

Poetry Series

Idris Abayomi Alade
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Idris Abayomi Alade(November 25,1989)

I am second in a large family. My father, before his death worked on electronics and my mother, a petty trader. I had my primary education at Monsuru Agoro Memorial Primary School, Lagos. I went to Mafoluku Junior Grammar School and Igando Community Senior High School, Lagos. The urge to write began when I was in secondary school. I would write with little publicity. I wasn't deterred because I knew my sun would one day shine. I studied English Language and Theatre Arts at the renowned Adeniran Ogunsanya College Of Education, Lagos State, and Theatre Arts at the University Of Benin, Edo State, Nigeria.

2am

At 2am in the night
Every play had stopped out there
Except in my bed which is the center stage for two young lovers.

At 2am in the night
Everywhere was dead quiet
Except my bed where sweet undecipherable speeches are made
Speeches of joy and happiness.

At 2am in the night
Everywhere was frozen cold
Except my bed where heat reign supreme as king
It is the kind of heat that we like.

At 2am in the night
Good men are somewhere making others to cry
We are in the bed making each other happy.

Others hate 2am in the night
We love it and we wish every hour could be exactly 2am.

Idris Abayomi Alade

A Chosen Generation

I am that I am is my God

I am what He says I am

No matter how heavy the storm is

And many challenges enemies throw

I will be what He says I will be.

You think my birth a mistake

Because of the surrounding situations

You forgot that He knew me before I was born and appointed me a prophet

I am a chosen generation.

You think because I am poor and helpless, lanky and least

Something good will never come of me

I laugh at you like the psalmist righteous

Because I have known his name,

He will exalt me and makes me a city set upon the hill top that cannot be hidden

My poor place of birth doesn't matter

Jesus was born in Nazareth, a ghetto

David was born in a slum

And Joseph had nobody yet rose to prominence

By his grace, I am a blessing to humanity.

You think you have gotten me in your trap

That I will die without help

Rejoice not, because Paul and Silas didn't die in prison

Shedrak and his friends didn't die in the furnace

Daniel's flesh wasn't consumed in lion den

I have hope and might

I'll push down these walls like Samson did

With loud shout I will bring down this bulwark of Jericho

May It be to you as it was for Haman.

You think your charms are potent

And your spells kill faster than bomb

You forgot that He that keepeth me neither sleep nor slumber

That no weapon fashion shall prosper

That no enchantment and divination would work

Speak the words, it shall not stand.

I am not scared even if I walk through that valley

For death has been defeated by my master

Lazarus testified to this

Dried bones of that valley also attested to it

I will rise each time I go down

For He is not not deaf nor dumb

He will hear my cry like he did to Elijah

And show me my salvation when I need it most.

You can be as powerful as I am

Terror inspiring to their kingdom

Just open your heart and let him in.

Idris Abayomi Alade

A Poet Not A Journalist

I am a poet not a journalist
Cogitation is my tool
Awesomely, I lit a phenomenon
People get wowed.

I am a poet
Free as the birds
I travel to and fro
The vast sky of my thoughts and imaginations
Like the parrot I talk without the fear of the bird-killers
But my friends here are caged
Tied with the manacles of profession
They keep their opinions to themselves
Gore their feelings with double edged swords
They suffer greatest mysteries of life.

Don't call me a journalist
I hate it
I don't carry news like a hawk
I set its wheel ablaze
Shoo the evil doers into hiding
The stubborn ones I step on their toes and wag my tail in jocund
I brag in my mind... What will they do?
Throw me in dungeon
You green my writing mood
Kill me
You get the wheel of communal agitation rolling
I am a poet not a journalist.

Alade Abayomi Idris

Idris Abayomi Alade

A Proud Thespian

I want to be a mirror

That reflects the world we dwell

I might be looked down on

And called names

Though philo-man orated I have no place in the society

Because I am always in the image of others

Joy be met if I mirror their eerie thoughts.

In school, friends may jeered

Snared and sneered

They might think they would be better

Because they wore long faces

Longer than their robes

With mountain of books in armpit

Joy be met if I mirror their eerie thoughts.

Brothers some cups of blood may lost

And stylists style sisters seriousness with wigs

Shout they may when hush need

Hush when shout should

Desecrate holiness of our space

Joy be met if I mirror their eerie thoughts.

And on the day of the gods

Fire-stick flickered as its carrier ran the arena

Our procession pitched with our doggerelic chants

Beyond spec's suspicions and

Sway in heavenly delights

Joy be met if I mirror their eerie thoughts.

To mirror I chose

All day I would

Evil hands might lurked

And space becomes abattoir

Hunting its own

Joy be met if I mirror their eerie thoughts

Even in my solitary station

Beneath the crust.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Adeola

Let me sing song my heart composes
With dance-steps that are heavenly.
The song is of love and sweetness
Your tenderness and care
Sit for one and listen to song my heart composes
As my lips render it in this glorious hour
That moon sits in company of its moonlets
And the wind blows its best.

The slow song starts with how we met
On feet filled road of Igando
To the dreams to birth in shortness of time
And ends with lonesome remembrance of our field-plays
In deep sleep on our different beds.

Let me sing song my heart composes
With dance-steps that are heavenly
With all sincerity and affections
Bravery and courage
In the face of intimidations
Of power staggering Kings and Lords of the earth that they may know
My love for you rises with the sun and continues with the moon in verse-like
order.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Africa

Awake from slumber with malice-free mind
Frown at corruption, free feet to run field with
Restive spirit of melancholic
In the sparkling sky eyes
Coin a langue that hands may chain
Alluvial off our coast, lofty our continent fly.

Idris Abayomi Alade

All Is Art

Anything i do is art
Before others on stage
And tongue wagging pleasantries.

Anything i say is verse
It turns music in presence of tunes
Metamorphose to poem for rhyme sake.

It takes one to make art
And two to add colour
Everything i do is art
As people talk all day on my acts

Idris Abayomi Alade

An Ode To My School

Igando Community High School
I will sing your praise
With the loudest of voice
And sign language that the deaf
and complete being might hear
The good work you've done in our lives.

Years have passed that time separated us
Like shaft and maize
The values you instilled in me
Make me the best choice for bosses at work
The scion amongst consanguinities
For this my tongue be restive in singing your praises.

Now i am what vast majority called
A better person
The man that is the source of joy to the world
I am indebted to you
And this i pay through my ceaseless praises
Long live my noble school.

Idris Abayomi Alade

And The Little Bird Flies

Enough of the crawling

I say no to cumbersomeness

I have grown past this cage that held me

I am tired of this little birth place

I want to see beyond and the world over.

My legs should go on holiday

For my new wings to work

My wings will make it easier

My journey from city to city

I will fly disregarding borders and its many laws

For such do not exist in the air.

The sky is free from shackles

It thrills with quality views

The waters that flow from fall to sea

Animosity of animals in the woods

Voyeur of lovers through the window cracks

And I'll wow the people with my acrobatic soar.

Bye to my little birth place

My thirst has grown beyond your offer

I may call back if your thought lingers

But I doubt it will

For the world is too beautiful to be in a place.

And the little bird flies

On on and on

And never returns.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Another Election Is Here Again

If only Nigerians can say no to free money
Then they will be able to elect a good leader in a general election.

If only Nigerians will say no to free rice, garri and others
Then Nigerians will be able to choose a good leader.

If only Nigerians can say no to religious bigotry and tribalism
Then Nigerians will be able to vote wisely like they have never done in their history.

Alas! These people are too hungry to reject free foodstuffs
They are too broke to reject free money at polling booths
And they are too religious and ethnocentric to do what is right.

Before past elections, Nigerians would say
We would do it right this time and at the end
They did it the wrong way and they suffered the sufferness they shouldn't have suffered.

Another election is here again
Will Nigerians do it right this time?

Will Nigerians let go of free money at polling booths and do what is right?
Will Nigerians reject free rice that their oppressors have ordered from Thailand
and chase their oppressors away from the seat of power?

Will Nigerians see beyond the false manifestoes that would be read to them and
do what is right?

Will the northern majority, southern and western folks agree for the first time to
do what is right?

Like the way I have been doing in the time past, I will educate those around and
leave them to decide on that day.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Are You A Mother?

Beautiful mother we called
We crave your love
That never seems to be
The more we reach
The quicker your wind blows it.

The life you give are not from within
Fruit of death you entice first man
And to keep his children off
You send natural soldiers
Which mosquito is their commander.

You plant greed and selfishness
In our tender hearts
And bottomless pit you dug
At the end of our stomach
Break the cord of humanities
Shattered our oneness.

We flee from wrath of your soldiers
Into grim hands of brothers
Men become fishes
Swimming in the sea of blood.

Are you a mother?
Of course, you are not
The irony of ages
I make straight to you, Earth.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Await The Prisoner

Others have their women around
Always talking and laughing
Dining and wining, dancing and dangling
Jumping like lambs after sucking its mother's breast
I see them come and go
From the desolate chair I curled
Others have their women around
Mine hidden behind tall trees, raging waters and slippery hills.

When all I should say died within me
And I looked at the letters you wrote
Instead of your beautiful eyes
When all I could do was caressed the body of bottles and unable to wake the
slumbering dust with my dancing feet
I cursed the innocent woods, waters, and hills hidden you.

I would continue this way
'cos I have chosen the prisoner of woods, waters, and hills
Above one-nighters, pub girls and prosties
I would wait till woods, waters, and hills
Release you to come into my arms
The home where you belong.

I hope the travelling winds
And the busy sun that shines everywhere
Deliver my messages to you
I told them all I could have told you were you here
I told them of my loneliness and of cold seasons I endured
When I was conversing with winds
Trees heard and laughed wiggling their bodies
I vowed to use them for fire
On our wedding day and to warm ourselves when the nights wear cold.

I would keep curling like motherless kitten
On this old chair
My blanket is still good
For me to ride on its back through long chilled nights
Till the woods, waters and hills release you to me.

Others have their women around
Mine hidden behind woods, waters, and hills.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Baby, And Its New Home

Had i knew myself
I would have peeped
Question myself on things seen
Alas! Oh! Alas!
I never knew myself nor where i leaped from
I just leaped and later i looked
Pitied at the picture of self seen
Nude in cold
Tooless in the verdure
Unarmed in the battle
No fuel to kindle the engulfing gloom
Road too block to make a path.

Gory things i seen
Without prior knowledge and preparations
I yelled, wailed wanting to return
to my world
World i knew nothing of
Then came the force
Held me with all strength
No trick worked
No tactics succeeded
Force manacled me to the suffering world
I yelled, and wailed
Cried cried and cried all day.

'I never belong here'
'I am nude in this cold'
'Am unarmed in this bloody field'
'Toolless in this flourishing verdure'
'Fuelless to kindle this scarring gloom'
I cacophonously cried my agonies
Sang songs in dolor
Pitied! Deaf force refuse to let go
I cried and cried
In summer and winter
In the coming and going of sun
'I don't belong here'
'Let go of me'

I noised my themes
Force too deaf, refused to let go.

Well dried, pipe ceased to run
Noise faded leaving mouth closed
Emotions too cost to waste
'I hate force' I concluded
Looking beyond to the horizon
Graced with strands of rainbow
I made friend with time
Walked with days
Only to find myself in the horizon
Where lights flickered
Clothes too many, i can't wear all
Houses too many, i can't filled all
I smiled, fell in love with the force
That never let go of me
Into my world
World i knew nothing of.

Here i knew too well
Though troubles journeyed at interlude
I schooled to surmount
'I never wants to go'
'I never wants to leave'
'I like it here'
These i cried and cried
To the force that held me
'Hold me tight'
'Tighter than before'
'For the manacle is loosing'
'Hold me tight! '
'I don't want to go'
'To the world i know nothing of that beckons'
I themed my cries
As i ambled with the hypocrite, time.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Beauty Of My Lights

I will announce myself
That people may know I exist
I will make my lights shine brighter
Beyond the tight embrace of their darkness.

For many there are that want me to keep quiet
Many are destinies destroyed by their laws and traditions.
Oh not mine
While they can cumber my pace
Beauty of my lights they cannot take.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Bella

Angel you are
Myriad among women
On the skin of moon and sun
I tattooed your name BELLA
With red ink from my heart
I see your name everywhere
From ray of sunlight and
Silvery raiment of the night moon
Wind whistled your sweet name
Dust and trees dance Italian Ballet
Round and round busy clock their dance persist.
I dance too in my solitary niche
When subtle sound of your name
Invades my ears like soldiers in enemies camp
I am like the dancing dust and trees
Carried away by the sweetness of your name

My inner man manacled to you
It trails like assassin
It goes wild for your love
Your pics i see in dim screen of my sleep
I will tell the world i love you BELLA

Idris Abayomi Alade

Blacksheep

East west north south
In all the land of men
Winds of oppression cause cold
Rain of high-handedness drench
Sun of bullishness scorch
Feeble feel, speechless
Blacksheep nerves garvanize
Lungs air shape assaultic words
Blacksheep jump on grass
Grass greenish pale
Walk on fours
Trumpetic noise erupt
Tied lips untied from the old chains of mute
Blind eyes struck with the light of the sun
Secrets let to air and wind cease to blow.

Blacksheep bleat
Pathfind new way
Beyond control of cain
Tired shepherd follows
Docile sheep control to keep.

Blacksheep move the world
Of the docile sheep.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Blood Flow

Brother brawl brother

Blood flow

Sister sinister sister

Blood flow

Pals plan pals

Blood flow

Sect set sect

Blood flow

Nation nag nation

Blood flow

Blood shed each day

Outstream water of pacific ocean

Idris Abayomi Alade

Chance

One may think he thinks

And the other may pride his smartness

The truth remains

Great things come to us by chance.

Many had walked that walk

Strode more than you

But chance denied them its fortune

Like the bad man down my street.

That great idea just dropped into your head

Where it came from, you know not

At times, Success just laid itself in our front to walk into

Not necessary by hardwork as some preached

We are feathers in the breeze of mystery.

While you at the peak

Remember that the road to the top slopes downward

Chance that took you there could bring you down

Like the bad man down my street.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Change

Change is the father of nature
Of universe and its things
As a thief its comes
Act like a bullish king without
mercy for the unprepared.

Change appear to men
Some cry some joyfully shout
Change appear to animals
Men bear the profit and loss
Change appear to weather
Men study calendar of year
To prepare for war of the throat.

Hot tears
Bleak joy
Change is king
Men are serf.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Change!

From the horizon
Harkened as the people beckon
The sun of change.

From the horizon
Its ray could be felt
As the people hope it would melt
Sediments of rubbish formed under the umbrella.

In high spirit
Toddlers dart, children run down the street
The youths sing of hope and life.

In rare spirit
Aged swayed frail bones in jocund
In reverence of the sun
They hope would dry tears
Of dead military sons in the militia;
Of penury white collars children.

Change we want
With broom to sweep corruption clean
And sun to mop up our gloom.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Chaos

The sun, moon and stars
Are the lights of the sky
Should they refuse to shine their lights
There is chaos not only in the sky,
But places where their works are enjoyed.

The calm breeze
Is the light of the atmosphere
Should it ceases to blow
There is chaos in the universe.

Men are the lights of the earth
The earth is darkened and chaotic
And so are the things around it
Because men failed to shine their lights rhythmically and collectively.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Cherish Me When You Have Me

Cherish me when you have me
For friendships forever don't last
It is a relief for a time
Like boat in the sea
We move up and down the tide of life
Today, together we have had
Tomorrow truly remains uncertain
As the administrator of life is still in the business of deploying.

You don't have to be with me a lifetime
You can only do me things that would last a lifetime
Either things I would remember and laugh and pray God bless you
Or things I would remember and cry and pray heaven curses you.

I am like a clean slate
I go about with marks people put on me
While we are together
Please do me a world of good
For in next minute
You might not be chanced to erase errs you made me.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Child Of Nobody

My father is a nobody
My mother, faceless in her place of birth
I am a child of nobody
I run like dog
Friends whose parents are gentries
Run like horse
Yet, I overtake and gap.

Father till the soil with crude tool
Mother sings in pub for alms
I live each day for tomorrow
Hunger deters not
Sickness disappeared by nature
Hill of life I illly climb
Yet, dog overtake and gap horses.

My nobody bowed in pub
I chose to bow not
But be bowed for.
Ray of my sun appears in corner of the sky
Few people obeisanced
Anon my sun takes vast sky
The wide world will bow
For the son of nobody.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Concern

Shoulder i shrug
With mouth flat at each end
As it drink pee
Trough and mighty stream
From the sky.

Shoulder i shrug
With no look of one
As it open it gigantic mouth
Swallowing morsels of houses
And other produce of man's sweat

Shoulder i shrug
With maul countenance not
As it puke boiled liquid
Puffed hellish air
From its bowellic lake of fire.

Shoulder shrink
Face frown
Emotion exodus
As it open its mouth
Sipping blood of man.

Eyes lose its beautiful white regalia
Shed tears
In anguish of loss
For man, most precious in the world.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Crossroad

The road I passed all thorn

My determined clothe is torn

And fatigue turning on.

I must move on

Just as the time ticks on

With purpose as loud as horn.

Thorny road divides itself at its end

Before my weary eyes

All the roads are good

Tempting my weak borns and sinew.

I stood while the time passes by

For first time, I care not

Better unmove than move amiss

I listen to the voice within

My purpose ever as loud as the horn

Still the roads before me appear all good

But I know one of all is best for my purpose

The one I yet could not tell

Because of time

I take one road

And while moving

I hope and pray it is the right road.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Dancers

Mingled in multitudinous millions

As did yesterday and day before

Lauding in high pitch

Like group of praise singers in king's palace of old

With mate dance of the cockrel

On emaciated limbs

Devoid of greens.

Jumped Joy of the oppressed

Beam and gleam

When oppressor throw dog's meal in the air

To quench ageless hunger

Of folks who would dance

Than swing sabre.

Their morals turned up down

And psyche rewired

Men reduced to mere dancers

Who would dance in exchange for their rights.

See them! See them!

They have danced today

For meal that wouldn't refilled lost energies

Tomorrow is another day

They would come again in their multitudinous millions

As they did today, yesterday and day before

At the feet of the oppressors

Who clad themselves white

To sing and dance

For another dog's meal

Idris Abayomi Alade

Distance

Hand that separate day and night,
Thwart sun from moon,
Even the mighty heaven's love ceded from earth
Come us between.

Life has beaten his drum again,
Our feet dance in different directions,
Following the rhythm and its goodies.

Our maiden morning play gone like a belle looking love.
Our karat play at noon journey like an adventurous man
Dark blanket hang our paths
As our call to manship resonates
And survival bring the dreadest distance.
Let our wandered plays meet in your heart
That you may remember me every passing time
So do i to pal
Till we meet again.
Goodbye.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Down The Cemetery Road

No other roads led to the place
Except this long deserted cemetery road
I looked down the vast deserted road
Trees of different species and sizes
Danced to the tune of the roving wind.
THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD LAY SIEGE
My mind echoed.
Fear gripped me
My soldiering heart melted
And my legs became heavier than normal
I stood for awhile
The thought of going back whence I came
Rented my mind.
The wind blew stronger as if to tell me to follow my mind
And somewhere in the thick
I heard the frightening cry of birds
I WON'T TURN BACK BECAUSE OF FEAR
AFTER ALL THESE AMPHIBIOUS JOURNEYS, I muttered.

I lifted my heavy legs
And down the road I headed
The wind blew stronger and stronger that my clothes bellowed
THEY ARE HERE! I heard within myself.
WILL THEY HARM ME? I questioned myself
The inevitability of death came to my mind
ALL THAT LIVE MUST DIE AFTERWARDS, I said.

ONLY THE GOOD WORKS OF ONE LIVE ON
An unidentified voice uttered.
I looked round and found no one
I quicken my pace down the road.

At the end of the road
I remembered the statement I heard was my late granny's favourite statement
THE DEAD HAS SPOKEN TO ME, I concluded
I made up my mind to do good as I go on my mission

Idris Abayomi Alade

Empty Space

When the stage becomes an empty space

Where do you return to?

When the light goes out unfortold

How would you navigate your way in the dark?

When your friends have all gone to answer their calls

How do you account yours?

Now that the stage is busy

Actors are pretending

And audience are audiencing

Where do you return to

When the stage becomes an empty space

From an empty space where it had emerged.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Enugu Is Beautiful

When sonorous songs of birds woke me from sleep
And I saw mountains and valleys at a glance
All covered with healthy trees, shrubs and grasses
Glistening gracious greenish green
I said wow! Enugu is beautiful!

When I traveled on the long lonely road
That twisted and turned with the rhythms of the hills
And I was lost in the passionate hue of nature
I said wow! Enugu is beautiful!

When I went to the market
And I saw the welcoming faces of the sellers
And buyers bought with joys and happiness
I said wow! Enugu is beautiful!

After eating a bowl of Abacha
And from under the tree shades where I sat
I saw young men and women dressed in colourful costumes
Dancing wildly to local music being played
I said wow! Igbo amaka! Enugu is beautiful!

Idris Abayomi Alade

Estrangement

Nothing is as sweet as you
The taste of your tongue
When i cover ravenously
Sugar of your skin
As my wanderer journeyed
And the unnamed tickling of your inside
That send me to paradise
Surpasses all comprehension.

I live with taste
I never knew its uniqueness
Until the wild wind blew you
Off my arm reach
Off my leg length
I yearn for your taste
I want to see heaven again
But non to take me
The wild wind blew you together with your chariot of fire.

I sought the like of your sweetness from friends
Debacles!
I traveled top of earth
Their assumed sweetness tasted sour
I traveled bottom of earth
Theirs embittered me
And to other two sides
I cried and cried
For my system adapted to yours
And yours alone will spin.

My hunger has gone wild
And my thirst, unquenchable by waters of earth
Your absence purnished me
The wind purnished
But not you to your beloved
Willy nilly calls that beckoned
Call i will to wind by its name
Willy nilly he will convey me
In his cold chariot

Through the cold winter
To the summer without
Where our play shall have no end.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Everything Passes

Everything passes
Such is the nature of things
The time we live in passes
And so are the moments we have
Tears do not flow forever
It passes
Smiles do not grow broader
It passes
And when they have passed
All that have happened seem not to have happened.

Everything passes
Good, bad, great and low
All passes
Power passes
Ambitions evaporate with fulfilment
Pains disappear with time
And when they have passed
All that have happened seem not to have happened.

Everything passes
Beauty passes
Ugliness is not spared
Money passes and so are money chasers
Even the world would one day passes
And when they have passed
All that have happened seem not to have happened.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Football

Game we played in the hall
Loved and participated by all.

With it simple lore
That makes us gore.

It has no life
We give it life
With our joy and sorrow when kicked live.

It has no enemies
But makes enemies

It has no friends
But makes friends
It unites the world
Make understood words
In absence of swords.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Freedom

When difficulties abound
And everybody rans helter skelter
Freedom is on the horizon.

When the wind carries secrets like shafts
And the truth nudes itself
Freedom is around the corner.

When a child says in the open
What his mother told him
In the cover of darkness
Freedom is here.

When the elders gather under the atibaba
Drinking and talking so loud
With all their mouths
Freedom is paying off.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Good Wife

Daddy... Daddy...
The children called
To be asleep, he pretended
Because he already know what they wanted.

To their mother
He heard them stutter
Hunger... Hunger... Hunger...
Give our dying souls some breads, tea and sweetener
And our schoolbags wrapped beefburger.

To himself, he was angry
Pinched his body in great fury
Felt embarrassed for failing in his duty
He thought of lying still for eternity
Afterall, death is the escape route from everyday woes
As some miserable men's saying goes.

She knew how he felt
Even without him having the words spelt
Away, she led the children
With some magic words having been spoken
Brought out some moneys she had tied at the helm of her wrapper
To each she gave a paper
And watched
As the children scurried
On the road so mired.

Then he heard his voice
As it belled through the passage
He could tell his voice apart
His heart sank
He jumped up like a lamb
Ran as fast as his hungry feet could carry him
He hid himself in the inner room
Behind some old cautains
Then he heard the bang on his door
The kind of bang that annouced the property owner
Onyeka... Onyeka, the banger yelled

My husband is not at home
He left this money for you
Came her gentle voice as the door opened
Is it complete?
Yes sir.
Onyeka is a good man... He always provides for his family
The landlord praised
Greet him when he comes
Ok sir.
The door was closed.
Thank you my wife
He said as he emerged from his hideout
It's God my husband said she
But where did you get the money, he asked
Did you borrow it? He added.
No. Came her response.
It was your money.
When you gave me money for soup, I had part of it shelved
When you gave me money for my hair, I saved part of it,
When you gave me money for my clothes, some of them I wouldn't buy
He was so surprised
So pleased that he hugged and zipped his lips on hers
But why did you do all those things, he asked
Because I know a time like this would come
Yore, I saw the sign
For you, I prayed
It will soon be over.
But before then you have got my back, she concluded.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Goodbye

Cherish your friends when you have them
Give them food to nurture their bones
Give them water to wash away their dirt,
Clothing to cover their backs,
Edify their spirit with your love even if they least deserve it
Because you know not when goodbye would be said.

They don't have to be angels with the flawlessness of the gods
The world isn't designed for angels and angels they would never be no matter
how hard they tried
Lower your expectations
Show them love to make them feel like angel.

Though, they made you soak your bed with a million tear drops
And your adrenalin, a billion bubbles that you want to reach for gun
Calm down, as difficult as it may
Because you know not when goodbye would be said.

To be good is to have heartache
To love is hard, caring is costly
All I would give
I would make you feel like king even if all you do is like slave
As no one knows when goodbye would be said.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Government Of The Youth

Sing and dance your best song
For we've gotten what older generations couldn't
Brooms hidden in big books
Off our coast ignorance be hovelling henceforth.

Increase tempo of song
Let feet shatter peace of dust
For from big books we've gotten rakes
To separate weeds from crops.

New sun appears
Melting icicle of dolour
Waxed by poverty and sickness
Hopelessness and helplessness.

Wheel of vehicle we grabbed
Safe trip to canal-land guaranteed
Smooth run we go
Dudging holes and lumps created by our fathers.

Not box of great thinkers
Not in the verse of poets
Utopia our nation becomes
In th power of our exuberance.

Our aging clad of sorrow we burn
Our joy rises with the new sun
We do what we know best-dance and sing
As our hearts are free of burden.

Idris Abayomi Alade

He Is Just An Ordinary Writer

There are times when I will write things that would get you angry
And you will feel like killing me on sight
Please when I do that
Just smile and say he is just an ordinary writer.

There will also be time when I will write what will excite you
And you will feel like giving me a hug
Please when I do that
Just smile and say he is just an ordinary writer.

I am a crier whose cries pierce the ears like a baby
When my cries become too loud
And it discomforts you,
Just smile and say he is just an ordinary writer.

I am an integral part of your existence
A cog in the wheel of the world's progress
When I make or mar your day
Just smile and say he is just an ordinary writer.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Here!

Men of god sent it away with verses of their holy book
Sun for our day
Moon for night.

Teachers sent it away with the light of their chalk
Sun for our day
Moon for night.

Bankers sent it away with the disco dance of their pen
Sun for day
Moon for our night.

Lawmen sent it away with quotations, wigs, and guns
Sun for our day
Moon for our night.

Doctors sent it away with piercing needle
Sun for our day
Moon for our night.

President and his men banished them
Sun for our day
Moon for our night.

Women are witches
Men are wizards
In gloom, we mate
Give birth and breed
With graves everywhere.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Honour The Land

A day be given in thy honour, land.
You give us food that we may live.
You support our stubborn feet from falling to bottomless pit.
Honour O honour.

A day to sing and dance to land,
With the best lyre,
Honour O honour to land
That give us beautiful scene to gladden our hearts,
Delight our soul,
Tickle our fantasy.

Land to be honour
For giving himself to be open for us to rest,
Sleep and dream like an infant,
Covering our ugliness That may spoilt the days we've had.
Honour O honour.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Hope

When wind ceased and dust settled
What will become of my room
Vent of breeze
Heat of ageless bonfire
I racked.
My plays are grey
Even after mixing two morals
But if all they say are true
Lo my room be best among the then pals

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Am A Human

I am a human
And blood runs through my veins
I deserve honour and respect
Irrespective of my age and properties.

Change my acts with good talk
And you have me bow in deference
Don't insults or spat fire on my errs
That would ignite aging hatred embedded in my soul
For i am a human
And blood runs in my vein.

I am human.
I see through the sound your tongue shaped
And through minuscule gesture you made
Think before you talk
Rehearse your play before going on stage
What you do or say
Determines if i will be your pal or foe
For i am a human
And blood runs through my vein.

Help me to uphold my honour
Never let the wind blows away my pride
Not by me begging for loaves of bread
But you rewarding my labour accordingly
And giving me my share of fatherland
That i won't tarry for the rest of my life
For i am human
And blood runs through my vein.

The world is good
And the sea water is colourless
But these could be altered if i perceived threat to my existence
For i am human
And blood runs through my vein.

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Am All But Human

When my thoughts run riot
And wind winged wishes
I remember I am all but human.

When I cannot be in all places
And my quick legs not quicker than the hands of time
I remember I am all but human.

When even at my best I failed
And my body too weak to do its routine
I remember I am all but human.

When I cannot proffer solution to problems
And I can do nothing to save a drowning man
I remember I am all but human.

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Am Born Of The World

I am born of the world
Yet i cannot explore the world
Leg am given to traverse the surface
And that my blood warms
You stand my path
Blocking the road with your laws.
I cry and wail
Excitement yonder i longed
Before my candle burns out
Yet you killed my purpose
Shatter my mood
Question the songs of my leg.

I am a citizen of the world
Lift your reckless laws
That my feet may dance to satisfaction.

Don't you feel the songs Lawman
Life is a short man and heaven is a tall man
Lift your laws
That we may dance till nightfall.

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Am Your Friend

I am your mortal god
That loves you,
Your angel that guides.
When the sun still sleeps
I will be your dew
That moisten your feet
When sun shines
I will be your light
That shows you the horizon
Maiden moon i metamorphosed
When untrusted sun saunters.

I am the face that gives smile
When others frowned
I am the soothing words
That calm your nerves
The hand that pats your back
When you made it.

Cry on my shoulder
When need be
Bed your head on my chest
To clear the looming mist
Ivy me tighter
When your frail feet
Slip the hill you climb
Switch me on any time
The gloom threatened.

With me, your journey becomes interesting
Music becomes danceable
Paths give way without ado
Doing you help
Makes me your friend.

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Can'T Survive Alone

When i was young
Turning things up and down
Happy i am, because am not alone
But together with someone
Someone i always love
Wants to see and stay with
All my life.

Tick tick tack it tick by
My body takes a different shape
A man has come
But those that do care for me
Never take two eyes at me
As they did in the past
Am left in loneliness
To do things for myself survival

Oh! I still need someone beside me
To live in this our world.

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Know Why An Average Nigerian Doesn't Smile

I know why an average nigerian doesn't smile

His stomach hurts from hunger

And his throat drier than the desert

His heart is heavy and full of worries

His mind is as the wall clock

Working day and night

He has no house

Only the old wrapper he laid on empty street.

He was a victim of injustices

And this made him to hate the law

The hospital is not for his sick body

Only a sure six feet grave that cannot be denied a corpse

He is deserted and he travels a lonely path.

His wife sees him a lesser man

And his children are always crying of basic needs

He has loads of debts tied around his neck

Like the pendant of a popster neck chain

His responsibilities keep multiplying

Than his meagre income could carry.

He sees your fat smile as mockery

And your promises of help as deceit

Your kind gesture is for a reason so he thinks

And your gifts as an exchange for another four years of suffering

His leaders thought him this

And he sees all leaders as the same.

Smile is never an average Nigerian man's thing

Even if he does

It is not from within.

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Missed Home

I missed home the way a child misses her late parents
I missed the land where my innocent feet roamed
Unsettling dust that disturbed the nostrils
When the leaves were green and clingy.

I missed the place where all around me were brothers
Where the waters that bathed me, bathed others
And I could tell their histories just as they could tell mine
Without the help of any written book.

I missed the place where I could enter another man's house
Eat without first considering how much was in my pocket,
Say my mind so loud for fierce wind to carry on its back
And still sleep in a doorless room
With my two eyes closed with the glue of tiredness.

I missed home
I missed the place where things were done the old way
Food spiced with locust beans and served in leaves
Accompanied by freshest milk
Agoro fetched from the nipples of breastfeeding palm trees
In the forest of a thousand mysteries.

I missed our crude and barbarism
Though, painted in dark colours that made children ran for fear
By teachers of everything the white brought
Big ups to those who still play bata drums instead of drum sets
Play flutes instead of keyboards
Go to live festivals instead of packaged films in the cinemas
They are the africans and not the tie tiers here.

I missed home
I missed everything home offered
And the tender skins of our dark maiden to whom my lost and thirst in the
unholy hours were quenched.
I missed home the way a child misses his late parents.

Idris Abayomi Alade

I Welcome Evils

I welcome evils just as i welcome goodies
That i may not cry loud
When all hopes disappeared
And joys wander far away.

I welcome evils just as i welcome goodies
That i may be prepared
When darkness govern the once brighten day
And uncertainty dances.

I welcome evils just as i welcome goodies
That i may be ready like soldier matching gallantly to war
When misfortune enters my room without knocking.
As a traveller traversing the ugly terrain

I expect to see different sojourners
That will make or mar my adventure.

Idris Abayomi Alade

If

If I have a billion likes
On the pics I uploaded on social media
And none of them is yours
All the likes I got are as good as nothing.

If I have a million wishes
On the day most important to me
If you haven't said a word
All the many wishes i got are as good as nothing.

If people gathered together to celebrate me
On my daring achievements
If you are not among the gatherers
Those that gathered only gather in vain.

There are people but there is a person
Million people of could gather
If that person is not among them
The million people are as good as being absent.

Idris Abayomi Alade

If Death Would A Minute Wait

If death would a minute wait
For loving father to write his will
Children wouldn't have gone rioting
Each would have each with joy
Alas! Death wouldn't a minute wait
To sepulchre children followed their father.

If death would a minute wait
Mother would have begged
With knee kissing the earth
That she may nurture her boys
And see them grow stronger than their father
Alas! Death wouldn't a minute wait
Hunger hung in the bellies of the boys
And their future darker than the night.

If death would a minute wait
He would have written it on papers
Teach will students
Knowledge that tells him apart
Alas! Death wouldn't a minute wait
We mourned not him but
The lost unimpart knowledge.

Irrational in his dealings
Hurrying and scurrying to strike
If death would a minute wait
His victims, our departed lovely ones would their very best prepared.

Idris Abayomi Alade

If Men Are Like God

If men are like God
They will create their world
And rule it the way they like
And no one to check them.
They will give life at will
And take it without prior notice
They will take praise from their handiworks
And live only by it.
They will be the alpha and omega
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent.
They will appear white
Even if they are black.

But men are never God
So sad to help themselves
The soil too hard to till
They only look up to the hill where help comes
Not manner whose cook is unknown
But lubricant to lubricate their cogs
In the field they found themselves.

If men are God
They will live like their maker
Whose image they were created.

Idris Abayomi Alade

In Our Place

In our place

Trees dance in absence of wind

Dust celebrate in the miry site

Moon brightens the day

Sun luminates the night

Comforts laid six feet beneath the crust

And climbing down, folks did willy-nilly.

In our place

We are shepherdless sheep

Grazing the graveous field

Since the day we funerated our culture under the light of the intruders

Idris Abayomi Alade

Journey

Life is all but a journey

Today we are here

Tomorrow we are there

No time to spare

On our lapses so bare.

On on the chariot of time goes

Dragging us along like war foes

Through the field where knowledge of hoes

Glow or blow our toes.

No lasting friend or enemy

Only permanent interest like a political pygmy

To survive the war like heroic army

Among the many armies that die the death of obscurity.

Life is all but a man's journey

Intricately woven to the journey of another

Many in their myopic state or starry-eyed lost their tracks

And are forever trapped in the destiny of others.

Oh! Not me. Not me

Just In A Little While

Just in a little while
This noise will fade away
Trending topic will die out
Inspiring breasts a girl covers
Will be in the open lacking inspiration
Stick a young man kicks away
He picks to support himself
Rain will stop and sky will brighten itself
Just in a little while.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Lecturing

So many persons run as fast as there feet can carry them
Not because of the poor pay
Not because the work environment is that bad
They just want to escape from the world of books.

Imagine how our universities would be
If we all want to stay
Imagine how great we would impact the coming generations
If we stay put.

Our education is in comatose
It needs you
In you is the repertoire of what it needs to survive
Stay and help her regain lost strengths
Engrave your name in the heart of many young one.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Left

Roofing sheets left the house
Leaving all that it was supposed to protect
When the wind blew.

The topsoil danced away
Leaving the nutrients that it was supposed to protect
When the flood came.

Like the roofing sheets and the topsoil
The man left without uttering a word
Leaving behind, the family he was supposed to protect
When husky voice of death called.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Let Us Be Without Flag

Lets be without flag
Lets know we've got no pride in our togetherness
That the wind may blow our stupidity
Far and wide to all land of men
Where our old glories
Are been sung.

Let them know our situations
That we are men without love
Children that cannot take care of father's house
After glorious exits
People with conflicting visions
That use guns and bombs
That makers hardly used
In championing wind like aims.

Not half mast, but out of the symbolic staff
That stood regardless of time
That the roving wind may be disappointed in his ageless play
And tell the world
What we are now
Maybe desired change will come

Idris Abayomi Alade

Loneliness

The solace of the graveyard
I know just as the sun
Like the moon know i
Stars know not in their glee glistening
Round cultural dance of planets
Mass travel of rain
Makes good illiteracy
Sadness of loneliness.

Tenths of lively field play
Hundreds of laughter
Thousands of ideas
Millions of blissful thoughts
Billions of love
Died before they mature
Sadness of loneliness.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Lonely Man

Like island, he looks dull
Pale as leaves in desert
Prisoner he is
Sees no mercy of gale
Ice his bed turned
Rashes sun leaves him with.
His heart weigh more than his body
As it nurtures dirt of mileu
And ills of time.
Song of death he begins to dance
Fiercely his foot steps goes
Deeper into snow
Tracing the call from the cold world.
Stop the brag colleen
Embrace his bag of bones
Help him home
Even in the emptiness of his cupboard
For a life you save
Heaven has your reward.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Looking Ayisat's Picture

This is mama
The greatest of all mothers
Ever sojourn the grotesque earth
Her actions in the old play
Stand still in eyes
Her sagacious sayings
Illumine the murky world i live
Tale she tell of con and clever folks
Re-echo in my skull.

This is mama
I can see her
Beaming with her usual smile
Her motherly laughter with children
Gazing grossly at our impish deeds
With side pinching of correction.

This is mama
I can see her
In her African attire
Well coloured than the best outfit
Of the queen of England
And first lady of many countries.

This is mama
Whose life is long gone up
In the chariot of death
And her precious body
Enriching the soil of her fatherland.

This is mama
I can see her in this old picture
That trigger my memory of my late grandma
I cry fresh cry for your exeunt
For i love you.
Cheerio Ayisat.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Lucre

Affluence interlocute

Lucre yell

Even miser cannot hush

His effort will speak loud.

Play boy will dance

On the stage with lass

With latest tune to grace

The presence of his lucre.

Affluence interlocute

Lucre yell

Draw public attention

Willy-nilly of the owner's wish.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Man In Man

Like virus, love enters me
My immune gone untrace
Untrace gone with my masculinous power
I drift to command of a mortal
Errand for weaklings i run wholehearted
Worst that ever happen to man
Chance on me; escape bulwark.
Am captured by irresistible feelings
That drown mighty men in mysterious ocean
Man in man manacled man
Power of the world hands to the woman
Now i am a tied goat
Whose rope is in the hand of illinient lass
Am weak and dying
I cry like a baby whose mother as gone to market
I dread my samsonic end
Hid in the impersonation of pleasure.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Money Not Nature

Which is greater?

Nature or money

Nature bring people around you

At the dawn of time

When the sun shed its light

And truthfulness of nature reveal

People take to heel

Care and love become something that accompany another.

Money!

Money bring people willy nilly

To love and care for the dog

Idris Abayomi Alade

Music

Oh music

Music alone i revere

The sui generis

Its influence surpass that of..greatest king above and below

The mortals and immortals

Are vulnerable to its power

For their hearts are like slave

Ready to take order.

Blessed is the voice that birth thee

And accessories of thy embellishment

Music oh music

You alone i revere

Idris Abayomi Alade

My Beautiful Woman

Dark is the colour of her tender skin

Exactly the colour of fertile earth

She is as soft as water-melon

Her favourite fruit

Her melodious voice would teach singing birds

How best to attract more listeners.

She is beautiful

More beautiful than reknown queens and princesses

Even mistresses and concubines of kings and lords

Can not match her beauties

Had Jack seen her, Rose wouldn't have desired him

Had Romeo seen her, Juliet's little beauty and dying life wouldn't worth a penny

Let to say his lowly life

Had I not known her parents

I would have summed her for a fallen angel that had come to torment me.

My woman is beautiful

Her natural beauties can only be from God

Not medicure or pedicure that react under intense weather

Her beauties glow when the sun sun high up

Neither cold nor storm could made away with her beauties.

Her hands always look to hold me

Her firm breasts ever ready to support my troubled head

Our tantrums are like that of kids whose mothers have gone to markets.

No wonder I always want to be with her

I run like school boy every close hour into her waiting arms

Without remembering to say goodbye to colleagues.

I am glad to have you

You are an opportunity I wouldn't let slipped away

You are the answer to my fervent prayers

You are the good thing and I am the favoured one that the Holy bible talked about

When finding wife.

Idris Abayomi Alade

My Tears

If you have seen the rain
In its great glory
Makes slave soul shiver
Flood flow freely into the ground stomach
My tears is like the rain
Cascading from the ocean
I never know is within
Eroding my joy of old
Turning my future to mire
That many sun hardly dry.

If you have ever get drench in the rain
Wherever you are in the world
You can feel my tears and its stronghold
When she let my love
Wander away from her heart.

Idris Abayomi Alade

My Woman

My woman

The essence of my being

Her feminism masculates my masculinism

I spare no effort to sing her praises

In company of friends in alehouse

Where ladies hawk their bare bodies.

My woman is no light skin

She doesn't fall into the modern term for 'beautiful'

She is not the fair complexioned woman

Writers spent time to paint with flowery adjectives in their works

But when all the noises have been made

And cane of reality flogged men

She is the kind of woman they longed for in their forlorn.

My woman doesn't slap the world with her womanhood

She knows her beauties is not in ladies' book of revelation

I am as wild as other men

She tames me with the things in her head

I run home after working hour like a hungry schoolboy

To be comforted by her.

My woman is my goddess

Dark as the dawn

Soft like the morning dew

Slim like a virgin girl

Her my-shoulder-height makes her

A nightmare for aestheticians.

My woman is a true goddess

Spotless in her ways

Calm in the dealings

When she smiles

My day glows with hope and

Difficulties flee from my paths

Her frown is armageddon

It spans lesser than a second of time

She sussed I am no angel like her

And our home depends on the consistency of her forgiveness.

My woman

The essence of my being

Her feminism masculates my masculinism

I spare no effort to laud her

In company of my friends.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Name

Write your name on sand

Wind wouldn't forgive it

Engraved your name on wood

Hungry termite would eat it

Patronize the smith

Iron rust and name fades

Write it on luxuries earth ever seen

Fire would laugh it off.

Write your name in the heart of men

Neither wind, termite, fire nor passage of time wipe it.

Your name is emboldened as lips whisper

You live on as men procreate

Till infinite, your name reign with moon

And sun eulogize it.

Write your name in the heart of men

With what you do and stand for.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Nigeria

Nigeria

A nation that satisfies all criteria
Blessed with beautiful land area
Rich in minerals
With peaceful and famous rivers
Population so great
With people so cultural
Her language as countless as the stars.

Nigeria

A country that I know
Before host of others enter my head
Like a loving mother
Nigeria taught me all that I know
Her morals are ageless
Her schools are the best
Her land so fertile to support all ideas
My good head can conceive.

I love Nigeria

The way a baby loves her mother
But I hate her leaders
They are bad drivers that crash the vehicle
So shortsighted that they cannot see beyond their noses
There unscrupulous ways brew hatred in me
They are the unworthy children
Bad heirs that destroyed the labours of their fathers
Who are the venerated heroes in our history.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Nigeria In My Mind

Nigeria, my loving nation
My land and home
My resting place when the sun cease to be
How can i ameliorate thee
For me and my people sake
That i will pathfind a path
Consanguinity never corrupt
I am on sit
Cogitating again
For idea that cannot be be pulverize
By corruption like the afore.

Nigeria, my country
The black land for my black skin
How can i make thy
 dead light shine brighter again
How can i lift you up
When the weight of corruption
Has immerse you deep into the crust
To make myself and the people happy
Together with the fallen heroes
That cacophonous cries
Wary wails
The land burn their carcasses
Little room turns inferno
Your anointed children
Brought drought that makes
Marsh lost its relic power
And desert plaque the living and the dead.

Oh my great nation
Nigeria, my home
The land given to me by my pangous father
I am still cogitating on thy amelioration.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Nigeria In The Clockwise Of Time

Isn't this Nigeria
Isn't this the country i was born
Isn't this the nation of my youth
How deteriorating you have gone
In the clockwise of time.

Shaking pillar of Nigeria
Make dogs around roar
Claiming the kingship of the black jungle
In the life time of the true lion
Nigeria how deteriorating you have gone
In the clockwise of time
The strong pillar of Nigeria cave in
Stability gone into thin air
Vandalism, kidnapping, and wails
Trait my ones peaceful nation
In the clockwise of time.

I toyed with employment
Youth of today toiled for employment
When food in stomach i jump like the lamb
And give hand to communal work
Youth of today nearly die from ulcer
Thereby contribute hands in self upliftment
Looting from the high way
In the darkness of night.

Isn't this my country
With pillar strong as Iroko tree
How weak you have gone
In the helplessness of your youth
In the clockwise of time.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Old Circle Of Life

I am tired
Of life that circle in the same degree
With relic formula to work through
Tantamount dolour and jocund
Old sand i walk
Dull hue of sky
That shield the long gone
With its aging glory of twinklers
Over my head
Caging curious eyes from oust beauty
Man living in expanse of his brain
Animals in minuscule heads
Sea dancing song in the define stage
Trees bowing always to the sauntering king
Circle in the same degree
Life in the cycling planet
Inky pen, paggy papers
Sex in the old fashion
Yore plays in the bag of the smiling sun
I am tired of the world
I see, lived since my birth
That journey in the same old degree.

Idris Abayomi Alade

On The Journey Of A Graduate

On the journey of a graduate

Country's length and breadth we came

With our uncultured manners

To learn from the pedagogy of truth

The wisdom to steer our country.

Journey so rough our feet peel

Learning so tough our heads ache

Some fell beyond help

Others helped each time they fell the sloppy hill of learning.

Like wolves, we howled so long

In the thick of the Journey

When the night grew so cold

And no comfort within sight.

Other time, like the eagles

We soared gleefully in the vast sky

Beating the winds with our youthful wings

To the sweetness of the sky blue hue.

Heroes and villains emerged amongst us

To give our play the bliss of a playwright

Whose thematic preoccupation

Last long in our crania.

Joy and sorrow mixed

As learning sun waned

Onus to fatherland called

Men and women of responsibility birthed...

To tread the heroic paths of our forebears

To pathfind new courses

Booning nation and her people

For common goals.

Idris Abayomi Alade

On The Leggy Col

On the leggy col
Where feet halt not
Runners run rare race
For proverbial trophy

On the leggy col
Born i
Runners persist
I toddle

On leggy col
I run to outshine
For proverbial trophy
To ease another man's race

Idris Abayomi Alade

On The Seeing Hill

On the seeing hill

Where I sometimes chill

Chilled by the sight I see

Boneless aged trounced virile lad

Past too powerful for present to overcome

And our adored future

Scampered beyond our chase.

Seeing from the seeing hill

In flowing white garments

Converged at a critical time

Powerful men of the cardinal points

To resuscitate our monstrous past

To defeat our present.

From the seeing hill

I see briefcases handed to the corner stones

A Waterdrop to droughty pebbles

At the polling place of decision

Crucifying our present with tact of the past

To shoo our morrow.

From the seeing hill
Uncultured boys of scarred faces
Brandished sabres
Weeding greens of the pasture
Tossing boxes of truth
To gore our now
And strangled our ends.

From the seeing hill
Minors gobbling grubs up the street
To fill cards with their impish prints
Killing the future
They would come to seek.

Going to the seeing hill
To see our many ill
Got me chilled
Though, jocund
For the runner's hideout i know.

Idris Abayomi Alade

On This Path

I have cried
Tears of agony cascaded
From my torn soles, blood gushed
Several seasons I limped
All on this path
The path I was told leads to greatness.

On many nights
Hungry and thirsty gone I
Slept in lairs
Battered by the wilds
With rags on my back
I survived storms
All on this path
The path I was told leads to greatness.

Many a year, on this path, I have been
Renewing hopes as sun rises
Getting disappointed as night falls
But been told, this path, leads to greatness
I persisted hoping the greatness on the path I would see.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Power Of Consent

The wisest man is a blind man
But the fool can still see
From the minuscule of brain
What transpired in the darkness of night
Power of consent in the coven of power
Where the antagonist and the protagonist meal.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Princess

I don't know how am feeling
I don't know if to see a doctor or not
I don't know if to sleep or not
If to eat or not
If to dance or not
If to jump or not

I don't know what is happening to
me
At the coming of my lovely princess

Idris Abayomi Alade

Rainfall In Enugu

And after a very long time
The one we missed returned.

Like the christians await the Lord's coming,
His coming was heavily anticipated by all.
And he came in his great glory
On the day we lest expected, after all the wait
The sky announced its coming
Gleeful and naked, our children ran up and down the dusty road,
Thronged Eke market scattered on its day,
Strong winds, such that had not been seen ayore, blew lifeless objects into life
And up in the air, they flew in jocund
Loud blast greeted our auditory Love's
And our olfactors began to be caressed by the sweet smells of the earth.
It rained and rained and rained in Enugu.

We felt comfortable in our sleep thereafter,
Sicky shrubs regained their luscious greens
And the bald mountainous earth grew some hairs to cover its nakedness
Once again, life is good in Enugu.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Reigning With Stars

This is my oasis
After trudge on dale and boulders
I am jocund and filled with glee
My woes are over.

This is my oasis
After long trod on precipice and cliff
I sparkle and glitter
In company of my friends.

I am the scion in the castle
For the congenial and consanguinity.

In the kirk, am greatly blessed
Tavern and pub are
My show of wealth.

My woes are over
My fuss now a subject in my annal
Am fabulous
I carve a niche in the galaxy
Where hoi polloi lives not but stars.

I pathfind a path
Champion a course
That bring laughter and joy
To the dying heart of the people.

People revere my gift of brain
Pious my initiatives
Sing my praise in the altitude of voice.

I strive to live
I made it
I paint the sky in a golden colour
Floor the ground with golden ties
The sparkling of my country
Is my doing.

I live in the galaxy
People of my time and the oncomings
See my work and ponder to imitate
Except the dead
Who had gone before my coming.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Repentance

Forgive father... Forgive
My flaws got me this time
Had I be as hallowed as Joseph
I would have run
Run faster than the hands of time
Swifter than my shadow could catch.

All I should have done went into coma
My faith and morals deserted me
Had the precious thing some inches far
I would have stolen some senses
She was close, as close as the clothes I wore
My heart thicken with pleasure
My being moved hysterical
Till I sink into the abyss of life.
I had finished with the temptatious thing that lie beside me
Before faith, and moral returned from their travel
They hold my soul in apprehension
Faith tells me about you
Moral reminds me of her marrital status
They both put guilts in me.

Forgive father... Forgive
My flaws got me this time
I have sinned a temptatious sin
Had I be as hallowed as Joseph
I would have run faster than the hands of time.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Response

Response

We told them that we needed houses

Our government responded by pulling down the ones we had.

We told them that we could barely meet up with the prices of foodstuffs in the markets

They responded by increasing the common foodstuffs we could afford.

We told them that we needed jobs

Our government responded by closing the few companies with their policies.

We told them that we needed a father to watch over us

Our President left us for other places.

We told them to help our education from falling

Our Government responded by putting it in the grave.

We told our government to help us become selfless

They told us that selfishness is the way forward.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Sky And Earth Cried

The sky cried her eyes out
When I asked the sky why she cried,
She said:
She wished she were earth
She would blanket herself from cold
With grasses, trees and rocks
She would make men and fours
Caress the beauty of her spotless body
And she would have the joy of a mother
Just like the earth.

I laughed the laughter that befitted me,
A drunk
Because the day before, just as I was coming from the ale house
I heard the acrimonious cry of the earth
When I asked the earth why she cried
She said:
She wished she were sky
She would remain immaculate
She wouldn't have to wait for her
To supply water, sun and moon lights
She would have her body exposed to good air
And feet of twos and fours would no longer
Scarred her body.

After my long laughter
Haven heard the earth cried the day before
I boldly told the sky to rejoice and sing aloud
I let her know I heard the earth cried
She longed to be like her
She wanted her body exposed for blowing breeze
She wanted to be the sky's sole supplier of water and lights
And also she wanted her body spotless
Just like yours
For fours and twos put irreparable scars on her.

Before the sky shout gleefully
Off to the earth I go
I see her soaked in her own tears

Her eyes were out and her face was pale
I laughed the laughter that befitted me,
A drunk.

After my long laughter
Haven heard the sky cried some minutes ago
I boldly told the earth to rejoice and sing aloud
I let her know I heard the sky cried
She longed to be like her
She wanted her exposed body blanketed
With grasses, trees, and rocks
She wanted men and others to caress her juicy body
And make her feel like you felt
A mother.

Before the earth shout gleefully
Off to my house I go
My house, a place they know not
For I am the wind.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Slow And Steady

I am not like those persons that fly

But i still manage to get on

Some persons breezed passed me

But still i maintained my steady lonely motion

Some ambled by in fashion laced with grace

Still i stick with my motion.

My motion which is slow and cumbersome

Arduous and strenuous

Distract and repel friends

And often me on my lonely path.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Something Is Missing

Great efforts, great rewards
Sow big, reap big
The language used in speeches and banners
In school, at work.

It lures everybody to action
Labour indefatigably
Even when fatigue shows pearl gate
Our reward is big we muttered.

We learnt the irreversible art of time
To dig deep into the future
And never wait for pals
For success gate is narrow.

We learnt the hypocrite of nature
To make people live symbiotically
And destructively to another
For success need con.

I have learnt from men
Their relationship solidified
By lies and deceit
For successful man is surrounded by men.

I have learnt at the university
What I ought to know and not known
Dance the song of profession
To belong to a path in life.

I rued my labour, my shoe yet unpolished
Sword sharp not to pierce poverty
Oh! something is missing, GOD!
Except God build the house...

Idris Abayomi Alade

Song Of A Small Man

Some called me short
Others called me dwarf
All I know is that I am unique.

People leave whatever they are doing just to see me
They talked and talked in low tones
Wondering how small a man like me could be
I looked at myself and say, if I wasn't like this, nobody would know I passed by.

Children called themselves from football fields
They laughed and called me baba kukuru(short man)
I am their fantasy in the day
I smiled because I know my image would soon torment them
And make them unable to sleep at night.

Some called me demon
And others associated me with all night terrors
I just laughed and laughed, because it is a sign that I was noticed.

I am small compared to the rest
I am quicker on some events than their best
Call me wherever pleases you
It is a sign of my uniqueness.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Song Of Rebels

This is my song and loud i sings it

I would be mad to be your lover

Doomed for being your friend

Sleep with one eye for i am at your back

Fortify yourself against strayed bullets

Die if you want

Rebel of humanity that brands my type

I was made of love, this i know

You stole what belongs to me

My wealth and freedom

My hope and life

Now i am the frightened snake that bite in the verdure

The dog that pursue the pursuers

Hatred breeds in me

Strange forces inhabited me

Strenght of Iroko i have

And dazzling face of fire

I perpetrate my word like the flood

That overhauled stoppages and stoppers

I have and will destroy anything at sight

Until you give back what you've stolen

Not as bribe but as right

Then will the man in me dies

Brother i will call you

In genueness of love

With our buried past.

This is my song and loud i sings it.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Still I Stand.

Riding on the tide

Into the wide

Where men soar with pride

Or writhe all side.

The trough so tough

Harbour rotten bough

Paddling so rough

That canoes cough.

Against the armies of the sea

Titanic with its titan ornament sink

Kayakians with their malnourished kayak perish

Like many perishers

Failed me, oars maneuvering prof taught

Still I stand

Sail slowly

In total submission

To flapping wings of the wind

That troubled the trough.

Sun

Again he comes
In his great glory
The dictator of our deeds
From the horizon
Hale and healthy he march
Like trumpet its blow
Stronger and louder
Beyond the bulwark hold in the deaf ears
Making the idle dread
Of the work to come
Signaling the indefatigable spirit
Enclosed in the diligent's body
Of the goals ahead
Wife wails
Wanting more of the night play
Children cry cacophonously
Of the sweet dreams that end without resolution
Street sleeping dust wake
As determined feet make its way.

At his full position
On the old throne
Chill of the black dude melt away
Life spring up boisterously
In land, air, and sea
Effect of the sun can be seen
At its peak
As the living thing work
To cage the old breath in their body
And stratified in a good niche
In the strata of life.

The sun saunter
Like santa claus showering gifts
On the children that revere his presence.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Teaching Is My Life

As some persons are happy
Going into the house of the lord,
I'm happy going into a classroom
Happy I would teach young minds
I paced to and fro like a King in his courtyard
Throwing and answering questions
In my best possible way.

Many are teaching
Very few are teachers
Teachers of note and credence
Are as rare as Painite.

This is what I wanted to do
It's what I have prepared for, all my life
It isn't to me a last resort
As it is to several others
Who couldn't nail their dream jobs
Hopped into noble profession
For fear of being tagged failure
Or like some others
Who are chilling on the job
Till what they wanted come their ways.

Teaching is my life
I love what it is and what it means
I embrace its ups and downs with joy and jocund
If there be rewards, I will take
If isn't, I will be glad for doing what I like.
Teaching is my life
Just as my life teaches.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Tell Them I Have Gone

If at all they ask of me
Tell them I have gone
If they doubt you
Give them this letter.

This small bag bags all I have
My certs and clothes for my loins
If at all they ask of me
Tell them I have left their job.

Tell them I have gone
To where staff are promoted on merits
And not by family ties
And unscrupulous politicking.

I thought I'd change the terrain
And wouldn't follow the exit door early like others did
But it dawns on me
All I have done, is chase a shadow.

If at all they ask of me
Tell them I have gone
If they doubt you
Give them this letter.

Idris Abayomi Alade

That Inferiority May Thrive Not

I am the young yellow sun

That swept away the gloom

For dreams to be birthed, hope to soar.

I am the mammoth moon

That sat in the corner of the sky

Wrested with forces killing our lights.

I am the Olumo rock

On the back of my height that kissed the sky

I planted you to see the distant future.

I am the towering Iroko tree

That provided shelter for motherless eaglets

To keep them in the high, the place of their ancestor.

I am the sweet smelling flower

Along the busy footpath

Tickling the butterflies.

You heard my rumbling sound when I fought the oppressive rain

My zigzag lights tore its black blanketed raiment to give hope of lights to come

I showed you many colours to mark my victory.

With my golden hands

Your sky I gold painted

That inferiority may thrive not in our midst.

Idris Abayomi Alade

That's The Way We're

Had a bird at hand
Eyes thousands in the forest
That's the way we're
Except you're one of the few finest.

Had a home so peaceful
Invites angelic home breaker
That's the way we're
Except you're one of the few finest.

Living peacefully in a house roofed with law
Wishes to live above it
That's the way we're
Except you're one of the few finest.

Had a cleanup to do
Chooses to postpone it
That's the way we're
Except you're one of the few finest.

Had a skull so full of brain
Dwells in the mire of ignorance
That's the way we're
Except you're one of the few finest.

Knowing what to do
But chooses not to do it
That's the way we're
Except you're one of the few finest.

Idris Abayomi Alade

The Best

The world celebrate the best
Non other than the best
People may pity the runner up
Feel sorry for the energy expended
Soon they leave him
For where cymbals, trumpets and merry are made
For it is in them to celebrate the best.

Sorry if you are jilted
For coming a runner up
Many are runners up
Few are champions
And so deserve to be celebrated
For they are gold among stones.

Becoming the best is no fluke
But I will give my all
Because the world celebrate only the best.

Idris Abayomi Alade

The Cry Of An Ameke Boy

When will I travel down this road that runs through the hill?
When will I journey on this road that is flanked on both sides by tall trees and shrubs?

The people of our Ameke village that travelled on this road
All returned and become gburugburu, odogwu and ome-ego.

When will I travel on these roads?

I heard this road leads to Lagos and this other one leads to Abuja
I heard Lagos has plenty monies and that is where Onoh, our wealthiest man got all his monies from
I heard Abuja is the seat of power and that is where Chekwube, that nwanyi-ojoo got all her oppressive powers from
Oh! Ebube Chukwu... Help me! I want to travel on these roads
To pack monies and powers and establish myself in this Ameke village like Onoh and Chekwube did.

When will I travel on this road that is as smooth as my dark skin to the cities that I saw in my dreams?

When will I seat on one of the guragura motors that takes and brings goods to the cities
And watch Ameke, the village of my birth go back back in the ears(side mirrors)of the motor.

I want to go to the city

Oh! Ye spirits of the road that Pa Ugwueje spoke highly of
I plead to you.. Come and take me on your back to the cities
I want to go places other than this Ameke, my place of birth
I want to see people different from my Ngwo brothers and sisters.

Oh! Ye spirits of the road

Come and take this poor boy of Ameke on your back like the mother I was told you are

To Lagos and Abuja.

I want to go on these roads to where the roads lead

I want to go on these roads to where it ends so that me too would seat in the mist of the Umunna to share my experience.

Idris Abayomi Alade

The House Where The Sun Lived

There was a house that housed nobody
It towered high. No not high, but high
It was not unkempt and
It blooming flowers always pruned.

I tasked my little self
To know more about the house that housed nobody
And whose blooming flowers always pruned.

I ran every morning to the house
Hoping the owner I would see
But no. The owner wouldn't come out
Could the owner left for work too early like my dad?
I asked my little self.

I ran to the house every evening
Hoping the owner would have returned
But no. The owner wouldn't return
There was no sign of humans
But there was sign of something
The old red sun.

When people returned from work
The old red sun also returned every day, and stood for long
At the back of the house
Looking tired like my dad.

One evening, I was mesmerized by the sickly look of the old red man
And I stood for long pitying him
I saw him disappeared further down into the house
The glowing louvers of the house could testify.

Eureka! I announced to my little self
This is the house where the sun lives
My teachers were wrong to have said
The old red sun didn't live in our midst.

Idris Abayomi Alade

The Potency Of Health

Life and its riches
Like the sun, i wish to be
Immortal power not.

Death and its emptiness
Like egg, never want to harsh
Bad mother want baby.

Health at hand
Like sea ebb
World whirl wind works hard

Acidiosis makes adrenal sings lin song
I look with uncertainty
Life and death dragging me.

Powerless to free from manacles
Only to sycophant health
To put me where i desire.

My act in unfolding pal's play abound
My gold and silvers young to lost shepherd
Sleeping dust in garden need my feet to wake.

Lord health
I know you are tough to please
Please accept my druggery bribe...

LONGEVITY IS ALL I WANT.

Idris Abayomi Alade

The Woman Warrior

I will write about Adaku

The warrior woman

And her battles

In the matrimonial ring.

She is a beater beating beatables

Respect and reverence, aliens to her

Her mammoth size

Sing songs she dances.

Acrimonious yellings of her husband wake the people

As Imam to worshipers for morning prayer

When the man in him acts

The day before.

Neighbours avoid her paths

Landlord lowers voice in her presence

Passers-by take pleasure in watching

Season films she starred.

Mother-in- laws abandons her son

In a way strange to the blacks

She sealed her running mouth

The day Adaku shown her the pearl gate.

Adaku won her freedom

She becomes man whose say towered

Adaku is indeed a warrior to emulate

By women who do not fancy their womanhood

Idris Abayomi Alade

Think Africa

Must it be you!
Your name they mentioned
When poverty kills.

Ain't you tired of bad names!
Your name they mentioned
When starvations and diseases kill.

Hmmm! You again!
Your name they mentioned
When corruptions and lawlessness sprouts.

Why? Why you?
Your name they mentioned
When they called the backward man.

Why can't you sit and think
Plan and focus
So you may be called Prince like your brothers.

Think Africa! Think Africans
Our blackness shouldn't be what they called it
We too can rule the world.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Time Will Come

Time will come
When I will no longer lack
My bank accounts will no longer be zero
But digits with many zeros.

Time will come
When I will no longer think of job or how to get one
I will have jobs for people
And I will rotate offices to monitor.

Time will come
When I will no longer think of what to eat, where to keep my gracious head when
it is dusky; shoes and clothes for occasions
I will be so rich that I will make people comfortable.

Time will come
When my bed will no longer be cold at night and my house be deserted by day,
With warm heart I will sleep on warm bed
And wish day and night are longer.

Time will come
When today's pains and sorrow
Become joy and tales
Too terrible to be believed.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Trees And The Birds

Employees are like the birds
Sooner or later, they will fly away!

Bird does not perch on a tree for long
It perches when the tree is good
Flies when problem comes
Onto another tree, and other trees
It flies! And flies! And flies!
Employees are like the birds
Sooner or later, they will fly away!

Employers are like the trees
When they bloom with healthy fruits
Birds come! And come! And come!
Eat and sing! Eat and sing! Eat and sing!
When fruits are gone
Cease to sing and fly away
Onto another tree, and other trees
It flies! And flies! And flies!

Trees keep your fruits to keep the birds
Lose it and away the birds fly
Onto another tree, and other trees
Employees are like the birds
Sooner or later, they will fly away!

Idris Abayomi Alade

Unconventional

For coming from this part of the world
Where what we hoped for, were things of the past for others in Europe;
Where the future we craved for, is the present that the Americans lived in;
Where the education we never had, is an elementary curriculum for kids in
China;
I have learnt to cope and become friends with anomalies
In other to excel.

For coming from this part of the world
I have learnt to smile in crying situations,
I have learnt the use of other energies when my body is down with hunger
I have learnt to feel at ease with acrimonious pains
Just to excel.

For coming from this part of the world
I have learnt to beat death at its own favourite game,
Become strong in sickness,
And forge ahead in the bushes of existence
In other to excel.

For coming from this part of the world
Where convention is not conventional
You have to find an unconventional way to become whatever
You want to be
Otherwise you would ended up becoming the poor
That our poverty stricken nation wanted you to be.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Unlike Many

On the circled railway track

Humanitarian train moves fast

Frenzied folks cacophoned a word

In many languages.

A word that moves twice

As fast as the train

Compelling word that compels frenzied folks to surpass their make

And crashed against the moving train.

Unlike many, i would close my eyes

Deaf my ears to siren of train

I would walk the lone lane to win the race rather than run and crash

If to be second means to be happy,

I would rather be third to be happier

For first dies and second fractures

With my third position

I would manage a bruise which i could still walk with

Idris Abayomi Alade

We Are A People

We are a people

Dogged with horrific past

Whose relics haunt

As did ghost to Hamlet.

We are a people

Confounded to a spot

Too scared to leap

Whose delight is in the dead past.

Grimy pang of the past

That breeds hatred in our young hearts

To polish rusty arms our fathers left

To separate, to loot and to maim.

Our past is terror filled

Leave it

Our past is debaclous

Flee from it.

Learn from across the boarder

Of Abraham who left is past to embrace his future

And many heroic characters in the historical books

Who usain bolt their life race.

There is light up there

Like the insects, lets move to it

With hands chained to help

The weak in our midst.

We are a people

As bright as the sun

As glorious as the moon

Lets bye our past, for future to come.

Idris Abayomi Alade

We Are Back Again

We are back at where we set off
After circling round and round
Like an eagle preying over nothing.

We were the mad people
Who carried bags and baggage
Thinking they were going somewhere
Only to go nowhere.

We are where we began the erstwhile journey
Legs that pained
Headaches that wouldn't go
Raiments so dirty
Were goodies we brought.

We are back again at where we set off
After circling round and round
Like an eagle preying over nothing.

Idris Abayomi Alade

We Are Poets

We are poets

Users of verses and rhymes

With our nightingale throats

We sing songs deep

The deaf ears of bullies

Our angelic hands write

On wall before bad kings.

We are poets

We are the eyes of our countries

Menders of our world

Individually we sing

In group we are heard

We write on winds

People catch cold

We write on water

It cleanses body, soul and mind

We write on sun

The world receives new light;

On moon

Sweet dream of morrow kill despondency

Like stars we sparkle

In the sky people look up to.

We are poets

We are God chosen

To path sea with our pens

For innocent people to pass

And with the same pens

Immerse oppressors in their oppression.

We are poets

We clad love in best clothes

Beat drum for hearts to dance

Its rare jocund dance

And give life to people's actions

In their importance.

We are poets

We live with our works

Our voices remain audible

Even as air finishes in our lungs

And our throats rot away.

We dwell everywhere

And in beautiful heart of men.

We are poets

We spy the world

At night and day

We write from our eyes

And take to our only home

Poemhunter.

Idris Abayomi Alade

We Know Who Is Who

Damn the scoreboard
Damn the results
Damn those who knew us
But chose to write whatever they wanted
In our class, we know who is who.
Damn the award
Damn its recipient
Damn those who knew us
But chose to give it to those they were pleased with
In our class, we know who is who.
Damn the position
Damn its occupant
Damn those who knew us
But chose to do unmerited placement
In our class, we know who is who.
We may not be deemed fit
Merits may not have counted
But our works are there
And they speak in loud voices
Damn those who disregarded them
Damn whatever they says.

Idris Abayomi Alade

We Write

We write in jocund
Of the sun and its ways
Moon and its countless children of night.

We write in jocund
Of bird and their love for the sky
Animals and their non chalant in the wood.

We write in jocund
Of men and their secrets
Gods and their mysteries.

We write in jocund
Playing on rules that critics cogitate
Publisher, set free their tied lions.

We write in jocund
Blessing the man in the shop
Adding woe to the stocking librarians.

We write in jocund
Kick bleed sore of idle students
Tickling fantasies of diligent learners.

We write in jocund
Umpiring the love making of pen and book
Only to have effects on people.

Idris Abayomi Alade

When We Are Old

When we are old
The key to every door we hope we hold
Success story of many episodes be told
On agbantara as the hours unfold.

When we are old
The wrinkle face of my wife I'll look
And tell her to look mine
Together we will laugh at the follies of time and ironies of life.

Every morning, we will play music
Of cautions, perseverance, hardwork, love and hope
And see our children dance to it
We will tell them how alara survived hardships
And how ajero made it
Like the mother eagle
We will take our children high high in the blue sky
And leave them unsupported
That they might fly with their own wings
To cover grounds we didn't
And rule in places we dreamt of
We want kings not flagbearers in our family.

Under the tall tree where gale tales
On our favourite agbantaras we will sit at noon
And watch our children's children
Play boju-boju game
We will remember our childhood days
And the untarred village roads we ran bare footed on to buy kulikuli.

When the gloom is settling
My wife and I will busy our old frail bodies
Amble round the neighbourhoods
With our hands chained together
That the young lovers be jealous.

Every night we will thank God
We will sing his praises
And hold each other's hands

For it might be our last hold
Last time we will see each other sleep
And if God's favour we see and hear the cockrel croo to announce a new day
We will sing praises
And live again the way I have earlier said.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Where Are Those People?

Where are those people that told us to go to school?

Where are the floggers that wiped our bumbums whenever we ran away from school?

They said we would be very rich when we finished school

We refused to ask them, maybe out to fear of being caned

Why they themselves were not very rich

Here we are, just like them, then, always hoping

They said we would be leaders when they themselves were led

The old songs we sang gleefully and marched gallantly to

On the assembly ground every morning were scams

Aimed at swindling our poor parents off their hard earned money

Under the guise of school fees

Abi, who wouldn't want his or her wards to be very rich as they preached.

Where are those people that told us to go to school?

Where are they?

I want to ask them

Why they didn't tell us we would be carrying papers around after school begging for jobs?

Why they didn't tell us we would wait for months to get jobs?

Why they didn't tell us fifty thousand graduates would jostled for a hundred jobs?

Why they didn't tell us we would be mountaineers, praying so hard to land our jobs?

Why they didn't tell our parents that they would still be given us money when we are grown?

Maybe they were scammers because that was how scammers behaved

Or they themselves didn't know the future they talked about with enthusiasms

The one that we are now living, would be like this

If the latter was the case, they shouldn't have said it with certainty.

The trade they said we shouldn't learn, is now what is paying of

The ball they said we shouldn't play, now produces billionaires

The songs they said were for bad boys, is now what fetches millions

The clothes they said we shouldn't sew, now what stars wear

Where are those people self?

They need to see what they have turned us into.

Anyway, I have gotten to where they pointed

I will do all that I thought fit to become what they said

I would become.

Who Am I?

If plant's root could move where water is

And its leaves to where sunlight abunds

If kangaroolet could hide in the porch of her mother

And child goes where his mother sits

If the rain could travel many miles to cool the earth

And the sun saunters thousand meters to grace the earth

If it takes love making to bring baby to earth

And care to nurture him to adulthood

Then who am I

Not to go where there is love

Who am I

Not to bury myself in the juicy bosoms of my loved ones.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Will A Man Know

Will a man know
The values of what he doesn't have?

A child that knows the importance of mother
Would never throw pebbles at another's mother.

If a man knows how healthy laughter is
He wouldn't make his brothers cry.

A man who has never known joy of togetherness
Wouldn't hesitate to bomb the gathering of friends.

A man whose entitlements have never been taken
Wouldn't know the danger of piracy.

Will a man who is not hungry
Ever beg for food?

If cupid hasn't shot a man in his heart
He would say love is a mirage.

A man who has never laid with a woman and feel the sweetness of her warmth
Would say women are useless.

The destroyers of our humanities
Are those who obviously have never known what it means to be human.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Women

Women are the clothes
That men wore to pass time.
They are not to be loved but liked
So they won't make our memory
Linger when old and discard.

Women are clothes
To be worn for some time and thrown away
As they harbour lice that kill the body they keep.

Women are clothes
No matter how much you buy them
They will fade,
No matter how much you cherish them
They will tear.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Writers Are Born Not Made

Ocean is dry
And fount not secreting
Wind still rove the dry land
In its usual way
I want to write
Everything in me wants to write
Even though ocean is dry
And fog too thick i can't see remote place
I must write
I must make these two lovers
Starring at each other expressionlessly
Make love to yield readables
Writers are born not made
Writers write and write
When ocean overflows its limit
When ocean overdries that feet could
Navigate the way of ships
Writers write and write
For is in them to write.

Idris Abayomi Alade

You Are No Different From The Dead

Even the dog can bark
And fishes sometimes murmur
But when you cannot say what you wanted to say
And had to agree to what was said
Know you are no different from the dead
Who are forced off by death.

Even the antelope can elope
And eagles sometimes walk in the open field
But when you cannot do what you wanted to do
And had to do what others wanted
Know you are no different from the dead
Who are forced off by death.

Even a sturdy tree can bend in reverence
And a river sometimes overflow its bank
But when you cannot go where you wanted to go
And had to go where others are going
Know you are no different from the dead
Who are forced off by death.

Idris Abayomi Alade

Young Man, Old Man

When I was young
I detested being told I was young
I acted the script of adulthood that I conjured in my head
I grew beards with all herbs, and enhancers
I grew muscle all over me in the gym
I memorised some wise sayings
And when I was done, I walked about with my head held high.

Now that I am old in the real sense of being old
I detest being called an old man
I try to do away with old men's things
I dye my grey hair black
I shave all the beards I grew zestfully
I eat well, rest well to muscle up
I learn some slangs of young boys
And when I am done, I walk about with my head held high.

Idris Abayomi Alade