

Poetry Series

**Joseph Oladehinde
Ibikunle
- poems -**

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Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle(31 of July 1988)

Oladehinde IBIKUNLE

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July 31,1988

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State of Origin: Ogun state

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A Haiku On Sunday Morning

Mission bells tinkled;
Early, when dew drops sprinkled
And candles kindled.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Addressed To A Politician

His eloquence, oh!
Indeed bears sweet embellished
Refutable lies!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Addressed To Africans

Chant the eulogies of our fathers
In a mild melodious tune.
Let the birds fling and flap their feathers.
Africa, do no ancestor impugn.

Let us not much blame our west allies,
For Africa enjoys the chunks of her brute-
Of African inhuman to Africans - our follies.
Africa, do no ancestor impute.

Wherever the earth and the sky exist,
There, surely, goodness and badness abound.
And Africa is no exception to this,
Hence, Africa, do no forefather confound.

Africans, be conscious you still have sellouts
Whose dreams are un-african and dirty,
Leaders who will make us situational louts.
For this reason, this generation is likewise guilty.

Africa, are you aware of your lunacy?
Disunity, discrimination, intolerance and greeds.
With these, Africa diminishes in a witless fancy.
Why then do we shift blames for our collective deeds?

Let us all be willingly and selflessly idicted
For our own native Africa's throes,
Let us now stand up fully spirited
And heal our blessed Africa from her woes.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Addressed To Boko Haram

Fie! I beshrew whatever cause
For which you kill in gross
And I curse whatever god
Which makes you delight in spilling blood.

.

For I know you are not brave,
Facelessly dwelling in a hidden cave;
For bravery is such a moral entity,
And should not be mistaken for brutality.

.

Shall you not bring back our daughters
And replace this sorrow with laughters?
Shall you not question your unkind courage
And drop your weapons to be good comrades?

.

For God, Himself, exists in all humans
Boys and girls, men and womans.
Ask yourselves as you take a recess,
Can God be truly this cruel and heartless?

***laughters (line 10) and womans (line 14) are but conscious
deviations and should not considered as errors.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Adumbratus

Like the leaf,
It withers and falls off
And decays, then to oblivion.
So is the life of a man here.

.

Like the rain,
Gushes from the sky in fiery flood,
While the earth absorbs in usual dexterity
So are our days and livelihood.

.

Like the burning flame,
It ascends and dissolves.
Thus, we return to where we came,
To the dust, from where man evolves.

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Advice

I have no bequest
That you may from me request
But I have a piece of advice
Which I suppose may suffice.
Seek the meteorology of Sun and Rain
And the wisdom in Pleasure and Pain.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Agonies Of My Nation

Turbulence engulf my mind
It beats in a fearful rhythm
My legs tremble with a great bind
Dear countrymen, our brute is brim.

.

A place where no life worth penny
Where no punishment for affluence felony
Where mass is planted in cemetery
From the attacks of the kin of their territory.

.

My countrymen innocently tortured
Some are lynched or slaughtered
Bathed in their blood and butchered
We remain helpless and tattered.

.

No peace nor pity in the city
The land weeps in a much profundity
Our laughter unreal, our hearts dreadful
Angst of fears lingers on our bosom.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

And It Came To Pass

And it came to pass,
After many sighs of alas!
We transcended the impasse.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

And So She Becomes, My Sunshine

And so she becomes, my sunshine
She came like the moon of August
A felicitous friend from divine
She bore joy, love and trust.

.

And so she becomes, my sunshine
She lightened and showed me the way
She held my hand and said, 'We'll be fine.'
She taught me to be good and to pray.

.

And so she becomes, my sunshine
In her presence, all pains vanished
Our souls, in ardour, align
With her, all troubles banished.

.

And so she becomes, my sunshine
Neither of us could explain how it brew'd
Her love sweeter to my taste than wine
Piquant, sapid, sweet, tender and good.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

At The End

We will have a grace
To be planted like seeds of maize
And there shall we dwell the rest of our days.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

At The Worship Of Poetry

Thou, who hath the spirit of poetry;
Unto thee today I bow to call
To the service and worship of poetry.
I entreat and bid thee to my call.

.

I rebuke thee, ghosts of Marine;
I reject thee, clans of the forest;
I say nay to defiled souls unseen!
To the worship of my fairest.

.

I call thee who hath the call from divine,
Like Whiteman and Allan Poe,
Come worship at this holy shrine.
Likes of Shoyinka, Clark and Li Po.

.

Like the poems of King David,
Wisdom like that of His Son,
To pen rhetoric lines so splendid.
Thy zeal in me is inborn.

.

Lo! Thy zeal in me is inborn,
Thy call written on mine own palms.
It cleaneth not thereof - I am a son
- son of words - and lines that rhyme.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Auctus

The innocent crying baby
Has grown to a man of brutal agendum
Or to a young deceitful lady
Dangling her waist like a pendulum.

.

And our religions
Which ought to win souls for God
Have grown to deadly legions
Killing souls for the lord.

.

I see the growth of politics
From service to humanity - the needy
To a school of false rhetorics
A platform of the greedy.

.

Wisdom has also grown
From the sage state of artless
Now, the quality is shown
With untruth and brute of the heartless.

.

Civilisation grew in its strife
When a man wifes another man
And a woman weds with a wife
In the name of freedom of human.

.

And fashion met with growth
In a way it never should
We gaze our attires with loath
And wander in absolute nude.

.

We exchange lives for penny
Alas! Our economy a-growing.
We stand in expectation of our progenny,
Are we not growing?

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Away, Away!

Away, away!

I command thee, spiritus.

This be not thy stay,

Remember the forbidden laws.

.

Away, away!

My heart insists still,

In the night or in the day,

Shall abide by heaven's will.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Be Thou Not Brutal

Dear friends and kin
This be my exhorting
Walk not the path of treachery
Gaze the heaven with clemency
Be thou not brutal.

·
Gentle thy heart and brow
And thy grace shall like thistle grow
Be then honest and kind
God knoweth, thy deeds he finds
Be thou not brutal

·
From men, he shall favour proffer
From divine he mercifully confers
Life hath by law its reciprocation
After death cometh an endless duration
Be thou not brutal.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Bruce Lee, A Star Sank In The Sea Of Art

The memories were drawn
Long ago before I was born;
That in the year of the dragon,
A small Phoenix was born.

.

Lee, the way of the intercepting fist.
His exit saw Hong Kong in the mist.
He - skilled on his toes and wrist,
A poet, more adorned as martial artist.

.

And dragon fell cold to eternal leisure.
There were more tears and a literature,
'Bruce Lee, dead by misadventure.'
But this was little to his merited honour.

.

And beyond earth's cypress and thistle;
Dragon - dead, silent and lifelessly gentle.
Flown from Hong Kong as skies did spittle
And buried somewhere in Seattle.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Come, O Immoralities!

Come, O immoralities!
Shall we play 'Simon says'?
So I'll shout with all my abilities,
'Simon says, 'Go out of our ways! ''

.

.

NB: 'Simon says' is a children's game in which players should only do what a person says if s/he says 'Simon says...' at the beginning of the instruction.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Crossing To Europe Through Morocco

Crossing to Europe through Morocco,
We ambulate northward.
We are the ambitious cowards
Who cower from Africa's third world syndromes.

Crossing to Europe through Morocco,
We embrace our perils with determination.
We meet death with songs to the siroccos
And the Mediterranean sea does the funerals.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Deeds Of The Just

He tries not to meditate evils
Nor with his hands sordidly paddles
He who knows he is ephemeral
He disports not himself at funeral.

.
He rules not with brutality
He leads with all loyalty
He who knows the tomb is a home
He delectates not under this dome.

.
He foments not a discord
Nor doth a perfidy afford
He who knows this temporal residence
He delights not in his malevolence.

.
He rests not upon the world
He dares not act so unjust
He who knows he is of dust
He rests not upon this world.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Disdained

My soul sinks from brim to below
It conjures me to hang and depart.
Music of dignity in diminish diminuendo
Brings thoughts of pain to the heart.

.
I flip back the pages of my days
My deeds and words and countenance.
None of which display'd a wrong grimace
I was never known to be nuisance.

.
My soul rose then with courage inferred
Disregarding contempt of the fool.
For the evil should not despise the unerred
As empty jar should not despise the full.

.
Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Dogs

Not for your sake the party bickerings
Nor the tussles of who gets what.
Not for you the earnest promises.
Fie! What would the godfathers have?
But for you are the fake promises
Although you wag your tails in jubilation.

.
Not for your sake the all-night meetings
Where democracy got heavily drunk
In the liquor of power and affluence.
But yours are the midnight battles
With indefatigable mosquitoes.
For you are dogs, do you deserve anything better?

.
Not for your sake the jetlagging journeys
Sometimes, avenues for exclusive meetings
Far away from the reach of our nosy journalists
Sometimes, recreational or medical tourisms.
Let them claim it is for your sake, then add it up
To the numerous lies they had told before.

.
Not for you these guarded paradisaal mansions
That stand like proud and fearless fortresses
But for you are the smelling slums
That ooze sweet odours of putrid poverty.
Dogs deserve nothing than kernels.

.
Not for you the exotic vehicles
Or lofty and speedy powerbikes
'You-swoop' could disport himself and drag-race,
But puppies do not ride in bullet-proof SUVs,
You can always cover miles with your legs.
That is what dogs do.

.
Not for you the elephantine wages
Which the bearers of hoes weed to themselves
Neither for you is all-expense-paid livelihood.
But for you are the exorbitant fuel price,
Skyrocketed house rent and inflated economy

And, of course, meagre and delayed salaries.
For you deserve the bones and not the meat.

.

You are dogs - vanquished dogs
Recolonised and utterly depleted.
Your dividends are but the rotten leftovers.
Cover your impoverished heads with the brooms
And sweep your kernels with the umbrellas,
There is really no difference between the two.
You may bark at yourselves in arguments
And shake your tails at rallies
These will not change your status.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Dream

How many times will you intrude
When I am lost in deep kip?
My soul to rejoice or brood;
Sacrosanct scenes that halt my sleep.
So unarguably real you seem.
They call you dream, they call you dream!

.

With soft ascendancy
Upon the platform of my subconscious head,
Unveiling fantastic fantasy
Or terribly dangerous dread
That makes me hug the ceiling beam.
They call you dream, they call you dream!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Edward Sawyer

Edward Sawyer
Grew up strong and clever
Dreaming to become a lawyer
But was soon diagnosed with typhoid fever
He fought with his energy and effrontery
But couldn't survive the ailment
His little coffin hearsed to the cemetery
His mother wept and did lament
And she placed a lawyer's wig and gown
Wrapped neatly and firmly together
Upon the coffin as he was lowered down
Into the grave. His bereaved father
Then said, 'Edward my little lad,
Here dies the dream with the dreamer
For dreams don't grow in the grave yard
As vegetables don't sprout in a steamer.'

But in the realm of the ghosts
Edward continued in his pursuit
He won many cases for his hosts
With his wee knowledge in lawsuit.
For what the ghost of Edward accomplished,
Even in the grave, a dream has not finished.

first stanza bears the intended message of the poem while stanza two is a sarcastic conclusion.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Epistle In Couplets

Dear revered reader,
From my heart these gently trigger.

Let them who cry in pain
Remember the sun and rain.

Let those who prosper in expedience□
Not await God's providence.

Let the speaker speak in truth
And resist his tongue from brute.

Let the teacher teach in fairness
For his children shall see kindness.

Let the leader loose his bossy tie
And show us the ladder to the sky.

And let the follower humble his brow
For the eggs shall one day crow.

Let the judge be just□
And reject the backhander's cost.

Let the friend be a good comrade
And offer no deceit of any grade.

Let the rich fend for the needy,
There is no gift for the greedy.□

Let everyone then be a good fellow,
As our deeds follow us like shadow.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Euphony Of Myself

The eulogy of my spirit
Which is the euphony of myself,
My soul rises from His temple
Bearing a big lamp
Bows in worship of poetry.

I am that undaunted pen
That writes on an uneven tablet
Some rhetoric pentametres.
I am the poet of ludicrous limericks,
I am the poet of witty didactics.
I write of carnality, I write of spirituality
Of loathing and of loving.

I am the vibrant writer for the bored,
I am the philosophical poet of the day
Writing melancholies of life's ephemerality.

I am the bare footed bard
I am the mortal poet
With an indefatigable heart
Toiling an inexorable path
To the starry sky.

I write verses of elegaic dirge,
I write odes to new moppet.
I am for the dead - I am for the living
The Sun has furiously frown'd at me-
At same me, the Sun has sedately smiled.

I am the worthless bagatelle;
I am the rejected lad
I am the celebrated bard.

I thought of pleasures of Heaven
I thought of pains of Hell
If they were real, I would make one;
But if not, I would make none.

I have felt the chagrin of failure
As much as the prestige of success,
I moan'd and winced in distress
And I have rejoiced in great euphoria.

I am the rejected - I am the celebrated
I have recieved unmentionable hatred
As much as immeasurable love.

Thus, ask you me:
Whence are all these,
Whither are all these?
I have not the answer
For I, myself, do not know.
But go you thither
To that soul of mine
That worships His god of poetry.

When I sleep
It is but poetry,
When I am sad, let me write
For I will be happy.
When I am happy, let me write
For it will make me pensive.

Poetry is the path I tread
My head is full of it
My heart is brim'd of it
My whole soul is in it.

From poetry I am drunk
It controls my thought
It controls my life
Let my mouth be mute
My fingers and pen will never be mute.

An ugly physiognomy I possess
But my fingers are most beautiful
And for these reasons, a poet I be
I have no god, no love, no hobby
Poetry is my all.

I ate in the dish of poetry
Witty are mine own words,
I drank from the eternal cup
Of water poison'd of poetry
I have been cursed of poetry
In it I live
And in it shall I die!

Or let me die now
And wrap me with poems
And bare me to the cemetery
A coffin of poet, a grave of poet
I will be glad I die in poetry.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Fate Of A Resolute Politician

For he dreamt of power
With untamed passion and zeal
And died in his will.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Father Africa

Father Africa! At a token ignorance,
You have given your inheritance:
To strangers you gave so much.
White fellows who did not eat in our dish.
Behold, with some sham laughter,
They transacted for few daughters;
They brought clothes and rums and guns
To shackle away your sons.
Father Africa, foolish you!

Lo! See Mama Africa's cry
Her hapless tears can not dry
On her beautiful black dimples.
Oh Africa, chaos ripples.
See your sons brutally unfair
Taking hostage His own kin at warfare,
Selling them at ludicrous token.
Oh Africa, your woes betoken!

The sun rose in great grief
And shambled to rest in dumb disbelief,
The rivers - pensive in their banks.
Our follies deserve no thanks;
Africa sold her pride at Twenty Pounds,
Her offspring shackled to foreign grounds
On a fettered peregrination to the coasts,
Where they await shipment to wicked hosts.

Father Africa, foolish you!
Had those tokens of Twenty Pounds
Sufficed the pandemic poverty that pounds
You and your offspring on the head?
Those you sold - million tears shed
You caused them sorrowful spirituals to sing
They endlessly labour'd where trepidations ring,
They suffer'd severe discomfort - unfair!
They dwelt in dejected despise and despair.

Father Calls A Thousand Times

FATHER calls a thousand times.
'Prepare me some chunks of Moi-moi*
and be careful not to cut your hand with knife.
Get me some hot water for bathing,
do not hurt yourself in the process.

.
Father calls a thousand times
'My daughter's gone out an hour ago;
I have to know her whereabouts.
Dial her phone number and be sure it rings;
ask her and be sure she's very safe.'

.
Father calls a thousand times.
Even when the issue is less than minor
'I haven't seen you outside recently;
I just need to be sure you're fine.
Be on your knees and let me, for you, pray.

.
Father calls a thousand times.
In his calls, there's stress - there's relief;
in his calls, there's hope - there's joy.
His watchful attention gives me strength;
and his care, I know, is unequalled.

.
Father calls a thousand times.
I know I will miss this somehow
for I've found a love that's worth it.
As I leave for my matrimonial home,
I'll be meek and prayerful as you taught.

(Oladehinde Abimbola)

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Follow Him

If imbrogli have your silver and gold
And you have no fortune to hold.
Pray, panic no longer.
He whose mercies are great number
Will forsake you never.
...Just follow him,
...He leads one through
...The cool green moisty meadow
...That comforts every soul.

Weep not a droplet
You destitute and penniless moppet.
As he likes he shares his fortune,
If tears overnight abideth,
The dawn comes in happy tune.
...I beseech, follow him,
...He leads one through
...The cool green moisty meadow
...That comforts every soul.

Dr. Remilekun Amos (Omo Dafidi)
Translated by Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Friends

Here, where all friends are sordid
They come in fusillades like rain
They share nothing so splendid
Their songs of serenade are vain.
See the smile of honest pretence
On the faces of guised countenance.

To astray they set a sham path
And encouraged me to traverse.

Let me now be closer to my heart,
It will for no reason be perverse,
And I will in it faithfully confide
For it in me abides and my bosom resides.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

He Has Gone To The Belly Of The Earth

He has gone to the belly of the earth.
In agony, pens can not mirth.
He came with pen in his hand,
Writing to liberate his land.
Now, He lies beneath in the hand of nature,
But He was immortalised by literature!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

He Made Them Twain

The earth and the sky
He made them twain.
The left and the right
He made them twain.
The back and the forth
He made them twain.
The male and the female
He made them twain.
The good and the bad
He made them twain.
Oh! Happiness and sadness
He made them twain.
The living and the dead
He made them twain.
While He remains only,
Yet, made all these twain.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Here's Where It All Ends

Here is where it all ends
Caught in the fusillade of cannon
We never knew ambushes were in the bends
We just rode, as the general charged, 'March on! '

.
Here is where it all ends
Like Lord Cardigan's Light Brigade
To the jaws of pending death
Directly, into the boom of grenades.

.
Here is where it all ends
Two fondly cadets of a score years old
Two nocturnals, chatting late in the night
Now, one lays lifeless and cold.

.
Here is where it all ends
You had told me in our discussions
That this war should not be fought by soldiers
But by the Presidents of the warring nations.

.
How shall I tell it
That you were always at my side
In arguments and at the hour of your death
Yet I could not afford to save you?

.
But no battle was fiercer
Not Gettysburg, not Okinawa
The dead were killed again with bayonets
They died the second time and forever.

.
It all does not really end here,
Since I could not rescue you alive,
If I will make it out of this front alive,
I must rescue your corpse from dying again.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Home Goes The Troublemaker [for Nelson Mandela]

Home goes the Troublemaker*
A nationalist of valour and vim
Virulent stumbling stone for racism
Africa, let tears fall for Him!

.
Home goes the Troublemaker
He went across a severe stake
And the jinx of apartheid he did break
Africa, let tears fall for His sake.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle.

(NOTE) 'The Troublemaker' is got from Nelson Mandela's fore name 'Rolihlahlah'
a South African's Xhosa term colloquially meaning 'troublemaker'

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

I Crushed A Mosquitoe

I crushed a mosquito
That just sang across my brow.
As I rendered to it two bashes,
I prayed as its blood splashed,
'May my fate not be like this insect
Who met its untimely death
In a search for livelihood.'

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

I Will Ask The Sky

I will ask the sky,
The perfidies on the road we ply;
On whom do I rely?

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

In My Placidity

In my placidity, I rest.
I see the worst look like the best;
The glistening gold and the crest.
All but pseudo, I won't protest.

.

In my placidity, I peep.
The poor are happy in their hardship,
But the tears of the rich drip.
Mystery has its fate to keep.

.

In my placidity, I pity.
Life's acute agonies of adversity,
Life's happenstance and serendipity.
Everything here, all but futility.

.

In my placidity, I weep.
I see everything asunder creep,
I see brutality in our hearts deep.
All immoralities we sincerely keep.

.

In my placidity, I rise.
And life is a game of dice;
Today, our fates suffice,
Tomorrow comes vague and in disguise.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Invidia

For its beauty,
The green grass envies the red rose.
And for its honesty,
Humanity envies his unconcealable throes.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Jesus Lord, Jesus Lord! (A Plea For Thy Mercy)

Jesus Lord, Jesus Lord!
I've come to plead in forlorn,
Have mercy on Thy beloved son.

.

Jesus Lord, Jesus Lord!
Gaze Thee at me, Thou hast clemency,
Repeatedly, plead I for Thy mercy.

.

Jesus Lord, Jesus Lord!
I cast upon Thee my ladden luggage;
For I know with Thee all pains assuage.

.

Jesus Lord, Jesus Lord!
Mine own pacifier and confidant;
Thy grace suffice, Thy mercies abundant.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Lamentation

We live
like fatherless children;
our rights become privileges.
From our servitude,
from our toil,
from our feagued fortitude
we do eat.

We are the hunted heirs
and our leaders are our predators.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Lesson

I have learnt
not to trust tomorrow,

.
It could proffer joy
as well as sorrow.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Let Me Sleep (At Bedtime)

My eyelids are flicking
Tired of all day vision
And my soul sedately sinking.
Let me sleep!

.

I have toiled towards my aim
Bearing truth and morality in mind.
Let haunting thoughts melt like flame
And at peace, let me sleep!

.

My supplication done and said
I banish all raging nightmares
That may wander about my bed.
Now, let me sleep!

.

And the moon to west relapses
While I, snoring in sonorous silence
And when the moon-time elapses,
Rekindle me, O heaven!

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Life Ironia

We laugh, dine
...and dance together.
Yet, the road on which
...we travel is lonesome.
We love, share
...and confide in one another.
Yet, the road on which
...we travel is lonesome.
This message my soul holds crucial.
Life, itself, is contrasting and ironical.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Lu-Mericks

There was an Old fellow of Detroit,
Who cheerfully rode on chariot.
He said, 'I need no Limousine
Nor its highly expensive gasolene
To traverse the whole of Detroit.'

There was a young lad of a countryside,
Who dozed off at a fireside.
He dreamt of hell;
He heard sinners' wail and yell.
And He never again slept at a fireside.

There was an old man named Fred,
Who, for no reason, said,
'I'm not scared of treason
Or to spend the rest in prison'
What an audacious old man called Fred.

There was a naughty pugilist,
Who fearlessly punched a herbalist.
He was conjured to punch a wall,
Till his knuckles fell in a sprawl.
And he never again dared an African herbalist.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Lu-Mericks II

There was an old native of Angola,
Who profoundly loved the sounds of Vuvuzela.
He would blow this buzzing horn,
Till, like a carousel, his eyes began to turn.
And it was heard everywhere in Angola.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

M. K. O. Abiola

Many fetuses had come and gone
But not until when he was born.
There was no hope he would stay
But he stay'd and made his way.

.

At nine he fetch'd and traded firewood
To aid his peniless and bereft livelihood.
At twenty, poverty was forgotten soon
At thirty, he had become a tycoon.

.

Like everyone, he had done evils and good;
He was fair to the poor as he could.
He involved in politics and he did fall
And was kill'd b'cause he was loved by all.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Mama Mama Mama!

Mama mama mama!
...most precious kindred
Who dote, care for me
...more than thee, pretends.

·
Mama mama mama!
...ever I'm indebted
What thou afforded me
...suffice, contented.

·
Mama mama mama!
...thy pampering care insists
Even in quagmires
...mother did subsist.

·
Mama mama mama!
...thy noble boy calling
All thou sowed in forlorn
...thou'll reap rejoicing.

·
Mama mama mama!
...tears shadowed the night
Gaze the horizon, east
...sun of grace in sight.

·
Mama mama mama!
...albeit, now, too hard
Here comes the relief
...promised, thy wee bard.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Meditation In Quatrains

The pew looks up to the alter
Speaking of God's profoundness
Very sweet words it does splutter
Teaching but doing no goodness.

.

I know the stories of our descent
The excess desires for riches and money
Made our courses so indecent,
I gaze posterity, and mourn our progeny.

.

I know of our disdain
And of our atrocities.
Our loathing is good - our love is profane
And we proclaim the pride of vanities.

.

What have we to do here?
I doubt if we really intended.
But I know of our selfish flair
And in our folly, our creator confounded.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Mortal Me (What The Body Says To The Soul)

I, who will die
And entombed under a stone
Amid of sands I'll lie
I'll be too conscious to groan.
Mortal me, mortal me!

.

I, who will be forgotten
After some weeks of my demise
While all pride in me is rotten
I'll be unaware, to be precise.
Mortal me, mortal me!

.

I, who will be devoured,
My stomach, lungs and retina
By some maggots underworld
I'll be the breakfast, lunch and dinner.
Mortal me, mortal me!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

My Thought At Night

This naked world rolls on
Like the cob when we threshed the corn.
Our days of prime, we gadded-about,
All was void but we eked-out.
Success might not be glaring,
Because life is shamming;
Either joy or sorrow is a prone
We delved but none was known.
Let opulence be impure,
Alas, for all, heaven is unsure;
But in the fall of the curtain,
Only death is certain.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Nafisat (A Fictional Chibok Girl)

Bereaved,
We got the news and believed.
That our daughters will be freed;
And Nafisat, too, one of them.
Joyed, back to my Quran, my creed
I rendered thanksgiving - solemn!

.
Though,
Nafisat, I know
Would have been assaulted
With knives on her neck lowered.
My daughter, my jewel; unclothed
For her buxomity - deflowered!

.
Deeply agonised,
Like a mad man, disorganised.
When the haramists, the abductors insisted
That no ceasefire was ever reached.
Alas! My Nafisat still caged and subjugated.
O heaven, this is another hope dashed!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Naija At 50s

'tis your golden jubilee;
It means much to us verily.
And with dejected delight,
We shall dance all night.
As your offspring groan
Under your bivouac of stone,
The ways are laden
And our dreams are trodden,
But through the sky,
We look God in the eyes;
Nigeria will surely rise
And the toil of our great heroes
Shall not amount to zero.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Nothing Lasts Long

When we have tied our firewood;
At some nights before September
But the rain came to quench our ember:
We would go to bed without food.
Nothing lasts long, remember!

.
When you think about yourself - hapless;
You gaze back again from million miles,
And tears tread the path of your eyes:
All these agonies had made you friendless.
Nothing lasts long, It has its prize!

.
In your pleasure and affluence;
When all kinfolds bow at your feet,
Singing your praise and your feat:
I hope you do not forget in your influence.
Nothing lasts long, I repeat!

.
All happiness and sadness in number;
All the meritocracies and censure,
All these palpable pains and pleasure:
Think of all years at December.
Nothing lasts long, Let's endure!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Ode To A Poet

All, after his expiration,
His eyes glaze once beneath the earth.
But those letters of adoration
Will be explored in a leaflet.
The pen that has spoken of honesty,
The lines of spellbounding homilies,
The stanzas conveying thoughts of reality;
Singing charity, fortitude and follies
Shall all then become indelible.
The forgotten author will be given prestige;
The decay'd bard will be ineffable
For he has left behind a sublime vestige.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Ode To Our Rulers

Like these innocent children,
We gathered submitting our rights
To you, these honourable men
Who have led us to this place of plights.

.
Lo, you silently swindle our treasuries;
You dwell in paradisaal affluence.
Still uncontented with these greedy glories,
You decieve us without conscience.

.
Alas! Eat and eat and chunder.
Alas! Drink and drink to turd.
While pretty poverty sweeps us asunder,
While we can not afford dry bread.

.
Lo! Eat to oversatisfaction.
Lo! Drink to overcomplacency.
And shatter our dreams and mission,
And delude us with untrue transparency.

.
Your affluent quaints in riches billow;
Our children brutally orphaned.
And our sadness in breeze billow,
But your loots are what you have planned.

.
Desport yourself! Peril plays at your doors,
Predicaments under your quaints dwell.
Heaven keeps mute, and gently measures.
Your sorrow shall echoe like the ringing bell.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Oh Poetry, Oh Poetry

A pen and a tablet
Words explored in a leaflet.
Oh poetry, oh poetry!

.

Like the falling summer foliage
Gentle, as the winter snow cascade.
Oh poetry, oh poetry!

.

My heart strikes in agony
For them that can not see your beauty.
Oh poetry, oh poetry!

.

The heavenly hymns the angels chant
All affairs so perfectly trenchant.
Oh poetry, oh poetry!

.

A sedative to my haunted soul
Libation of words poured out of a bowl.
Oh poetry, oh poetry!

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Okpeakarikhah

Why is your coming so constant
To Amaozalla? Your approach, less distant
Nigh to us, your faces are unpleasant,
The rich for money you beg with a chant.

Nmaun, with tippie you've sozzled
You become stronger but puzzled
Run faster but never dawdled
And like a rabbit never stumbled.

About the village, you vigorously run
Covering your nakedness with fronds and thorn
Chasing your shadows in the noonday sun
The children clap and tease you for fun.

"You're ancestors" indigenes believe,
"You're lazy youths" that's our belief.
Stay for nine months and leave,
So there will be no more chant on the chief.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

On The Reply

The village of Chō kan was a haven
Better was it than heaven
Where this love grew between moppets;
These hearts were then the closest.

.

But Ku-tō-en bade me nigh,
I departed and disappear'd without 'goodbye'
Now, it's five months without you, kindred
Who had loved my white and red.

.

Mark me! I 'll be back like the whirling breeze
Through river Kiang to give you a kiss
Lovely, happy again we together be
I will be back with you, mark me!

.

This poem is written on reply of Li Po's poem 'The Letter Of River-Merchant's
Wife'

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Palm Wine

Weep, weep, Palm tree!
Let your tears brim the gourd
I know with pain you poured
I know your servitude is free
But some throats await and expect
To gulp under a tree in the market.

.
Weep, weep, Palm tree!
Behold the tapper's come
From whence he sold some.
Hope he that more may see
Of the droplets of your tear
Where he gored you with a spear.

.
Weep, weep, Palm tree!
For you the fellows gyrate
Chanting your arduor so great,
Gulping your tears, O poor tree.
For one can not be named a liar
To avow no water is holier.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Peregrination

As the flood drags the sand
Without a grasp of hand
So does to us age.
Day after day, even the sage
Follows the way with no word to alter.
We wear, wane and falter,
And all along, poor us, are we naive?
All along, poor us, down to the grave.

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Poetry

Pretty words in beautiful lines,
Beautiful lines like leafs of pines;
Beautiful lines in dainty stanzas,
The den of questions and answers.
The most comely of all texts,
Evergreen this days and the nexts.
From wordsmiths thou evenly spout,
Thou hast more lovely taste than stout.
Poetry, adored by little,
Written by few - your rhythm subtle.
The most cryptic of easy understanding,
Thou hast passion, notwithstanding.
Plenty piles of nonsense abode in thee,
Yet, thou art most meaningful be.
Pregnant ideas convey'd under rubbish rhyme;
Poetry, most comely text of all time.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Put Up Again Thy Sword Into His Place

The golden rule was not benighted
Since our days adole*
But our acts in evils delighted
Violating the commandment awhole.
Shall we revenge on this earthly place?
Put up again thy sword into his place.

.

Do not be a thoughtless warrior
Whose belief that Life is a battlefield
Made unsheathe his sword at slightest error
And struck it upon a remorse shield.
Listen to what the little bard says,
Put up again thy sword into his place.

.

Our meeknesses may be tormented
In an aggressive attitude
And conflicts may be fomented
In an intended turpitude.
Avenge no evil nor hostile menace,
Put up again thy sword into his place.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Rain

Lightning precedes the thunder
The cloud goes dark
And the vapour creeps asunder
The earth breezed and black.

The plant of the farm
Under the authority of the storm
The tree unrest - uncalm
Swinging their fingers in various form.

The angry thunder's bellow
Market women in hasty confusion
Our children screaming below
Rain is coming in quick diffusion.

Now it finally cascades
As it clatters in cacophony
Upon all roofs in the villages
Like songs of sonorous symphony.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Remembrance

When the singer sings in silence
The dancers dance in dejection
This is when we feel your absence
When your memoir meets our meditation.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Reveille

The sky was risen
By the alarm of the cock
Slinking to brighter tuck
Slowly, day-light was chosen.
Like drops of coinage
The sky permits its dew
Which in its abundant spew
Activated the sleeping foliage.
See the jubilation of the leaves
To the music of the breeze
That found its way out of the trees
With the melodies of the doves
Rejoicing in their merry groves.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Sacrifice Of Conciliation

We have come with cola nuts
To knot death till our old ages
We neglect the shelter of our huts
To pay the price for being renegades.

.

We have long lived in pestilence
But we have come to pour the palm oil.
We have regretted our nonchalant negligence
We plead, save us from torments and toil!

.

We have spilled the blood of a she-goat
For every she-living creature, we know,
Are peacefully placid and pathetic both.
Deliver us from these griefs that from you flow

.

We have shattered the feathers of a dove
And a pigeon on your deserted altar.
For with pigeon, you shall give again your love
And with dove, peace can be restored hereafter.

.

Listen! Hear our children awailing
We grope in agony hither and thitherward
Our sadness close to the shore asailing
We entreat, let thy kindness be restored.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Seven Lamps

Thou art before the throne
The glassy sea like crystal flown
Before thee, twenty and four elders grown.

Seven lamps burning eternal
Indelible glassy sea of crystal
And the twenty and four elders immortal.

.
Seven lamps, rain can not drench
The wagging winds can not quench
I worship thee, thou celestial etc.

.
Thither, where no darkness broods
The angels all revere in their abodes
Singing Holy, Holy in a solemn odes.

.
Gleaming glories encircle thee
The seraphims and angels in thee glee
Thou which wert and evermore be.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Song Of A Bard

Quagmires round about us
Coming again everyday and the next
And me, and you, and all of us
Ere we die, calamities make us unrest!

.

What life requires we cannot afford
Even shelter and the fears of danger
That may breed from neighbour's discord.
The unknown tomorrow comes like stranger!

.

We stretch our hands for a reach
We fail, again and again we try
All of us, the poor and the rich
If not, why then the rich also cry?

.

Our existence is a stake!
And everybody harbours the hidden fear
That this pounding heart may step on a brake
That death may catch us unaware.

.

Tribulations and trails knock
We raise our head; we cannot understand
And our courage afflictions mock
We ask, 'Why?' But we cannot understand.

.

And there is a hidden wisdom
That no Socrates nor Einstien understands.
Not even a living genius can fathom
What a departed soul understands.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Song Of A Dying Philosopher

Haunt me not for tomorrow
Or histories of times ago.
Let me be!

.
I neglect the beauty of human race,
I hide myself from its squalid ways.
I pray, let me be!

.
Speak not to me of things above the sky
Or things that below the earth lie.
I entreat, let me be!

.
Do not let me brood on contempt and scorn,
Neither the agonies of those who mourn.
Just let me be!

.
Do not remind me I was once a child,
Innocent and witlessly full of pride.
Please, let me be!

.
Tell me not about those battles,
Do not tell me that life baffles.
I earnestly beg, let me be!

.
Do not sing to me the melodies
Nor chant poetries of sublime philosophies.
I beseech, let me be!

.
Ask me not if the dead sleep eternal,
Ask me not why life is ephemeral.
I plead, let me be!

.
I have hunted wisdom below and above the sky,
Now, it is time I rest and die.
Tell me, shall you not let me be?

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Song Of A Sage

Our courses become blur,
A friend's truth is unsure.
So we tied up the heifer
And thus the tragos
Under a branch of the conifer,
And we lament in our throes
As the stream sulkily flows.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Statue

You've been here all these days
At a rather ready but reluctant pace,
Bearing big basket of books
Your head bows, some atrophied looks.

Your arms elbowed over the shoulders
Helping the basket heavy as boulders.
This you've carried all night and day
Built high your muscles of clay
Your brown skin shines in the sun,
With vim you toil in raining morn.

You were alone when I met you,
And I, with my head, lonely too,
I did not walk up to you
For handshakes or 'how do you do? '
Now, I have friends of different faces
Fellas and damsels of different races,
Still, you have no friend - no one,
Nevertheless, you care for none.

When I became gaunt of hunger
You never ate, yet make no blunder.
You care not - not for any contingency,
No fear for carry-over or exigency
Unlike we that run by your nude vigour
Attending classes, calculating our figure.
Unfaltering and contented with your ladden
Me thinks you carry the whole world as burden.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Sunday Ajayi

Sky pensives and the birds gnash,
Because of you we wear our black sash;
We follow'd in a tearful promenade,
Chanting the name of our lost comrade.
Our hands tremble the candles lighted,
Our hearts and souls undelighted.
On the pitch of soccer you were a goal keeper,
In the department a gentle peace-keeper,
Within peers you were an humble governor.
We search the campus but find you no more;
Your words we remember, your face we zoom,
All these gone and can never resume.
Not here under the sun or rain,
Sunday, we look out and say 'hope we meet again'

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Supplication

When my earthly
 watchtower crumbles;
And the wailing
 of my kindred rumbles,
When it comes
 to the end of the day,
May I have
 some sweet songs to say,
Build for me
 but a home therein;
A place for
 endless bliss within,
My Saviour,
 this is my supplication.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Swing, Swift And Slide

Swing, swift and slide
Let your smiles unhide
Revolve in your jubilant grit
Let the four corners meet at your feet.

Swing, swift and slide
As the sea does in joyous tide
For all souls in pensive slumber
Will have their joy in little number.

Swing, swift and slide
Sing in euphoria, along your glide
Sing it at your highest voice
Let everything in you rejoice.

Swing, swift and slide
All things by nature abide
The time fleets and comes another day
And today in its prime be yesterday.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Tale Of My Fatherland

With our strength,
We toiled with drip of
sweat.
Our males
Full of candour, full of courage
Answer the communal summon
Meritoriously lay on the bricks.
Our females,
Pretty coiffure, coal of beauty
Fetched water with their
gourd.
Our children,
Unlanguid, playfully brought the sand.
And thus, it happened,
We built our fortress.
And we painted our fortress,
The colour of fresh foliage
And an alabaster.
Beautiful and splendid to all eyes.
And we commissioned our fortress
On the first dawn of October.
The Obas, the Emirs and Obis
Were all happy with their diadems.
The males, females and children
Sang songs of beatitude,
Felicity spout from the belly of the sky
For we had built our fortress.
We had built our fortress
Upon the foundation of immoralities.
Deceit, brutality, selfishness and insincerity
Make stand the four feeble pillars.
And then, we toiled in vain.
For a tree that has no root
Will soon be stripped off And in alternate be crumbled
By the smallest spank of
storm.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Teach Me

Teach me
To speak, to write and to act
Without tenuating the tenets of truth.

.

Teach me
Oh, to love with the whole heart
Whether - or not - such love be unrequited.

.

Teach me
To douse my anger
When my heart is bedevilled with fury.

.

Teach me
That anger is insanity, sadness is folly
And happiness is but sweet ecstasy.

.

Teach me
To smile and try again
When the sadness of failure betides.

.

Teach me
My peace to hold, the impulse to control
When happiness holds the rein of my heart.

.

Teach me
To live each day in furtherance
Of yesterday at my own little pace.

.

Teach me
To live not by competition
But by the pursuit of internal happiness

.

Teach me
Yes, teach me of contentment
Even if everything altogether is a pinch of salt.

.

Teach me
Please, teach me to laugh
For each cackle of laughter, they say, is priceless.

·
Teach me
On my fellow, mercy to have
For my soul abhors seeing a fellow languishing.

·
Teach me
To be remorseful and sorry
Whenever I fall fallibly to imperfection.

·
Teach me
The good and the bad to know
And to discern when any of them comes disguising.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Abode Of God

He does not live anywhere above the sky
And I thought this is unbelievably queer
But the nosey astronauts went so high
Yet, could not find Him there.

So these scientists with nature spar
Claiming they know so much - fie!
How could they have travelled that far
For Something that is this nigh?

For He dwells certainly nowhere
For those who seek solid evidence
But He dwells surely everywhere
For those who seek Him with essence.

Yes, He dwells in your heart
Its conscience and pulsating beat
In the meadow, in the burrow of the cat
Even in the den dug in utmost secret.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Blood Of Innocents Stains The Land

The blood of innocents stains the land
It splashes every street and crescent
Behold the song of funeral band
Howling from nigh and distant adjacent.

.

The blood of innocents stains the land
Her children rise against one another
See the shell of destruction on a livid hand
Waiting in ambush in revenge of his brother.

.

The blood of innocents stains the land
It paints the green and taints the white
Peace becomes perilous - blood sucked by sand
A favoured federation in a bleeding blight.

.

The blood of innocents stains the land
It flows like floods of erosion
The truthful and their truth can not stand
We sleep in voyage upon the river of oppression.

.

The blood of innocents stains the land
It splashes and spills over the air
Not even plenty prayer on holier ground
Can indeed atone our chaos and fear.

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Curse Of Cain

Blood spills
And tears drill,
We live under shades of terror;
Nights of moonlights become of horror,
We are going awry,
Our brotherliness becomes blurry.
We disperse and scatter like sand.
Alas! The erect pillar can not stand.
The binding rope fiercely loosing
And pandemonium distantly oozing.
Our courage is reproachable
And the curse becomes indelible.
Our brothers have their fellow slain
And thus, we bear the curse of Cain.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Erred Crown

The king himself - he shall go.
Your highness, you shall go
You'll leave behind all royalties
Without a guard, without your crown,
You shall go bearing the sacrifices
Of the blood of seven she-goats
Blended with blood of nine he-goats,
Mixed with measurable quantity of palm oil,
In it, a thousand and one cowries
In it, seven royal beads
In it, seven sons of Alligator's pepper
In it, nine stones of Ela-Abata
In it, two pieces of Akoko leaves.
You shall go without a companion
Your highness, you shall go naked
B'cause with your nakedness, you annoy'd the
gods
You shall set at the dawn of a market day
Through the market you shall go
To the path of Okiti-Ogan
You shall sing to Alara and Ajero
What you have done to the gods.
You shall walk for three days
You shall toil for three nights
Over the mountains of Olukokomojogbo
There shall you place the sacrifices
And return through the market place
On another market day
Back to your throne.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Hapless Farmer

A tree once blossomed
Upon a farmer's farm
Bearing inedible fruits
And the farmer fumed at this.

.

Meanwhile, another stood afar
Outside the farmer's farm
With mild and succulent foliage
Fair in the eyes of the farmer.

.

The farmer, in furious lividity
In one morning in the month of March
Laid his hands on a big axe
And chopped off the inedible tree.

.

And to the one which stood afar
He dug and uprooted it
With gleeful and jubilant heart
He transplanted it upon his farm.

.

He cleared and weeded its side
He watered and nurtured it
He inspected and killed every pest
For one good planting season
He toiled for the tree to germinate.

.

While expecting a bounteous harvest
He promised his household
Of plenitude of edible fruits
His wife and children leapt in joy.

.

But after a planting year
This tree blossomed
And yielded in great number
Another specie of inedible fruits
Blaming the first inedible tree
For defiling the farmer's farm.

.

A blush of disappointment

Over the farmer's face came
After a year of unbearable anticipation
This hapless farmer
Still has no fruit to eat.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Haunted Poet

I am in a place
Where things are hidden in the book.
Let a decade pass in a gentle pace;
Here in the book, they shall not look.
Alas! This is what I do.
I render thought on the power of pen,
Unappreciated, should my passion flew!
No, no never! I'll wait for my brethren.

.
I am in a yard no history came,
All valour came and dissolved like flame.
Yet I know of a vainglorious fame,
They sink their knees and adore its name.
Alas! This is where I am
Rendering thought on the power of pen.
Yet unknown, no cause for alarm.
No, no never! I'll wait for my brethren.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Misfortunates

What a prodigy, dear Chatterton?
At your teens, you pioneer'd romance.
Alas, poverty be your mighty menace
The silent suicide of arsenic poison.

.

Poverty and tuberculosis in your battles,
All in the blush of bitter rejections.
A virtuoso bedridden in his afflictions,
Norwid, this life unfair - heaven rattles.

.

I mourn the life and death of Crosby;
Her poems and hymns her witness.
She had journey'd all her days in blindness
I imagine with pity how she pranced the lobby.

.

Your lines are great - though
They were written in distress.
Your tears when you mourn'd your mistress,
Your forty was full of pain, Allan Poe.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Onset

Perfections in the first garden
Prelude of peace - not perilous.
But on a beautiful cypress in Eden
Perched an attractive Albatross.
The pandemic imperfection nears.
Lo! The pretty perfection marred,
The erring pair of pioneers
From Eden, that day barred.

This reason be for many a squalid.
My iniquities glow like ember.
Before You, this is not splendid.
But Your magnanimity I remember.
Please, pardon all immoral done
This voice of your poor little son.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

The Paddler

I am myself,
Who paddles the canoe of my destiny
Upon the tumultuous ocean of life.

Let the tempest tempt
And the storm storm;
Courage shall counterbalance resolutely.

Toward my destination,
The ocean may sincerely flow.
I smile, the ocean carefreely receives it.

Against my destination,
The ocean may counterflow.
I frown, the ocean flippantly sees it.

For I am one of many paddlers
Reaching for different destinations
Upon the ocean of life.

The storm blows East and West,
The storm blows North and South;
Whichever the direction, I know

That I am myself,
Who paddles the canoe of my destiny
Upon the tumultuous ocean of life.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Thou Art Not Unkind

Thou art not unkind
Like earthly friend with sordid mind
Who will go no step to be fair
But million miles to be insincere.

.

Thou art not unkind
As our leaders who make us blind
They pitilessly lead
All for themselves and their greed.

.

Thou art not unkind
On your face we comfort find
And your merciful magnanimities
Cure us from our curses and captivities.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Thou, My Thoughts Conjure

African coiffure,
Coal of beauty and demure,
Thou, my thoughts conjure.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Thought Of A Famished Pupil

Come fast, come fast!
Oh! 2 O'clock, come fast.
Run thou hither
Like a fowl chased by a cheetah
From the place yonder!

·
Mama has prepared lunch
Oh! 2 O'clock, tardy not much.
Run thou hither
Like a fowl chased by a cheetah
From the place yonder!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Three Fellows Federated

Three fellows federated
By their white master
Who sought not their opinion
Whether sweet or bitter.

.

Three fellows federated
And forcefully converged
By no earnest agreement
Though, nature clearly diverged.

.

Three fellows federated
And all want to lead
Upon this single throne
All in the motive of hidden greed.

.

Three fellows federated
And one was favoured
By the master unjust
And others were so disfavoured.

.

Three fellows federated
And equally contributed
But the dividend was unequally distributed
As they have donated.

.

Three fellows federated
And were unequally blessed
While the wealthy watch,
The poor in authority caressed.

.

Three fellows federated
Though, nature clearly diverged
Their children disenchanted
And this fierce storm of discord emerged.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

To Omnipotens

Thou who erected the sky
With no pillar that holds it high,
Is anything hard for Thee to do?

.

Thou who maketh various foliages
Woods and meadow where snow cascades,
Is anything hard for Thee to do?

.

Thou who makes it black and bright
Bright for the day, black for the night,
Is anything hard for Thee to do?

.

Thou who lets down the rain that clatters
Yet holds high no cistern of water,
Is anything hard for Thee to do?

.

Thou who made numberless of animals
The man and amphibian and ant and mammals,
Is anything hard for Thee to do?

.

Thou who liveth in endless prime
And yet existed long ago before time,
Is anything hard for Thee to do?

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

To You, Beloved

The beauty of the pea-hen and her crest
The power of love and its zest
The sweetness of honey at its best
But of all, your love is the sweetest.

The pleasure of the breeze from west
The hue of the roses at their redest
The euphony of the nightingale from its nest
Yet of all, your love is the sweetest.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Today, I Got Enchanted

Today, I got enchanted.
And flat, like vanquished Goliath
My proud heart falls to your comeliness.
Again, I steal a glance at you
Injecting me with tacrolimus of affection,
Kneeling is my soul, although I stand.
Oh, today my soul got enchanted.

Ruthlessly tender is your soft smile
Unbridling my heart in its disorientation;
Though I'm taken, I inaudibly languish for you.
How did you get me so enchanted?

[Monday, 14th January, 2018]

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Today, 5th February (For Owolabi Jeremiah Juwon)

TODAY

(5th February)

.

Today's not just any day;
The gate of heaven screeched and opened,
The angels flung their wings in glee,
For it's Juwon's day!

.

Today's not just any day;
The Paraclete sent a pious pal
With blossoming radiance
On Juwon's day!

.

Today's is not just any day;
The sun and moon met and gave way
For someone brighter than they are
On this Juwon's day!

.

Today's not just any day;
It's for him who took the Bull
By the horn and seizes the Lion's teeth.
It's Juwon's day!

.

Today's not just any day;
It's for him who dons the hat
Of humility on the suit of bravery.
It's Juwon's day!

.

Today's not just any day;
It's the day of a brilliant bard,
Deft in rhetorics and artistic witticisms.
It's Juwon's day!

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Together, We Will Be Alright

Together, we will be alright;
Love will bear its lamp of light,
In our delight ignites our night
And thus, ease our plight.

.

Together, we will be alright;
We shall soar to the sky like kite,
And remain in the loftiest height,
A love nothing can blight.

.

Together, we will be alright;
Where no third person invite,
I and you - in our might,
Together, we will be alright.

.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Tribute To A Goat

Cool was the Saturday morning,
The sky was bright and faintly sunning.
I, busy with my bachelor chores;
Drawing water and some plates to wash.
But came this goat in black and white furs
And with his salivous tongue licked my dish.

'Kai! ' For a stone reached my right hand
And released it on the stubborn animal.
He'd already dashed, escaped and felt no pang.
I left and returned feeling more abysmal,
For this mischievous billy had come again
And I was furious from toes to brain.

Once more, I reached for a bigger pebble
And bulleted it against his skull.
I aimed him well though he was nimble.
And painfully, amidst plantain trunks he did fall.
I couldn't withstand his throes and moribund cry;
I regretted, for I doubt it will not die.

Instantly remembered I while regretting
My childhood years before I was ten
When Mother warned me against stoning.
I had almost maimed a friend then
With a pebble for calling me names.
Since then but today, I have refrained from using stones.

'Goat, yours and mine is the right to live
Which I couldn't have intentionally denied you.
My heart prays for you to revive.'
This was all I could aver in my remorseful hue.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle

Wish

Let's wish the dead peace,
Wherever - no one can tell
In heaven or in hell
May the peace of the Lord never cease.

Joseph Oladehinde Ibikunle