

Poetry Series

**James T. Abel Adesitimi**  
**- poems -**

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# James T. Abel Adesitimi()

James Abel is formerly known as Adesitimi Taiwo Damilola.

He is a Nigerian poet, blogger and curator of rowspoetry. He lives and dines with poem day and night just to unite the world with his words.

He was born in the most beautiful city in Ondo-state(Akure) , Nigeria in 1991 to Adesitimi 's family. He began to write poems, jokes, and novels since his secondary school days. He wrote his first poem in some years back, titled(IN PRIVATE I DETECT MY TALENT) i.e any time he goes to school, church, or at the market place, he feels shy. This was what fired his ability more to write poem expressing his feelings about himself, about holiness and satirical poem as well. Since then, his pen never sleeps but dancing to the tone of his imagination Now he looks forward to becoming a famous poet in world

# A Journey Within My Mind

Long I lain on the couch of my mind  
Battling with two paths  
that lead to home eternal  
where I'll pass when death shall enslave my breathe

I'm confussed either to run the left  
Or to make the right stand-still  
Just to fetch me out of eternal doom  
They say, that the right is for the saints

and the left is for the bannished souls  
but I don't know where my fate belongs  
Later, I sat in a cab of my thought  
I moved from something to nothing

From sense to non-sense  
Along the lane of great turmoil  
And darkness is the street-light  
That leads my way to the grave of indecision

then I follow the right path,  
Just to follow the footprint of my faith  
Yet stagnant I was,  
But twas a crappy journey within my mind.  
Adesitimi.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# A Letter To My Motherland!

\*LETTER TO MY MOTHERLAND\*

written by: Adesitimi T. Damilola

Re-editted by: Kukogho Iruesi Samson 'KIS'

Wake up my motherland!  
Your doze has turned into deep asleep  
On this bed of self- slavery!

Now you snore, dreaming within a dream  
Forming vision upon vision without mission You are an Iroko that set to fall.

But when Irokos fall  
what would flowers do?

Once giant of Africa, You own bow and quiver full of arrows;  
But little rodent taunt you!

Shame on you, my motherland!  
You call strangers to string your bows  
And your offspring are mere pens

In the hands of the men from across the ocean,  
Writing furiously,  
To take from your barn into their homes!

Oh Nigeria, my motherland!

You moved from mouth to the anus of the earth  
And your misery is crowned  
In your long covered history!

Nigeria, my motherland, Why are you sleeping? Wake up my motherland!

For this dream might lead you unto death!

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Africa, I Were The One You Killed

In those misery-days;  
Those days when happiness of birth cried;  
-with an oversized echo;

Africa, when your gods roared in their wooden-cages  
I were the twins you unjustly killed;  
-Just to appease your gods

Again when darkness fell on the skin of your sky  
-and gave it ugly spot;  
I were the lamp-lights you held;  
to walk on the blood-shed roads,

when your furious deities are thirsty and in full rage,  
-in their desert homes.  
My bloods you gave, to turn away their anger.

Africa, when you killed your'today'  
Tell me what would your tomorrow be?

Thanks be to angel Mary Slessor,  
who came to dry-clean the tears of Mama-Africa,  
-with her most decent affection.

Truely the years've gone in a quick motion of time;  
but its scar remains a badge on my heart

Africa, my Africa,  
I were the twins you unjustly killed yesterday;  
O the living history of misery;

Africa, I'm back-again today not to avenge,  
but tell you how much I love you.  
Adesitimi.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

## Arewa! (Beautiful Belle)

Arewa! The princess of my lord  
Her face like a shining gold  
That shines to conquer my inward part  
When hatred is battling with my heart  
Oh! The beauty that poet long to behold  
But its a shame  
My lord won your heart by fame  
Then my sun is ashamed  
For the cloud gives way for moon to proud  
Arewa, your beauty clasped my heart as if to remove  
Still i cried of love  
Tell my lord that love is not fame  
Since he can't water your desert land  
But if its a fame  
Tell me i've gone out of my mind  
Arewa, if the world moves to my turn tomorrow  
Let me be the landlord of your heart  
If my lord kills me with sorrow  
I'll bear it just to have my painted grave in your heart

James T. Abel Adesitimi

## At 52

Dear Nigerians,  
Since our birth from  
slavery  
what've we gathered?  
Our collective-aims are  
to fly high on earth  
What are we doing on  
this pluto?  
Our political-pilot s are  
piloting us  
flap and flap in a zig-zag  
direction  
Holding false-  
conferenc es  
Far from the madding  
crowd  
Though they carry no  
gun  
But they used their  
pens to rob the masses  
stealer of our warchest  
'Building bridges over  
atlantic'  
'Railway tracks in the  
sky'  
'Beneath the sand for  
air-port'  
'Exporting cocoa,  
importing Tea'  
Inflation the national  
husband of our  
precious-petrol  
They remove our pain-  
killer  
Putting mountains on  
our heads to carry  
All in the name of  
moving forward  
The tree of our seven

points agenda  
That are planted by our  
pregnant-pilots  
On our promising field  
They've all withered  
Dear pilots,  
The wings of our air-  
plane have broken  
since you must repair it,  
why stagnant?  
Stop celebrating  
birthday in the jungle!  
Let us repair her wings  
and fly-high  
No room for celebration  
cos today is not our day.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# 'Autobiography' Little About Me.

'Autobiography' little about me.  
Whenever I recall my infant years  
Which I spent on dumping  
grounds  
When daddy stabbed mum's heart  
-with an unhonored divorce  
In those sunny days  
Before i began to cling on adult's  
wings  
'I laughed then I cried'  
Just to give the earth-What it  
demands  
I tossed around with my red pant  
In a circular direction  
Under the roof of the frighthened  
sun  
There I was, to feel the innocent  
world  
My mum cried and cried,  
All because her heart was left  
uncovered  
O I must cry too,  
Because her breast was dried in  
suffering  
When our kinsmen reject us  
Mosquitoes came in the night  
To give us a bitter sound of relief  
Then Suffering comforted us with  
his hunger  
What goes into our mouths  
-Never passes through our anus  
because our bellies were not  
satisfied  
Let me pause a while and mourn  
my twin-sister  
Our rivers both flooded the same  
stream  
But she has now diverged to the  
sea i never taste

Kehinde! when would i see thy  
face again?  
Here also, to die, is better than to  
live  
When would lightning flash and  
-take the photograph of our  
wearied souls  
To the throne of mercy  
To start again our world in  
sweetness  
My people!  
Daddy is back again from the lake  
of lust  
To cover my mum's heart with  
urgent harmony  
Should we receive him again  
-or reject his offer?  
Because now our hearts are filled  
with sugar.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Beauty Also Is Not Beautiful

The beauty of a grave  
Beneath maggot reigning  
The beauty of the brave  
oh! Hills of self depending  
The beauty of a lady  
Men large lake of lust  
Where their homes fell in melancholy  
The beauty of being trust  
Reverse opposite in character  
The beauty of being on throne  
Manager with great damager  
Disease in masses back-bone  
The beauty of being loyal to one's land  
All in peace but treason during pieces  
O the beauty of the world  
Earth of ocean of damages  
Beauty also not beautiful  
But my rhyme is meaningful.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Chuch Goer

CHURCH GOER'

I've been to 'deeper-life  
church'

I church with them because they show holiness

In both their  
within and outward  
appearance

Still I am a  
born-again sinner Because I do the will of my flesh  
The more I church, the  
more I sin.

Who am I?

I'm a church goer!

Only God knows if I would getto  
heaven!

Later, I went to  
'Rccg' to warm its bench.

I can see clearly,  
Within us, the faith is getting cold  
I began to put on ear-  
rings

oh! I neglect biblical-  
patterns of way of  
life'Ipeters3v3 '

I moved from wearing mini-skirts to wearing trousers

That is why, my man can't afford to buy a nicker

Because women've  
bought our trousers

Going to heaven is  
uncertain

Who am I?

I'm a church goer!

I went to prosperity church

Who preaches how to be richon earth

But ignore heaven!

There I join earthly-choir

I sing softly

with my lips

Also with uncovered hair-style and

in trousers  
Singing without my conscience beating  
That I'm a fornicator!  
Why do I wear trousers?  
Yet I dance  
before the innocent  
worshippers!  
I poet wailed!  
Because some will  
move from church to hell  
I've moved round and  
round from warm to cold  
From living to non-living  
church  
-with no point to  
hold  
who am I?  
I'm a church goer!

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Disobedience

Here is the innocent tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the Man  
Who died with the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the disobedience  
That stabbed the man  
Who died with the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the wile  
Who begot the disobedience  
That stabbed the man  
Who died with the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the apple  
Who conceived the wile  
Who begot the disobedience  
That stabbed the man  
Who died with the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the serpent  
Who impregnated the apple  
Who conceived the wile  
Who begot the disobedience  
That stabbed the man  
Who died with the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the pride  
Who brainwashed down the serpent  
Who impregnated the apple  
Who conceived the wile

Who begot the disobedience  
That stabbed the man  
Who died with the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
Here is the beauty  
Who bred the pride  
Who brainwashed down the Serpent  
Who impregnated the apple  
Who conceived the wile  
Who begot the disobedience  
That stabbed the man  
Who died with the woman  
Who coveted the tree  
Good and evil  
But here is the immutable God,  
Who we've all disobeyed

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Fate

Many seasons have gone by  
Enveloped with lonely days  
And time is running by and by  
Yet i'm a king with no princess  
I trek lonely to the path of my end  
And the sun above my head is setting to leave  
Then my bone set to bend  
To death my age cleave  
Now you're telling me not to wail  
Alaba! your offsprings are like flies  
Yet you console me not to wail  
I've gone to the mercury and mars  
But i found the ribs of mine in absent  
I'm unfortunate to be a man  
This luckiest fate!  
If i'm a woman  
Thousands of men will be in my race  
Then i'll make my choice

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# God Is Also A Poet!

God is a poet! Greatness in imagination.  
God is a poet! Mighty in inspiration.  
God is a poet!  
He inks my paper with undiluted rhyming verse.  
O God is a poet! The best in the universe.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# He Died For Us To Live

Out of the unblemish womb, he came  
Jesus is His name  
Born of virgin  
With divine doctrine  
To gather His lost sheeps  
But we know Him not  
He was tortured, battered and nailed on the cross  
Yet we felt no guilt  
And He died to safe us from soul perishing  
In eternal teeth gnashing  
Before the pilate  
My Lord defends the faith  
His death lying prostrate  
For peace eternal path  
Jesus, truely died for us to live  
To give eternal relief

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Hold Me Tight Tonight

Hold me tight tonight  
In this coldness  
To play our conjugal game  
Shut that window against intruder  
Smooth clean our glorious bed  
Open your door of fun  
Let me warm you my lady  
With my long kept virginity

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# I Cry

when would war ends?  
When would foes turn to friends?  
With what've seen, i cry  
when would tears never flow?  
When would smile ever grow?  
Dana air-crash beats my heart then i cry  
When would i ever laugh?  
For the world is rough.  
So i cry  
when would our garments never stain?  
When would truth and holiness ever reign?  
I washed my garment and again stained, then i cry  
Mama when would i never fail?  
Papa when would my head never turn to tail?  
I shake my head then i cry  
since i must strive  
sister when would the kingdom arrive?  
I wandered round and round then i cry  
my people tell me when would crime decrease?  
When would the hell prisoners release?  
O i cry

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# I Know A River

I know a river;  
long before I began to hold a pen  
those days of-  
-'twinkle, twinkle little star'  
I know a river;  
A river of words;  
not river-benue or river-niger  
But its a river that flows in human-imagination  
And a paper is made as a boat  
-paddled with pen  
To sail a message to the earth  
From heaven's gate  
-a lullaby to the infant and wise-words to the adult  
I know a river;  
Shakespeare and others've been to the river  
-they took their bathe and left  
Today,  
Here I stood by the river bank,  
With my colleagues Akewusola habib, Oludipe samuel,  
muhammad-ahmad  
-Rasak-malik-Gbolahan, Randy michael, Oloidi kingfemi and others  
In the young of our days  
Bathing in the river of words  
Though we're nude in the river  
But we're clothe with our imaginations  
I know a river;  
A river from solomon's source  
Now I am swimmer,  
-in its floods

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# I Will Rise

I will rise, 'boldly I say',  
You that study my stars and say,  
-it will but dim  
Let me wake from my dream  
Like Joseph, soon I'll rule  
don't take me for fool  
I'll rise and see my glory even if I've no eyes  
Like Barthlomew I will see with surprise  
Don't be afraid of selling me to the Ishmeelites  
Do it, because its just a lift to my heights  
I will rise, even if potiphar's wife comes my way  
I know she is a hole on my way  
She knows I'm at the corner to my throne  
'I'll rise', to you is just a mere tone  
My brothers, to me, this is not a sorrow  
Because you will bow for me tomorrow

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# I'M In The World!

I'm in the world where hope dies.

I'm in the world where truth cries

I'm in the world where lie laughs  
love is blind

I'm in the world where hatred is not hard to find

I'm in the world where all fingers aren't equal

I'm in the world where challenges is won by warrior

I'm in the world where opinions aren't in one uniform

I'm in the world where poeple wear different uniform.

I'm in the world where sex is taken for lust

O I'm in the world where ev'rybody accepts his fate!

I'm in the world where

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# June 12

Truely it was the freest and fairest  
As we inked the paper willingly  
Along with our collective conscience

We voted the man who ate our hearts with happiness  
Whole world knows

From the north to east  
And from south to west  
And around the four cardinal directions

Together we stoodby.  
Cheering here and yonder  
Like an hungry dog that catches a bone

Abiola we cheered you by  
Even your enemies noded to your victory

Suddenly the opposite arrived  
With a tone of being annulled  
And the world stands still in sorrowful silence

Infant cloud began to weep  
With a loud voice while sun is shinning  
Our tears together flown  
Into an endless pit.

And the whisper of deceit  
Is louder than the weeping of truth  
Certainly our grimaced face may later smile

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Kingdom Race

The race to eternity of peace make certain ye run in the moon and the sun.

Listen! Kingdom race not like mere race.  
Not in the stadia but to somewhere beyond the sky.  
I congratulate ye who know the road and the race.  
Lost not this amazing grace.  
Till the end; trumpet blown and we fly.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Let Me Ask Myself These Questions

what if i'm dead and buried in an unknown grave?  
Can i have chance to kill and dig another man's grave?  
What if i have no head?  
Can i have chance to cut another man's head for ritual?  
What if i have no arms?  
Can i have chance to fire another man?  
O what if i'm born blind?  
Can i have chance to stone another man's eyes?  
What if my hope dies in the forest?  
Can i have chance to corrupt the city?  
What if i'm born disabled?  
Can i have chance to thug the street?  
What if i have no mouth?  
Can i have chance to gossip then give the lie?  
O what if there is no woman?  
Can i have chance to lost in lust?  
What if i have no breast?  
Can i have chance to seduce men then sell my beauty?  
What if i'm born black?  
Can i have chance to call them monkey?  
What if also i'm born white?  
Can i have chance to call them beast?  
Who am i?  
I am nothing but the brilliant fool

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Letter To My Pastor

The man like Jesus in manner.                      He is on a gospel errand.                      To  
reach the world with the word.                      To bring the world into the ark that leads to  
home eternal.                      Whole heartedly and with undiluted mind he  
proclaims the truth.                      He can stand to say the truth from now till  
morrow like unmoved hills.                      I wish him heaven, he wishes me too.  
His names are pastor Ayodele Israel                      Please if you see him!  
Deliver my message                      That i salute him!

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Market Of Rapture

The world wears  
An apron of madness  
Chasing unseen winds  
With those left behind  
In the market of rapture  
East becomes north  
West runs into south  
As dilemma becomes a trader  
Hawking tears and agony  
With the basket of shame  
Under the fading clouds

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Master's Call Part 1

Hear thy master's call  
you that commune with forbidden angels  
to bring you fortune in abundance  
pleasure in replacement of thy soul  
following the path of that ancient traitor  
but neglecting thy master's will  
you've gone a thousand mile astray  
o come back to me now my son!  
To the glory of thy father  
and i'll make you clean  
hear thy master's call  
before you make thy exit to the grave  
to the begining of thy end  
into that warming pit  
where bones expose to fiery furnace  
and holding ceremony in anguish  
here and there  
together alacking sounds in a single tone  
hear thy master's call  
you that practice truth before the crowds  
'i'll make this nation white'  
but in thy corner, you embrace black  
driving our democracy crazy  
Also building bridges on Atlantic  
come back to me my son!  
Before you go beyond the world

James T. Abel Adesitimi

## Master's Call Part 2

Hear thy master's call  
You all lust minds  
That gossip then give the lie  
And you that thirst for young virginity defile  
come back to me now my son!  
Before the unseen flame of thy breath vanish  
Hear thy master's call  
Also you that cleave to militant's act  
Bombing and killing for fame  
Boko today, Haram tomorrow  
The great termite to our family tree  
Come back to me now my son  
Ignore bombing, embrace peace  
Hear thy master's call  
Before you meet thy self in doom  
Hear thy master's call  
You that call this world your home  
You forget its only a market  
That when its evening of the day  
When hands can no longer receive What the world brings  
And all bones shall retire  
And thy long laboured trade shall be nothing  
When trumpet shall call  
For the pure in heart  
That make heaven their home  
Tell me where would you be?  
Come back to me now my son  
And forget the world and his lust

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# My Song Of Sorrow Part 1

This song is for you;  
you the children of end time,  
A sorrowful song from my bittered-heart  
To call your consent to solemn-meeting

Tears rolled down my face  
Like when the sky is profusely-cryin g  
I wailed till my very physical-eyes saw nothing  
It was so great that I bathe inmy tears

Its only for you,  
-O You the children of end time!  
In thy presence faith and church are dying  
And the kingdom race is less-running

Those who stand among you to run are falling  
-and those who hath fallen are dying  
The more the heaven is getting near  
The less you're striving to enter  
O children of end time!

You seek after girl-friend & boy-friend  
-till you're completely lost in lust  
You clothe thyself with the garment of wickedness  
You bring thy arrogance-shoul ders-up against your parents

I wailed for you;  
-Only God knows if I would stop wailing  
Your hair-style is like the hair of a goat  
-when he arose in his anger

You kill the cities with the slangs of thy mouths  
The slangs like ancient-incanta tions  
All in the name of 'swagger'  
I blow for you now the flute of salvation

Because days, months and years;  
are like an uprooted-flower  
but when sun-set, it withers

Repent now, before you sleep beneath the sand

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Never Mourn At My Funeral

Never mourn at my funeral  
Because i'm not dead but sleeping  
And relaxing on Abraham's bosom  
Never mourn at my funeral  
You that come in view to mourning  
But within you, you're here to mock  
Because my poetry has once expose your secret-deeds  
Throw my body where you please  
Or let it be dismembered  
Never mourn at my funeral  
You the insect that bites my daffodils  
And you who want my fish to swim on a dry earth  
Throw me on a stormy sea  
Where Jonah fell  
But its a glorious shame  
I can never sight the river bank of Joppa  
Never mourn at my funeral  
You that come in my maker's name  
Just to bless my end  
Go thy way and search for lust souls  
Wear them a garment pure as snow  
Before they lie low with me  
And journey hell eternal  
Never mourn at my funeral  
But mourn for we're debtors of death

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Never Under-Estimate The Power Of Any Poet

Air is not a stranger to all beings  
while also sun and moon are not an alien to the act of changing our days  
Sharks are the indigenes of the sea  
So we are the native of imagination  
In the city of inking our notes  
Our words are the streams that flows in your desert thought  
when sorrows engulf your heart.  
Our words you read  
-when loneliness sent you a friend request  
We are the poetic preacher blessed with great sugar and bitter words  
To comfort the broken hearted,  
Then chastise the stubborn heads  
We are the poetic prophet  
We see beyond the blue  
We have seen what has happened,  
What is happening,  
And what will come  
The preter-human experience  
We are the brain you study in high-schools  
Because what we think you write.  
The ladder to your success  
Respect the poets  
We deserve the honor  
Never under-estimate the power of all poets  
Adesitimi Taiwo...

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Night

slowly and slowly  
the sun creeps to his nest,  
like when a cat creeps to catch rats

before we could gaze above,  
-the sky is getting blinded with infant darkness

the moon and her daughters came  
-and rescued the sky,  
from not being fully blinded with darkness,

children,  
here we sit beneath the moon on a mat;  
open our ears and hark to the tales of aja ati Ijapa

a night is sweeter than all daylights  
as we hold our conferences on a mat sharing tales

the world moves forward,  
and we follow his footprint

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Poetribute

Poets are few  
But the pens are plenty        Is like the world is running to his end  
With no minute and hour paused to rest  
Running as if to fulfil long-told revelation  
Poets have all gone beneath the sand  
The pregnant graveyards  
Where they sleep with the hope to be born  
To another world hereafter  
Death be not proud  
You can only claim the flesh  
But not the soul  
O the poets are few  
And the pens are plenty  
Hard are the words out.  
To combat untruth in men

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Rachel!

Allow me in, into your eden  
You the angel from my country beyond  
Long I stood out-door of thy eden  
Beaten black by the sun of my land  
Hidden under the umbrella of the weeping sky  
My heart long for you and strive  
Rachel, allow me in or in the rain I die  
O I need you to survive  
Hold my hands and usher me in, into thy eden  
O You need me to warm your eden with children  
As Adam can't walk without eve  
Amidst the conjugal garden  
To my bone, i beg you to cleave  
Rachel, open to me the door of your eden  
To trek with you the rest of my days in harmony  
Truely, i'm not from G. Bush  
Being with you i'm not worthy  
Cos i'm from the earth where some called bush

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Remember Me

I am a poetic hero;

In my veins flow rivers of satire  
And my words are the locusts,  
Munching corruption's greenleaves!

My words speak for the mere men,  
And shines light on the darkdeeds  
Of them that loot our war chest!

My words are like the lightning  
Showing you a path to the shore of solace  
When sorrow rains on your heart!

So remember me when I've gone  
The way of my fore-fathers,  
Beyond the border of this world!

When I go where legs shall walk  
Into the womb of the earth  
On the lane of eternal silence!

My people let my words remain  
In your heart and recite my verses  
When thorns grow on your earth!

Whisper my name to the ears  
Of your unborn, that I was once thunder,  
Before the time of their rainfall!

Nigeria, celebrate me now  
And when I breathe no more,  
Inscribe my name on remembrance' wall!

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# She's More Than Gold

'she's more than gold'

In her haven I reside for nine months;  
she sleeps and wakes in pain  
until my head comes out her womb;

she shivers in the rain  
when she searches for my needs  
o what a great mother!

she's my mother,  
she's more than gold!

she humbles her breast for me to suck  
though I bite her nipple with my teeth  
but she nods to my innocent deed

when I begin to grow teeth;  
sickness emaciates my bones,  
and she annoints my head with tears

she's my mother!  
she's more than gold!

she nurses me till I become her father  
and she pilots me to the evening of my life  
to where my eyes can see the world

She's my mother,  
she's more than gold!

I pray for you my mother  
your legs will never attend my funeral  
neither your tears to wet my infant grave

and I'll live to nurse you to your old age  
before you sleep the sleep of elders  
Adesitimi



# Slavery Is Freedom

We built a nest for our refuge  
We birds of Africa  
On high-high hills  
To lay our eggs  
And to have our heads under shelter  
The earth is too much with us  
Then we sang the song of nature  
Together we shake our tails to night disco party  
Suddenly unruly winds blared  
Mingle with the dust of the earth  
Then sky frown his face to rain  
Things fall apart  
Heavily and heavily  
And the rains brimmed the lips of the hills  
Overflowing to flood a stream  
Running along slavery tunnel  
Canoe and cages traveling on it  
Alas we diverged to the red sea  
Arrow of anguish stabbed our hearts  
For we've flown to our united grave  
O we birds of Africa  
Tears flows from our confused eyes  
To form a record lake  
For generation thereafter  
To drink of it and praise our footsteps  
We accept our fate  
Again we sing the song of nature  
'slavery is freedom'  
And the men in opposite skin shake their heads  
Like a madman in high disorder  
They don't know why the caged birds sing  
Hereafter, through our choruses  
The great Lord from earth beyond  
Opens door to our supplications  
And our troubling leaves  
-dropped on a calming sea  
In dozen we fly to the hills  
That long deserted home  
We build more many mansions

For the earth is too much with us

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Song Of Love

This rhyming melody  
That mingles with euphony  
From poet fantasy  
To cherish your beauty  
O my Akure lady!  
Queen of my town  
Beauty wears you crown  
Your beauty is beyond compare!  
My love for you flies in the air  
Like a swarm of bee  
Eat them and say you love me  
This love i wouldn't trade  
Either in young or old  
The love can't fade  
Like the shinning gold  
You're my prime  
Here is the time!  
To reciprocate before time motions away  
Before your beauty fades away  
Love me before death intervenes  
Before blood flows not in your veins  
Now glue to my bone!  
Dance to my tone!  
For there is life in you my lady  
This rhyming melody  
Its for you my Lady!

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Still I'll Love Poetry

What if the world don't  
recognize poetry,  
or poetry is banned in  
my country?

What if poetry gives no  
meaning,  
or those who later care  
can't view my handwriting?

What if poetry puts  
me in prison,  
For it reveals the truth  
untold this season?

What if in the prison  
bard's brain is blunt,  
And again famished  
then faint?

For poetry makes  
truth to smile  
What if in the prison I  
later die?

And maggots dine in my belly.  
Still I love poetry.  
Adesitimi T.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# The Journey Of Success

Success in a lorry of inspiration.

Driven by determination.

Passenger by preparation.

conductor by condition.

On the road of long-rough destination.

The traffic-warden by examination.

After she has paid the sacrifice, she'll reach her destination.

And the journey ends in jubilation.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# The World Of No Peaceful Rest

The world lies on the bed of hatred  
Her head on a pillow of war  
Blanket with misery  
Sleeping of terror  
She satisfies her eyes with the nightmare of killing  
And then she wakes up into the grave  
O the world of no peaceful rest!  
Adesitimi.

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# They Say

my haters say.....  
O they mutter to  
the ears of the  
winds  
when all legs are in  
race,  
my haters stand  
still to say me bad  
to the trees of my  
soil

they say....  
being a poet is not  
my way  
that I'm just a  
craig-fish in the  
sea of words

but they don't  
know,  
neither big nor  
small, craig-fish is a  
fish

they say.....  
I always  
questioned my  
imagination  
-a tale of blind  
memories  
And also my  
imagination is a  
stammerer  
-to utter words  
quickly

but they don't  
know,  
-sooner or later my

stammering -  
imagination  
shall murmur 'ba-  
ba-ba'

they say.....  
my talent has  
withered in my  
dreams  
That I can only lie  
in the day  
-on the sandy-mat  
in sun

but they don't  
know,  
that like copper-  
beech  
-that fell on the  
sea shore  
and later brings  
forth brown leaves  
I'll rise

they say.....  
I'm just an  
audience  
-to the drama of  
life  
that I can only  
applaud the  
characters on the  
stage of fame

but they don't  
know,  
that my Lord is the  
author  
-of the drama  
which they acted;  
He shall make me  
the protagonist

-because He  
knows that my  
haters are my  
antagonist

my haters, this is  
what you've  
uttered  
abi I lie?

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Wail No More!

Sorry! Little soul  
for you're denied world's stay  
When in the wicked womb you're yet to grow  
unwanted pregnancy'your source say  
sorry! For you're flushed to death  
Oh! For you're unwanted on earth  
blessings and hopes you brought are unwanted on earth  
like innocent weeds uprooted among the daffodils  
here! sorrow mingles with tears  
Thine journey as faster as plane  
But flows with pain  
Stop wailing  
When next you're coming  
knock my door!  
But come not with the painful raw

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# War In Her Wedding Gown

War in her wedding gown  
The bride of the world  
Waiting for her groom to come  
Some say its a conjugal bliss  
While others say a vale of tears  
From what I captured live from my telly  
I hold with those who say vale of tears  
Two-drummers are beating their drums mingles with the sound of a gong  
War touches her head and her anus  
She faces the four cardinal points  
And she dances and turns in an india-style  
Alas, viewers go the way of all flesh  
Péople wobbling up and down  
Because the bride has gone mad  
She runs here and there  
As if she've lost her groom  
She runs to the market  
Shops and houses fell to swallow human bodies  
A large passage to infant graves  
And be one external viewer  
I snivel for peace  
Later, the two drummers vanished like a candle flame  
My people,  
The fame of war,  
Is the flood of human blood  
And still, war is calling for her groom  
Which are yet to be found  
To tell the drummers the need for harmony  
But now, the drummers are gone  
And the innocent viewers die like flies  
Until the day the drummers are in harmony  
Thereafter, her groom will come to the scene to appease her

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# 'We Shall Vote With Our Consciences'

Let us cast our minds back to '1983' massacre  
When inking our thumbs were as inking our death-warrants  
We exercised our franchise in peace  
But the result was given in pieces  
We roared against it! !  
Our roars were silenced by gun  
Then,  
Roads were littered with human-bones  
And frozen bloods in our drainages  
Homes were razed to flame  
The hands of Akure sons were drumming  
-the broken-wall in sorrow  
And her daughters were dancing in anguish  
To the feast of war  
Today,  
We shall vote with our Consciences  
To elect our favourite not an alien  
-Who came from beyond to rule our within  
My people!  
Help me to tell 'PDP'  
We can no longer stay under their teared-umbrella  
Where our heads expose to sun's rays  
Tell 'ACN' brooms can no Longer sweep away our banes  
Tell 'LP' it's done whats good  
Our consciences'll say maybe 'LP' to stay or go  
All I know is that;  
We shall vote with our consciences.  
I dedicate it to ondo-state 2012 election

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# What Is Love?

Tell me my sweetheart  
When coldness embrace the earth  
Is love a daffodils that is fresh in our winter?  
Why does it whither in the hot summer?  
When sun injects our world with its warmness  
And the love grows in distress  
O what is love?  
That travels a journey that is long and curve  
When at the middle, in between start to where it ends  
It staggers then bends  
And the love lies straight in tears, calling for hatred  
Then our long preserved harmony trek into hatred  
What is love my sweet heart?  
That later split us apart

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Why?

why earth?  
Why africa?  
Why Akure?  
Why my people?  
Why friends?  
Why mama and papa?  
Why me?  
Why war?  
Why death?  
Why coffin?  
Why infant graves?  
Why hell?  
Heaven the beautiful city of kingdom beyond  
if i lost you  
not existing is better than me

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# Women And Love

Let me a seat in your mind my friend  
To sit and share with you what've experienced  
Is all about women and love  
My friend, don't fall in love  
But stand firm in love  
Because those that fell in love yesterday  
They're mentally injured today  
In the street today,  
-they're the able casualties of divorce  
While those that stood, are the pillar of peace  
My friend, love is dangerous  
Also some women are poisonous  
Many men have tasted them and died  
Coz women aren't toast bread  
Which you can just eat and be satisfied  
My friend, don't give woman all your heart  
Because little you gave to her, she'll toy with it  
She'll cook your heart  
Till you're dead  
Before you're being buried,  
She'll cleave to another man from the royals  
Listen, women are not mere rivers  
-That men can just take their baths  
They're as deep as river Niger  
My friend, if truly you've lost in her river  
O you need money before you can cross over  
My friend, women don't recognise love but money  
All because bridges over their rivers are bricks covered with money  
Don't be in haste to love  
Since you must love  
Finally, my friend let my words flood your veins  
And be wise like tortoise

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# You Hate Me Because I Love You

Open your ears anywhere you are, Janet;  
And hark to the rhymes of my sad song  
Let it go straight to your heart  
And dance to the beat of my gong

I echoed aloud with my lips  
-As I sing for you from my sad lyrical-note  
Upper-lips met lower-lips  
And I blew for you a reconciliation-flute

Long I reclined on the tamarind  
Echoeing your beautiful name;  
Janet, you're still on my mind  
Since you've gone like fire-wood flame

I don't know Why you hate me,  
Only because now; I love you  
Yesterday you were here with me  
Just because I hate you

Now the more I love;  
The higher you hate,  
The more I try to hate;  
The highest you love

Janet, I know that you love me  
But you always want hate for exchange  
I give you hate now come back to me  
Before I turn mentally de-range

James T. Abel Adesitimi

# You Threw My Heart On Thorns

can i ever love again?  
Because my heart is speared with pain  
My love is long  
The root is strong  
yet your heart is taken by pride  
i chose you to be by my side  
still your face is overwhelmed by treasure  
only that i'm a tool of agriculture  
for my season has not yet dance  
now we're separated by distance  
suddenly you depart  
you took away my heart  
and you threw it on thorns and left  
oh, my wife gone too soon  
To the man from the moon  
Give me my pride price!  
Because you've buried your conscience  
Today is yours in peace  
Tomorrow will be mine  
The beauty of thine  
you gave for worthless price  
will be taken by surprise  
like a withered leaf  
and death shall embraces  
you with his silence  
and together people shall stand beside thy grave  
there i'll stand lonely like a moon  
then i'll say my wife gone too soon

James T. Abel Adesitimi