

Poetry Series

Ifeoluseyi ifeoluwapo
Ifeyemi
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ifeoluseyi ifeoluwapo Ifeyemi(13/05/1991)

Ifeoluseyi Ifeoluwapo Ifeyemi is a young and prolific writer with lots of has written lots of poems to his credit, to read some of his works visit his personal blogspot @ and other sites where he has his works. and can connect with ifeoluwapo via the following social media: Facebook, Twitter(@ifeoluseyi) ,

A Kiss And A Muse

This tongue tries thy tune,
When dawn drinks of infant milk,
And night's nighty knights guard gap of light.
For every night I lay,
As if to pray,
Panting patiently for thy feel,
In dreams of wet wears and sensuous sea.
Like fools forever feeling is folly;
Mine like theirs, is thy tasteful tongue.
Only now I ponder,
What wonder is this lust-lightning
Causing ceaselessly teary thunder!
How could a kiss make much muse?

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Lines and Rhythms Poetry Collection
Midnight Blues Series

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A Love Poem (For Agnes)

The merry of rodents on berries
Not only stupifies my senses
It begs a million rethorical questions
Alas! Answers are mine to answer
Life like rodents lives largely on affections
From father to mother
Of nuptial knots of partners
From nature to nurture
Of cradle to mother's nurture
I have had stereotyped stories
Of how women worry the indifference of men
But I say: let them live without one and learn,
The misery of in celibacy of not having one
For life would leave them on the run to emptiness
And their home shall be buoyant of barrenness
I have found the fire of affections
It is the eyes of pure passions
Residual in your sublime smooching
And aired by your unconditional loving...
Without you I am lost
Lost literally in plain sight
Ah! Losing you is my greatest fright

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A Minstrel Muses (Inks Of My Heart)

Listen,

The charming chords of choruses escaping the lips
Of children cheering one another in a game of bounds and leaps
Under the twinkling of stars and gazing of the moon
Transmute damaging depression to ecstatic expression

Look,

I have seen the colours of convivial communion of men and gods
It's in the lush lyrical libations laid upon the altar of panagyrics,
The offering of chastity of our daughters before bursting into wedlock
And the sanity of our son in the ills they religiously mock.

Love,

Love is the whispers of Asake when warming my whole
In the fires of pure passions and my thrust in her hole
Aye! It's the knots of hearts mishaps won't move
The attraction in the eyes of strangers and smiles they give

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A New Heart

And i drown in my tears
The depths of my worst fears.
Salvation so simply said,
Isn't a seed so easily bred.
Yet i shall work it out,
From within and without
With trembling and fear
For eternity is near!
Lord draw me nearer
Has thy spirit carry me higher
Into realms ayonder
That the earth may wonder!
..... #Saved

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Abukun

Again the players changed,
As those deemed unfit fled;
For their 'Goodluck' charm had
seized,
In the game of change, choiced by the
masses,
Whose wrecked wishes needed
special spices.
But the players hadn't truly changed
Only now, the cards are new and well
shuffled
Like a group of cultural dancers
changing steps and tunes.
Worse, they made our throne their
board of settling scores
Only this time, they broke their
sisters skulls
Whose smartness and self-
centeredness spun subversive sores.
Unable to undo their treacherous
filth,
Like a river bank with flood
widened width.
They sought for peace in the peoples
pieced peace,
Ooh! people whose necks are long
and thin from famine faeces,
Whose wealth are of the beggars
fortune,
Whose lives are of a fatal misfortune
Kleptomaniacs! shouted 'the power-
maniacs
Now, we ceaselessly ask in paucity
panics,
Will this round end well?
Will this digger dig well,
Into the depths of our lawless land,
Whose custodians are contraband?
Untold are the many dirty linens

tales,
Beautifully buried away from news
mails.
Yet, we know who stole the nation's
treasures,
Through bored board, while we look
in playful pleasures.
For though we feign forgetfulness
Our souls curse their fruitfulness
Nonstop, shall this pen tick and flow
Like the ticking wings of time show,
Against their antics and poor politics,
Forasmuch they persist in misrule.
Once again the village bell is rung,
To the ears of the old and young.

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Annabel

A SONG ON EVERY TONGUE
FIILLED WITH MELLODIES OF
EMOTION
WITH EACH NOTE DIPICTING
CAUTION
IS THIS BEAUTY BEING VOICED AS A
SONG
BUT IF I THEN BE WRONG,
PLEASE DO SOME LOVE NAITIVE
ASK
OF ANABEL AND HER
UNIMAGINEABLE BEAUTY
IMPRISONING WITH GUILTY PLEA
THE LOVE SICK AND LOVE LORN
PRE-CONCIOUSLY MAKING THEM
SING
SOME BITTER-SWEET SYMPHONIES
OF EMOTIONS
SHE IS INDEED THE ONE WE LOVE
BUT CAN NEVER LOVE.

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Art Core

Of this noble art,
Are acts left in heart!
To the errand of inks,
In cryptic coloured lines,
As of a witch to a spell!
Ours, the village bell!
It drips red,
The devil's bed!
So it paints skies,
The poets inks!
Jonah had the voice!
David had the lines!
So, were Solomon's rhymes!

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Autumn

Leaves falling,
..... Colours blocking,
In a knot between two seasons;
Two realms.
Like a confluence.
Yours the couples' afluent.
..... Behold the wild cherry blossom of sweetness
..... Behold the apples harvested with tenderness
..... Behold the pumpkin ready for halloween
..... Behold nature's beauty queen

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Bondaged Bride

Today we unveil our new bride,
The groom's kinsmen think she's antithetical to pride
And there she hides!
Gravitating towards 'angelic encounters',
she rides;
Closer to the groom,
Holding a sceptre of broom!
The master of ceremony jokingly says:
She isn't your maid
But your dirt shall have a raid!
Thinking it was worth a jocular say!
but the groom frowned!
Knowing the truth was gowned!
For he had been through this school
Tears he cried could fill a pool!
And as they merried and cheered,
He thought:
Even with all you've wrought!
haaa! not all angels are virgins!
And not all virgins are angels
At least your porous and malodorous canal still tells

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Burning Up!

For this art has grown bold!
Even as our night grows old,
Of anguish and shame!
And our progress lame!
But, let me of this art,
Tell of inks of my heart!
Perhaps, it will let of
Like a puff
Words as angry as coal!
You all must know!
Lest the proverbial cock crows!
Letting in the already foretold Apocalyps
Letting in the already foretold
Apocalypse
For it has fed fat!
More than a store rat!
Our seemingly national dundee!
If you have been to burundi,
Only this question will matter,
how far?

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Catherina! (A Little Light Left Lost) .

As bright as morning sunbeam
Slicing through the waking day
As I have no regrets to say
In no fantasy dream
Would be Catherina and her gleam
A little light left lost
A course unaccomplished
A gift nature cursed
Flowing tears of lust
Feebly ravaging through the just
Moments made merrily
In soothing smooching discomfort
As it runs rigidly rough in comfort
Bodies bond tightly
Like the web of mafia in Italy
But time thinks not
Of emotions in 'commotions'
Breaking bravely moments of heart-rhythms

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Don't Leave Again

DON'T LEAVE AGAIN

If you could travel through pain and time,
If you would listen to the emptiness in this rhyme;
..... The hurt of my heart,
..... The misery in this act and art.
Then your heart is ripped
Then your senses are crippled.
..... Nothing defines the feel of a burn
..... Except through it, a scar is born.
Hear me! if you're not long gone in your futile fantasies,
In togetherness lies happiness.

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Fool Me No More, For I Am No Thomas Moore.

Smiles smoothed
In the darkest part of soul
Where horrors and terrors doth roll
I have been through this school
Tears I cried still pools
Yet you say this is a world of no rule
Respite still pays the mule
As nature judges the frail
Evil is bound to fail
Even lucifer had no gain
To nothing less thy plots run
As you've embraced the terrors league
Thy essence grows vague
Fool me no more
This is no Thomas moore
For I know what you are!

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Gone

I have lost the words,
For you have lost the cords.
Cords that evoke sweet resounding
melodies,
Out of my emotions enveloped heart;
Every night you sing into my dreams.
Aye! melodies which by the hours of
tranquillity,
Plummet the silence of my heart.
Yet like the cacophonous rhythms,
On the lips of the dying songstress,
With breath wedged between reality
and oblivion,
My heart sings a passing tune,
In bittersweet pleasure pines,
With an air of gross dysphoria.
Awele! the voice of sweetness and
loveliness
Once dispersed by two pinky virgin
lips,
Like the colour of decorative dahlia
dahlia;
Sweeping through my barren mind,
And its corridors of sadness!
Alas! time and thy ever threatening
sensual-spiritual shenanigans,
Took you for the distant race,
Only now unto final forgetfulness.

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Here Where All Is Still And Calm

Here, where all is still and calm
As of a lost library of monks,
I read through your pages of
mesmerising memories
Like one scanning through lost
treasures of flash fineries
Of different ranks and realms
Of daring hearts and dreams

Here, where all is still and calm
I float to the wonders in you
Like a leaf lightly loosed by the
evening breeze
Floating freely in the azure sky
Without destination, bound for infinity
Yet the breeze may in a moment
seize

Here, where all is still and calm
Where silence begat endearing
essence
I am passion plundered in thy
priceless presence
Like a teen madly in love, dashes
without prudence
For her love is the balm that calms
You, like the teen, are the spark of
my phlegm.

Here, where all is still and calm
I hunger hastily, for the taste of thy
lithe lips,
The softness of thy heavy hips
The damp inner recesses of thy thick
thighs
Aye! The roundness and tightness of
thy beautiful black breast
Wherefor every night I shall find my
rest

Here where all is still and calm
My soul calls unto you
Hoping that you would again voice
thy bonjour,
Praying your love doth dews
For my heart is now in dearth of you
Aye! For the torrents of thy good
good loving.

Here, where all is still and calm
I see me, a sinking soul at sea
Drowning deeply with help plea
For I am lust lost, sunken in the
deepness of thy desires
My plea more drowning of thy ever
delightful desires
Even that I am death drown in the
vastness of thy sweetness.

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I Made Love

Sauntering thought-soaked,
On emotions-stricken legs
Through what seemed
The 'Aburi' of the battle field
Vivid striking visions
Dawn deep on me,
Saking memories of lustful-lines.
For it was all;
cutting, thrusting and piercing of
Some defensive trenches
Bemourning her womaness.
Between the gate of her thighs,
I savoured soothing scent
Like a hound sniffing out it's prey
Four-running my incursion
Into her long-preserved pride.
Clinging tightly to her curve
Like a magnetic force
I dug through her womaness
like an enraged bull,
Enjoying the symphonies
Of her moaning complementing mine
Hmmm!
I fought!
Indeed i fought-fiercely
Conquering nature at best
Though not without scars,
building some sudden emptiness in me.

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I Miss You (Especially For Emmanuella)

Who could fill a yard,
With the overwhelming ocean if not a retard?
Dawn down dreadful dusk
You yoke me of your yearnings
As of a solidly sand-filled brook
Mine the overflow of your alluring pines.

This runnel has bled of lustful lines
But not of painful precious pines
For this locked longingness,
Limpid like limitless legendary love
Forcefully flows to crave,
Your healthy hugs; your arms to pave.

See! seek serenity, you'll find evident emptiness,
Seek self-centeredness and you'll find lethal
loneliness
Seek me, in delightful depths of endless
endearedness
Then you are bond burnt,
With sweet sensual sensation and heightened
heat,
Thence I stop this maddening writ.

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Ibironke

Ibironke, let loose lights of love
Ibironke, let loose lights of love!
Here where all is dead dark
Here where all is dead dark;
As of a forgotten paradise park
As of a forgotten paradise park.
For an Elodorado estranged from grandeur and splendour
For an Elodorado
estranged from grandeur and splendour,
Would finally fall for orgors
Would finally fall for orgors.
Even now I ponder in thoughtful wrath
Even now I ponder in thoughtful wrath,
Of what use is a muse without a mustard of thought
Of what use is a muse without
a mustard of thoug
Of what use is a muse without a mustard of thought
Of what
use is a muse without a mustard of thought
Ibironke, in my heart though art the milky moon,
Hanging amid many stars when noon,
Is laid to res
Is laid to rest.
The embers of hope that glisten at best.
The name is like t

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Kisses

K-nots knitted by lusty lips.

I-nnundating emotions of love conquered hearts,

S-easoned with passions erupting erection;

S-lammed on the alter of consumation,

E-nveloping bodies in immense ecstasy.

S-alutiferous like the springs of eternity.

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Lines and Rhythms.

09-40am,15-07-2015

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Labake Leaps In My Inks

In me a fire is ignited,
A burning bliss of blues.
For Labake leaps in my inks
Like a fairy in verses of telling tunes.
Aye! her fires of flawless feeling,
Melts my morbid muse into living.
And again this lovelorn river rises and flows,
Giving everything in its wake a glow of hope.
A Pope,
Could not be such a bliss!
Now I know, I indeed missed my miss
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Love Everlasting

When these melancholic melodies melt into
soundless silence,
And your sorrows slip into sweetness
I'd be at the distance of your pleasure pines to
make the difference
But if by then am no longer a match
I wouldn't force your gaze my sight to catch
For I would wind away, into the skies of
forgetfulness
Till you again long for my sensual sweetness

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Mad Politician

He waves warmly his hands
In a graceful gait garnished by beautiful brands
To the clumsy crowd crying his name
Chanting eulogies and accolades to his fame
And when words of thanks escape his lips
The crowd crazily shout in intense interjections

He mocks mindlessly the crux of civil cultures
As decency descends to the base of his heels
And madness motions merrily in all his actions and Inaction
With wisdom washing away with his wild actions and Inaction
Yet the crowd choruses his madness to march on to victory
For he has promised paradise plenty enough to end their misery

Within womb of the crowd some remnants raged
Remnants reminiscing retrospectively reigns of hot heads
Who like this lousy liar looted largely the treasury of the state
And left the state in a state of lying in state
Alas they chanted in demonic Dialects saying puo!
Ka da fun o Lia, abawon Esu! Ani o pofu!

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Madness In Music (The Pianist)

The Pianist,
A docile predator,
With soothing claws,
On his prey; coloured like good and
evil.
Far from the realm of sanity,
He thumbs with maddening strain,
The very citadel of his making
While lost in some dispatterned
symphonies
Conjoined by some mystic,
Crescendos and diminuendos,
As though he were drunk.
And like a deceased 'mestic' bird
With a loosed neck,
He increases and decreases in a
psychotic trend.
Hmmm.....
He is unlike you and me
But a Pianist

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Must I Say I Love You

Must I say I love you,
When each time I lay,
On the emptiness of mind I pray
Your love doth stay?
Even when dawn is far from due,
My moon calls unto thy sun?

Must I say I love you,
When thy awkward acts taunt,
And my pride pushes no flaunt?
Dear, does the firm face of the king,
Whose queen died at the birth of the
crown prince,
Denotes a mind at peace?

Must I say I love you
When everything I hear,
Speaks of you my dearest darling?
As if my ears were made,
To be and only be yours,
As of a maid in waiting?

Must I say I love you,
when luscious lines I bleed of
Are of the wounds inflicted by your
love?
As of those sporadic spurts of
creams,
You drain out of my sensual realms,
With the tenderness of thy luscious
licks.

Must I say I love you,
When even now, my heart sings of
you,
In sweet sonorous tunes of pleasure
pines?
Aye! to the wonders you made out of
me,

To my fears you made to flee,
Upon thy beautiful body and depths.

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Ogedengbe Agbogungboro.

I know of a man,
Known by every clime and clan,
OGEDENGBE ABGOGUNGBORO.
Once a towering iroko,
In the jungle of the west
A man like a beast.
I tell of a legend
Overly mythical to understand.
Yet every ear wants it told
Yet every ear wants it told!
Even when sometimes being cajoled;
As of fable to cradle,
Ours a life riddle.
In my tribe,
It is no blarb,
That OGEDENGBE ABGOGUNGBORO,
Indeed tied the knot with Ekiti and Akoko.
Not to talk of his many wives,
He acquired in his life strives.
Scars are the trophies of life's battles,
Sorrows are the rhythms of life's failures,
Yet you wore yours on your face
And it granted you the pace!
Indeed had Ogunmola known,
He would have had you at prune.
I shall tell of your myths,
Seasoned with mastery of wits and guts,
And your civility crusade
Which had my fathers saved
Reason why we sing of praises in my land
OGEDENGBE A

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On The Road To Realization Silver Jubilee I

I

Life they say comes in stages
And of ages this has been said by seasoned sages
I am but a sprouting tendril,
As of a baby with milk as meal;
Yet yearning for that which is solid
That his growth and might may become rapid.

II

Of the ancestral annals I read and feed

On the diminishing cultures my words I seed
Even as I poetically progress to utopia
As of a suckling falling off the hook of myopia
To a grasp of reasoning and logic:
Life's solving misery and mysteries magic.

III

Alas! A poet pins silver jubilee
With seasonings of successes and glee
To the envy of friends and foes,
That wished weaving him in a web of woes,
A prodigy of unmerited long lasting love,
I give my ultimate gratitude to him whose real name is love.

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Ooh

When wisdom hides in the cloud of affliction
Fools naturally understand the rhythms of
aggression
Once upon a time,
In a civil clime
There came a time;
About the egress of July
Banned cyclist could not comply
Crippling conditions of the roads they should ply.
Our eyes ended engulfed in disbelief
For we knew not what to believe
Even at the full glare of sunshine
As the state of the state seemed unfine
In a war of the overlord and the underdogs
Triggered by taxed touts
How then shall we tread
Where the poor are sapped
And the rich rogues are robustly fed
On the hustle and hurts of the masses
Listen! an Egberé never dwells where it pleases
Aye! thy soul shall never rest in peace but in
pieces!

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Lines and Rhythms Poetry Collection
- Echoes Of Freedom Series

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Pleasure Pains

Dear Jillian,
I could feel your pleasure-pain,
Even when you scream 'you hate me'
For when you frantically frown I know you want
me
Because you miss me,
And the way I kiss you!
But now i am pleasure burnt, thirsting for thy
Bonjour.
For I miss you more
Like an unplayed 'bata' drum misses the fingers
of its player;
You the flexible fingers that crescendo my
heart,
As throbbing becomes probing
With your youthful hands on my massive
chest; feebly fondling,
Connecting consecutively bodily bridges.
And as these beatings become rhythms
Remember,
like the drummer,
you would whisper for me, tasty tunes.
Ooh how I MISS YOU!
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Poet's Fantasy (Alone With The Gods) .

Shutting down,
The antennae of humanity
I slipped through realities
Finding my way into illusions
Heralding a new horizon.
And,
Amid the necropolis of the gods
I surfaced,
Like a launched rocket
Tearing veils of wider horizons.
Faces of horror and terror
I beheld
With voices and noises of wildness
Affirming their genuinty
And
In some 'Ifalic' chants
I voiced in a necromantic tune;
Stealing away their seriousness
Saking my very presence.
An alien in the land of the goddess
An alien in the land of the goddess!
*Obatala muffled in an ominous chant
And
In some dramatic multi-logue
All questioned in some poetic strains
Pioneered by *Obatala
*OBATALA:
come!
To what purpose or purposes ye come?
For no one disturbs the fiesta of the bees,
As no one disturbs the seriousness of the gods.
OTHER gods:
*Beni!
*Beni!
POET:
My lord!
Your supremacy I laud.
Yes i know!
That even as the fire like the bulb glows
No one dares disturb.

But i am perturbed for the Albinos came:

With all grounds,

Seizing all lands

Maiming all with a name.

Even to thy progenies dismay;

Carted away thy statue.

Other gods:

What!

You little raYou little rat.

*ESU:

What blasphemy thou uttereth!

For no one dareth,

The sting of a bruised python

Or thou art a con?

OTHER gods:

*Beni!

*Beni!

*OBATALA:

HmmmmmmHmmmmmm!

Let him, who is grim,

Forgive this wise-mischief.

And thou o mortal!

Return unscattered

But tell those beneath

That even though all we bequeathed

Are long gone.,

We still pray and mourn those

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Poet's Prophecy

If these witty words would withstand woes
Of crazily clustered chaotic foes
Living largely on our communal land,
With gross greed grand,
In ruthlessness and rude recklessness;
Striping us of the hope to cope
In this gloomy globe.
Then this runnel must bleed!
For of what good are tigers,
In a herd of impalas?
Aye! Our elders,
Nay! Our elected elders,
Are the malignant sores
On our budding nation's navel.
And our technocratic-leaders,
Are like the village Dibia,
Who dupes the peoples peace,
On lips of great grandiloquence
For he says:
'Akii gbo buburu lenu abore'
Even when the communal crown crumbles.
Ah! may Sango strike their gutless guts!
Hallmarks of hurting higgledy-piggledy
Yet, yonder you see them sitting on justice,
Resting recklessly on the arms our cultural practices;
Fundamentally forming our mores and laws.
Though their barns are of paradise fortune,
May their bodies never grace the holes of our land
As of Jezebel whose thighs graced the teeth of dogs
Ooh! in my belly is a constipation of crippling words.
For our unanimous yawning reaches unto the banks of my wits
Splitting it's widths, into overflow of poetic pains.
Alas! A poet prophesies.

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Poverty

A mockery made from man's mischief
To the artistic acts of the ultimate universal chief
Seen In Iodeba lands of growing gaints,
And displayed by members of their rustic remnants

A Zahceous graced the sight of marrasmus,
Scary onomatopias ornamenting labefied lips
Whose sights suffice stark horrors and errors
For hunger hangs within their bellies tremulous terrors

Poverty does not only means poor
It's a host of unthinkable miseries and more..
Poverty plunders pride and encourages extinction
Of things pleasant and of dreams and God's vision

Poverty possesses no face nor race
It's a harlot harnessing everything nice and ace
That they may become buoyant of dearth
And drain of life even unto death

Poverty is you who bought yourself a paradise of greed
And bequeathed it to your kinsmen as a creed
Poverty is you who find it hard to give,
Infinitesimal incomes to the poor that they may live

Poverty is us and our cross
A perfect imperfection in nature
Which all must saintly secure and nurture
That it might not kill everyone of us.

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Pulses Of Passions

Tell me what warmth you feel in the arms of love
The palpitations pushing their way out of your groves
On a bare beautiful body seeking sensually your depths
With suffocating strokes of touching, teasing and kissing
Ah! It's beyond buoyant words of description and teaching
For love on the altar of consumation is not taught but wrought
Tell me the thumping throbs of hearts held in the chest of lust
Keyed by the fires of famished feelings getting fed on love's bed
Are they ocean blue in colour or crimson red?
Alas the fires of flaming feelings are redder than red!
From Athena's antics to Cupid's curse
I have seen under the sun men losing swords to waists
As war songs slip into love songs to birthing of losses to nurse
Labake, each moment my sight graces your gait
My heartbeats faint falling away from the right rate
My speech slits into crooked clauses
Aye! My bosom burns in love's ashes
I wish I knew how to compose cunning rhymes
To steal for my heart your celestial smiles

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Regrets In Retrospect.

Together we had all modeled
Of tongues and fantasies they had blooming roots
Through death dreams drawn from thy psychic
loots
Followers of your paths
Awardees of your failures
Players of thy ancestral lineal core
Brought to act in thy graceless parlour
like a teat on a pectoral right
In impoverishment and steadfast scantiness
Betraying the counsel of faith
As those mansions made
Remained nestled in the wind
To the compliments of thy untamed shame
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Ifeoluseyi ifeoluwapo Ifeyemi

Rhythms Of Romance

I see love in the sky
Like some array
Of candle lights
Shining bright
Onto this isle
Nestled on the british isles
Where now, I dream our paradise!
Ooh beauty!
Ooh love!
Wherein do I crave,
At the mockery of grave
This moment of heart rhythms
To which we both are victims
Ooh dear!
Thy endearing features
Are like land mines
To the envy of marauders and invaders
Even now that I wish to invade thee
With that which shall profit thee!
For thereof wilt thy heart harvest
Far more than the plateau of everest
Touches tender as love
Even as we groove
To the rhythms it conjours
And lips licking contours
Contending with blazing sensual sensations!
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Sacred Secrets.

What sacred secret is hidden within your
luscious lips,
that it touches the soul with supple tenderness?
What priceless treasure is buried between thy
thighs,
That it lightens lust, even with a father's faith?
A saint boasts of salvation,
As well does a soldier to his gun!
Yet beneath thy beautiful black brown eyes,
Salvage skin, sensual curves, breath -killing
breast,
And tight canal are wonders that that touches
my soul,
With supple unfathomable wild sweetness;
Damaging desire debacles!
Ooh sweet sterling ADESEWA!

Ifeoluseyi ifeoluwapo Ifeyemi

Solitude

Tonight,
Something steals me into the whelming womb of thought,
The dense depths of serenity;
Where noise is nipped before birth,
And worries wounded up into massacred memories.....
Loneliness lurks about my mind
With my senses dumb to flapping blinds
Or certain moving mundane beings and things,
Even as yesterday marries today
In a knot of nostalgic and prognostic reflections
To become now and then.....
Ooh solitude!
A cloud cast upon the inner recesses of my mind
A solemn spark sporting in my muse,
Melancholic chimes noiselessly chorusing in my mind,
To the occasion of empty places and spaces,
All Pulsating to the robust rhythms of quietude;
The ambience of my maddening muse,
Where the past is pen-piously persevered
And future pen-propheesied!

Ifeoluseyi ifeoluwapo Ifeyemi

The Heart Beneath Heels

I do not know what or how it feels
Except that my heart moves to my heels
All in a freaking freeze
Each moment you blow at me, like an evening breeze
For to move, would be crushing my heart,
Ooh how magical thou art!
You are like the sunset moving clouds
Littering the skies in mesmerizing shrouds
Ah yes!
like a bride's dress,
Thou art the vast poetic greens,
Enfilling my lines with insightful inks;
Making me plush at pen point.
Reason that i miss you like an idiot misses the point.
I'll sing of your grand grace
Which has made me a spectacle and literary ace!

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The Music Of My Words

In these lines my voice is found,
A mystic muse of music.
These words of rhymes and rhythmic music,
These lines of sweet sounding symphony
These tones of cranky cacophony;
An imperfect perfect pitch of pleasure and pain,
A melodic modulation of varying poetic strains
Aye! This sudden switch of soft and sharp tempos,
Revealing the beauteous Bliss in blues.
Though my tongue lacks the melodies,
In these lofty lines,
Are the voices of musical muse of life

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The Ruddy Sun.

Companion of the aging day
Mimic of the ambitious noon-sun
Illuminating beyond the shroud cloud
Even its to make so loud
As the folks pokes and chortle
Saying:
It's still day
Like the unwatchful virgins
And night falls
Accompanied by search-calls
Of settlers and elders.
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Trees Fallen! (Carnival Of The Wounded Souls) .

Tears tore hearts
Mourners mouthed acts;
These trees are fallen
Even to the carnival of our burden
As no infant, cradles survival
Now it grows bleak our night without revival
Mimicking rapture
And the vultures venture
Stands fat and full
Riding carcasses as fuel
With hopes hiding graves,
Penury populating faces!
The meaningful myths melt into remnants
As positions pool with butchered infants
Yet, they say there remaineth justice
But to whose practice
For it quenches apocalyptic appetites
Tears like oasis
In carnage crises
Of watchtowers and pathfinders!
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Uncensored Thoughts

There were times,
When the earth was earthen.
As darkness was her only bidding,
Only to be unearthen by the creator's sword!
Yet, his word is like a two edged sword!
Myteries are born by words!
Yet they cause much pain as miseries!
I am nothing but dazzled!
For life, it seems to me has been puzzled!
But do i leave that to the AHITHOPHELS,
No nothing but they propel
As ABSALOM'S death should tell!

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Winter

For instance,
From the distance,
You could hear it whistle.
Her impacts the feel of a seraphic mantle;
Crashing into your most passive senses
Leaving you with no defenses.
.....And you involuntarily dance to her tune
Like a tree at prune.
Without might to fight
Without wings of flight
Only to crash at her feet
With gnashing of teeth
..... #Winter

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Xenophobia(Dedicated To My Brothers In South Africa) .

To let these mystic moments slip,
Without inks at the spree
Of horrors and terrors perceivable only in carnivals click
Might mean hearing the sound of rapture,
Yet perceived as a puncture.
I speak for our brothers
Whom at your chase, embraced thunder.
Have we not chased those who came to plunder?
For the Albinos you feared,
Left by the strengths we shared.
Why then, have you our strengths smeared?
Zulu, I beg to speak in a tone revealing understanding,
For it seems your heart is etiolating.
Perhaps the African sun no longer shines on your sense of communal living.
Needless to say; your acenstors had no defenses,
Against the Albinos and their practices
If not for our collective defenses.
Why then must you maim us
To whom during your woes, 'you cried save us'!
Remember!
Lest your sense burn to ember,
That the dog that bites the hand that feeds it,
Would eventually end up in a charcoal's heat.
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-Echoes Of Freedom Series
GMT 02-05/23-06-2015

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You Are A Shrine Especially For The Queen Of My Night

A woman is like a temple of many mysteries,
An opening to strange and sacred worlds
Yet man is by nature and nurture, a woman's priest
You my love; are a shrine of shimmering wonders
Let me on your flawless frame pleasingly pour libations of words
That the fire in thee might be rekindled
For a shrine shut from worship becomes dilapidated
To the beads and cowries coverings of your shapes
I sing a million praises
That they may part from rags to realms;
Such which until now exist in my dreams.
And to skins about your feet,
I kiss caressingly to a flickering feat.
That they may swell of ecstasy
Like one with a fulfilled fantasy,
Mine the fulfillment of thoughts shredding me apart,
Thoughts of me in your heart
And you in homed my heart.
Aye! Praises push in a rush
One under the charms of their touch
For I see thy legs letting away a space
Even as I romantically race to this great grace;
With paths made of flaccid flesh
And depths of rousing rivers and timed tributaries
All coursing to a strong suit
Wherefore a new me shall spring out.

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