingchair

The type that oscilates prof G.C Okechuku Whenever he tells our scores

Congratulations...

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

If You Never Fail

If you fail
If you fail in your part
To love me dearly from your heart
We will be fine. We will be fine because
I have love enough for both of us

If you fail in your part
To cherish me from your heart
I won't go away. I will love you still
Till you recover back to loving me

If you fail and our sky is without its sun
I will be the fool who waited for the beams of love
If you fail and this bridge is broken
I will stretch my love across, till it is thin and red and... And reaching you

But If you never never fail
If you stay on this side where love never never dies
The sky is where we shall go
To catch a billion stars
To dance and be free as the wind
If you never never fail
It will be fun that I feared you could fail

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Impossible

Impossible

The word impossible

Tells of mountains and peaks of greatness we cannot ascend

Of deep valleys and impassable chasms to freedom

Of unreachable heights of splendour

Of things we can never do or become

Smashing the finest of courage

Tossing fear and bleakness in what is to be bright marvelous tomorrows

Impossible

The word impossible

Is the thing heroes are made of

Impossible means overcoming doubts and breaking silly weaknesses

Impossible means to stay alive in an enormous hurting world full of terrible situations

It means that I, an ordinary young man can be something amazing

.

Impossible

It is sunshine after rain

It is joy after sorrow

It is dry ground in the red sea

It is abundant food at the gate of a starving Samaria

.

Doing the impossible is fun

It is slaves becoming masters

It is success after failures

Healing after injury

Love after bitter hate

It is enemies becoming best of friends

It is the weak becoming strong and making it through anything

.

Impossible is to be alive today

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

In The Woods

Me stood
Hands akimbo
Eyes fixed in a trance
waving blades of grasses
Salute the river as it passes
Leaves sway and twirl
flaunting their intricate designs
'You know why? ' asked they of me
'The wind of adversity and the storm of sorrow has gone by way of hell to hibernate! '
Alass! they have found time to be glad

.
Darkness chameleons into light
When selfishness and greed sully their own name
When malevolence and pride feed a toxic poison into their veins
When grace and peace cast out adversities and hostilities
When difficult mounds are levelled with a mustard seed of faith
Love and goodwill find a cause to dance
Gyrating in disco ecstasy
A rythm of their making

.
Me stood in the woods
flock of birds clad in colourful regalia
flew passed me rehearsing carols to my ears not familiar
O' songs of freedom and joy
Only if they knew
Poetry also whistles in the woods
Dusk reverse to dawn
Eyes rekindle their vision
The dawn of a friendly morn
The morning of togetherness
The sun in silent flight weaves beams to the bearings below
Roses regain their scent
The tempest has swallowed its fumes
Love, peace, grace, freedom lock hands in a circle dance

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Jailed

Let's pause the hymns. What crime?
I think it is time
To sing the rhyme
That tells the world... My earth no more spins
◦

Everybody falls in love sometimes
And me, me. This little son of suns and rains
Me, son of smudged skies and briny breezes
I'm not an exception
◦

Here I stand, confessed
Her sanity captures my gloomy world
What ingenious brush paints a picture so fair
What skill, what colours that put me on hold?
I'm a free man in bondage now
Trapped in an illumined chamber
I do not call for rescue
But I preach your thought- ye voluntary helpers
Unsheathe your helping hands
See if they are without rust
Lick your fingers and prove them clean
Else, leave me behind these soothing bars
Free of will, caged of emotion

...

In this criminal land of my mind
There lives one jailer- fair and kind

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Let The Sad Man Know This Too

Life is honest, life is true
Let the sad man know this too
Life is real, life is fair
But when life seems the other side
Let him have the faith that says
'My trust is in the Lord'

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Let's Be Kids

Once in a while
let's be kids
let's vacate the adult jungle
and visit the children fair
once in a while
take off your shoes
render the earth a kiss from your bare feet
hop on the sand
merry with the flowers
bless the rain with a dance
ease the crown from your head
the wind long to play with your hair
give wings to your bothering issues
permit them a flight to hell
then come be a kid

once in a while
let's be kids
faking no feeling
forgiving the wrongs so the rights may survive
wearing smiles coated with slight playful wiles
laughter, singing and noise of glees
put a pause to the day's occupation - this is children hour
once in a while
the sun and the moon put off their shine to meet and play
pausing all years' vision of the busy earth
just as same, roll up your sleeve
take off your shoes
enter the children fair
this is how we do not die.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Letter From Father

To you O' son of mine I cannot give
A vast estate of fields and rooms
I have no influence that ensures you a ready place
Among men of wealth and affluence
I have no bequest of Gold refined
To pave your path to fame and eminence
But I lift to God in secret audience - unceasing prayers for you

Sometimes when nothing goes just right
When life mutates into fustilades of chaos
When sorrow feasts on your meagre happiness
And your countenance is patterned in tears and aches
When you are burdened by loads of injustice
And the world seems cruel and unkind
When you wake at the dawn of a gloomy morn
And fears become your jailer
Lift to God unceasing prayers
O' my son, thence come your help

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

List For My Soul

Soul - my soul
Thou immortal
Lend me thy ears for thy days are finite
After thy adventure on earth-this transient camp
Where goes thou, Heaven or Hell?
Thou canst tell?
Truth be told, i fear too
Well, be nigh
Come hither that thou might be cautioned
100 things I want to tell you
90 things might ache thy ear
80 facts about Heaven and Hell
70 secrets of the kingdom of satan
60 secrets thou must not forget
50 reasons to watch and pray
40 eternity quotes that i wrote
Be not weary with the list
Follow them with the same
Greater with smallness must they become
30 ideas how to war all evil
20 hints about faithfulness
10 lessons about sinning folks
5 eulogies of departed saints
1 more thing oh my soul, love the Lord as never before.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Lord Jesus!

Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!
Thou art the living spring
Flow thee in my veins
Let life thrive by it
So the birds could perch
Let me drink of it
A living refreshment for eternity

Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!
Thou art the true vine
Oh please! Be me a branch
If it be thou, the true vine
If thou remain me in thee
Fruitful will I be

Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!
Thou art the way
Not among many
But the only true way
To the place of serenity
Oh thy way! My bearing finds
My walk from hence
Be it in thy way

Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!
Thou art the bread of life
Not a morsel not a bite
An eternal feasting
Much more than manna
Eating and drinking of thee
I hunger no more
What satisfaction?
None except the bread of life!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Lost Shame

Today I lost my shame
I am glad
I care not to search
A happy day it is

Today i stopped cheating
Today i spoke the truth
Today i practiced obedience
Today my mind broaden

Today i was not timid
Today i shunned deceit
And said the sinner prayer
Today my eyes were opened

Today i start believing
Today i have being praying
I know i am forgiven
Today my name is Christian
Today I gave satan the shame

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Love And Peace To A Friend

Oh! Friend of mine
However long the distance
Wherever be thy stay
With heart of love and peace
I bid thee well

As I pray thy health to God
My tears shalt stream for thee
My cry thy name shall learn
From this heart of mine
I bid thee well

The dust that shoe thy feet
Is Peace to lead thy way
Love shall welcome thee
Into its abode
From this heart of mine
I bid thee well

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Love Is

I've flattered the people who never loved me
And ignored the countenance of those who loved me
Only had i followed the art
I wouldn't have to play this part

Love is too young to know what good conscience is
So i resolve to keep my peace
Love is too silly, too complex a thing for me
love, such as it is made of, such it be
Love follows no man for form
What man loves, man become.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Man

Aged or in prime
As when due is time
Death is no friend
Brings man to end

The tide with strength rises and falls
So goes man when eternity calls

As flame or smoke in ascend dissolves
Man turn to dust from whence he evolved

When by death kindred climbed their hills
Let our hearts with God's fountain fills

In God's poetic mould man's life is cast
To God's symphony man breath his last

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Mangod

Man can be king
And rule a thousand men
Man can be strong,
And pull the world with him
Man can have power
And be worshipped and revered
But no man is god,
Except he that has God.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

My Foe

Oh my foes - legion in count
All against my soul engage
But for it that leadeth them- i have no foe
Its name is self; my carnal self

Oh self; my carnal self
Thou mastermind of obnoxious fates
Carnal self; Thou meddlesome being
Vacate! That i may wholesome be

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

My Turn

God

When...

When will it be...

When will it be my turn

The storm ruined my evening and washed my book into the sea

When will the waters part

When will there be dry ground

Every morning, the wind as it passes

Whispers to me that you are good

Every evening, I watch the sun you made

Go down by a river wearing a T-shirt of dainty colours

I see it's beautiful

God

I'm gentle with the water I drink

I plant a tree beside every road I take

Little children laugh when I tickle their plump cheeks

When I give each one a ride on my shoulders

Peter wrote me back, said he's fine now

He's out of the hospital

We grateful God

And...

God...

when will it be my turn

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Never Fair

Pretty outfit
Perfect to fit

But not the owner's give
Not the bearer's gift

A stolen pair
Better my back bare

If for the show
Rather nude i go

Stolen pair
O' never fair

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Never Mind

Sometimes, when life is harsh and difficult
And there is pain and tears
When I'm blind and lost because the light shines no more
There is this awesome sound from God
That tells me 'never mind'

When in the firm clutch of circumstance, I wince and cry
And the tyrants' paws are cruel upon my brows
When these feeble legs give way and I falter
God slips a strong arm 'round
And whispers 'never mind'

In the vast bivouac of life
There, I'm lone and weak and frightened
Though the brook runs dry and the raven cease to fly
Though the oven bakes no bread and the pitcher holds no wine
I've good courage and strength to live
When God whispers 'never mind, my love is there still'

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

No Worries

I'm out again
Trying to catch time
She's been eluding me
If only we can be together, advancing elbow to elbow
I will feel better, I won't have to cry again
But time is swift, I get lost chasing
I bumped my head in dark places
I tried to dye my broken face, painted it to preserve vigour
But these stained fingers tell of my folly
I've learned to let scraps go
The roads I do not understand
I turn into playgrounds
Is life not meant to be mirth?
Is it not to play and laugh and sing songs of glee?
I prefer simplicity, I will seek the ordinary
I turn to chase beauty
Beauty chases butterflies
Butterflies chase flowers
Flowers dance their coloured heads to the rhythm of the wind
And I'm entertained
I have worried too much about time
The things that happened, things that disappeared
But time would not worry about me
She knows how to keep her joy
Is life not meant to be mirth?
Is it not to play, and laugh and sing songs of glee?
Time will lead into all fairgrounds
Mine is the power to live
Mine is the power to live very well today

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Not By Chance

Dareh the fisherman, by the riverside stood
Net in hand, he prayed for a catch
Of a few fish for the evening food

The water lay in silence
Dareh watched in hopeful trance
He prayed to have a catch
Should God allow a chance

He drove his net flying
Flung into the river's deep
He waited for his chance
Of a fishful reap

Suddenly, heavy was his net
As he drove it to the shore
Wise he had been to pray
For a catch of less or more

Quickly sat He by the shore
To see his catch of chance
Lo, it was a school of fish
And a teacher of evolution!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Not Selfish

Lord bless me and my wife
My son John and his wife
Give us many times more
We four and no more

Lord give me this and that
For the good of himself alone
To have more and swell fat
Others he care less for none

As a game and its players
Not selfish is the scoreline
As with Christian and prayers
Trouble in togetherness is crushed fine

Pray one for another
Pray one for all
Pray as fellows together
Your faith towers tall

Two or three or more praying
About a matter is sure better
Troubles under pressure is decaying
Solution will be not later

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

One

One sun
One moon
One little star
One young man thinking queer

One sun scatter its stinging heat
Upon the mountains' bald heads
One moon annoys an evil night
'Why spoil the fun?' the witches frown

One Sun journeying to the west
Gathered drunkards to their quest
One old thief since noon at rest
'Dark night as this, is best' he said

One little star learning to shine
Impressed some bored baby birds
And its twinkling in the dark
Fooled them to clapping with one hand

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Paintwork Of Fate

I thought of my fate, then
When in some loving arms, a newborn, I lay
I thought of my mates at infancy
I thought of their fate, their destiny
How many, as I, survived these years?
How many, as I, count decades to their youth?
Many derailed the rungs of life in the noon of childhood
And I thank whatever force, that has drove me thus far
I think about the destiny of children the world over
Some bright, some painted in the worst colours
Some have ready food to eat, others wander with begging bowls
Submitting their hunger to the bludgeonings of chance
I think of all the blind children
How they walk in deep shadows, groping, feeling their way along the walls
I think of all the lame children
Their wish, when other children run and play
I think of kids in warring worlds
traumatized and orphaned by the slaves of worldly ambition
The sun sank away in the west
And the cold plunder the child who curls up in a street corner, shivering,
clenching tight to his meagre earnings
Yet, he once had a mum like me and you
The earth spins busily and stops for no pressed man to get off
Or how many do you know that stops to help a fallen child?
He stalls school and hawks for school fee
Reaping barren bargains in ever rainy days
His head is bloody, bowed, but cannot cry aloud - it is the whimper of a dying
child in a noisy world
But how great it is to think that
We did not live in vain
If We spent a minute out of our scarce supply
Offering our drink
Sharing our food
Helping the weak
But more humble it is to think that
Your love to them is their pride and glory
Your care for them is their names and identity - long forgotten
Offer your drink
Share your food

Help the weak
History writes kindness on pages of marble.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Paul; The Old Has Gone, The New Has Come

Without his absence did they murdered Stephen
Stoned him like one with crime of treason
Livid with rage did he travelled around
His poor restless soul no sleep has found
But those ears of his, itchy for cries
Tuned wails of pain among saints to rise

His eyes full of malice disdained disciples preaching
Door to door ensuring no one is teaching
But believers failed not to meet day or night
The Lord Jesus Christ is their power and might

His passion to tear the church rose and soared
As with rage and bitterness he coursed and roared
Breathing murderouse threats upon the Lord's saints
That was how the persecution saga continued to ascend

Part 2

Saul, the Jewish scholar was his alpha name
He and his team together played this awful game
The church crashing from its base was his aim
And records of saints he fettered earned him fame

When light unfold and here a new day to spend
Saul had a bath and to Damascus he went
And with him were men following as without sense
Scheming and planning ignoring the consequence

Going onward and with Damascus in sight
Suddenly from Heaven robbed him of his sight, a light
Confessed he lay betwixt city and road
A beam used of God smote same as a rod

Saints led him by hand not to vengeance but to nurse
For three days blindness in hunger pangs is not simple a course
Other saints were happy and glad to say
'saul, the persecutor is now in the family way'

His passion to break the Church chilled cold like ice

The Lord directed Ananias and scales felled from his eyes
Now a chosen vessel not anymore saul
But one the saint brothers delight to call paul

Part 3

Lets continue the tale of paul the Lord's new friend
For him pots steamed, and he dined back his strength
In streets and synagogues paul was bold enough to say
'Jesus the Christ is the Truth and the way

His faith waxed hot and he utter without fear
Heads of the sanhendrin did not think this was fair
Once aggressive saul now a firm believer?
'oh! He must die' they vowed to deliver

From Antioch to Cyprus down to paphos did he preached
Paul was with passion for the heathens to reach
'Perga to pisidia to Iconium to Lystra and Derbe saving more
Over mountains and fountains, there was more to sow

Destitute, despised, yet, the goodnews spread
Shipwrecked, flogged, jailed, lo, the message shared
All left behind and the cross taken
Old life laid dead and a new awoken

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

People

Some are rains
Some are suns
Some are breezes
That refresh our being

.

Some are peace
Some are kindness
Some are all
That makes us more human

.

Some are foes
And do not fake it
Some are friends
Their tears are genuine

.

So thank God for all
The people who roll by
Whether lovers or haters
Who are real about it

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Poetry And Madness

Poetry and madness aren't the same
But the poet and the madman are brothers
As they go, you can hear the rhythmic chaos of their shoes
They talk of dancing waves and singing breezes
Of smiling suns and weeping skies
They talk of camels swimming oceans and fishes walking deserts
They mock the mountains' bald heads
And laugh at the crook shape of the wind
They get to a silent stream
The poet stoops to hear the heartbeat of a stone
The madman stretches to see the bird that claps with one hand
Then they move on
Travelling to the farthest recesses of unknown universe
Airborne on wings of muse and madness
Flying over deserts and over seas
Over hills and over dales- catching stars and plucking berries
They travel, far
And just when the sun starts to set
The poet comes back home
The madman sits around eating berries

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Remember

You whose eyes do not stay long in one place
Whose mouth is busier than the nose- spitting refutable lies
You whose legs wander all day in rumour mongering
You who finds peace today but ensures your neighbour finds none tomorrow
Remember, nothing lasts forever

.
You who already possess a full stomach, yet would gladly take from the beggar's
bowl
You whose fat hooves step on hungry toes in your mad rush for glorified
positions
Who fight to be kings, who chase after emptiness
You who for wants of rubies testify against an honest man
Remember, nothing lasts forever

.
You merry wife of many husbands, here and there sharing your cakes
Sweet darling of confused women, in your loins lies a mighty force
You who wears your clothes inside out- always deceiving- your inside never
matching the outside
Remember
Though we rush to fulfill our desires
Kick and bite to gain glories
Today we live and shortly we die
Remember, we are worms' stool
I repeat, nothing lasts forever

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Shallow Living

Together, but lonely
Your eyes to the ceiling
Mine to the floor
Counting a thousand differences, nothing uniting us
Under same roof, but miles apart
Alone and alone
One for one's self
You, coming; Me, leaving
Together, but lonely
My heart shrinks and hugs itself, never reaching into the living space
You hold back yours, and we lose connection
The deeper we go, thinking we living
The shallower we get, 'cause we dying
Spoke three times last year
This year, twice
Shallow and Shallow
Dying and Dyi...
No.
We aren't really dying
Because we aren't really living

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Speak To Me

Speak to me, loving Lord i pray
When before thy throne i kneel
Speak to my soul, fill me with repentant tears
Speak away my doom, and too, my daunting fears

Speak my filth away, leave no crimson stain
And henceforth, to always walk thy lane
Speak to me, flood me with passion divine
Till i yearn and hunger and thirst
Till i lay willing, yielding and ready
Thy message take to sin-ruined souls
Till all else of this world thy message heard

Speak to me, i thy servant be
Crucify my heart into thy bleeding own
Nail-pierce my hands, till thy message take
To all else in the race of ruins
Till such count but none

Speak to me, make I thy prophet be
Send me to the hills and to the lone valleys
Stroll me gladly into the night
For there thy light i see
Speak to me i long to hear thee
For only as thy captive, can i hear thee speak.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Spent In The Bottles

If the beer bottle pays
May you bear smiles on your face
It baffles me this look of yours
This look of fifty five
But a youth of twenty five

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Spirit Fire

Burn oh burn thou spirit fire
Aflame my heart with thy blazing glow
Check with heat my carnal desire
Heart refined, let thy spirit flow

Burn oh burn thou gracious flame
Smelt this heart off ores of flesh
Came with loath return not as same
Birthed anew, the grain is threshed.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Stop! Look! Fear!

Salvation showered free
On the hill of skulls
To bring us joy and hope
Are we worth it?

Abounding grace unmerited
Upon our mounds of wrongs
Our self-caused pains are gone
Are we worth it?

For us His infinite love
Though His cross we hate to take
By His silence on the wood
We are justified

Forgiveness undenied
When all His laws
We break not none
His stripes of cruel lashes
That we may be healed

In place of a love-bleeding heart
We chosed the sweet of sin
Then came He upon the cross
For the love of us
Are we worth it?

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Sweet For All Of Us

Good morning
Birds will sing
Sweet sunrise
That brightens our eyes

Let all who cry in pain
See the sun and smile again

Let all broken by fears
Remember God forever cares

Let the strong support the weak
And the whole remember the sick

Let the calm and virtuous daughter
Be the cause of mother's laughter

Let love gush from our mouths
And the songs we sing be loud

Let there be laughter and dance and songs
Good morning
The Lord will make it sweet for all of us

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Take My Hand

Take my hand
And come with me
You are beautiful
On this meadow that lost its dew to dust
I walk beside you, craving for one more tune of your voice
It shall make my heart sublime
Tell me, what manner of fate stopped the songs you sang
Is life not meant to be bliss?
What circumstance plunders your petite smiles?
What reason not to cheer and dance?
Oh these wheels in place of your heels
You didn't lose them; I have legs for both of us
You didn't lose love; I have love enough for both of us
I knew, when your tears dried and left footprints of their sojourn on your face
They told stories of last night's agony
Last night's prejudice
Last night's loneliness
When your heart is filled with pain
When the world seems cruel and unkind
And you were all alone
But I'm here now
To be your joy and your guide
As I stretch forth my hand to you
I will look beyond your tearless eyes and see your beauty
I will listen beyond the screech of these wheels and hear your heart
I will feel beyond your cold spirit and touch your soul to warmth
When all else depart from you
I will weave a strong arm round your falling shoulders
Stick tight and whisper 'never mind, my love is here still'
Take my hand and come with me
To the place of serenity

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Tears Of Redemption

'Oh that my head were waters'
'Rivers run down my eyes'
A pool for the souls in taverns
Precious souls trap in pleasure bars
None yell for rescue
'Oh! they perish, they perish! '
...

'Oh that my head were waters'
A pool would do for a city whole
In the city; a market
Streaming stalls and flooding stocks
At night, when darkness slumbers
Redemption Whispers honesty
To the traders, 'be fair! ' 'be fair! '
...

In the city same; a whorehouse
Pool of libation putrefied satan's swollen feet - oh mastermind of our sisters' fate
Trills in accent clear and still
'these be not thine own'
Away! away! Spiritus!
...

'Rivers run down my eyes'
Redemption tears my eyes are sore
A pool for the rotten man with rotten sermons for a rotten people
A pool for the pulpit's moneybags who prides a tail of borrowed moments
Lest they perish! Oh My fears
...

Tears of laments birth pools of redemption
And all contrite souls should bath
The pastor same the people same
The Altar same the pews same
The church ought to hurry
'Abyss is lone for long
And all the devils here belong! '

Tell It To Them

Yes

Go and tell it to them

Or to whoever is disturbing this streamflow

Tell them, the water downstream has dried up

And mothers are waiting in mournful visages, with empty pitchers in hand-

They have herbs to boil for their feverish babies

Tell them

Since when that government-sent beetle scratched our roads and died in the process, it did not resurrect since then

Now our hard-earned sandals cannot last their supposed span

Tell them- the Ones we voted for,

The storms has uncapped the two classrooms we built, now the sun haunts its heat upon our children

Boys and their females have to learn the other way- sitting under a tree, adding and subtracting numbers in a song-like counts of their fingers and toes while the scorching Sun crosses the sky in vicious search

Tell it to them

The Ones smiling 'hope' and 'change', whose posters we loyally crucified on our walls

The melodies of campaign promises have faded

And their uncovered piles of promises still lie unfulfilled

Or do you think feeding morsels to kids in decrepit schools is progression?

Tell them

We sit here, at the square where they last summoned us, the place where the disused rail line parts in two

We, the Praying pray-ers

We, advocates for change- Tired of the sameness of our country

Are here in same number, waiting.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Aged And The Youths

The sun shines dutifully
The wind hurry in slow haste
Folding in its kaftan, abandoned moments gathered from the streets
All feign business - none notice the looting
The desert's solitary wide expanse mustered an army of dust
Making a rushing sound of vast bees of mystery
Mystery indeed! Of the lives of Ebiba youths
A big youth, bearded like the virgin savanna
Indolent to work, and a fan of the steaming pot
A big youth, gallivanting the streets
Collecting youths of same passion for a crusade of cacophony
screams of perversity outcry the whimper of morality
And all the aged of the society stare in a trance of nothing to say.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Choice Is Mine

The choice is mine
To starve or dine
To thirst or wine
The choice is mine
To twirl in dance
Or stare in woeful trance
Whether Night or light
whatever happens
The choice is mine

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Devil Who Held The Microphone

His eloquence oh!
Blistered many ears with a lecture of vulgarity
Spewed bundles of refutable lies in countless sum
Thus, turned the law of logic up-side down
So that fists clenched for blows
And order became chaos

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Guy In The Mirror

They said it is over now
Because the guy in the mirror is weak and broken
They said it is finished
Now that he is frighten. And...
Wait a minute,
Don't smudge that mirror
Keep it clean and shiny
There is hope and inspiration with the guy in there

.
You buried your head in your hands
When you were called the dunce in the group
You grew up believing no one will like you
No one will fall in love with you
No one will bring sunshine into your gloom
You felt the dampness of depression and the cold hug of loneliness
At night, while others slept
You kept vigils, trying to lick the wounded part of yourself to heal
You were sad, but couldn't cry aloud, because the bullies and the clowns kept
cramming around you
They said you wouldn't go far
Because your background sound isn't loud enough
You have to believe they are wrong
They have to be wrong
Else, why do we do what we do?
We must not fail the guy in the mirror
So we have learned never to give up
Despite everyone who told us to quit
They said we are not the best- not even among the worsts
But we didn't see ourselves in those words
We planted our roots firmly in the belief that
We are not pawns on the chessboards of planet earth!

.
There is something unique about who we are
If you are not sure you can do better
I suggest you go to the mirror stand again
Look in there
Look closer
Stare a little longer
Now you see where hope and inspiration has been hiding

There is something in you that makes you want to try again
Hope is that thing with wings to soar and fly
And faith is foresight
So the man of hope slides down the rainbow of life
He gets up, dusts off, and rides again
And can say it loud
It is over now
That we are proud drop-outs from the class of mediocrity
it is over now
That we finally have decided to smash all the small things we thought we are
All these things are miles behind who we really are
Not even the loudest echoes of condemnation can stop the supersonic speed with
which we now run
To a life of less sorrow and pain
To a life of much beauty

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Hurt I See In Others

I run from love in pursued of love
I seek my own peace

I hurt a heart to heal another
I seek to do good

I reject company and accept solitude
Society is strange, I make my own rules

But,
Time spins so fast
Clouds hang too low
Colours change too soon
And I'm lost In a maze

Peace I never find
Good I never do
The feeling that my righteousness is sinful haunts me all time
Only had I followed the art
I wouldn't have played this part

Time spins on, I'm still learning about life
Looking back I feel sorry, feels like I bother people just by living
I ache. The hurt I see in others,
Makes me pray for perfection
The next time I start to put down or withdraw
Or be indifferent toward someone
I hope Christ, the compassionate receiver reminds me with thorough awareness
How much I have hurt when I felt rejection.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Journey Of A Gentleman (Dedicated To Goodluck Jonathan)

The journey of a gentleman-
When it begin and end at the beginning
It only ends to begin again
When the sun dive into the west-gate of Aso Rock
Darkness hurries to wear the crown
Suddenly the sun rise from the east to give vision to the country whole

Jonathan
Yours was not war of swords or a muscle might display
But of gentleness so rich and rare
You chosed not to fight even when you still have arrows flaming
You mopped your wounded foes with flags of truce and brotherliness
You spewed few words embalmed in plethora of foresight

Jonathan
Despite the fustilades of fiery sparks hurled at you from the bivouac at sambisa
Your faith did not wane
Through the missiles of clueless criticisms and oppositions - you guided you
pledges to fulfilment
Your lips were sealed - yet you spoke
Your limbs fettered - still you led
Yours was not power show but thoughtfulness

Jonathan
I dare not sing you a dirge
'no ambition is worth the blood of any Nigerian'? Wow! you are a hero on a
greater duty
The 'backward never forward ever' journey you set out with Yar'adua is in circle
- it ends to begin again
Many mothers saw your luck and have it for their babes' baptistry

You conceded defeat with such beauteous smiles
You did not as others clench fists of hostility, but opened them to allow
handshakes of friendship to survive - Buhari felt the vibes race down his spine
when he shook you
And your smiles - i shall teach them to my children

Just as Abraham Lincoln's famous letter to his son's teacher read 'teach my son
to smile even when he is angry'
You lost the race
But got our hearts locked up in your briefcase!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Learnt Of The World

The learnt of the world,
Groomed in forms and visages of power
They, obsequious to the summons of duty
Have been deluded and are robbed of their wits
The learnt of the world-
To whom influence have entrusted the courtesy of the world
stare in conscious trance
As morality - with timorous trills and dire wail - seeps into the maws of history
The learnt of the world,
Brimful of wisdom, resumed their hallowed chambers
And for the repeated time, torture logic and common sense in subtle
constitutions
(Oh! This saucy wrong)

Once upon a decent moment
They turned the law of logic upside down
And a filthy discourse ensued
'Now and legally too' they said 'a man can wed with a man, and a wife can marry
a wife'
And 'that is human right! '
Scepticism is established
Faith in humanity is sullied
When human rights overwhelm human values
The other man makes merry, and the sane man is no victor
The learnt men are downright silly
And the devil; foul devil - the grandsire of it all.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Only Exception

In the noon of that same day
I saw an old man cry
His sobs bemoan regret
He is heartbroken
Yesterday, it shattered into bits
In the fold of his shirt lay the pieces
And I watched as he tried to reassemble them into one perfect piece
He got it wrong
It wasn't a heart-
It was shaped like a boomerang!

.
He cried and cursed at the wind
He has a broken heart
He vowed never to forgive
Never to share, never to love-
He doesn't have a heart!

.
A broken heart
No sage can mend
A heart plundered and spoiled
A heart in pieces
No man can heal
With a heart in pieces
You are the only exception

.
Surrender to God your imperfection
Watch what He does with broken hearts
Let go of what is not true
You've got a tight grip to falsehood
Oh! You are the only exception
With a heart in pieces
You are the only exception

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Prime Time

Earth crammed with heaven
And every young man is there
A legion of their kind have gathered
On the virgin field of choice making
For what tomorrow be
Only once can they choose

There is a fresh ground
Where the enemy sit
His mouth so wide and deep
He flashes pleasure
But veil the reality and repercussions
He flashes money - lots of money
He flashes women - pretty ladies
He flashes alcohol, beer and ecstatic substances

He offers splendor
A chance to be famous
A chance of making it to the top
A chance of becoming rich and yet a youth
They become excited with the enemy
But every common choice aflame with God
And earth crammed with heaven
Only those who see take to their heels
The rest sit around - and buds desires!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

The Wild Ones

He's just a boy, dear to his mother
Smallest in the group
Full of wild adventures
Left home alone to hunt at sun set
Failed to catch the setting sun
Scared,
Lost, couldn't make it home

.

Far in the tablelands of the wild
Distant from the place called home
Climbing destiny's steep slopes
Searching for a way home
But there's none for a wild child

.

Along unknown paths
Darkness wears a thicker coat
And there's a boy... No more scared
Sitting on what appears to be a cloud
Stretching, trying to pluck down stars
Hoping to build a Star-village, where no eye has ever set foot
He will be alright
He will live there
And wait for the rest
The wild ones who travel in the direction of their fears

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Then O Death, Thou Shall Die!

O' death, thou diligent slave
Thou, the lives of men engrave
If thou hears, hear me well!
When with all lives thou art done
Thy Lord shall tell thee 'bring me another'
And thee shall report to thy Lord with none
And thy Lord shall say unto thee
'Submit thine own life to me'
Then o death, thou shall die!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

This Birthday

Yellow Candle flames
A rosy birthday cake
smiles and amusement
Contentment and delight

The year has brewed me birthday
My speech muted with joy
This song of the dawn
Brightest morning of the year
Applauses of merriment
Happy birthday

God's outstretched arm of love
Surprise gift from Heaven above
A birthday tune swimming the air
Fragrant blooming of roses perfumed the atmosphere

Glowing Angels gravitate down to Earth
Oh my God! The day of my birth
Legions of stars twinkling down their cheers
It's my birthday can't keep this joyous tears

Two decades and a year in the que
Scents from flowers of many hues
A wish a hug a kiss will do
It's my birthday!
It's my birthday!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

This Year

A new dawn is here
Behold the brightest morning of the year
Peaceful scent from the flowers bloom
Robbed me of all my stinging gloom

At the death of yesteryear
Overwhelmed was i with fear
Suddenly came january shine
And I knew the year is mine

So i veiled my fears with smiles
And with slight deceitful wiles
Vacant now are all my tissues
Rids of all my bothering issues

This year refused me not its joy
Nature's beauty to enjoy
I will write stories untold
As the year to the end unfold

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Three Hebrews And The King

Thorough fire
Thorough height
But the king made both
The king made them

The golden image the king has made
For it the sounds of horns and trumpets
He that hear and did not bow
For him the fire and the flame

Thorough fire
Thorough flames
Rosy wrath of a lifeless height
the king made it
the king made it

Faces pale against the rage of flames
The king made it, who dare not bow?
Three Hebrews too in the crowd
And the music dropped
The horns sounded

Three youngsters that bore no defect
In health of body and strength of faith
'O king' they said without the fear
'we shall not bow or serve thy god! '
Thorough fire
Lethal flames
knees lowered and faces bowed
But the three bowed not
they did bow not

Thorough fire
Raging coals
The king followed too in the rage
Into the fire and the flames
The king threw them
The king threw them

Thorough fire
Vicious flames
But the three burnt not
They did burn not

The king- great king, confessed he stood
Three he threw, now four he see
The three burn not, the fourth burn not
'Praise be to the God of the three' he said
'not mine, but He is the Most High God! '

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Time

Cherish every hour
Therein are sixty minutes
Each minute as it passes
Sixty seconds pass along

A minute spent in Prayer
Has eternal value in it
And through the narrow berth
Can glide you to God's sacred presence

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Time For Everything

Soon the evening sky will host a croud of twinkling stars
Their songs and claps will make the moon to smile
It will bear the glorious crown for a while
At dawn comes the sun to claim again the throne
Away goes the moon to a place unknown

Flowers bid goodbye
As fresh fruits come by
Old memories are forgotten
As new accounts are begotten

The raging storm armed with lethal weapons
Bows to the rainbow's colourful ribbons
Strength leaves you and you start to feel cold
Suddenly no more a youth and you start to grow old

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

To A Departing Friend

oh friend of mine
I bid thee well
Whatever befall thee
However long the distance
Wherever be thy stay
In thy disposition
In thy choices
Foe not with God
Befriend not the world

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Today And The Other Side Of Life

Today,
We are Full of cheer
eyes bright
Heart strong
We live with confidence
Courage and certainty
Sometimes,
We dash ahead of time into the future, excited
True, the days of youth

The days of youth, they pass so soon
Time relax, we change so fast
Quickly we are young and tender
Quickly we harden in the mould
And Like a flash in the sky, like a passing glare
The elastic years are over
And there we stand

And if we ever make it to the other side
Things won't be the same again
Gray hair
Wrinkled face
Scrawny arms
Cracky speech
Weak limbs
Poor sight
We stand and look back
The scenes of long ago play right before us
While we cry tears of joy
Or tears of no joy

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Tomorrow Of Today

Today is made for tomorrow
Tomorrow is made of today
Taste of the wine cup to know
Ruin of a lifetime to see
Night of dirty partying
Fussilades of regrets to come
'yes' in place of 'no'
'Had i know' a dying breadth

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Towards Sunshine

The earth spins irregularly round an indifferent sun
Bearing all of us, with it
We live in this transient camp
With many precarious fates
Of changing climates and dying environments
Today is blurred, the storms are heavy
Yet flowers blossom,
the wind is fresh, and we breath easy
But it wasn't us
Painfully true, it wasn't us
Who fly across the world in fancy planes
It wasn't us
Who wear purple robes adorned with laurels
I don't think we are sleeping
I don't think we can't see the bright beauty of these vain truths
But the present is far from sweet-drips
And the poor child bathes his tongue in no honey
There is Just life,
Just dreams and more hardwork to do

Today is bright, no complaints
But we hope for a brighter dawn
When we no more stand on curious toes, stretching emaciated necks trying to
peep into the future
Slowly,
When we come to it, to the bright dawn of jubilation
You could easily tell
What spun us towards sunshine
Yes, towards sunshine.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

True Believer

Let the outside
Match the inside
Don't cover the dark liner
It doest not make you finer

Flowers in your eyes for all to see
Thornbush in your heart grown with seed
You always say the word
But do you know their worth?

Don't seal the black marker
If to please your maker
Be a true believer in the outside and inside
Be a true believer in the outside and inside

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Truth Is One

The future is full of splendour,
But hell is not a venue for any celebration
Life murmurs at the greediness of death,
But God does not play chess with any man
It is meaningless trying to explain life
the trouble is how we get out of it alive,
For death is life's exit
Don't try to hide your pains, ask questions
For even the world groans in agony of Lucifer's affliction
Ask questions about science and religion, about God and what happens to the
dead, about whether heaven and hell are true
Ask questions but stay calm, there is just one thing to life- to believe or not to
believe
Seek to believe the truth
The truth is one- God.
Avoid distractions, they take you farther from the truth
stay away from the side talks of life,
For the parrot's song is a mockery of man's philosophy
Move on to believing; don't stop to argue about purity or sin.
The truth is yet one- God is pure.
When divine manna falls on pure souls,
Unfortunate sinners too partake in the feast
It is for everyone
Come on, join in the great feast of purification
Confidently, eat of God
Fill your hungry guts- this is how to live
God's grace falling on pure souls to make them more clean
God's grace falling on sinning souls to help them leave sin
Everyone is important,
Redemption is everywhere,
Redemption from sin
Redemption for everybody
For everyone who believes
This is how we do not die.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Unkind Purses

What do we do with borrowed moments posing as eternity?
What do we do with the rain of plenty that form no river of kindness?

We wine and dine in beauteous rooms
Drums of merriment sing no lesser noise
Coins converse in already bulky pockets
And the fellow in need tells no newer tale

While we wear purple ropes and drink and merry
Heaven stare in utter disgust
The stench that oozes from unkind purses

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Until

Blood runs in the body, flesh and bones the mind the heart and soul
This made us a people
We, these people that habitate the innocent mother planet
Will be trap by a singular fate
Until attitudes change
We, these people with attitudes that lament our very existence
Will be put at stake
Until genuine love make the strongest bond
Until value is accounted in one another
Until 'the have' and 'the have not' learn to live together
So they bake from same oven and drink from same pitcher
Until differences are weaved into oneness and singleness into togetherness
To aim for mutual benefit
Until the clenched fists of hostility are released to allow handshakes of friendship
to survive
Until childhood dreams are not broken
By neglect, injustice and abuse
Until the head that wears the crown performs its duty of serving and caring
And priests emphasize morality and right living
Until women become women
And men, men
Until children are taught the 'whys' of existence
So the streets don't become rowdy with maladjusted young
Until brave and bitter truths are voiced without conditions
And honesty watered into fruitiness
Until you and me nurture all these in our blood our hearts our minds and soul
We will be trap by a singular fate when
Junk-dumps fills
Mad-houses fills
Grave-yards fills
Until Holy living is viewed as the basis of life
It will be certain that
Eternal fire fills too!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

We Have Come To It

Dear revered reader
From my heart these unpolished lines

We have waited a long time
We have nurtured faith, tended hope
For this to happen

We have crossed many fountains
And have come a long way
We have waited patiently
Grimacing, in suspended sleep
Gloating,
For this major breakthrough

We are a people- great people
We have suffered asking many questions
Have stretched hopeful necks over immeasurable heights
We have climbed sky-reaching mountains
But this castle of doubt, jutting against hope and faith
Is yet the major challenge

We are a people- wonderful
We have power in our hands
Promises in our eyes
Freedom in our hearts
But the air we drink do not satisfy the thirst in our hearts
Until we get to it

Let the man... Prayerful
Add to it some hope
Let the woman... Faith-full
Polish anew her mustard-seed of faith
Because
We have come to it
Being within reach of our major miraclet

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

We Were Born

We were born
In the time when tyrants and heinous wolves sit on polished thrones
When gold crowns and purple robes adorn hideous bones
We were born
Not so long ago, in the eve of a sad evolution
When the fire on the cock's head stopped burning
When crabs and fishes no more gamble in the same waters
We came,
with flutes and some music for the sad man
With dance and stories to cheer the downtrodden
To heal sick souls
To announce the hour of jubilation
But here we are
Painted in mean colours
These faces are not our own
These voices you heard, voices that blared through smudged skies and briny
storms, these voices are not ours
We were born here
Despair was our driving force
We have known how to drink every bitter cup, gall, stale vinegar
We have learned to bear every cross, wooden crosses, crooked swastikas-
inventions of cruel craftsmen
We ride all up on every rocky Golgotha of our supposed damnation
We are here
We didn't die crossing valleys and climbing hills
Every forward step is a source of strength
Every bitter cup has fattened our spirit and scrapped away fear
Here we are
Flowers bloom for our exaltation
A thousand Suns rise for our defence
Atop every Calvary, we see the panorama of the freedom we thirst for
We see a starting, everyday, a new stepping stone
To stories yet untold- the signet of our birth
We were born here
We going,
Our destination is there

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

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We Will Be Fine

Don't look at me with that kind of voice
You will be fine
Go up North and chase your winds, dear brother
May you catch an angel there
I'm one of the three who wish you good luck
Go and make a wife,
And not a beast
Look for a soulmate, a homemaker
Not a bulldozer of peaceful walls
Find a mender of leaky souls
Not a perforator of hearts
And if in your run, you catch a slut
May you not reject hell too late
. .
Me,
I'm going South
Because I'm a clown
I will play in the City Circus
Paint my face in too many colours
I will somersault on fresh hay and make the city laugh with me
I will manage to love myself
I will love my clumsy, grumpy self; it will be easy, it will be my job
And if a finely-cut lady wants to do it...
May I not reject heaven too soon

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

What Is Wrong

Things changing on land and sea
Is this a holy thing to see?
In a rich and fruitful land
Smudged by the devil's filthy hand

The rains does their crop so fine
And their sun does ever shine
Soulful! cry the hungry poor
Denied of the blessing of heaven-pour

Is this a thing to take delight?
Greedy leaders in saintly white?
Under the shade of evil wings
Our hallowed chambers, their boxing rings!

Is this a righteous thing to hear?
Children murdered at night and clear?
Is this a lovely piece to write?
Bail for the rich jail for poor?

Nigeria is never poor a home
It's blessed today and days to come
But from political and religious misdeeds
Oh! The innocent masses bleeds.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

What Matters...

If I can trust my Maker
And give Him charge over my days
If I can stay true
And breath in honest rhythm
It won't matter how long I stay here
It won't matter how fast I get there

.

If I can hear the drums of prosperous winds
And dance my turn
And leave the beats going for the next man

.

If I can follow the leading of the stars
And journey from east to west
Planting a tree beside every bare road I take

.

If I can consider the common fate
And speak words with care
And learn to warm a heart in its cold days

.

If I can touch a thousand flowers
Sing of their colours to the buzzing of happy bees
And not mar a single petal

.

If I can stay true
I will be fine
They will be alright
I will be a sweet thing in a bitter world

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

When All Is Over

When every pain and grief is over
Every tempest hast passed
We shall be at peace forever
At the glorious trumpet blast

Trouble doth flow like a river
There is a shore of pure delight
Upon this shore we sorrow never
When its bright exclude the night

When our labour groans are over
When all trials cease to come
We, His glorious breath shall shower
When atlast heaven our home.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

When Come The Time Of Trouble

When come the time of trouble
It makes you fall and stumble
It comes with all the sorrow
To make you feel there's no tomorrow

You will feel the stinging pains
As if your heart is lock in chains
At times to pray can you not
But oh my friend retire not

Time of trouble such as this
Will keep your heart away from peace
But in God you will find a friend
To guide you well up to the end

Troubles come not singly but in battalions
My friend, perhaps come they in legions
In what form of prayer veil your whole
Fight fight for the purpose of your soul!

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

When Nature Refuses

Indolent clouds floating slowly in the sky
Raising the hope of diligent men so high
Folks expecting rain to wet up the dust
But slowly every bubble of hope seems to burst
Because the clouds are lazy
And the weather grows hazy
Because the sky won't send down rain
Men have to use their brain or they wane
Men have to call on God for rain or for grain
Or to keep silent and suffer in vain

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

When You Smile

I have some issues
Bothering my tissues
But when i sight the rising sunshine
I knew the day is mine
I masked my issues in my smile
And my sadness too for a while

looking at the mirrored ground
The stars gathered around
Each glittered a smile
And darkness shift a mile
Shift a mile
Shift a mile

This display sold me pleasure
In not small measure
And then i knew
I learned a thing so new

Every singular time i smile
My bothering issues shift a mile
Shift a mile
Shift a mile
Till both us faint sight of one another
Till both us lose touch altogether

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Where Grace Abounds

Oh! what holy misfortune
That we die stoning the devil
We know we will live again
We are living again
To stone and be stoned
This time round
We will stay here
Where grace abounds
Where the devil dies stoning us

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Worthwhile Crime

flogged

mocked

jailed

Deep behind those solitary walls

Hunger pangs denied them sleep

And their limbs fettered so tight

because their crime is one

they walk in silence, heads bow in fear of discovery

For that would mean prison and even death

Holy meeting holds in disguise of birthdays

embracing the forest's cold together with those who share same passion

Because their crime is one

with no heeds to threats or regards to the yawns of death

They meet in secret to honour He who gave them life

Denied of lodge

the bush is their home

Sometimes discovered and captured!

Made to work the fields in no absence of beatings

cry of anguish is but fun to their torturers

yet their crime is one!

lessions deep and fatal!

Their crime is one!

Persecuted and traumatized

Their crime is one

Crushed and butchered

Their crime is one!

Raped and flamed

Their crime is one!

They are christians!

...My tears of prayer stream for christians the world over, who can't pray,
worship or meet in the open...the Lord is your sustainer...eternity in Heaven is
worth any sacrifice.

Yesterdays

We start from home
And drift to distant shores
We travel far, climbing hills and descending valleys
The whole alley of life is peopled by all of us
Some are nice, some are mean
Some are cool, some are vexed
Some are real, some are not
Some stop to exchange pleasantries
Some stop to exchange blows
Many things we do
They all pass on as yesterdays
Days cram into years
Years number their days
We climb to the zenith
We reach the climax
Then we start to return home
And the road back is full-
Full of yesterdays
Yesterdays await our return
And I hope
The return journey becomes your best
I hope the bridges still stand
And the roads pleasant
I hope yesterdays call you friend

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

You Are...

Out of the pain that weakened you
Worries that crowned your head
Out of the bitterness of life
Comes the benefit of hope

.

Out of the fears that shook your roots
And things that terrified
Out of your many mounts of doubts
Learn the purpose of your faith

.

Through flames, through waters
Through nights that scald and blind
Refuse to see the worst
See His image in yourself

.

You're a masterpiece
Complete, made to make
A mass of divine substance
Clay of a master potter

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

You Can!

Get up O' get up
'What sit you here till you die? '
In you lies a star get up
You are fairful and wonderful
Child of nature arise and shine

Shine for all to see
Need not cry when you can try
Need not crawl when you can fly
Get up! O get up
These rocks blocking your view
These stones that make you stumble
Will in due time become your bars of gold
It will come
But you must get up

Get up and make a move
Clear the doubts start rising
Shun your fears and soar high
When darkness come along
It is for you to shine

In all of life's aspect
Sure you are perfect
Until you conquer
Do not retire
Get up and refire
Fulfil your desire

Yes! Fulfill your desire
This cracked oven will bake you cakes
The broken pitcher will serve you wine
Blurry vision will clear
Tears will cease flowing
A name will be announced
When it happen, you will be smiling

Get up! O get up
And live up your expectation

Though it be hard
But stand must you
Get up! O friend get up
You are the admiration of an younger generation.

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI

Your Turn

Take the narrow road

Walk gently on

Turn right where the road parts in two

Halfway, there's a drum that beats "for all of you";

Stop there a minute

Dance your turn

And leave the beats going for the next guy

EZEKIEL HARUNA DANBAKI