

Poetry Series

Folayemi Akande
- poems -

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Folayemi Akande(02-12)

A Dream

I paved the road's chest in company of the sun
After long journey into herald of dawn
And long awaiting of day's smiling face
Bright as a dove, I could tell without a gaze.

The sparks of morning hue hanged aloft my lids
Unveiling the memories of my fore deeds
Prickled by the brisk flashes, nearly I was
I sat between my mind, mused as if a force.

Before me was life, how beautiful it is
I could live awhile in that moment with ease
Amused to see life as intrinsic a bride
I saw amazing things streaming in a slide.

Found my ears as I rose on mouth of the bell
Basking in splendor of the winds fall and swell
Just a dream that I had, sighed as dip a well.

Folayemi Akande

A Friend And Toad

Toad, Toad! FrailToad, take a deep leap, Toad
The merchant snake is near with snear, was told.
Make ribbons from your skin, cloak round your plead
A bit remorse for your grody greed.

Ice your feet make it as cold the sea
Make it as real that the he might see
Lay down your back passive as a log
Embed your eyes as blurry a fog.

Without you, I am pensive as spring
Thought of your death is sharp as a sting
Mask your breath, make it cold as your nose
Make a dark damask down your plumb toes.

Bargain with a snake is deal with death
Wish for such peril, I wish to dearth.

Folayemi Akande

A Lonely Box

A lonely box of clustered hopes,
chattered to ruins and groping still,
Searching the dark to what might lost,
A pensive relieve upon my grieve,
That time upon this quest might pend,
To sustain this gleam of hope,
from the dusky crater,
That the shadows from their slumber state might rise,
to tell this tale,
Of a lonely heart in shadowed box.

Folayemi Akande

A Maiden's Plight

Thou've strangled to death joy that once was mine
With thy undying rage that never quench.
With less love and more hate, thou maketh a shrine
From thy bowel, which unpleasantly stench.

Thy competence lies within thy fury's bane;
Such knowledge, thee possess of all things.
What man in mortal form to cruelty fain?
Then behind his bow and spear his clout doth leans.

Thy deeds art unbeseeming of thy looks
They're like the rivers that lords the fishe'
But within, billows a twirl that heads them to the hooks
So doth thy wrath, when up'n crust you unleash.

I beseech thee, be temperate as a stone
That's beneath the sea, and make me ne'er groan.

Folayemi Akande

A Man Of Virtue

For man hath virtue within,
Gifts of plenty from dower,
Giving pure delight in leisure,
With bodies clean and spirit bright,
Quelling forces of temptation,
Into flight of no return,
Captained into endless astray,
Then prosper our works at done,
For struggles may end.

Folayemi Akande

A Night Alone

Even the precious emerald and ruby is but a penny,
To purchase this one night on lasting grace,
Thorns and needles, upon this rocky ground heaps,
Off home near home,
Long seen a sight upon this tyrant monstrosity called hills,
Against the mote wind prickle,
The wooing thrushes at profound remarks elated,
Yet, at no hush my niggling protest,
Their gender prescribed as landlords,
Herald menace in their famished looks,
Beasts at soaring sight!
Crowned jackboots feet and clipped claws of nailing hooks,
'The sparks would fly' i said, on suspended grievous trail,
You slimy vulture, at whose virtue is your spartan praised
When and less by knight you crave,
Waiting and stalking upon my thread at far east of Okuku hills,
Begone! Blood pawn,
So i joined the returned band of eleventh wagon,
And fiery down the morning mountain,
To the caves at hope linger,
What a night, a night of stalking shadows.

Folayemi Akande

A Note From Peace

Think not of me-
An impedement of peace
Says a Warlord
For I have come
To strike balance between
Earth's insane world
The menace you see
Is only a martyr-To the revolution.
The Middle-East, America
Southern Europe& Africa
Are kindred of peace
For they are enburdened
With the curse of the world.
I have chosen a token
Out of hundred nations
To fight for all, this very curse
My brother, Peace
Suffered a broken wing
Now his flight to Earth-
Is into perpetual delay
Do not blame Earth
For he is furiated
By our brother's plight
His fury, motherhood of terror
Offspring of Nuclear Bombs
And Drone strikes-
Like shooting stars
I plead of you all
To reason with Earth's
Poor mental state
For he is the steep price
But soon, my brother, Peace
Shall once again-
Engage in flight
And return poor Earth's glory
To the sanity it ought to be.
Peace unto you all.

A Petition

Have not a thin grace to spear, time's cruel knife?
That man's faith is mortared and left to clive
You with death, sneeze doom unto his strive
You attorn his hope to nothing but waif.

What geins have you to profet from this trade?
Forge from his blood a monumental gold?
Or from his repose are fine damask made?
Your profit is the loss of days long old.

I chair no despair for your trade dear frend.
But your fattest gains are sourced from his blood
You melt from his tears shining blade and sword;
Sons of doom that do not widows pains mend.

Dear Knife, ease your temper, let us be whole.
Be not like fire, that breathes nought but woe

Folayemi Akande

A Spy's Tale

You will find me in the club in my tuxedo
With some bunch of lads playing casino
We laugh and drink like strings of suprano
Like James Bond's moment of superhero.

Looked round and clear to see some black Ops guys
Coy to show 'em face so hid rear the vase
Stood far from harm, they know the roof will blaze
Black specked, caps and papers to make disguise.

I was watching as closely as they were
They never saw what's coming so I know
The maths was high, took my heels straight to air
Brace soft leather of agency's Limo

A spy's only true friend are his hunters
Just a wild crazy bunch of life butchers.

Folayemi Akande

A Stranger In Spring Time

My soul is long elevated
At this remarkable prowess.
Did you settle in this motion?
Or to your just path sought.
A dine with the avant-garde artist,
A night of splendor,
Upon a cloud so transfixed,
With wealth of questions scorching beneath the dinning mat.
For what reason should her path elude her taming sight?
Could the road be wayward?
I wonder so.
Her sultry innocent eyes at my naked lips flutter,
As each bawdy word reached her virgin ear,
With sensational delight.
But this night would stride forth
And the cadence cloud would at no stop halt.
So she would revisit
When this night water's under the sailing bridge,
To receive the dainty i promised. Hmm... I can tell,
Her soul is at my flirtings endeared.
Oh stranger dear,
To the coming summer i long your visit.

Folayemi Akande

A Tantrum By Nature

A tantrum,
scenic events by it's nature precedes,
uproar there-in nurtured by lucidity,
incendiary eyes,
bouncing clustered brows,
ought-to-be words of ruin,
in chattering downpour,
to convey a bridling tongue.
A woman to her seldom priceless.

Folayemi Akande

A Vacation Tale

Rub my mind gently on the ocean
With those sweet caress, grease like lotion
Let sparks of your eyes cause oceans to tide
Kiss me gently, stare secrets of my mind.

Feel me womanly, let hormones arise,
Apollo, you are a blessing in disguise.
You make sun, moonstars, giggle in the sky
Juliet will covet, you feel me so high.
That time in lifetime even cannot count
Theme of life sweet taste no sadness can mount.

Was such love drawn from combs of the honnies?
It's a verse well played from Shakespear's stories.

For such love is found on Valentine's days
To give me so much, my heart is so daze.

Folayemi Akande

A Wish At Seventeen

I've thought always of you

As the wild rose in perfection,

So fresh and full of hue,

Flaming from streets within coasting sky,

Where the angels at dusk abode,

Accustomed by awesome breath of spring,

From the freshest bosom beneath.

My words are lost in count,

For your queenly voice elates my soul,

Your dark dangerous eyes,

Against the lightening pricks

At each sprawl of the sassy pedantic sun,

Longing in eternity to what your beauty's worth might hold

In the smiling face of the moon by the death of the day,

For I bear a mirror of you

At the shore of my teary heart,

For through this means,

My gasping days are prolonged.

In this delight, I soar glee in fleet of adornment,

My delusions have hunted my inner realm

It wears no crime to my instinct

That I slayed the butterfly

when our gazes met,

I thought your flaming locks of auburn hair

Was thread that mends a broken heart

I'm gracious to feel the soft radiance of your ivory skin,

I thought I would never tell a tale

About the adventure of your Voluptuous red lips and how keen it marvels the heart,

In respite of my wishes,

I desire to pass my long love days

Through your soft gentle breath,

I desire to tell the world that the race for that lasting veil of virginity is by your modesty crowned,

I desire to love again because you have set me on this path.

Folayemi Akande

A Woman Is A Woman

If her hips is at mortal sum
Then all men shall dear her fine form
If her lips is soft and roseate
What moral fact shall she create?

If her breast meets your beck and call
To love or to lust, one shall fall
A woman flawless as your thought
Is the fiction that drives men nut.

Praise her as perfect as she is
'nless you wish to tarry and tease
A woman is fine as her voice
To each man is a distinct choice.

Love her long as death may permit
Such simple things do they admit.

Folayemi Akande

A Woman's Price

Be not flinty and impervious

For such words do frail women bear

Humble yourself as the colours of the rainbow

Which is a perpetual sight for sore eyes;
The cosmetic of poor, ugly sky.

And be not as the scornful thorn
That even jackboots tramp upon.

Let your comely face form a theme
As the hue of the day's sunlight.

Make sublime your voice as
the soft beach' breeze.

What does it profit a woman to be formidably ferocious?

Fair in beauty, rich in elegance
Shall all be embraced by your foes?

When your countenance do nothing but woe

Take a deep sigh, see how murderous your tongue has been

See how many hearts your brow have lashed.

And how many lives are dead into your fierce personality.

A woman's life is short and quick to worn
When beauty is gone power is lost.

Humble yourself, beauty may die with you.

Brace your tongue, life maybe loyal to you.

A moment of madness, soars eternal regrets.

Be not as the tyrant sun that scorns the flowers

But as the rain that enriches the stem.

Let nature embrace you as honey and mild

And not to be bullied by your memory
As a thorn amidst the plants.

Folayemi Akande

Abeke

Abeke!

A sight for sour eyes,
A glocery to distressed souls,
A beautician of smile,
Oh beautiful one,
Adorned with spell
To ravage a man's world
With allure of carressing
In touch gentle slumber.

Abeke!

Your beauty roars like a ferocious Lion
Your beauty tumble rocks down the hills
Your beauty stills the wind
And incline us to the harmony
Of your gentle breath
And runs all men through a tumult of emotion
Abeke!

For men say you are a soul dresser,
Some call you the fig replenisher,
For you hottily undress a man's conceit,
With your crystal charmed eyes of glee.
And lightning, dazzling smile from the forest
Of your irrisistible naked lips,
But i call you a condiment,
The totality of a man's existence.

Abeke!

Some say you are a product of black concoct,
That which was made of Africa's consult,
Some say you are figment of imagination,
Some say you are every man's flight of imagination,
Because you are a descendant of mother nature,
But i say you are just another mother Mary,
With a volumptious sensuality,
That best defines the 21st century's beauty,
And if you happen to be a figurine in a gallery,
I wouldn't mind exhausting a fortune
For a cursory glance.

Abeke!
The priceless beauty of my time,
The great sorceress
That beholds my heart
For all i do care.
Abeke!

I have been looking under rocks,
Breaking locks just trying to find you,
The golden sun told me you went West up the hills,
The silvery twinkling stars told me you went South down the valley,
Even the crystal lonely moon falsified me,
For she told me East was your path;
To the bosom of the lonelies.
But through the echoe of your thin singing voice,
That wanders through the ears
Of the forest's darknight
Which was forthright in conveying your loneliness,
And the ornaments of your wholesomeness
The hunter wind and I sought you on the North river bed,
There, you were tastefully attired in a simple scarlet dress
That lusciously hugs your divinely structured body,
Like the velvet kisses the skin.

Abeke!
Should I say i have never seen a woman
Whose beauty by an ode appraised?
As some say Almighty creator was biased,
During man's creation
For you make men vigil on your consent,
Since tubers of yam and kegs of palm wine
Were not enough a price to trade
For your bridal trail;
Even women against your beauty rebel
Because you are all that is left
Of beauty's tale to tell
Abeke!

So long as age stumbles on age,
And time rides over the heels of my affection
Your endowments shall be scribbled on the forehead of Africa,

And from the feet of our souls shall we appraise your courtly hail.
For you are another story
To be told for ages to come.
Abeke!

You are a beauty beautician!

Folayemi Akande

Adolis: Mother Of Beauty

The journey to peril begins in her eyes
The prologue of love's birth and death
For anyone that looks is forever charmed
If eyes be charms, so is her beguiling eyes.
Her thread-like walk
Stills the world and make them stare
Her breath is fresh as the belly sea
Her voice is soft as the summer rain
Even the priestly mind her eyes shall trance
To say the least her tempteous smile
That hugs the heart like winter's bite
Better a look than cursory glance
To medicate the soul and ever heal
A concoct from her wholesomeness
Than be cursed by her beauteous whole.
Adolis, the mother of beauty, save us all
For we are clovered in bossom of your lusciousness.

Folayemi Akande

Adorning Eyes

I love your eyes,

My eyes?

Yes, your sapphire radiant eyes,

That shines as the snow's drape

With wooing gazes as the jewel of the night.

When I was trapped in the web of your smile,

By the bed wounded embers,

Under ease of thrushes carol

Your eyes was doused,

A moment beyond your infant measure,

A delusional love symptom,

I to my under skin diagnosed a sentence,

A sickness of long lasting illusion,

To what eternity must behold

I knew my lust was bound to be doomed.

Still, I loved your eyes,

From contours of raiding streets,

To jasmines of fine fragrances,

Beholding a bewildering, covetous gaze

Under ripples of perpetual twilight,

Up-ridding my pain in luscious humor,
With your eyes of glowing tremor,
To my bosom deeply before embraced.
Your eyes,
To all endear and behold,
Before the hallows at dawn enroll
Coach me to your sensual session
With your luscious sweep of brow,
That eternity might to your infant rise enclave.
All that our passions have engraved
I would again love your eyes,
If till my dying days still aglow,
That my long struggling days may avail.
I love your eyes because I love you,
I love you because with your eyes, you'll light my way.

Folayemi Akande

Adultrous Lover

My sweetkins' tongue is garnish'd with bee false
That which she tells she doth vainfully swear
She's bred with false breath, yet I love her pulse
Could seek love abroad whilst she rots in fear.

Should I share alack? Man's polygamous
Withal, this is a man's eternal curse
Wherefore shall I rue in my lover's cross
She is smut as a dove without remorse.

If love is pure, why's my lover scurvy
She's noble at heart as crystal sea smoke
The war for her blood is quite a journey
I've professed my thought to be strong as oak.

Her eyes are blear as pale light of half moon
Her own oak bloom from her adultrous goon.

Folayemi Akande

Amaryllis

O you bulbous offspring of poor autumn
Mother of cluster, funnel-shaped pink wings
Crowned with petals and sepals bright as dawn
And with white crimson veins that never wrinkles
Naked lass, your death is every man's loss,
In your native land with mount'nous fynbos.

When a glance as costly as time I take
On the heapy breast of the western cape
With the eternal bliss that you do make
Such momentous glee do not me escape.

For you are an embellishment of bliss
With rare hue that bequeaths eyes with sweet feels
You fine enchantress of the western shore
The begining and end of nature's core.

Amaryllis, sweet exquisite splendor
Fine nature, with strong hold on every law.

Folayemi Akande

An Eulogie Never Told

A mighty heart with vastly a word to say.

A tossed mind sky high over a star so bright,

So luminous that replicates the ones in her sparkling eyes,

I beseech you, my lady, attend your gaze elsewhere

My finger is braced with the golden crown of marriage

Therefore imprisoned by my true lover's vow.

This night with the wooing nightingales shall lend their state,

Men might to your wonderments find an eulogy,

For what of beauty shall they sing if not your praise?

Fore this day, Shakespeare to all that's comely hath said

But an imagine homely as yours,

To their hall of fame shall bear

And I shall mourn my unperversed moments with you.

For you are the divine beauty of their time.

Folayemi Akande

An Image So Sublime

A room of peculiar imagery,

Sexually flushed to central perfection

With an image of all time.

I am a curator with mind ablaze,

But this image is so sublime,

Crowned spotlessly in the sky

An image that sparks a lifeless glee,

That clashes its gaze with the dark

To light my sight through its tale,

Her melons dangles in motionless inhuman form

It must have been a supple finger on damp blank palette,

Telling the misery behind her grin.

It's human for idle mind to throb over her incessant sensual call.

What an image so extra ordinary,

Like roses of sharp spine,

Royal in smell as jasmines.

An image more bright,

With less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gaze

A maelstrom in perfection.

Her mouth so bear,

With lewdity seeking my thoughts,

An imagery of pouring dainties smell yet most quaint.

A vermilion odor at her hair pour

Passaged through travelling wind.

What an image,

An image long over-due for admiration,

A century of adulation to her beauteous whole.

Her sultry eyes,

Her naked primrose lips,

Her cereal face of laughter,

Her lanky legs,

Her larger than life breasts,

Her curvaceous bosom,

Her petal royal smell as delphinium,

In the gallery, braced against the wall,

All to ashes now embraced.

Folayemi Akande

Anecdote Of The Gypsies

The macadam, a path broad and thorny,
Macerate skins worn and damn,
Through cloudless clime where fierce and corny,
They rise wearing somber pasty face,
Yet, in lumber somnambulist pace.
Drinking from gourd of oscillate hostility,
With lags hovering in the distance,
Surveyed from yonder of captivity.
An artful grin of grace,
Lassitude steeped by a soul sound so bear,
Yet, the whirling mote indignant cloud not in the rear.
The sassy pedantic sun,
An epitome of fashionable skin burn,
The ephemeral of age,
Succeeding with rage,
What a radical euphemism to tango with ignorance,
No euphoria still, to reckon such exuberance.

Folayemi Akande

Anne's Fairy Wishes

From what mortal womb are you conceived?

Never have I seen a man in loveliness of your kind.

Not even from the birth of the sun
Have I heard of such sweet stories told.

You have veinous thighs strong as the horse.

Your skin's tears are sultry as the summer rain

Your emerald eyes disgraces life's natural blend.

I have seen more earthly men
But you graze your looks more glamorously.

You personify God, for you magnify His work everestly.

O bless me, bless me beautiful man;

That my beauty may put on weight.

For better part of it, is lavished by time.

O sad, so sad, time will not yield, to my seduceous winks,
for every wink is a wrinkle.

Save me, save me, prince of men save me.

The power to withhold my aging days is beyond my reach.

If i could make beauty of roses
My pride would be more securely wise.

And this pleading hour, perhaps may be otherwise.

Make my beauty more eternal than of mother Mary.

For I am mostly coveteous of her heavenly gift.

Make me naive and maybe later wise.

Such sweet things spells my mind adrift.

Make me drink from your winery cup of lies.

Let's lavish time as if we have no use for it

This blooming desires do young lovers grow.

Folayemi Akande

Anne's Blush

Did you say those sweet things of me
Or just to make this flowery night be?
For you know truly my heart is frail
That even from the thrushes beak I dance and hail
Help me, help me, o sweet Orelia
How to war this fret I do not know

Folayemi Akande

Anne's Confession

The love that roams in Rome
Has found in me an abode
How do I suggest it retreat
When its splendor do sooth?

You're most generous My Lord, with your most quaint words
But the hold of love upon my heart
Is by far weighty than troy ever could weigh.
The credence I bestow upon its worth
Is immeasurable and if by any means summed
Such extravagant trial shall not be in my court found
For even the longest night is rather short to level how I feel.

My heart has formed aliance with the wind
My heart cannot throbe devoid your pulsate down my lungs.
Oh, may God bless the day this mortal man was formed
For even your silence seduces me pleasantly.
If I groan, it would be under the weight of your love
For what manner of man can make a woman love this much?
If not the man that is love himself.

Folayemi Akande

Anne's Engagement: One

Come come sweet friend grace thy steps where-from
Come see in what mold my man does trend
What mortal man nears earth in such form?
The kind that seem to make God a friend?
So priestly, he makes all colours blend.
Sweet Lord hear me for I mortal cried
His looks have splintered me for I tried
Not his leering looks can I deny.

Let's see in what motion his eyes chase
Maybe they ride in the path of mine
To give ver'ly his substance of praise
Not many men shall I graze the grace
For he is concoct of heaven's vine.
His heart is as humble as his face

Folayemi Akande

Anne's Engagement: Two

Should heaven smile upon my wishes?
That I do not mourn amidst my thought
Or let broken winds loose its stiches
upon this folly that makes me nut
And retentive to his flirty taught.
He represents the angels on earth,
Shall I give him my all and my heart?
To the man who shines as summer's day

Lower your gaze sweet friend, watch your looks
Please contend me not against this one
Make not a riv'lry or any crooks
Your past victories are nothing but flukes
Shall we deny his looks? For its true.
As brightly fine as his fathers Dukes.

Folayemi Akande

Arise Thy Love: I

Arise thy Love
Arise thy Love
Arise so your eyes
May unfold the nightly veil

Arise thy Love
Arise thy Love
That you may
Wear your garment of fragrance
So that lifeless' earth
May better breathe through you

Arise thy Love
Arise thy Love
From thy sweet slumber
And take from me
Your cherry kisses
Which you prize
For Your heart

Arise thy Love
Arise thy Love
The meadows and Lillie
Thirst for your breath of spring

Arise thy Love
Arise thy Love
And spread your wings of bliss
Ashore earthly oceans
And heavenly Niles
For thou hath the fairest
Of all mortal saints.

Arise thy Love
Arise thy Love
And acquaint my pale lips
To your red, luscious lips
And unwear thy garment
For my withering eyes

May retain its mellow age
In your breast' fall and swell.

Arise thy Love
Arise thy Love
So earth may devout this day
Adorning each endowment
That made your maiden
Fairest of all.

Folayemi Akande

As Gone As Summer

To forfeit the grieve of her sweet absence
Will be as foolish a wish unto death
Indeed I've lost her embrace and presence
To the long hands of miles and undue sunset.

Losing her, miles have found that which I've lost
Unkindly to the snail pace hands of time
For my sake, life may make her return a must.
Costly are silvery linings, she cost no dime.

Cruel mile, shorten your reign over my bride
Prevail your reign elsewhere, for Cupid's sake
A man who possess a woman hath a pride
Mine is in her that no tempest can take.

Pray thee, concede your rivalry to defeat
Indulge my sweet Anne to summer visit.

Folayemi Akande

As Kindle Her Smile

Your faintest smile's far brighte' than sun's best day
It threads sparkly into my ill hue mind
Sad notes of such absence makes
me sway
No such joy can ever siegeful time lend.

Your smile is as vivid as the dove's fine shawl;
The veil behind your rare, profound beauty
For you glare like heap of brine round earth's shore
To forbide such nurture is no knight's court'sy.

That in darkest lees my dame will shine bright
No light travels briskly as inwardly her hue,
Unless miracles truely are mights
Rare embod'ment heired to only a few.

Such a perfection, rightfully engraved,
When virtues matters, morals are enslaved.

Folayemi Akande

As Man Dwelt, So Doth Her Thought

I have thought of you as thinketh man of death.

What can i not give to make night sun 'gain,

On this thought of mine, to harbour your mirth.

What praise hast mine life, that for you can't be slain?

Your heart is the cord that tunes our love duet

Wind over hill plays the harmonic verse

Your lips are unbroken yet mignonette.

Wherefrom are you, o desirous lass

I do not wish to mourn amidst my days

Or ever grieve in thought this day thereon

I share no more in your substance of praise

Out of my youth's gay shall no forlorn be born.

You are a deadly force poisoned in beauty

As the wind's vein rise on the pearliest dew.

Folayemi Akande

At First Gaze

Lady, your voice is meek and fluent as your glance
You walked in as adorning a rose
To tell which is lovelier is slightly perchance
I will invest my gaze wherest thee goes.

If I to measure you, I'll make false compare
Such dishonour will heaven and hell dispaire
For you hath beauty than life could ever bear
If thy Pa is thy love, such love is sick I fear.

Gaze away from his chin, make me your vanity
Lady, commit not to yourself such disdane
For you are formed in God's purity
I'ii martyr for your heart, or to be your swain.

You're far worst than an angel to be termed as kind
Your sullen eyes are lonesome, men must be blind.

Folayemi Akande

At Mekunians Delight

At mekunians delight The alakorians are caught in the trajectory web of nemesis
The one that has held to slavery, the mekunians and akushians Through the
looming days of oppression and insignificant dominance, By the ignoramus,
intelligence of backward oriented sailors. Black man cries, not the tears that
journeys through the center of the eye But the weep that dissever both body,
spirit and soul. One gland for the hope that is stocked in the portal of time
Another for the dreams moulded nowhere but the shore, That is easily washed
by the sea's oppressive whirls. Igbominira is the only consolation for the
mekunus But ominira is a fool that is exasperatingly lethargic as the Lord's
coming. Aso Rock is not family house, a wayward truth that absconded the
omugos. One who swears conjugal obligation to power Divorces his orisun, and
endangers the fingers that fed him. Oshelus have made governance a household
privilege Impure interest of the Common, ill fated minority, Grand fathers of the
fathers of omo olodos. The infants have grown past the crawling stage After the
death of polygamy to the plutocrats and gerontocrats. After years of extravagant
squander by the agbanos of the Public Disruptive People. If the ojuorolaries are
flushed out of their foster homes Will the political Maries shine the mantle And
wield it to the sole means of boisterous governance? Or retain the sanctimonious,
desecration that has suppressed the mekunus to bintitious cognisance Of what
should or not be their basic rights. The spotlight is dimmed to the privy of
conspiracy. And shone out on the whores Samaria. They are like vultures in
comestible state of mind. Tears, sorrow, and blood heralds their presence A
trademark, creviced on the forethought of the mekunians At the very expense of
the harmonious jingles of their throbs. Mugun days are over, justice have come
to his senses The habitation of stick and carrot ideology have been purged And
cathartics have indulged to stimulation brisk evacuation of cankerworms From
the bowels of the nation's pocket By the indignancy of mekunus at the court's
unfairness. Tears of the pen have percolated down tribunal's womb, Now
leashing to the surface of his consciousness. I have heaved my last sigh of
sorrow The rest is for them that is agent provocateur Or should i continue in this
spiral of Sturm und Drang With bevy of obsfucators.? Listening to Fela and
reading Wole Soyinka is like smoking hemp for inspiration. Copyright (c)
Folayemi Akande

Folayemi Akande

Aura

Shall I master the art of your beauty
That I may make forgery of my beloved
I covet your grace, this I am guilty
Is there a man who at your gaze not engulfed?
How gem, the rare hands of your great artist
To carve you in such a sweet perfection.
I've seen lasses, but you seem most modest
Voice and smile are rituals of your attraction.
Who is your artist that made you full soul?
For he made you every creature's best.
No spoil, no flaw, you're so perfect in your whole.
Should my thought form your shape, I'll draw the rest.
I have seen nothing human this noble.
You graze beauty inhumanly humble.

Folayemi Akande

Bone Fire

Come ye alluring bird of June
Sing to me in your fairest tune
My soul is dead, need a reboot
Spark me high from this endless mute.

Got what it takes my bonefir' heart
To make me your man wher'ver you at
People like us are cursed by love
To love and love, still neve' 'nough

My true love for you grows younger
As our days advance much older
A rare love like you is not true
It takes years and years to acrué.

It's a cold world we found ourselves
Let's make fir' from our warm clothed

Folayemi Akande

Candles And Nights

Candle is the flare of love
Like luminescence from sun
That unveils dark secret mind
Sultry flames, balmy and warm
Spell that makes us loving beings
Renders blind wing of the room
Where our flesh and blood do meet
Its glare dances like the wind
Mutes invasive muffling noise
Rocky bliss, an aura minds blind
Dusk room, glints our hearts as day
The hue of yellowe faint light
Locks out fair day and paints night
Stench of resinous substance.
As candle to the fire
So is my love depth for you.

Folayemi Akande

Commerce

Stock is going mad
The market is poor and sad
Where is sanity?

Folayemi Akande

Confession To A Vista Lips

A lip of finest invention,
A man of righteous detention,
That forsakes all to her mention,
A lip brewed of orbs rarest,
That the world thirst at its dearest,
A lip of life sweet taste,
To most breath that haste.
Hello one with a sensual lip
We at your beckon crawl,
To sustain this grievous call,
Because our testosterones brawl,
A wish at futile chase,
Ending a lost, dark world,
A champagne life lips,
With berries to match it oozing whips,
A lip of warmth so enchanting,
That bestows life to all that's panting.
Under this diamond embelished night,
The waxing light shall retain it dim,
With a wild glee across the room

And calm of mute insensate things shall zoom.

A lovelier lip like roses on earth,

That dwelt among untrodden hearts,

Her lips tonight shall be sportive as fawn,

We shall embrace vital feelings of delight

The candle will retain its squint across the room,

The Bordeaux will stain the fawn floor,

In mute-less sprawling fall,

Against your ambient sounds of protest,

Her lips of unwinding sensuality,

Like an umbel in casting shadow,

Her lips of incentive spirituality,

A garnish of dip yogurt, garlic and cucumber,

A beauty born that makes angels sing,

Unwear your gabardine,

Let the midnight stars gada straight.

Her lips of warmth and love,

In ages i shall love.

Folayemi Akande

Dance The Night

Come friend
Lets dance the night
Chide our wearies away
Let's shame the devil of his plan
Sweet friend.

Folayemi Akande

Deciduous

You dance like fire
You incensate mortal tree,
Begone, temp'stuous saint.

Folayemi Akande

Demons Of Peace

A plebeian pleated tattered garment of whirl,
Dusky, rusty, embodiment of rage,
Lingering on indigo witty night,
Mourned by carcass of lingering cave,
White strobe light heaped on garment praise,
Aimed with capricious nebula of glee,
The pickled flower bud of shrub,
Caper in lively recedes,
Chattering as if a canvass of homage
Sniffing for raja-tama to merge their vibration,
A hell of pensive ominous sonata,
Muffling gait precedes the gale,
A blaring vociferation,
Growling readily for attack,
They satisfy their lust,
Raping naked vistas with crevices,
To assimilate black concoct energy,
With a condiment by sorcerers.
Transmitting distressing sounds like earthquake,
Or running there-in-there-out with no cognizance but torrent.
Heralding a barrage of weird sound,
Christened by nightly twilight.

Folayemi Akande

Do Broken Hearts Ever Mend?

Shall I pick my heart's broken pieces
From dusky streets of the roaming sky
Or plead benignly that time reverse?

An angel with such venomous bow
You bowed my heart and left me to groan
Do such cruelsome things heavens permit?
If not, should your arrow scent of death?

You promised each day a breathless kiss
All I get is behold short of bliss.

My once an angel has demon turned
Or love's white veil covered her dark face
That I could not tell of her dark side
Which seems so in love's burning fire.

Shall I let her in such a taking?
Whilst endless thinking, tedious longing
Like broken hearts ever in time mend
What eternal price for poison creamed love
To darely pay and not a reward
When did such things become truly fair?
Fume of torment unto desire.

My crime in love was truly loving
Should this be crimed or honoured with crown?
Love is a plaintiff in my own court
A version of love downwardly read.

A broken heart can never be mend.

Folayemi Akande

Duchess Of Norfolk

Beneath her face resides black awful grim
unveil her lids and see many joyful corpse.

Pearls and gold, that all, she hath ever had
But none could ever fetch her only need.

Often a gilded heart do warms endear
But of the loin ones gladly do ignore.

She, an heiress to life's troubled sundries
Once a damsel, ethereal, dainty face
Cannot fake a smile without a straineous grim.

She mogues the day's remnant in her dark mind
Weigh her cheeks and see worn and heavy tears.

Be not deceived by her bright, laughing lips
For rose the red have sourly purple turned.

Many decades of groan she hath mogued
And never a shoulder to pat her tears
Nor a man to still her weary, blur mind.

In her lone, mourns a Duke she ever had
Even her sleep can bear it nevermore.

But worn is her time with no child or man
Will rubbies except turn and make her bride?
For only her riches do men embrace.

Folayemi Akande

Earth Angel

O earth angel, O intrinsic figure,

O ye, true daughter of Jerusalem.

As a bride amongst comely bridesmaid,

So are you amongst the luscious maidens

No wonder you are fairest of them all.

Shall I compare thee to a flower that lieth by arnos?

That do not thirst nor drought come the season,

Or liken thee to freshest morning dew.

Or not, for it wears off at the sunrise.

Your beauty is eternal, night and day.

It circles with the sky, around the earth.

You do not smile, your face gloss as the day

For what wonder shall your true smile perform,

Blaze of lightning or quake, which shall you strike?

Which is roseate, your smooth lips or the rose?

For your lips wears more theme than red the rose.

The fish to the sea, thine lips to thine face;

Ver'ly can neither depart another.

If hairs be thread, golden threads grows thy head.

Your brows, well clipped as peacock plumages.

Who shall I compare thee to, God himself?
For no woman nor man measures your sum.
If only, truly, you are an angel,
Justice should make all you maidens even,
For they are mockery of your sincere kind.
Flirtatious earth, lovely things shall he embrace
Your voice is soft as your true figured breast,
You serenade dales and birds with your tone.
For upon hearing, the world stops and stare.
Shall I praise thy melons if not unruly?
Your melons are ripe as eyes of the sun,
A center stage for every eyes that dwells.
Dove's true white colour is nought as your eyes.
Ye of lavender's scented ornament,
You rich in scent as the primrose blossom.
Your vestment is vermilioned as thy breath,
Orient me wheresoever your vesselled fragrance
That I may go forth and borrow some scent
For the lasses may find me more worthy.
Your beauty stirs poor earth's serenity.
Oh, I see you put to test man's true faith,

The power of lust is rooted deep within.

Your whole shall strike an idle mind to think.

With your lustering smirk a sight for sore eyes.

Only a man who art insanelly wise-

Would gaze thy melons, praise not God; great art't.

If lust be sin, so let mine be crimed

Portion my durance a multifold times.

Lifetime is but few to measure your sum.

Did you choose Rome; earth's surreal dwelling place,

To torment some men their most wanted fruit?

(c) Fodayemi Akande

Fodayemi Akande

Evergreen

My lily blossom
As flowers appears on earth
Bright as a bride's drape.

Folayemi Akande

Fair Cousine

Fair cousin,
You set today an eternal memory,
A day with love, joy, to blissfully share
With the world behind you waiting to cheer.

Fair cousin,
From here to the moon and back,
No one in this world would adore you like i do
For our love is evermore,
strong as steel,
That deepest furnace shall never melt.

Today is your day, sayeth the Lord
Merry as you can and let spread Your joyful vessel of praise,
For this alone do God ordane

Fair cousin,
My best wishes for you are at no bound,
For it flows round and round earth's water shore.
If i speak of my wishes for you,
I fear i might say the less.
So unto you i am very desirous
of a fruitful life time.

Fair cousin, HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Folayemi Akande

Fallen Reign

Oh, poor thee, thy soul is bereft of that which is grace
Thy abject state is worse that no curse can enrich
Cloak thyself unto thy sad knot And let the sore works of thy hands sail through
thy time
For I have no grace or wilt to bless thee with my curse
For even my curse unto thee is but a blessing.

For thou hast breathed plague throughout our days
thou summoned us beneath the clutch of thy uppression
Thou invested thy fortune in a venture with the devil
Who hast only lent unto thee a fraction of 'bundant glee
Shalt devil be devil or thee be termed devil?
For if devil art not devil then thee art evil
For thee art more stern than devil himself could lease.

Thou art most tyrant, no demon can ever match
Fortified by the liquors of power
To grieve thy lost wilt be a fool's delight
Wherefore art thy pity and thy wretched mercy
When we were stormed by the whirl of thy rage
Drowned into the pool of thy hate
For then, no piteous thought visited thy temper
How then do we repay thy mountaineous debt
With grace that thou already bereft us of?
Mercy no longer resides in us
For thou findeth it abode wherelse
Because thou believed we were too poor to hier such grace.

Thy rage seem not well funded by
the devil no more
Have you no sense that ally with the devil is no mortal business?
Thou breathes driftly into despair
IfI let loose my opinions now, none shalt favour thee
Mystery acquaints such a man with such tyrant zest

Do not misjudge my discontent of thy action
I seek not thy destruction but utmost repentance
For what shalt it profet a man who seeketh the life of another?
As much grace as thou have heisted from me

Even if it's my life I shall give to forgive thee.
For i do not wish to become half the demon that you were.

Folayemi Akande

Fare Well

O my luve's like a rock, solid rock
That neither melts nor fade come the burn.
O my luve is like a melodie
That is glidely played, softly in folk
You fair in your hue, o C'est bon
Raw as a cress, charming as goldie.
O my veins are warm and deep in luve.
I fear if I stop, my throbe may halt
My fret, should I stop, the rose might sluff
Shall I unlove like Sea without salt?
Must be loony to such deed commit
I luve thee, as the beach to the sand.
Fare well, fine luve, till the next summit,
Will come again, tis time wit my band.

Folayemi Akande

Fountain Of Truth

I know of a soigne lady,
To me my maiden,
Priceless in her penchant frail,
Thus praise thy courtly hail,
To her forehead thus gaze my truth,
For I grain and yet, her empire still fruit's,
And then again sprawl,
My lady, our enamors we bear and nay,
That time may crawl On your lithe i pray,
To dear to thy heart and win,
Before the world halt's at spin,
This affinity thus hath we bound,
For I lust and again found,
In your presence still,
Whence I gawk into thy finespun eyes of steel,
I see enchantment of nailing hooks,
Fastening to my wings of serrated crooks,
To love you ten times,
And to your adulation all that multiples,
My svelte,
till the conversion of the Jews,
Your pearl is all i chew.

Folayemi Akande

Gobling

Gobelin friend, from what mystery world have you come?
You stole my sleep you dilirius creature.
Quarantined my house into your insane world.
Stranger friend, have the world now known you for good?
You left me high and dry many centuries ago.
You should be amidst kings and chiefs pouring their wines
Or sitting at their tables dining with them
And not here with me stealing my sleep
You drunk beserk creature, you drank with thieves, ate with the worms
Do I suppose the banquet's vessel is dry?
For me to have you visit in this odd manner.
Begone you grotesque evil creature
I have no use for your trouble and tubulence.
Not today or ever.

Folayemi Akande

Golden Wings

These who were Christ sustained,
Each golden wing obtained,
For spirits illumine within,
Downing flights of benign,
With wings of weathering cages,
Through ranks of fading ages,
Where travellers refresh out-worn,
And by the order return,
Nor shame nor loss betide us
For He's at each path we cross.

Folayemi Akande

Good Night

You must have read my works all day
That leaves me with not much to say.
Roaming sky have found my eyes to dwell
Sleep is near, my eyes faint and swell.
Good night, you lover of my work
The dawn I hope will bring you luck.

Folayemi Akande

Goodbye Spring Friend

When the morning squeaks of spring fall
Was tearing down my windows ears
That the rituals of the early morning water fall
At my soul's feet appease
For all that is wonder,
Hath wonder lost
I remember when on the fields that orbs we picked
The green leafs to feed the stocks
In the dusk of the day
By the fire place
When beneath the fluffy sheet we cuddled
In the warmth of your gentle breath
In the mildness of your sweet caress
Under the whimper of the sky
To watch your lids dance to my serenades and endearments
This moment were like torture to the soul
For i was enfeebled by the potency of your wholesomeness
To think my ennui was not forever gone
O sweet friend
You should be a gentle man's lover
The memories of your silky red lips hunts me still
Indeed I have been kissed by the best
Now never to settle for the less
The green fields were this much fresh as your radiant face
Upon the linger of the morning hue
And when the day was grown
That the early morning sunlight against your ritzy skin aglow
When with the gypsies we embarked down the river
To sail away our dismays
By the transluscent arno
To survey fishes of every hue
And the wenches upon our glee gaze
Looking earnestly when themselves they termed damsels
As we watch the jelly wend bye beneath the crystal water
Your modesty is the comely ornament that defines best your beauty
Season is never a friend to own
And so are you
The reserves will miss you
As might I

And I shall groan upon your absence
Till we meet again, spring friend.

Folayemi Akande

Grand Pa's Last Note

I am as aged as the bank of the sea
The flush of my youth have withered and gone
Like flowers through the lacerate of summer
I was loving and kind with ecstasy
I was bright under ripples of the sun
Minding my life is a gift from dower.

The ashes of time have stolen my youth
It was the storm's breath that unveiled the truth.
When cold hands of death comes hush me along
To the cold room where I can feel among
Please do not mourn for I have cheated death
By trading my birth for a fresher breath.
Wear not the theme of the night on your heart
Rather, unwear the damask of sorrow
Make the linen of your eyes white as cat
We all shall bask in the age of mellow.

Folayemi Akande

Haute Couture Lady

</>If I would not believe,
what then is my faith like?
Standing bear naked with no remorse
under the guard of your smoking eyes,
I could be faced by the odds of perfection
and the certainty of growing old in wandering days,
but at the aplomb of your bridling tongue
and the luscious desire to your dangling breasts,
I would humbly submit to the powers of your adorableness,
If your allurements were no crime,
The roulette would be no man's nightmare and the cold gate of hell would
entertain the finest of smiles,
How low to be chide by the whips of your incense in my childish fame,
What a nostalgia, not the type I would defile at these prime,
I am indeed appraised by the black spell,
Accustomed by your irresistible sensual ease,
My chest is hot and fast to rot
When your speckling dangerous eyes dances,
I see the incarnation of gracefulness,
Contrived from your incendiary touch,
I would call if not behest of you,
To come: Let our lust betide under this monument,
Let us fill our orgasm with more bewildering incentives,
gasoline in short supply
And so, the dusky night gives pass to our dismal.
After all, the love is lust,
And lust is pleasure wherefore,
But pleasure plagued virginity,
And now, mother Mary is cursed to shame at her bosom,
Because, virginity is now a bidding to merchandise,
And gracely uncommon,
A picnic in a boscage
With a sorceress I may call goddess, isn't that rather incongruous,
The basswood will mourn,
The falcon would be bereft of nursery rhymes,
the garrulous wind shall whistle no more
And the multicolor strands of our dastardly flaws shall further not be mucked by
the peeping rainbow,
Behind the obscure Arno

after these wild reserve i depart,

For i am but one of your beau captives whose believe in you, my sorceress is at
no bounds.

Folayemi Akande

He Is Just A Friend

Threads on my head were still straight cut,

Birches were yet to begin their homages,

Amidst the depth of the showering spring habit.

The spiral downward of the veery was yet to take the melancholic pitch.

The Nile was yet to wear the white morning veil

When poverty, my friend, left me on the fancy pedals of time.

It's been two years since the same sun set on us

Then was yet the ugly hands of time on my fresh skin

strong as fawn was he, at his flush of youth,

When Our disseverance was spelled by the wielding hands of time and sweat.

I have yet to sneeze away our last escapade

The one we had in the belly of chambers pouch;

His profound lures of penury, not appraisal of virtue.

My friend is a curse to good, an ally of bad

He takes virtue and beckons it away, and makes you in a vice and forces to it stay

And then camps in you an totalitarian reign

Where no Lord dreams to at no life time visit.

He is just a helpless friend in need of company.

He is just a friend who plays the mother role in lives of many

He is just a bad company that tells us their is something to fight for.

He is just a friend...

Folayemi Akande

Her Beauty Of Pearl

And red roses crept towards her and crowned her a laurel For being most comely
amongst her maiden peer This night will come to be, said a humble seer With all
things roseate to make my maiden's head swell While the lousy thunder sat idly
on the sea clapping For what seemed the most beautiful maiden he had ever
seen. A profound desire that dainties gladly spleen. Oh, such a night, the
whimpering rain caught my maiden and me laughing. The moon's tiny head
dimmed in helpless blush While the sky's eyes wept and hid amidst the fog Had
the sky no eyes to weep it coif perhaps will bog. The wind danced spirally into
her heart and made her throb hush While lifting on its laps a bag full of bliss. Her
heart drummed tepidly as love's Humble bow seared through her with my kiss. I
term her love each lustful day For she is lust each lovely day. In my maiden's
eyes I see beauty In her beauty I see throughout her eyes For are eyes her
sublime and feeble As the soft luminescent nocturnal beetle' She wears her
beauty eloquently as she would her finest pear' To sum her less would be my
greatest smear My maiden is near prays, where praise she weights. Oh, tyme, i
beseech you for my duty's sake Do not loot her beauty in this day's wake.

Folayemi Akande

Hope For Safe Return

Lost like sheeps were the poor sweet girls
They are as dear as if were pearls
To search for them will leave the rest
Who's the shepered that guards the nest?
They were lost as tiny a pin
This insane act, to God a sin
We're drowning in rivers of tear'
We squint at night in pool of fear
Our hearts are warmed by shawls of pain
What manner of joy can they gain
From torments that heralds the dawn
Did you forget tables will turn?
What goes around will come around
It's inevitably profound.

Folayemi Akande

Humility

Be not flinty and impervious

For such words do frail women bear

Humble yourself as the colours of the rainbow

Which is a perpetual sight for sore eyes;
The cosmetic of poor, ugly sky.

And be not as the scornful thorn
That even jackboots tramp upon.

Let your comely face form a theme
As the hue of the day's sunlight.

Make sublime your voice as
the soft beach' breeze.

What does it profit a woman to be formidably ferocious?

Fair in beauty, rich in elegance
Shall all be embraced by your foes?

When your countenance do nothing but woe

Take a deep sigh, see how murderous your tongue has been

See how many hearts your brow have lashed.

And how many lives are dead into your fierce personality.

A woman's life is short and quick to worn
When beauty is gone power is lost.

Humble yourself, beauty may die with you.

Brace your tongue, life maybe loyal to you.

A moment of madness, soars eternal regrets.

Be not as the tyrant sun that scorns the flowers

But as the rain that enriches the stem.

Let nature embrace you as honey and mild

And not to be bullied by your memory
As a thorn amidst the plants.

Folayemi Akande

Husband Of The Nation

This game is a chess of life,
Adorned by the stony minds,
Not a child's mere toy to play.

Work and work, is just a strive,
Sweat and fund are strings that binds,
An empty pregnant future,
It's just the steep price to pay
We are laid on such structure.

Capitalists feeds its own,
While the rest are left to groan,
As just a lost flock of sheep,
Found wanting as if a chip.

Politricks, where just are wrong,
And the vains are hailed with praise,
Politics, a gambler's dream,
To sail on such watery stream,
Money is the only song
Solace for their warfare days.

The saint man in politics
Is the one with all the tricks.
We are won by cheap rally
We do not tease and tarry.

We smile to the sufferance
And frown to the sincere truth
All for short exuberance
Later go back to the root.

Let's take the bull by the horn
Make them sweat through thick and thorn
That they may know we are no fools
For the patient dies with time
We don't belong to such schools
We read through the cloudless clime.

I Will Fight Her Cause

I Shall Fight Her Course

I, too wish to come of heroic deed,
By conquering the heart of a rose i saw.
The first war that left my gut much in need-
Of a wordsmith. A thought which indeed sore.

Of many birds that through the summer come,
She's the merit within scope of my choice.
What beauty, earth surely must praise her form.
Sing, o ye butterflies! The joyful noise.

My heart is frail and sickened at her sight,
For she fills my bile with the sweetest gall,
What preserving madness amidst delight.
Of all comely things, she's adorning of all.

To earth is to rose, to me is her love,
That is undying, as a winter tuff.

Folayemi Akande

If Cursed Be Beauty

Beauty is a curse
But yours stare and say
'Think not of me a curse
But if must thou,
Then marry my beautiful curse esteemly to thy mind'
If cursed be beauty
To weary becomes a folly
As might other men an ally of thought
For then I am cursed by you
For your beauty becomes my curse
But feel no guilt, still
B'cuz I shall lark in thy embrace
To endear this curse is perforce
And so I shall esteemly bear
To the adulation of thy mortal self
Till the arrival of the Jews.

Folayemi Akande

If You Are Mine

I would make your skin hue form a rainbow in the sky

And make the default colours unformed

I shall make the soft roses bloom
make all the lilies smile

I shall make sunrise from within your lips

I shall make from your eyes the glitters of the stars

I will make from your panting the breath of life.

From my heart shall I cast you a joy that will convoy you through life time

I shall make my love the fire
That warms your heart amidst the cold.

Our hearts shall glue as the dew to the grasses

I shall fight for you like the sun fights for the day

To fight for you is a test, to die for you is an honour

Our love shall be rare as the sun in winter

Shall I do all this only if you were mine.

Folayemi Akande

In A Dark Room

It was a room filled with anguish and cry
A thrust of roar from belly of the soul
A push for a sigh, reward of a try
A nurtured grieve for what's hither a hole.

Out blares the yell but deaf within herself
Torn between two roads, roads of life and death
Life at this point is nothing but a pelf
That which to life is thorny for a birth.

Had she ever known, might not make this choice
For this curse, she battles to save two being'
A laboring yell is not a singing voice
World might not be world had mothers not been.

A woman's cry is the birth of the world
Their mortal being is as second to God.

Folayemi Akande

In His Bitterest Gall

Earth's moan rises on steady groan
No life is meant but left for rent
Death is own, when life has grown
Our fate is bent when angels're sent.
Life's sweet scent is in him absent
For his press is entwined as tress
A breath is lent, not to be dente'
He that hopes less, lives life's full guess.
Hell is mess as table of chess
No life be vain or death retain
Doth Lord profess in His goodness
He not be bain, lest live in vein.
None is lore, married to such law
Grace will pore as blissful sea shore.

Folayemi Akande

In My Fair Love's Age

Too fair, too unfairly fair art thou That thy eminent beaut' is above compare
Much so, the sun is by thy hue a mockery of itself now. In this I commit to
shame, for i find no fault through thine entire beauty sphere. Too wisely fair art
thou, thine skin is but a dove a-side a pot Thy hair is like the grass that is
beautifully seated by the river Come the harshest of heavens wrath it withers
not- But grows, come the sufferance; even greener. Lo, How canst one self
behold tremendous share of physical power Alas! Rifting the balance of nature in
the fold of thine grace? Methinks thou art a majestic work of art that is perfect
in God's order. All descent of flowers think of thy infrequent form worthy of
praise. Me bethink of life's predicament devoid of thy grace For trees shall be
barren devoid the carpet of light on thy face For the sky shall be too dusk for
birds to fly devoid of thy gaze O life is at stake in thine absence in many ways.
For man shall untie from the consent of lust And commit to God, rather your
gust. Though men argue earth has nought to show more fair Than a lass, subtle
in spirit and worthy a fere. Men dot admiration for thy lips, thy hips, thy breast
and thy bosom As if all together summed will dare a summer ridden leaf to
blossom. Were admirations sold a-pence, thine true figured self shalt be richer
than the richest willow tree. But good means and fortune lack sight of thy path
Of reproach in good measures hang aloft thy bree Shalt I seat here as well by
thine river of rue to cast away mine youth?

Folayemi Akande

Lais Of Corinth

O, fair Lais, sweet hetaerae of Corinth

Thy face, an abode, for finest mura

More concealing, thy gaze, than labyrinth

Out of this world hast thy cheek expelled coral.

Fair mistress of Apelles, goddess of lust

Were virtues dearly priced in thy favour?

Thou leasest less stress to love, peril be must.

The mourning of war, was to thy savour.

Poorest emeralds, are of pure virtues green.

But thy skin are falsely of plated gold.

Then why, fair Lais, are his eyes aptly
keen,

T'see thy full cast, that may scarcely betold?

Out of your charm, sweetkeen, all men shall get.

You are most roseate of all beings I've met.

Folayemi Akande

Lascivious Woman

My mistress eyes are nothing like the sun
From over dale wherest thy ray do burn
Open thy womb for my heirs to be born
Cast from my shadow an art of a son

Pout thy piteous lips that tickles my wink
Unwear thy robe; set thy apple' my gaze
Path to damnation do peril embrace
Such lofty pike, not even at the brink.

Humble thyself to the wooes of my veins
Let our mortal parts acquaint till moon worn'
Make ominous cries of relishes and pains
O fair night, shot thy eyes; be not a thorn.

Let the echoes of my kisses be heard
And let constellations form round a gird.

Folayemi Akande

Let Me Into Your Wonderland

The way in my cup you move,
Things in my heart you remove,
The way in my bed you grovel,
That aches in my heart might hovel,
The way you catch the light in my eyes,
The way you shimmer in the face of the sky,
The way you apprehend the strolling air,
The way you craft out from fragments of hemisphere,
To the bleakness of the night wearing a splendor,
That strikes a sky so dusk yet at backdoor.
Let's in our secret place congregate,
Let our hearts bear witness&conjugate,
To this nightly sweetness.
Let our lips understand the language of one-another,
Let my chest into your skin's silkiness,
And the softness of your breast well,
By your order,
Let me to your ears say, calm, mute and worldly things.
That your soul may to another time rise to the adulation of my twitchy lips..

Folayemi Akande

Letter To Anne: Storm Within

From the frosty eye of the sun do sparks fly
Forsake of my impetuous desire.
Too honest, the obvious charm from thy eye
Cast within the linen womb of fire.
This fire doth wisely enforce my lust
That time hast transformed to ashes and dust.

Miss Anne, my lust hast become mistress of time
Ill with fear, I weep the substance of your being
Such loathsome venture sitting amidst clime
Is a son of doom, danger that hast been
For nought has whinned this bloating pine
But a curse to the moon; mine which did shine.
Shall sail unseen to west with my disgrace
With soreness of your deject 'to mine face.

Folayemi Akande

Life Be Pawn

Life is a pawn in a tavern of men

Brewage and bottles are thrown in despair

Cuz wisdom is costly, from the bottles they learn

From that rosy bed, where humbly besmeare'.

They quaff and chant as livers lay to bed

Their sweet tonics are from womb bottles born

In somnambulist form, dances their head'

Burning the best of light retained by sun.

Deity be their gourds for sorrow may lack

He who chides gall, smears the sweetness of life.

Oh, golden sun, when will you reign the dark.

With this quack crocks, never will your beam thrive.

The crocks are not men who lost their reason.

But men, who to time have pledged treason.

Folayemi Akande

Life Bemoan

Earth's moan rises on steady groan

No life is meant but left for rent

Death is own, when life has grown

Our fate is bent when angels're sent.

Life's sweet scent is in him absent

For his press is entwined as tress

A breath is lent, not to be dente'

He that hopes less, lives life's full guess.

Hell is mess as table of chess

No life be vain or death retain

Doth Lord profess in His goodness

He not be bain, lest live in vein.

None is lore, married to such law

Grace will pore as blissful sea shore.

Folayemi Akande

Life In All Disputes Affirmed

Life in all disputes affirmed,
Like a single word of dime,
From different mother amend.
In the dusk of acient time,
We end a race yet another begin,
With clustered dust our ending benign,
And then our sweats wearing weight on a fixed price,
As though our fatigue is prejudice,
We claim peace,
Yet, our tongue is a lover of no man's strings,

Folayemi Akande

Love And Child

Tender are kids wondrous and small
Want them embraced, caress and all
Naive, obtuse to beckons of time
Nurture, bear, moments sour as lime
Takes awhile before infant grow
That point, some love starts to le'go
Night songs will whirl with wind's childhood
Soft command tone will sore and chide
Waking slumbering ignorant child
We say this manner bad or good?
They should be showered with warm love
Spoilt affection makes their days rough.
Let them grow in light of your path
Parent's cross till their death from birth.

Folayemi Akande

Love Is Evermore

Shall we or shall we not love?
Or dance to love's splendid tune
The question my heart do thrust
In depths of frosty winter bite.

Man shall not by himself dine
Or make wine of his own blood
'nless fruits of love's enriched vine
Do make from eternal bliss.

Love is wise than man eve' hath.
Love is pertinent not man
For man is feeble at heart
Unless the seed of love soar
Entwine' with love's ever foe
Hatred, strenght of a man's soul.

Folayemi Akande

Love Me For Nought

Love me sweet with all your heart, in feel and thought
If you must love me, let it not be for nought
Show me the love that time and life will not rend
The only love from heaven that God will send.

Make your heart pure at all time as waterlike
Let it sparkle and spangle as thunderstrike
Leave me not ever, to bear this love alone
Chide me, yes do, but not in your mannish tone.

With you sweet love, I am no woman's ally
The strenght of our love is nothing to joke by
In every woman is trait of jealousy
The rhythmic flow of love's sweet ecstasy.

For our bliss makes love more soft, sweet and roseate
Your wholesome fight for love I do appreciate.

Folayemi Akande

Love Sorceress

You wield the wand of sorcery with your eyes
Your lanky legs stirs the wind, make it slice.
You reap poor heaven of its silvery lines
You cast aloft your head the luscious signs.

For the theme of your rosy lips is wild
That which, through the thick and thorn I have miled.
The silkery highlight of your auburn hair
From within a dose of sweet fragrance dear.

I'm lost into your wooing eloquence
Pluck the wools of my heart from your conscience.
Let ver'ly our thoughts marry another
That I may bear love with you, the mother.

Serve sweetness from your gold laden salver.
Be till death my omega and alpha.
Be my hostess of true eternal joy
For my love is as weighty as a troy.

For you are as adorning as a rose
Make our loving days as long as your nose.
Make it as bright as the pure morning light
Make your sweet love my one and only plight.

Such honeyed burdens do my honours crave
This might be, I am by no means a slave.

Folayemi Akande

Loves Old Folk

She hath no gift, than a fine loin of grace,
But her melodeous heart chants joyous praise.
I am not as loved, nor I a lover,
In what delight shall portal time lease her?
When kings and chiefs have bought it sadly all,
To what dime shall my filth worth if not pall?
When love with her intrinsic, adornment,
Drinks only but rich men's vain astonement.
Behold a silver spangle in the sky,
It will take her life time to thread so high.
For death hath sworn to marry her. Alas!
Lest, my manhood is more securely wise.
For love's realm is drunk, blind and sees no more,
That virtue hath peril aside its lore.

Folayemi Akande

Lustful Conception

To you,
the debonair,
upon whom my glorious linger,
that thunder may wonder,
to all yonder ascension,
strike these aches with quakes of your lascivious beauty,
that all eyes that wander may to your perishment lust,
yet again tide by the wonders of your evening smile.
These gracious glory, and the wonderment of your story thence,
to forsaking all your guilty sakes.
My empress,
your Irish eyes yet again another confession.

Folayemi Akande

Maiden With A Flaxen Hair

Maria withers
in the fold of
worn age

In my heart,
this long preserved
As of end of time enrages,

Abreast the
clover of sustained
beleaguered,

Thus, tide abound
as my enamor
amount in steamed
upheaval,

And the wit of
my flushing youth
repent with
penny power.

Maria,
the patriarchy
palm of time

Has supple wild
at this nick hour,
Beneath a benign
wandering gaze,

Shutter my niggling
thoughts,

For my faith
abounds in naught,
as of these
confessional hour,

Alas! your wandering
state lies in paradox,

Maria, I beseech,
you attend to
my flirty gaze,
as of cloud-nine
do embrace,

My love is eternal
and ever grave,
soaring high to
heavenly places.

Maria, be elated
in your spirited mind,
If your soul so
bid well of me,

Be kindle
in your
stream of thought

For i have all
your adornment
to carter,

As we acquaint
our hearts to
brighter things.

Folayemi Akande

Melancholy Of A Negro Brother

'If I get a nickel for life's every downturn
I would be rich as gold, priceless as diamond
Princely as the speckles of silver that's never out-worn
And perhaps be pampered as queens and pearls bond.

If I get a nickel for life's every downturn
I will pay off death and live till the sun ceases to shine
I will stop to think death is the only consolation to this cruel life of mine
This impoverished perceptions will i forever shun.'

This was crooning of a Negro brother, sweet sadly sang.
When asked why such mellifluous verse is sad in tune
He said, 'to what shall I rejoice when life at my jaw throws heavy wang
When my hopes are easily washed to the sea like dune'
When my suffering days are long as the hands of the rain?
I am no heir to freedom long as sun's cruel smile forever reign'
I sing to life, to appease her stony heart
O life, here my cry. Where thou art?
As time wilt, so does my soul
In this hurdle I have given my whole.

If failures be emeralds the princess' eyes would be mine
And at her father's table will I dine.
Failure is ally to no noble man
Rather a disease that is restrained to the poor clan.
But how, but when, but why did I become condemned?
Life, you laughed and spat and forsook me.'

My Negro brother croons in dulcet melancholic rhythm
He calls his repugn an offspring of life's deficient algorithm.

'I am the remnant of war, the martyr of revolution
The spew of ignorance that is now a stench on civilization.
They say I epitomize insanity
The same insanity that guides the deeds in statehouses?
Indeed sanity you must be insane
Because insanity is the path that guides the true course of man.
Oh, sanity must be the finger that provokes the roar of a gun
Sanity must be the pen that signs the deed of war that sends men to their graves

Oh, the rest of humanity except I, must be a staunch purveyor of insanity.
For what's left of this world, a world i dare not say is left of nothing
But fragments of what i but only can blindly say beseems the rationality
Of the man who ordered three thousand men to die
So his daughter can wake each day to be caressed by the full bloom of the sun.
That's the perception of the man who calls me mad!
Because my shredded cloth and dying voice epitomizes
The lives of men he has ruined.
Because I told three thousand men to fight with one loud voice
Rather than with three thousand damning voices of guns and bombs
I must be truly insane if I chose not to die, not live, not to hang in the unstable
sphere of time,
Not to see the sun bloom in the wake of tempest,
Not to be concealed in ruins of a grave I never dug
Oh, I must have being insane for not being a martyr to this devolution!
I have fought to live and strived to survive and to cry for mercy
And to beg for attention and to seek death to relieve me of this endless devotion
But this eventual desire of mine is ever termed by the sane man as saucy.

A sane, rich man once told me
That my feet are too damned to thread on the same path as his
That leather shoes are too refined for my feet
So I resorted to what will be a constant reminder of his utterance
A footwear that will cause more reproach to earth itself

O my life, there is more to saw-row in you
Than it is in the woes of pretty rose losing her beauty and glory to drought.'
Please, let me sing my song till the wind goes deaf, till the sky goes blind,
Till the eyes of the heaven doves are too mildewed to share their tears with earth
Till the cloud becomes too barren for deluge.
Till the tide grows too old and too frail to make the sea's belly swell
Let me sing my song till the sane man realizes he is the one insane.'

These were melancholies of a Negro brother
Who life has utterly scorned beyond pacifiable border.

Folayemi Akande

Minstrel Divine

That which she did not feel, she would not sing,
A song from life's most adorning minstrel.
Her voice is crowned with melting flames of strings;
That makes heart's ears warm, dance and ever swell.
Her voice, melliflous. Where-in angels dwell;
Still her voice, see if not the world is deaf
Or of the wavery rhyme at all time elf,
Her voice is nutrient, devoid the soul gruel.

On the starry shoulder strap of the night
When fair daylight is out of hueful shine
She sings affectionately with her myth.
Slumbering to deeper sleep all ears of earth,
No no, oh no, her voice is so so fine,
None that I have heard through life's breath and lenth.

Folayemi Akande

Mistress From Hell

Mistress, life's rough patches have dealt us a blow
The one betrothed by your scornful beauty
A touch, suck of your lips, your white eyes as snow
Is but days summed in hell. Such place as filthy?

What clay and art did hell mold you sinful being?
Prettily, you blend with life's promiscuous ground
You widowed our faith, priced us a thousand sin
Such luscious creature from gate of hell found.

To every earthly man, your beauty cursed them each.
If a sin is to gaze, to feel is to death
Who in righteousness will stand and cast the preach
When your holy self is everyone's rebirth.

Be all inembrated for this cross we bear
For the heavens gate is shot on us I fear.

Folayemi Akande

Momentum

I knew this moment will come someday

But i never knew it would in the month of May

To measure my joy you'll need a jar large as the sky

Because not so often do i feel this high

Eachday of my life is an hour of poetry

I task so much thinking of a story

Now my efforts has finally paid off

My writing has grown with so much buff

Folayemi Akande

Mr. Bushman

Mr. Bushman,
The king of jungle venture,
With wings of hope and dangling gesture
Slain'er of dreams
The archer of faith
The stalker of rears.
Tip-toe to mimic like wounded antelope,
With sight to kill.

Boom! Boom!
Sky high booms the hunter's Barret,
Wrath'ing against vistas,
Tearing down traveling wind with hooking claws
Amok, the jungle venture-rs run,
Flee, the travelers sky abscond,
And the jungle fever,
Now a curse upon the laps of rage.

Furious with thirst of spade,
Like a gladiator's wrath,
Supple, famished fingers fiddling the bow,
Against lice at flight,
Who challenges you then?
When weapon all at your weaponry camped.
But when near is war,
A tale to tell becomes the weapons rebel,
And then a question drops on the ember,
Is your weaponry no match to the magics of the faun?
Or the commander is no man of war?
For what course are they then?
When at war they seem no more.

Folayemi Akande

My Beloved Is Beyond Compare

My love's faint breath hast strayed as summer would,
When the frosty hands of spring hugs the skin's feel.
Her absence is of the feel of pale brood.
Had roses no red, life be damp without her thrill.

In her well of breath, she hath tent of scent
That reeks as a vast vine of seasoning
Plucked from the bed of daffodil descent.
'top her lips, a jar of divine healing.

She's tall as a fence, as of Jericho
Her beauty, has life's soreness utterly scorned
For God generously hast made her glow
In her mould of flawless African brun.

Her mouth's fresh as if plucked from apple tree
How beautiful her hips in her vestment
A round sculptor of true artistic fee'
That makes no fault but desirous segments.

Tall as fig, like nestles on a verdant slip.
Her teeth are like a cluster of cowry
That is washed from the bely of the sea.
Her hairs are like cottages nestling among greenery.

At her chest are all kinds of precious fruits
Each one, holding a stunning, luscious pose,
Tempt'tious as orchard, looking stern and brut
So is my beloved anywhere she goes.

Shall I not panick when she is home away?
When I know no right man makes her a foe-
But an ally to the content of sway
Such honour doth my beloved peril owe.

Under Review

Folayemi Akande

My Country @51

Our sight is shallowed,
Our days are hallowed,
Our field is watered,
Our hopes are fluttered,
Our dreams are pampered,
Our wits are hampered,
Our days are numbered,
Our glory aslumbered,
Our voice may not count,
Our future is no doubt,
Our father land,
Our mother land,
Our country side
Our glorious tide,
United we stand,
Forever we bind.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY MY SWEET COUNTRY.

Folayemi Akande

My Love Hast No Match

Would you better my loves gay, by day and night?

Can my fair love's, sweet love, in thy face eve' dwell?

To thwart her loveliest love's no mortal rite.

Such grace is betwixt caged the locks of pell.

In thy gaze are the false art of mystery.

My loves looks are like laurels on a knight;

That is unchanging in hands of history.

And upon her chest are fine castles built.

My love is more than another beloved.

For she is the fairest among women.

But thy virtue poised contrast than behooved.

So pale are thy thoughts, woven by craftsmen.

I'm my love's desire, her love is towards me.

Flee! if this i tell dost not sweeten thee.

Folayemi Akande

My Love Is A Knight

From ill coloured day, to thick forest womb
I sought on harsh whirls beating on my skin
The unearthly cave leading my lover's tomb
Twas a time woed by nothing ever seen.

We are sistered by what pulls us apart
So was the tale during my lover's reign
Account of love's joy between sorrows sat
Love is adulterated, by no means sane.

Bliss heired us broken blossom of bliss and shame
May our reproach be seeded in its age
If its deed will cost both me and my dame
We shall grow in life's sowing sage.

My love with her guard, will shield my heart
No pestilence will at a season cart.

Folayemi Akande

My Only One

I have but one heart, one that beats for you

I have but one mind, one that thinks of you

I have but one war, war to fight for you

I have but two eyes meant to light your way

Your sensual, warm breath steals my pain away

I have but one life, one that lives for you

You are my one life, hope you know it's true.

I've seen the starlit but nought as your smiles

I've seen the rainbow, not rimmed as your eyes

Feel well alive in shelter of your arm

Your ornate brunette hair, cubs me from harm

I feel securely safe, no need for Psalm

You are the stem and root that makes love grow

I'm just a seed and leaf splintered to sow.

Folayemi Akande

Nature

She is laden with beauty and comely
She wears all colours in wealth and glory
She sits world atop and valleys below
Richly her beauty to human bestow.
Should life exist devoid her one accord
No her, life in beauty cannot afford.
For she lends not but give to those who crave
Upon her forehead is our time engrave.
Eternized in the belly of the sea
She, never with a sore of ecstasy.
She threads our path like the pillars of smoke
Perfumed with myrrh and teasing as a joke.
Her height as taming as Margheritha
She plays her breath softly as orchestra.
Red as a rose that is inlaid with love
Green as a field, come season do not rough.
What shall I compare you, fairest nature?
The trees of the seas as green as pasture?
Fair are your eyes, the moon behind your veil
Breath is as thick as though the ocean sail.
We give no hail, yet rich in your beauty
What manner of praise shall fit you duely?
Your teeth, your face, flourishes as the ewe
Your scarlet lips, your mouth, where shines the hue.
I shall compare Nature forevermore
Forgive me poor earth, if I broke this Law.

Folayemi Akande

Nature At Call

Setting sun,
Twirling west,
In scorching glee,
Upon all that scamper,
With no remorseful leniency,
As it rides over the lagged night, From yonder with feature promising,
Reflecting shadows in luminous hue,
Climbing hills with furtive bravery,
On hikes of limited distance,
And when it's bright and beautiful,
We're engrossed to its sufrance state,
Abidding as bidden by the creator,
The meadows, dainties and the yellow clovers,
Are though at pleasure,
Before winter wagon's near,
Autumn is an individual likeness,
We choose on positive reasoning,
Cuz it's nature hath we object,
And when it's gone that no man strive,
Our soul at war for what may forth,
That all heads that wander may bear peace.

Folayemi Akande

O Death, O Pein

O pain, o death, dear friends of the living

My still lips have gained delight o'er your lost

My pale face now dance' in glare to your reigns end

I've sought refuge in a pyre you can't reach

A ribboned tent that no cold hand can find.

A pyre richly engraved with my all earthly deeds.

You slave of fate have no hold on me ev'more

Your charms and torment will not in me ev' dwell.

For this sepulchre is far more dwelling -
than earth's most turbulent womb.

Where my rotten repose will be-
the mother of blooming rosebuds

My sins are saints as my garment white

Beams to graze my bier with soft embrace-
not with the worms sickle keen shall they feast my skin

O death, o pain, have sought an abode with warmer embrace

For I have left earth to darkness and to you

In this I share delight that you have no share in my core.

Folayemi Akande

O Seductress Of Mine

My quill is barren as my mind could be
Thou art fair in substance, fair exalt of thy age
I fall to my ode in belaud of thee
Shalt my furlough from such tribute snare no rage?

Thou art wondrous as speckles of the star
Fairly as mistress of the mighty gale
Scorn me as thou wilt, I'm viscid as tar
How vein, thy voice speaks of thee as though frail.

The quirkiness of thy beauteous effect
Makes the world a poor imitation of thyself
Lais of Corinth to thee is a subject
Thou graze more lust than Bathsheba herself.

Thy kind is a counterfeit from the dream
For thou were carved from the sun's dimmest beam.

Folayemi Akande

O Sickly Love

O, hail the nutrient at we starved,
That so long fadeth yet not,
But by doom yet still bear,
A blare of a life not seen,
Whilst all aversion at naught,
Let me not to this infirmity of love,
At we sickly commit,
That feebly against now we rumble,
O sick love,
What to my wandering star thou findeth hast,
To impede me this lady of finest scarlet,
Unwinding me of this covetous gaze,
O sick love,
Permit me this night,
To my woman of love hence seek,
That may hence end my long love sought,
And bed me this night with her rosy lips
and her body of fine fragrances.

Folayemi Akande

On A Tango Night

Shall we trance or leap or whatever may be?
To this tune or rhyme, whatever they sing
Brace my waist, my hand, hold me close to thee
Close your eyes, be lost in the piano string.
This an art endeared by all but me
Let our eyes, our breath, do the salient thing
Whilst our minds and veins, work the oddest part.
We flirt as we dance, this is not a sin
Sometimes in our chest, we feel strong as that.
Sweet music man, please do play us your band
Our feet are snapping as if we're under wand
Move your feet back and forth, toss left and right
Think of me sweet and sore, as Tango's rite
Beam aloft the room shall walk through your fright
Takes two to Tango, oft has it been told
Read my mind so well, as if tas been sold.
Sweet Tango dance, may you live and be old.

Folayemi Akande

On Borrowed Night

Let the fragments of sunlit nest in your eyes
Make the soft wind blow as cordial as your smile
Let your sweet impulse enfold the pregnant skies
The angels and flowers your beauty do rile.

O mother-of-pearl, you sing to me as lark
Your voice sleeps sweetly on pillows of my ears
Shall I store your verse and make my ear a bank?
For there, shall be saved as long as aging nears.

You scent odorous as the air of a bee
And as the fine vermiloned fragrance of June
Rhythm of your breath cellos as dulcet tune
You are euphonic as elegance could be

You taste as sweet as a sugar in the mouth
Your lips is as delicate as a desert wine
You are so florid like flowers from the vine
You glow like the sun when it sets from the south.
Your skin is smooth to the feel of silk substance
You're svelte, you bestow the sun too much nuance.

Your smile makes flowers look jaded as the night
Did you steal their hue to mock them in their plight?
Lass, your scarlet lips is necreous as your face
If you unwear your robe I'm sure I will daze.
My urge do bleed in fear of your fine drawn gaze.

You are as lovesome as life could ever be
Wear fine scents and be ritually pure for me.
For we shall perverse all tenants of heaven
I wish to make your long absent days even.

Folayemi Akande

Once A Frosty Night

Touch me hot romance
Your most generous soft feel
Warm me with'y bone flames.

Folayemi Akande

Once A Jaunty

I'm feisty, hoary, with no child to own

I'm rusty, I'm vain, my hair grays have grown

Furrowed and galled, beau and power is lost

My drapes, my shapes, contrast the mirror's thought

My womb is rich but barren comes a child

Sheepish and winsome, my tongue is als' mild

I've sneered as brier, I know my deeds are wrong

But then I was lass, beauty, young and strong

As the jade and sun, so was I possessed

To my beau and riches, as if obsessed

Think of me sweet and notch, term not as witch

Prattle not, not of me, that's the prophet's preach

I have marred and I know, tart mem'ries hunt

The unbrage of my past now howls, not brunt.

Folayemi Akande

Once A Rookie Bard

He knew this moment will come someday

But never knew would be the month of May

To measure his joy, need a deep drenched sky

Because not often does he feel this high

Each day of his life, an hour of poetry

He task so much, thinking of a story

Now his efforts has finally paid off

His writing has grown with much flowery buff

He writes with ease as if that's all to it

All along, Afflatus calls him to sit

Without a strain he is tranced into wordly realm

A chunk of time to help him reach the helm.

Folayemi Akande

Once A Timorous Shine

Fair one, your peep i note, sweet early shine
From your bosom above, did come
a spark It was flawless as if washed from the brine
On my pane, this saw me,
wooing the lark. On my prairie did birds perch,
but no mark Sweet motif, did
their enorm echoes make. Oh, on my grassy plane
did play till dark Shrubs and
stubbles did splinter into flake. Rising by the pasture,
resting by lake, Cruel Sun,
erupting so noble a spring Wearing glamour,
from crusty forceful take O cheer,
you heaven prat, we have a song to sing.
Come, come, coy summer, we beseech
you come. Cheer forth your smile,
in your bold charming form.

Folayemi Akande

Once A Wall

There was once a time when lived a golden wall.
Laden with fancy tile, untrodden floor.
Before it were crystal hue, made to stand tall.
None did lived to bend its unbending lore.

There was once a time when lived a golden room.
With silver tiles, gilded as polished tomb
How then, such gilded room is ever toom?
For all spangles dwell from a darkened womb.

No hope is roth, nor harmful is man's faith
What hold hast fortune, that man's unrelenting?
That his discipline is to his own death.
Then give away virg'n love, that's unwanting.
For a dare cost he never will repay
What essence hast bliss crystallized in grieve?
What true gift shall once a wrinkled cheek give.

It was a night of silence and sorrow
When darkness took reign and fair light, out locked.
With fretting breezes and darkening willow
The dusk sky looked wreaked with inflicted bout.

Butterflies and rose, i see reapers take
From her rich vined womb did worms humbly fed.
By eddy river twirls, see ravenous wake
Invictus death, awaits at river bed.

From her willow eyes are fine sea brine made
Frail as her breath, lavender do still wreak.
Fountain of light she be, that neve' jade.
Why then, of all earthly things, to in her seek?

How damned, o death, o you churlish fellow.
You drill, you dig, you suck to the marrow.
Your shadow lies upon her and curse her doom.
She is mortal and frail as roses bloom.

You bereft of her, life, as if a chine

Amidst darkened wind, she's left to wander.
You cast her sorrows and make brightly shine.
Why such cruelty, amidst her thought ponder.

Her presence commands less meeting storm

Death is as soothing as Mirabelle's plum.
Great mortal dear, no more disp'riting days.
From flung of the parish, knells the bell drum.
Coral and pearls no more hold on your gaze.

Folayemi Akande

Poe's Venture

On his brow was an evil sweat
That which his rage did fluidly wet
Poor him lies in fear of his lid
Not to folloe the devil's lead.

He buried his face on his knees
In his spell did him evil tease
'Famished' so did the devil say
His sole wish is to make him prey.

Devils' gift are gilded with pain
Poor Poe reaps as his peril gain.
Beneath his smile are mourning veil
Flood of despair, his eyes did sail.
Such venture did not profit Poe
Dine with devil fruits nought but woe.

Folayemi Akande

Poetic Realm

See poems as quaint music.
Find the rhyme, let them flow
Let your reflection show
Make verses, let them stick,
Syllables, don't depart
For it sets your rhymes apart.
Embed figuratives
They are poetry natives
Make your thoughts short and clear
Long lines make your readers flare.
Think vastly, deep and deep
Sometimes may need to sleep.
Read wide, again, again
It'll come without a strain.
Write and write, never stop
In time, you'll reach the top.
The wit is like candle
Its nought you can't handle
But if you sieze writing
You just backed off fighting.

Folayemi Akande

Price Of Friendship

The price of friendship-
Is costly and dare
A pound of flesh-
for a strand of hair
Acquaint in hardship-
With problems to share
Weary together-
solve it together
Worry tomorrow
Next day we mellow
Till the forces of nature
Tempest us no more.
If together we stand
Then the price of friendship
Is nothing to bear.

Folayemi Akande

Quatrains

It takes but two lips of fire
To make the frosty winter go
It takes a warming desire
To then make two lusty hearts glow

Two stalks of feet on a dancing ice
Will by all the cracking creeks mend
Melt winters bellow with their eyes
Fruitful thinking we by time spend.

O hail woman of penchant veil
That men all at her fine shawl tied
Fondling her steps, picking her trail
Lust or love inside her would find.

Curse us with your lush, flowery scent
And your smothering breathless kisses
Heaven or hell shall we be sent
To fetch for you blissfull wishes.

Folayemi Akande

Rebirth

Be with me daisy-
Renew me with your apple.
For I am love-sick.

Folayemi Akande

Ribboned Night

Supple thy lips
Humble thy lids
Ribbon thy hair
Grease thy breast
Honey thy mouth
Rose thy bed
Burn thy candles
unwear thy rob
Graze thy bossom.
Filth thy righteous mind.

May thy long cold days
Be consoled in'd clover
Of my warm heart
The sky'll lend its state
The angels'll sing of praise
For tis night
Fair Pautia
I shall bruise thy door
With a scornful knock
So commit thyself
To temptious desires.

Tis night Cupid will blush
For love embraced tis much
nd' Juliet's envious eyes
Might shoot his bow
To lift the night's veil
When at dawn
Our sweet romance
Have com to stance.

Folayemi Akande

Sailing Hopes

Sailing hopes

For what do we against rebel desire,
When all naught at we no admire,

Temperance for justice ask,
Do we at this mess bask,

Hovering on faultless tension,
To all that we mention,

Like dump mass of logs on dangling pride,
Whilst at will unjust yet ride,

By the two roads identical,
Where engaged travelers rogue sabbatical,

Limbering through thorns of pasture vine,
To all art we dine,

As we at daily squint past,
With passion at toomy vast,

To lead us right,
For now they might,

As consent none into bravery lost,
While today bespeaks of baleful yet another day at must.

Folayemi Akande

Season

Lo spring time is past
The rain is over and gone
Behold warm summer

Folayemi Akande

Sermon

In life we live to rise and to fall
Like love, a task that never will pall.
Will a child, fed from the vinegary breast
Taste poor life as cloying than a gall?
To him, life is spiteful at its best.

For if he taste a thing sweet as bee
Life will be quaffed to its own marrow
And thumbs will gaze at villanous he
For such an eye is void and shallow.

Love is as impetuous as fire
To be calmed with meek and desire
It's better to live enslaved to love
Than to make your heart a throne for hate'.

Devoid love, a rose's bloom is tough
Better love than make evil a mate.

Folayemi Akande

Simbul Of Faerun

O ye, the mighty sorceress of Faerun
The ruse that you cast upon my frail heart,
Have no weight to stew my testosterone
For my heart have many eyes as a dart.

Your will power have no say on my pulse
For I'm dip as your sea of fallen stars
Be not Barbarian in heat of your curse
Thy force, although, emerge in angered mass.

To lust for ye will be your magic wand
For your love is cursed as your lonesome days
Chant me with the woes of Alamber sand
And see if mountains will dim through the haze.

Thy beau is carnal as your loveliness
To resist ist fall for your wholesomness.

Folayemi Akande

Sir Thomas' Therapist

It is twenty past a year
Since the demise of your wife
You have wined and dined alone
With no company of your own
You have fought as brave a knight
To war your most tempest night
I feel your grievous scream
Your pale face wears its theme
Your eyes are blimp as a sea
With no wit nor ecstasy
Shall I acquaint a lovely dear
That warmly will ease your strife
You are lone as your bed
I want it all to end.
Forgive me if I am rude
Lo! your heart is frail and nude.

Folayemi Akande

Songs Of The Night

As these night climbs over the heels of our affection,
please tell me that my dreams will be devoid your smiling face,
O lass of mogul esteem,
Make not of my heart your flirtatious ground,
For I bear and fair in charmless glee
Your subtle smile,
Of cloudless clime,
Streaming down the state of my veins.

In this night of sweet, tweet, giggling hour of splendor.
My throbbing heart shall be our minstrel,
The moon and the stars;
By their luminous hue
Shall linger upon the Marguerite,
We shall be the audience,
or maybe a little minuet.
And then I shall delight in blushes,
Or maybe I shall blush,
In the way your eyes of marcasite and skin of emerald,
Saccharine at these lovely nightly hour.
Your mirth, the sky shall not contain,
And your minx shall role down to the feet of my heart.
The candle will fade out,
Together shall we waddle through the darkest night.
Our darkest night of love.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet Vi: Thine Fair Love, Thine Pride

I indite this missive to prove that thine intentions
Are of graver labour into lust of your contentions
And thine world remains bereft of breath ever thence
Since denounced thee of thy conjugal consent
I have strived under the scorching eye of the sky
And beneath the gorgeously low moon have I so tense
To linger earnestly thine hopes where high

You do no worst my dear, despite my wrong
For this shall i cast your beautiful antique into thine mind
In thy fair love's beauty treads every glow
But the fairy secrets i do not know
That stars fall in thy eyes in multi throng
And men claim thee of poor earth's pride
In this league of adulation, my dear, I do long.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet 11: Adolis

O sweet love of wonderous groom
Thou art fain as roses bloom
Scent me o, thy lilac boom
That which hence art ever loom.

I love her, I ver'ly so
Rare her form of sourly taste
From plume of wild roses state
This night shall blend her I know.

Faint kisses shall lend their scent
Roses fume shall heist the room
Which only hath ever toom
Where-in they shall nest their tent.

For my love shall love her still
Such root do wounded figs till

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet 12: What Shall I Not Love?

I shall love not but her mortal breast
That no time or age can ever test
What is god? If not her onioned breast
For her ornate poise art seeming blest.

I shall love not but her piquant lips
And drink from her savory kisses wine
Which in time I ever tend entwine
Her rare lips brewed from lush finest leaves.

I shall love not but her starry eyes
Where-in the suave aura strenght zest
Or from her hued eyes pluck silvery lines
Such incensate things do lib'do crest.

Delish figure, taste of love's delight
Her gooey beau is of man's alluring sight.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet 13: Speak Softly Of Love

I write myself a secret song
Hoping that you will sing along
This lovely piece adorne' by throng
That portars time have held so long.
A folk song adorning its lore
Through ages time I fought with mirth
The battle of love's birth and death
So we may fuse its earthly core.
The eyes of love will soon but leer
For death will come to hush us 'mong
And lovely things death will surel' snare
Except in time we sing folksong
Speak softly of love's wooing stance.
That my missive, your ears might dance

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet 14: Dawn On Earth

When the sunrise clammers the hill
When beneath the tide reflects it hue
Resting its glow on flowe's like dew
With tainted daylight as mildew.

The sun will smile to centre earth
With warm embrace on priest like waters
To save daylight sons and daughters
And restore earth's ablutioned faith.

The day shall overthrow the night
That stale moonlit might take a phew
From cloud's Incadescent bed light
Prying like a horse oblique skew.

The day from the night's belly grow
And through earth shores sail to and fro.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet 9: Cupid He Rules Us All

Cupid's spirited bow rules us all
Love is a path that never we pall
Like'd spring marries the autumn/fall
So does love's lucid ever will tall.

What is love? An impetuous desi'e
With a gilth-edged path seeming rough
To quench the cold heart of lovers buff
That eve' pour flaming locks of fire.

A rose will bloom, like the dawns alight
It then will fade as sourly a gall
And seen no more like transfixed moonlit
As might many merry lovers all.

Cupid he rules us in all its form
Neve' can a cuckoos tell where he's from.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet I: Coquette

Your tongue o lass; full of lies
The sky toni't with many eyes
That which squint, an eye of mine
A tale to tell and draw a line
In jaunt fairy and jaunty we will
Cozy the night, mild yet still
Your soul though idle

Your androgynous still fiddle
The sun, the moon, radiant the stars,
Tonight shall slumber on all that glitter
Your bed a vine a glossary of roses
Hightail your folk till the coming of Moses
You I know a fiend of fun
Your tongue shall brid'l as if to scorn.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet II: Soigné

Twent' springs demise
Yet livin' on nature's lend
Nature beque't' not but tend
Racy your yout', riding on poor beauty' franch's'
Your dainty sight, a place whe'r' every eye dwe'l
As if to chant a spell
From your ripe breast fall and swell

I wonder beauty's ef'ect
If yours were bereft
Nor it, nor no embrace
Should the wor'd devoid y'ur sig't deface?
Then what to do has death?
When y'ur flowery yout' drowns in debt
As falter thee into ev'ry deep depth.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet Iv: Rose

My first rose
My first real rose
My brunette shinning armor
With a fragrance of petal so sublime
That brings earth's lust to tremor
Her love she renders and behest no dime
Leaving the world to wonder at her stunning pose

My adulations knows no bound
A million words have I still
Locked in the air yet to be found
My rose is genuine b'cause hers is auburn
Again and again have I a gaze to steal
And a petty thief she's made of me
Since two decades ago when a beauty was born

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet V: Paramour

Paramour

Virtue best may reside in Beauty
Or lost in consent fortune still
Thy brow to dance, with smile strong as steel
Who hast heart but embrace not thee?

'nless their vision at all not see
Nor it, nor no glee of thrill
Or of any laughter dose of peal
Before then gaze upon thy ever fresh of hue.

Thy charming chime chide me hence
Leaving my unsang song to theft
Alas! My sweet song now to mourn
Sailing my hope upon a stream so tense
And billow ever atop all waters of the earth
As if never to your beauty I have to sworn

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet VII: Last Letter

I didn't look at the world over my shoulder,
I didn't know my world was over,
Until I looked above in the horizon,
And saw my world with no reason.

You were priceless in my world,
Though you left me without a word,
And your goodbye was without a trace,
Finding you will be with a thin line of grace.

And now, gone are the soft genuine breezes,
Because now, they live in a world that freezes,
My dear Roselyn,
I will live to find again a lover who's keen.

Roselyn, old flames can't hold a candle to use,
I'm therefore writing my last letter to you.

Folayemi Akande

Sonnet VIII: Maiden's Promise

My fair maiden love,
Our love seasons're tough,
Our path remains yet rough,
But in you, i share all bluff.

All my wrongs you do not see
You sail my worst on the farth'st sea,
You make our love the rarest key,
For it only opens the door for you an'd me.

Now I love you in my dearest sum,
I shall falter not even in heaviest storm,
Or the moment that may tempest come,
For this love shall forever rare our form.

Our love shall bear a theme,
A theme that will form a team.

Folayemi Akande

Sovereignty

Sovereignty

Shall I commend the pleasance of time and day?
Or lease praise to earth, mother of joy and pride.
For life is groomed, we all as frail a bride
The sky is wovened in veil dull as gray.

You are priceless as a breath if ever could weigh,
You make us tremble as unfit a tide,
Through the seas, on gelly glide, when far and wide
Wine-red hearts will falsely compare you this way.

The day is dark and sick as inward a dust,
God in his fit, made us wholesome as he could,
If nature be mistress, men will trample lust;
Blue ribbon of women, virtuously as they should.

To take thrill of them will be keen to a trust.
But who hast blood and think not of them a must?

Folayemi Akande

Such A Beauty

To sorrow is to joy, to laff is to weep
Let me be the gall that sweetens thy bile
Wear unto thy face thy pride as robust thy hip
Somantha to reek as thy breath, will take while

Thou art far fair in looks than a ghala bat
Rather your cry than the sore song of nightingale
Lilies are far dull than the hue of thy heart
A troy art more light than thy dimples weigh

Thy breath hath more temperate than a tempest storm
The trends of thine eyes hath more glamour than a star
Thy smile art better fame than rose could ever form
The bloom of thy pulse stills my throb from hither.

Thou hath more fire welding thy beauty
The eternal glory of thy country.

Please note that the use of archaic words is solely for sound effect.

Folayemi Akande

Summer Friend

Sonnet 10: Summer Friend

This time of May it was summer's day
Thou heist the ensile of the farmer's hay
At thy sunny glow all fields all blae
In thy mystique hands our bread we pray.

The goddess sun wink thy sillvery sheen
Thy eternal summer is all we seek
Before our fields in all fall asick
Or poke a smirk from thy soft, mild chin.

Let the gold gong of the summer dong
Lulus song of thy name sing we may
Before thy short brow hath elsewhere long
And make us not summer's buds of prey.

Fairest, kind and truest summer friend
Your wholest prim grace do lease or lend.

Folayemi Akande

Summer Note To A Stranger Poet

O ye stranger poet,
the flowers of my hrt,
the ocean salt that
bequeaths my gland a taste.
Your fine fingers
and world class
romancing words
tickles my heart
and flushes my
poor face blush
to earth's ocean
bed when I read
your alluring words.

Pls do not stop
for your ink stirs
my oceaned mind
for my soul might perish
from the flirtation
of your honeyed words.

Let the nutrient
of your words
garnish my
spiceless soul.

Let your mighty pen sword
slay me a thousand times
long as your words
are immortalised.

To die a thousand times
is but a token price
to read through your lines.

Or say i shall
invest each thousand days
to the admiration
of each single word.

O stranger poet
may your inks never dry
may your dainty eyes
and wordy hands
live to fight the
long fought wars of
love and hate.

To you stranger poet
I hope we meet someday

Folayemi Akande

Tale Of A Lass

Excuse me,
Excuse me people,
The lady wearing the beauty of the night upon her shoulder,
I see a glossary of flowers in your eyes,
I see your heart wearing the theme of the night,
I see the morning light glowing from contours of your anthurium lips,
Flooded with smiles as bright as Amaryllis.

Hey! excuse me lady,
This place smells of Casablanca Lilly,
You taste of cherry blossom,
Let our souls and all be inebriated,
To steep an applaud to your stylish beauty,
As I sing a song about a lady of smoking beauty,
To muck ears of boozing crowd.

Please your highness,
Let your megawatts smile tremble at the feet of my eyes.
To your daffodil jewel embellished gown,
Giving a gorgeous look and glamorous style,
To your sleeveless shoulder,
Highlighting surreptitiously,
The curvaceousness of your wholesome body.

I shall tell a tale and hail a lady of elegance,
You, my lady, I mean you.
With a smile like the breath of spring,
The flaming locks of auburn hair,
Your eyes of winking daisies,
Let me speak onto your emerald eyes
The wonderment's of the night,
And to your ears, the gossips of the wind,
And maybe tomorrow,
If this night last our pretty follies;
what saith the cackling sunshine.

If you would let me a little closer,
I shall not hesitate to floor this tavern,
With glossary of flowers.

And then tomorrow,
You shall inscribe in the heart of many my name,
How sweetly I am,
And then till we meet again,
Shall you tell a tale about this night,
When a troubadour you met
A night of blushes and flowers.

Folayemi Akande

The Talking Gun

We shall not drop our guards to petty threats,
Not under this moon sundial
that slumbers our fate.
When the moonlight ripples
settles at our embankments.

Our thirst for liberty is at war,
Lingering on the cry for freedom,
Together shall we break
From these furnace of tyranny.

Behold, the indignant fragment
Of our broken tears,
Would amount by the tunnel of victory.

Let the embers cry all out
our mountain debts,
to the eulogy of the whirling hearts,

And on the chest of the Irokos,
May unity be scribbled as we campaign through eternity
Through the pestilence of immortality

The guns shall cry out loud,
Bethrothed the reign of humanity
And continually shall splinter the gore clothed sky,
Like a tattered tumbling cloud.

And the mocking bird shall scamper no more,
Cuz' the bow is at flight,
To end the vaunting dreams of hopeful battalions.

Credulous bloods shall again congregate,
At the conference somewhere in the depth of the seas.

I beseech you comrades,
that we strive through this thorny end,
with every ounce in our roaring veins.
For by this means,

our blurry future is adumbrated and preserved in the realms of perpetuality.

We shall sing the camp odes with our grouchy feet,
And the drum stick shall litter the air with apocalyptic fathom,
Matching on logs and stocks of prickling branches,
Not to be deafened to the ominous groan of our bear soul.

Folayemi Akande

The Bride Of Men

You do better tempt by your ill mannered gaze
Your winks cast a grave for in my righteous fall
The thread of your bare feet, mould the sand a face
If I mourn your smile, my days will ever dull.

The lavender from your ill coloured hair
Is sibling to the one, of warmth your breath
Did you heist from your breath, those sweet scented air?
If such crime is profound, so breathe ashore the earth.

You save for seasons pride, one atop your brow
I see lofty men, grown as old the sun
Trampling their proceeds at the feet of your glow
But I am loving and radical as a gun.

You're the angel that beholds pillars of hell
I am no dunce, from my pulsate you can tell.

Folayemi Akande

The Care Never Untold

For my love,
is to thy rubies lost,
in advance of my infant raise,
Breasted my ardent mouth,

Folayemi Akande

The Dead And Gone

Dead is the master, dead is the son
Their swords and bows are now left forlorn
Gone is the ocean and gone is its tide
In muteless sprawl sails the waters glide
Gone are the angels, gone is the Nile
The sky is void and dauntly looks rife
Dead is my heart beat, dead is my all
I am lone and bitter as a gall
All the moon does is ray its burn
Leery the sun, its hue is long gone
The time has passed when life was formed
Its ashes now are meant to be tombed
Gone are the roots gone are the leaves
So now is life, a neck without sleeves
Gone is the thrush gone is her song
For death has come to hush her along
Let the lark lure us down to the lair
What we may find I know not I fear.

Folayemi Akande

The King And I

The king and I were best of friend'
We fight atimes but make amend.

We dine together, wine we drink
We crack some jokes that sun may wink.

We love ourselves as friends may be
We cheer the town with sparks of glee.

Queen and chiefs were jealous of us
Our love brights as fur of a horse.

We rode the hills and down the caves
We sang some thrushes song and play
He held my hands and come away.
Into the caves where night is safe.

And there we were till time was gone
And came a man who blared his gun.

It was a day of fun and bliss
A cheerful town all time at peace.

Folayemi Akande

The Law, The Order, The Dissonance

When the rule of law stands its ground and injustice weak,
Some misconceive order for tyranny.

When injustice stands its ground and rule of law weak,
Some misconceive tyranny for order.

Whereas, the law is any body's whore.

It is fair to be unfair, just to be unjust.

Whereas justice is easily seduced by macho perversity of prominence. Whatever
man makes, he breaks.

From these ashes were born the constant profanations of law.

By that law, by that order, we are made,

By that order we abide, by that law we divide.

What is just to one is unjust to another.

PERCEPTUAL DISSONANCE...

Folayemi Akande

The Night Beauty Passed Me Bye

It was on a bright summer day
I's sp'rited in dashing gay blade
Noon had died into nightly sway
When this lass in the dark did wade.
She's a lovely bird by whose touch
I respired in a copious blush.
Her cheek were plume as bloom of youth
She had it all; rare beauty sooth.
Oh, it was a passing beauty
Indeed she was such a rare bird
Plush in appearance and witty
Caged by fear I couldn't be heard
She seems to me eve' wild and bold
Like tales of deities left untold
Her cat-eye drove me to cyn'sure
She's lithe, dulcet and demure.
Blesséd be the light that cast her form
She's a vast ep'phany of life
She's as comely as cherry-rum
Love can tell she will be my wife.

The sun is stuck in her dark eye'
I cannot describe but will try.
Moon sits at the door of her lip
Awaiting her starry face to sleep.
I brooded dare amidst my thought
Thinking how honeys drive bees nut.
She's like a flowe' that's heavenly aired
On barren mountains, growing like thread.
Her breath travels far as the tide
Transforming poor earth in its glide,
Casting her love spell all over
Oh, love is in the eye of her lover.
My love is loved by plants in dales
My love's despised by her counterfeit
My love's heart enchants like the gales
Such honour did her peers forfeit.
The day my heart rose from slumber
Was the Night Beauty Passed Me Bye.
Folayemi Akande

The Night Is A Blanket

The night,
A blanket upon the evening so mild,
A time to know which star is mine,
Amid the consternation so infinite,
That each one,
Upon my eyes gazeth.
A delusional moment,
That last a mind at large.
The moon will merge the light,
And make the sparkle a wonder,
Then we mourn the horrors of the day,
Then again our minds open like a foyer,
To foster the delight at the evening arrival,
A cross section of light,
With diluted colors,
Across the face of the dusky sky,
That's her star,
Right above my head, i guess.
The lullabies,
Not so far from ages tongue,
Mama would rhyme to the nursery boy,
Till the nightly ghost takes away his soul,
Earth is spherical,
Spins from ages to ages without a pause and a seize in pulse,
Life is replica,
But dancing every day to the tune of destruction,
The dirge of a life not seen.
When the moon shines,
Many souls is at peace,
A pensive state not to be uttered,
Because, the night is a blanket,
Under where our daily past is nurtured.

Folayemi Akande

The Price Of Friendship

The price of friendship-
Is costly and dare
A pound of flesh-
for a strand of hair
Acquaint in hardship-
With problems to share
Weary together-
solve it together
Till the forces of nature
Tempest us no more.
If together we stand
Then the price of friendship
Is nothing to bear.

Folayemi Akande

The Singing Stars

A dreaming song in winter night,
What a beautiful love so long
That slept astray my inward sight,
On a fluttering tongue,
To what might I gaze,
When in slumber I seek grace,
That this dream of mine,
Illumine in pending while.
Fluffy sheets on dreamless night,
All is beauty on lasting white,
Smiling on throbbing glee,
To what might sweet a honey bee,
Shudders of shiver,
By my dancing thighs endanger,
In a moment of souring measure,
Forsaking our wandering pleasure
For all that we might conquer,
As the singing stars jazz funky,
Through all ears that slumber,
Whirling brass oozing in thrilling boogie,
Allowing wings of lingering faith
Dance to tunes of radiant Kate,
From her blissful eyes to her crafty smile,
Acquainted to my dreamy night,
With haze of night,
Trembling on crafting day,
And all it may,
For this joy we pray
That we be not prey.
In this night of praise.

Folayemi Akande

The Teary Ocean

A yawning yellow yacht upon my linger rested,
Wearing blue evening smile upon the sky so nested.

The pregnant sky, the incadescent clustered cloud,
And the horizon where my gazes now found,

The dangling wings of fading sun,
Conceived of cloud nine steaming burn.

A travelers faith by ocean drive.
A silent meal with the wind that thrive,

To ride abreast the hills at instant abrupt,
For all ages will drink same rivers corrupt.

A garlour of dine, yet the rich not mine,
All my thoughts to mourn,
And not a word of warn.
For ages to come.

Folayemi Akande

The World So Caved

The world so caved
In time so caved
Down in trivia perpetuation
As though the heart is a rusty place for the nostril pant
To ashes be embraced hue of innocent age
For the death of crow the guiltless embrace
Many in throng trembles down the stares of liberation
On high way of victory
A facade of infant desire
Blazing within reach
Yet extinguished with smoke
An obligation for fangle generation

Folayemi Akande

Thinker Of Doom

What manner of a thinker are you?
The kind that brings the world to her knees?
You bask in the dark but crave for peace
Do great thinkers think idly as this?

The world is drinking from rivers of doom
Here you are thinking your lover's groom.
She was yours long as you were a man
Now she is gone with a man called Dan.

Love is serrated as wings of a lark
Its cunny paths do keep us in dark
A broken heart will take time to mend
I see you have made darkness a friend.

A woman's contempt is deep as a well
Their desires shall forever swell.

Folayemi Akande

To A Seasoned Friend

Nobody listens to my poem like she does
Nobody feels it rhythm like she does
Even when it sucks she says its fine
Now that I'm better my true friend is gone
I wrote five poems four to my friend
The remaining one left for the world
My ink is lonely without your ears
My mind is blank without your eyes
My wit is gone without your smile
My comely, benign and truest friend
I've lost to you my folly deed
I ruin since then of what I've done
Look through my eyes
You will see a sobber heart
I hope in time your wholest deck
Will let or loan another grace
For this in time will mend my ways
You know you share Lisa's benign smile
The rarest of all I've ever found.

Folayemi Akande

To Once A Mafia Friend

How are you fairing my tug mafia friend
Summer born hints me once a trouble I know
Many worst days have died without your fiend
The one I have lust to many years ago.

Green fields have withered torn devoid your face
Not many orbs have survived the buds of May
Whence you pastured abroad since cold war days
Nor can I woo the seasons to ever stay.

The street has put to bed in noisy silence
No hearsay petitions from piece and war
Of what effect is ease devoid your presence
The long sanely protest is but a flaw.

And the clangs of war shall find you, wherest thee
Let immortal aura of love, hatred be.

Folayemi Akande

To The Lioness Counsel

Thy metal tongue is industrious than ten pence
Why doth thou lash than sooth with thy steel words?
To what retreat do thy stern grace inwards?
If not the venom of protude incense.

Thy grace possess all that is evil deed
Graceful than thyself is forgery indeed
What doeth thou that thy devil smileth not
Thy infamous grim do make my thought nut.

Who dares rebuke thee, dare devil of mine
The petitions before thou, who dare sign?
Hot sting of thy rage shall melt such a clout
To be kindle in contrast, I vote my doubt.

Host the chill of morning dew on thy lip
Let not thy brow scotch as the sun do weep.

Folayemi Akande

Trade For Pride

Feel me softly as candles touches its wax
Balm my ivory skin as the sun tans the sky
Fill me with love that will ever sweet my bile
Wrap round my cheek, the scarlet rosy damask

When a-chest the figs, you make groan a task.
Should we ensue the night, a fiend of 'my'?
This night shall be taxed, make it strong as your thigh.
We're minion as roach, such incense do we bask.

Lost me in that gaze that sex herself did make
I am a whore, a curse by Mary's grave,
Bethrothed to men, the one with sweetest bake
In such lofty lips I feel my tongue is safe.

Be rich and not woeful, death be such a stake
If sickened be rose, so beauty be my slave.

Folayemi Akande

Transgression

A Maiden's Plight: Master's Reply

Shall i be kindle as dew on a leaf,
Let thy transgressions ride up'n my pride?
If thou wilt set thy hope atop a cliff
Perhaps I'd be more temperate with my bride.

Thou've termed me a sea that is raged with tide,
And a boy whose thought wanders as a flood.
Counsel me, o thou, for I'm just a child;
Good counsels that i may forever laud.

Thou falsel' laud thyself as meek a sparrow,
But here is ill manner that thou possess,
For thy tongue is as shrewd as an arrow,
That's poisoned and unleashed to heir distress

Counsel me, o thou, if thou well too know,
That thy transgressions might be all time low.

Folayemi Akande

Two Tempts For A Glance

Who art thou, guile creature, saint in like? I bid thou, expel thy veil, cast thy form! That I may conceive thy root, lest I spike O! Thy gaze, a twirl, as turbulent storm! Aged as thou wilt, thy beau is ever reform As thee walk, as thee gaze, as thy cherr' breast; What hate hast man, thy wholeness not inform? Piquance on thy lips, doth provoke a man's zest. Rich gay, aura emits, than thy gayest, To mourn is to dusk, what bespeaks thy hue? Appl' art more alluring, weeds grow thy chest. Thou art not bewitching, as the green ever yew! Take haste, fair lass, and be always away Make not of mine templ, thy forever stay.

Folayemi Akande

Uncle Joe

It was solemn after uncle Joe was gone
He did not die along with his darling gun
It was dearest as if was going to war
But all they had in his time was music tour.

He got a uniform, took it all serious
To discourage him would be so injurious
His gun never wept the tears of battle-fret
His uniform did not taste the red, thick sweat.

But dear uncle Joe was never a coward
Had some domestic wars moving him onward.
Now, uncle Joe's gun is in his sharp-spine mouth
He could fight the cold war till the sun goes South.

It's just dear Joe with his mouth loud as war screams
The scent of war will be perceived in his dreams.

Folayemi Akande

Virgin Of Venice

The ribbons of my
girlishhood
is unribboned.

The hot gate of
whoredome
is again loose.

Another virgin
hath wondered lost.
You drove me
to world beyond
my flesh.

Let virgin Mary know
In her abstrusest sleep,
you have stained
the eternal sunshine
of my spotless vine.

You bereft me of breath
and gave me your
flourishing lips.

You told me many
sweet lies
The sweet white lies
That you all tell.

But the winds
were quick
To reproof
this very ones.

And then you shuttered
the window lids
of my heart
locking out
fair daylight

From the obscenity
Our minds had so
long nurtured.

You fed me high
Crinkly with
your sublime breath

Sweetly with
your motional kiss
Softly with your
membranous touch

With your pelting
hormonous return

Eating my symphonic
scheme
Pitched to the tune
of your sensual drive.

Drive me, drive me,
crazy and insane,
drive me.

Let your sultry sweat
Crawl beneath
my skin,

Let your chestnut pilus
Pinch my nipples wink

Let the dagger of your
manhood know my
heaven and earth.

Let your kindle bones
Melt your roadblocks
Let your manliness
Make me womanly.

Slay my body but midly

That my blood may be
Eternized on this
fluffy sheet.

Let flow my
virgin blood
To the shores
of whoredomness
My ribbon's eternal
resting place.

Folayemi Akande

Visitor Evermore

Stand, look and softly draw your breath
From life's apportioned wings of wind.

Take slowly life's eternal shawl
And leave behind death's mourning veil.

Lest our long love days shall groan
Under locks of shackle's evermore.

Lenght and breath of earth, beyond shall man know
But of life and love, our leagues never shall path.
For love visits and man embrace
Devoid of its dwelling place.

Folayemi Akande

Wall Street

I fear
The house of hope
Where a man's sweat is drained
You lose or gain, that's all they say
Wall Street.

Folayemi Akande

War Against Lust Of Men

These vessels of verse, o great goddess
Are creamed with words obscure
As of a warrior's fretting stance
I sharpen my words and shine my lines
In defence of your fearsome trance.

As manly my weapon, and well buffed my clout
All you put to use are your lashing lids in defence
From your magical glamour where-upon is moonlight of life
That trumpets from your thin fighting line
To your sizzling lips beneath where disirous men entrapped.

Great goddess, who dare shines the lamp of sight before you
If not mockery you make of such unpolished things
Like a candle amidst the crimsoning sunlight.

I have come Princely as I can
To set your captive shrine loose
And captain all men, where-to they shall be cleansed.
For i bear not such luscious things.

Folayemi Akande

What Shall I Or Not Love?

Shall I love not the sun, the core of my being?
Or love not the moon and star, laden path of light?
Will life be fresh as dew if grasses had not been?
Or red be love devoid my lover's delight?
Will sky boast of hue if night is not jeweled?
Or the heart be life had my lover not dwell?
Sun goddess, moon queen, make our love medieval,
Make our hearts immortal, kindly and jovial,
Make rise our love from slumbered crust of the dust,
Or make it bear, and lonely as if a must,
Shall I not love you and roses be purpled,
End time, heralds fear, should we not be coupled,
Conceive my wish for it is friendly and dear,
That we may love, to such burden do death bear.

Folayemi Akande

When Comes The Season

The remains of the sky a-float
That which untrodden under earth engulf
A lurch of hope at least at call beckon
To this day rise on comfy facade of the sun
And bestow breath to the wounded twigs
The meadows shall again be tinted
The tree's pelt shall be chameleon-ed
By the augment of the sky
And the jade leafs shall to the tyrant boss sing the unsung melancholy
What have we against nature?
When farmers leap to glimpse backward on their tomorrows
Weary souls
Personification of dearth
Rhyming lullaby at the twilight
As if the sun to slumber evermore.

The deluge
At which our chattels cart
To divulge poor earth's wretchedness
And then as of the corridors of our essence
We recite the harvests mantra
From splendor in yonder ascension
And once again
The twigs shall bop
To the harmony of singing airstream
And the communal embrace
To the imminent years deepen.

Folayemi Akande

When She Visited

If my best wine acquaint your taste
And my petty feast wins your smile
Silvery skylines shall glow awhile
I will bid the night not to haste

Beg envious moon to low its dim
Beseech winds owl make not a feist
And most beware of things against
The stars I know will share a grim

To lit your eyes across the room
Now praise as the light is lame
Little dark will host our incense
Pilot wind will deploy its fume

Undress and lie and take no shame
For this night shall make every sense.

Folayemi Akande

When The Breeze Came Calling

The breeze came, knocking on the walls of his ears
But he was deaf, for he had sank into- the pleasant euphoria of his heart.
So, did go the breeze, to the bell and tell
Nigh comes the master! Nigh comes the master!
From up the top bump of the hill, his voice did travel through his ears.
But he was deaf and unfree like sand encaged in hourglass.

From the foggy mountain did cry the breeze
Tramping on thick thorns through the trees
Crying, o hear i say, the master is nighs forthwith!
Seek shelter and be mute as the cool-
by the night sea while he stays!
Still he was deaf, deaf as a stone that akins no command.

Then it ran to the sea, to sail with the sailing Tide.
That the Tide may twirl his biddings upon his hearing.
O mortal dear, hear the master's nearing footsteps!
But he was deaf; as deaf as a cold feet.

Then the sky of crimson blue, did suddenly dark damask turn.
All he saw was the leaping lips of the moonlight.
Could day be gold, yet wear starry vestment of the night?
Then he stopped, stayed still as a lake.

The stars began to dance upon the euphonious chirps of the lark.
Oh, his eyes were cuddled in a tender fur of delight
Then it all briskly eloped into the slender air.
Then he trampled upon a voice, seeded in the soil of distress
After he gave what seemed like my last breath.
Saying' my best was not enough to save thee from my master, Death.
I cannot save thee anymore, nor lend thee a column of breath.
For such grace have exceeded thee.
Though i have such grace, for I am breeze; but my master forbids me.'
After a hardened weep, with tears as hot as the rage of the sun
It then dawned on him, like the sweet caress of a dew on a turf that life was only
for rent.
A rent only waged by the infinite Grace of the Almighty.

Where The Wind Blows

Feel me softly as candles touches its wax
Balm my ivory skin as the sun tans the sky
Fill me with love that will ever sweet my bile
Wrap round my cheek, the scarlet rosy damask

When a-chest the figs, you make groan a task.
Should we ensue the night, a fiend of mine?
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In such lofty lips I feel my tongue is safe.

Be rich and not woeful, death be such a stake
If sickened be rose, so beauty be my slave.

Folayemi Akande

Writers Pride

Pens and inks are symbols of our thought
The missives are siblings of our mind
It soothes so much that makes us stop not
Not every one is born of this kind

Writers are gifts, a gift from dower
If time were being it will make us friend
We write all the words, all just to soar
In hearts of all, that follies may mend.
Knowledge we pass and wisdom we share
We task our minds for what is not there
Our groans and sweats the world do not see
Because they've shored to the farthest sea.

Hate not poets, they indites what may be
In humble minds do lofty words dear.

Folayemi Akande