

Poetry Series

**ipaye olawole peter**  
**- poems -**

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## ipaye olawole peter(january 17 1985)

ipaye olawole peter was born to elder and deaconess C.B I attended st luke's anglican primary school, Ayegunle proceeded to Ayegunle high school in 1996/2002 attended rufus giwa polytechnics owo ondo state before he decided to change from electrical electronics engineering to civil law. he is presently studying civil law at National open University of pet name is (djurist) He is looking foward to becoming the best lawyer in the federation.

# 2009

freezed, muted i was very still  
this long deserted soul mine  
soul more bent and trembled  
for a year i never witnessed sweeter  
far than honey

the unborn year flashing ahead  
ready to emerge and mute its predecessor  
this damn old rugged year with my mouth  
heavy to dare challenge its pestering hand  
one he uses to dull my speed

hide me now 2009 i must hear none  
this dead year one i remember treatens me  
will make me forlon some tempting days  
thus i shall loose my trust in you my new year  
one in which new `goodness betide.

Now it is gone, gone with the wind  
alas the road not taken, the road  
-all sojourner went  
they are dead in mistours  
Now the road you take your path.

ipaye olawole peter

# Arbiter Of Administration

Arbiter of administration

Arbiter of administration you are

The man full of knowledge to disseminate

The man whose emergence is to ameliorate the exacerbated mind

The tree on which the establishment rest

Though uneasy lies the head that wears the crown

Yet, a good wine needs no bush

On this noble seat you are, the seat of the eminents

With this sharp cutlass in your palm

You use it to make path for this place

A heavy cutlass that cowards can not carry

they dare not use one

Because they are unfit

Unhappy is the land that needs a hero

But, this land is happy, we have you, our hero

So, shall in our bottomless happiness shall we

Not regret having you, our hero

Do not be a borrower or a lender

Because a lone often loses itself and friendliness

Give few thy voice and many thy ear

because all place is like Jerusalem

where we have good and bad people

The birth of our saviour and

The home of the yeatsian beast

poet: Ipaye olawole peter

ipaye olawole peter

# Forgive Me

My days were sad.  
my life gone so deep in sin  
when I remembered how the days were spent,  
this ere quarter days of life mine.  
in this nothing to write home about world.  
alas! those days were gone so terrible in the rain  
just the worst days of ones lifetime.  
can iota of forgiveness be given?  
can that great one sitting on this immaculate throne-  
dare forgive? this sin as red as rose.  
many punishment I ever deserved  
though I am unfit to dare pray for forgiveness  
yet, confessed sins are forgiven  
now I know I have sinned and be condemned in your act  
now forgiveness I summon! one that cleanses me from my sins  
written by Ipaye Olawole P.

ipaye olawole peter

# Gone To Lagos

Honey is gone to Lagos, though not a Lagosian.  
Gone to Lagos in this lonely hour  
If time is in my side I should have turned back-  
The hand of time. I should have caused it to stop,  
I should have caused the vegetable love the slow-  
- chaped power that foretold the untold journey.  
Now my lips are fixed and my teeth are worned  
Those times you were here, those times you were-  
not praised, I should have studied with care each-  
parts of your body, I should have counted the numbers-  
of your hairs, I should have named my home Lagos  
if I know you will soon need to travel to I –  
can not I should have cursed the monster that harbours-  
mistress mine, the cruel prison that harbours innocent lady mine  
you do this when you know my hand is heavy to dare challenge,  
and my mouth to challenge this her sudden disappearance.  
But I can only go on hating this Lagos, I will go on telling her-  
misdemeanour to my people, I will be her best foe till doomsday but all of a  
sudden I recalled that you have done me good now  
no matter how long the hand goes it must surely return to the owner  
when we shall warmly embraced and go to Lagos no more  
now you are my unforgettable mistress till the conversion of Jews

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# I Suffered Agony

I suffered agony

This is my palaver, my people  
I niggled in the sharp of the forest  
Though in this wilderness where joy denies  
The two fishes and the five loaves not done  
Now the hatred began  
The time of desolate, im stuck in it  
Seems the saviour is dead  
And the two angels would not come  
To narrate the movement  
To the galilee or to no where  
No where is absolute for me  
Im in the world extreme corner  
Where rain and sun reaches me in their anger  
Now I know if I can not make here I make there  
Suddenly the light came which show me  
I was not in the extreme corner of the world  
Now I am lucky I told the past and the unforgettable ones  
sitting in the rolls with the eminent  
the stories now told, i mean those stories un-told behind.  
Which always seems I have not once suffered agony  
When my palaver now my hillarious.

written by; Ipaye Olawole Peter

ipaye olawole peter

# In The Face Of All Odds, Yet Life Goes On

Many times behind we felt low  
Time so sad very gone behind  
In this nasty, brutish world of ours  
The cruel place we call home

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# In The Hand Of My Mistress

in the hand of my mistress

When this afternoon  
Sitting on this bed-like sofa  
In the red eyesmine  
I dreamt it all gone, humanic policy  
One that makes a man, I never lost it to the superior  
Nor the nobles of the earth but to this mistress mine  
Now in her hand I am a docile elaborate horse  
In her womanship she plays manship roles  
But in this eulogising mood mine  
I am neither a looser nor a fool as they say  
It moves me not I am out of tune  
Such an inestimable closeness I have ever needed  
She introduced which now is my anchor;  
My crown there is nowhere to dropp you.  
This hero is not dropping  
And not dropped

written by; Ipaye Olawole Peter.

ipaye olawole peter

# No Longer At Ease

when with auspicious mind  
you peered into the rolls of the eminent  
you saw that you shall soon seat  
in the roll with them  
aiming, breathing, dreaming this, you know  
is as sure as death, our death

when with prophetic eyes  
you saw that you will soon see things  
the way the moguls see  
questing for that small effort to overcome large load  
when your heart correspond with your desire  
what as sure as death our death

inevitably, there lied the space to put yours  
the firewood of this world is for only those  
who can take heart  
they stand with their determination  
they are no longer at ease

written by Ipaye Olawole Peter

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# On The Morrow

On the morrow

This day is spent, it was spent.  
The days were spent, not hasetly,  
The days were gone the unforgettable days-  
In life time, just the worst days.  
May this memory not be green from infancy.  
The days were cruel, alas! this is a melancholy  
Days spent behind in darkness, tell them, tell them, my people-  
No days ahead is worst than this, I have sourjoned in this land-  
From embryo, I have lived in this wilderness men call life, I have  
Suffered in your hand this land our rain has beaten me  
In the night and sun has beaten me in the day  
But I have not cursed my days, not that I know my future is bright  
not that I know I am down in your hand but one hope as sure as  
the death our death,  
Come rain after a cloudy weather, come resurrection after death.  
now on the morrow shall our pain be spent when our joy comes-  
like a thief in the night.

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# So It Came To Pass

Just like yesterday

through the iron gates of life

these slow chaped

the yeatsian beats

in this shape with lion body and the head of a man

you found your way

the fire wood of this world is for only those who can gather it

and this bethlehem

where we have good and bad people

a place full of sharps of the forest

where the sugared clarity of blooming coffee trees deny them

today they say hossanah crucify tomorrow

but before they languish in his slow -jawed power of time

they shall reap, it i mean the thing they have sowed

for this time 's winged ghariot

for this desert of vast eternity

for every thing

they are out of tune

it moves them not

although we had them before the flood

but in snatches were they rewarded  
bow down great God  
in your dim abode  
before the conversion of the jews  
though in our stony sleep  
we are sleepless  
in this our post over land and ocean without rest  
in their garland briefer than a girl, s  
in this time we are  
the time when the falcon cannot hear the falconer  
the time full of blood dimmed tide  
and so it came to pass when you have found your way  
into this moguls seat  
seat of the eminents for the fleet feet  
a man of the people

written by: Ipaye Olawole Peter

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# The Cry Of A Mother

This cry like mother's  
This affection we longed to see  
This dashed hope of a mother,  
When this broad way to no-where be green  
Alas! No pleasure thou ever found.

We run the restless labouring world  
Yet, the world cease not to dare run us  
Perhaps we are not fleet foot of the race  
Powerless we are in his hand  
These runner that shapes our ends.

Dry your tears, this long denied momma  
Though the joy be delayed, life ephemeral.  
With this auspicious and dropping eye –  
You peered into that cannan land-  
You have wandered in this world.

This long day labour now to no avail  
This is a melancholy, this unfulfilled mother  
Now the embryo is grown.  
Now the darkness was spent amidst the light  
The light that returns the joy, the joy of a mother.  
written by: Ipaye olawole P.

ipaye olawole peter

# The Hard Way The Only Way

Hard way always the only way

Here is not bed of roses  
The place full of sharps of the forest  
The stomach of the wilderness, the base of desolate  
The firewood of this world is for those who can gather it  
Alas! we and the labouring world are passing by amid  
Men soul that waver and give place  
No where as unfriendly as here  
If I turn here rain beats me and there sun touches me  
Life is ephemeral, we are limited with the affairs  
If the cause of rainfall cease to be cloudy weather  
Now we all lied that hard way is the only way  
Unhappy though we are of our seasonless trial  
But yet must we give it all the best at hand  
If hard way is the only way, then hard way our way  
Hard way our only way. bruised though we must be  
Hard way we require.

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Date; 13 june 2008

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# The Seventy Years Trial

It makes me forlon, unarguably, i succumbed  
didatic the plays obviously played  
in the motherless haste though heavy brained  
muted palm, will thus shortenend some trials  
hard though as it is

just the beginning of the end, i learned it  
from either side of the universe, lesson learned  
from the white throne he that seated  
there covered with sea of cloud, lesson learned  
though forgotten allways learnt damned were the days-

fore spent waste as it was may this memory not be green  
covered with new al me now  
i must hear none, these fore spent times will yet struggle  
struggle for assertion, i must not hear again  
good bye the saddest world i ever lived

good bye the last time i held you near, embrace me  
now a new day now shinnig amidst darkness un-conquered  
bully for you a new day kudos to you my long expected day  
wellcome my unchanging day more power to your elbow  
for those days were spent hastely

now when the days were spent we thouth we dreamnt them all  
we start it all-over just like the old days away  
days spent in the day darkness amidst men penury  
alas! it was a mellancholy may this memory not be green  
just the worst days of life-time.

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# The Unfinished Battle

` 1The unfinished battle

The strive is not over, if it is not over  
It has no ending, not a definite end.  
Alas! There is no finish to a war, war-  
is not won by battle of a hero  
the good fight of a great protagonist one-  
in which no winner ! the unaccomplished-  
runners, those with women like heart, they are dead.  
The great protagonist is not dying, not in this war.  
The brave ones never died, they die thousands of times.  
the war is a cruel thing sometimes a haven. the peasants,  
don't want it, while an inevitable to the who  
are lucky with their faith are here in their threshold down,  
they are safer indeed in their stony sleep but, the remnants-  
in this unfinished battle of ours make this war our war when-  
no alternative we got alas! the battle is unfinished.  
It has no ending, war is not won by victory.

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