

Poetry Series

**Kayode Benjamin
Benorosco
- poems -**

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Kayode Benjamin Benorosco()

Born on 16 nov 1992 to mr and mrs stephen and ruth orogbemi in zaria, kaduna, Nigeria. Attended all schools and grew up in zaria untill now.. Now an undergraduate of mathematics Ahmadu Bello University Zaria Nigeria...u will knowing more later..

****m0sunmola****

Many steps from the day of my birth
Towards i still run, to reach before death.
To be closer i plea
I truly wish for it, or cant you see.

The gods are dead, but am still with believe
That anon it comes i pray,
Come oh come and be thou my relief.

Like anthills in savannah
As broad as the leaves of a rainforest
As beautiful as the maidens of black afrika
As lovely as a virgin heart
As sweet as a second chance to life
As breathtaking as a lads first sex.

Lo the dreams amidst dreams
Lo the story as long as it may seem
Tales of travail
As i still wish a poem to be titled MOSUNMOLA.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

***they Sang* (Happy Birthday)**

This songs yet unsung
This song my heart sings as my mind plays the drum
The apex of sounds
Do reh mi.....as the song may sound.

Tra la la....the songs of patriots
Who died by guns and others crushed by chariots
Mathyrs of faith, who for us swept the way
A horse ride on time, riden down to this age.

Those men who died are now but sage's
they made sons and notured maidens
They grew and died, while others stole into this age
They told the tales from the initio to today,
As they ended it with a song.

"happy birthday....happy birthday...happy birthday"
Were their beautous songs.

Happy birthday MOSUNMOLA.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

A Cry For My Country

Again i stand,
Like a cry for peace band.
With tears in eye,
And still yet filled with sand.
Its flag in hand,
As i forlorn sing its anthem.
To it we pledge,
But still bite our fingers in ay'em.

Gone are the heroes of our past,
The countries dreams till death they had faught to contrast.
Whom in turns have sworn oats,
But to keep them all ends up in deaths boat.
Gradually fed on in fain by corruption,
And better days becomes an illusion.
Yet abreast with our dreams,
Yet we dance the politics songs, though the light in them dim.
Our joys always ephemeral,
As our death lingers in the hands of a brother.

Why then should we dance,
Why then should we give another chance.
Knowing that theres no change,
Knowing that any day riot may pounce.
Today a dude saying he's a corruption emollient,
Tomorrow another taging himself a panacea.
Yet they all leave the sit a feet deeper in the pit.
We will hold on to those dreams till our end comes.
We will remain abreast our hopes till death our turn.

Aye! Turn by turn we will join the long gone dreaming dreamers.
Aye! Maybe someday that change will aback come and triumphant we declared winners.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

A Past Of Tear's

And i opened my eyes agape to the first morning of my life,
On my mothers back i felt the first cold morning dew's dat my history will ever
record,
Tears was the first visitor, and pain was the knwn childhood friend,
With my young hands i itched my tender eye wit my whole little strenght as if
they were nt mine.
I itched and itched wit the hope of getting the pains in them out.
Pains stayed in my eyes wit their vows that they will be there 4ever.
I cried out oceans wit the believe dat my pains go wit the tears.
But their over population grew..hmmm pains were the pest my eyes
hosted....Then i grew to reach an undastanding that there was an enemy called
poverty...And came to realization that it was a friend of the family...
Born without a silver spoon..gradually grew up eating between thorns....
My future i knoweth nt..my prayers ye knoweth nt..bt a past of tears was my
story..my history..a past of tears was my tale...the past i lived was in respect to
tears..hmmmmmmm

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

A Valentine With My Mum

The day was not short of the average sunshine..mildly hot.
And its hot-cold temperature was the feelings beside the beach.
And on the hots sands we walked beafooted, jumping, laughing and talking aloud
like two lovers.

As beautiful as she is, a wonderful as she has always been.
A true angel if earth was to be made heaven.
An immortal coursed with beauty should be my definition of her.
Cant stop but to gaze at her forever affable smile.
Cant seize but to hold her super soft tender and mild well moistured with oil
hands..
And the thoughts of she not being who she was was my brain stormer.

And we sat and she started a tale.
She told me about my young ages.
She told me melodiosly of her love for my dad.
She told me about life and sufferings she went through in my name.
She told me some of the agonies of motherhood.
Truly sympathetic was her stories.
Truly sorrowful was her tales.
Hmmm the days fun truly ended in pains and agony, and emmited tears as their
end products.

Though she was not my girl friend.
But a valentine with my mum was the best..

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

A World Within The World

A world we have found and embraced..
A life book with joy as its contents.
A chain story with a comedy initio and a joyful unending ending.
An abode i wish to remain and dream never to leave.

I paint purely with sepia to describe the most beautiful world within the world.
A music promiscious world with a semblance of joy and harmony..
A world of stentorians and Godly serfs.
A septet with a thousand septets..
A world sorrouned by garrisons of praise with shields of worship.

Beautiful faces of the ladies..
Sweet contanance of the gentlemen.
Humans with dulset voices..and an euphony in music
Raging to supply sensous feellings to listeners.
With much love in large and modicum sizes..
With love always in the air and even feigned in its absence.

Pain is mangled..shame is strangled..
With a contracted aura in welcoming.
With an always serene enviroment.
Chaste hearted citizens. with chaste wordz and chaste thoughts.

We sit astride joy and make others happiness a responsibility.
A little world of our own with clement condition.
An acme in music..
And without achilles heel.

Taged unity.
Tacked with love.
aquiescing Gods wordz

We sing without an euphorium with our hearts of euphoria.
Accursed with happiness.
And our boots of unity kicking out mischances.
lieuing our pain for our shame for joy.
And an acuity in existence.

Unity campus choir.
Unified in the Trinity.
Our world within the world.
Our hope of gaining the word.
In one accord we sing.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

A World Within The World (Ucc)

A world we have found and embraced..
A life book with joy as its contents.
A chain story with a comedy initio and a joyful unending ending.
An abode i wish to remain and dream never to leave.

I paint purely with sepia to describe the most beautiful world within the world.
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Alone On Valentine

unlike other days i woke up today wit a grieved heart.
A bad omen was my last hour to the days dream.
And my prayer against the dream was that the day was never named val.
Wit a sobbing heart i ungraced my bed.
Few good thoughts fighting against the numerous bad ones.
Few good feelings dueling to lose against the uncountable bad ones.

Can you feel my pain i cried in words to the me inside of me.
Can you kill them i groaned to the me ahead of me.
Can you fight with me against them i called to the me beside me.
Are you goin to war with me against them i yelled to the me behind me.
Nah was their replies.
We cant was their backstabbing answers.

Left alone on the so called love day..against the garrisons of pain.
to fight alone was i betrayed at..on the day taged valentine.
The lords of the day are asleep.
The gods of the day are dead.

Am left alone on valentine.*crying*.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

And Here Comes Val

Bouncing on my thoughts of gaining fame.
Pouncing on my prey of dreams of making a name.
Salivating on the future i see in the game.
Setting ablaze the spirits that would win their gaze.

Trying to differentiate pain from vain.
Hoping to impress my future with much gain.
Trying to fight against the heart broken chain.
Fighting to umbrella the hatred veiled love rain.
Raging in war, .like a crane..the war of my thoughts.

And up came the non affable day taged with the name of love.
A day dat gives me the opposite of what it is said to be.
A day that my horoic past became lord, and my nightmares became gods.
Rocked on the soil of pain.
unconsciously trampled on my joy.
My tears kept me company.
and a koinonia with sadness i formed.

Valentine they call it.
the aim was to love they said.
The meaning i gave was sadness
The defination i made was pain.
And here comes val.
unlike christmas i feared its coming.
unlike the new year celebration i hated its arrival.

And here comes val..
And here comes the unwanted day that my heart sobs to.
And here comes val.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

And Unfriendly Note To Grist

To the grist of good old days
The one with a head and many eyes
The older grist of my young days
The one who had promised never to die.

So coporate with a suit and a wrapper;
A 'buba' cap and shoes as big as boats
A copacetic smile and a contracted aura
To many and all it has been 'the big coat'

To the augury's of old
The seer of one great future
Who had seen a tallest grist in african poetry
We had hoped him take the wheels and drive us straight into em dreams
But now lives as though there was never a dream.

To the magny's and the crowned few
Who had survived the battle field and fled for their lifes
Nihilarians" who have gone beyond borders in search of better life
Now dancing to the drums of old age forgetting their young cub.

To the ignorant plenty
Who have fallen and have not learned to gallantly rise
Who had broken the chain and gone their various ways
And had promised to return when pigs fly.

To the plenty few who had married time
Who had climbed up the abandoned palace and waited this long
Who had swept it clean in wait of the king
They still wait till this day for the good old days.

To the grist who had failed its promise
And now depends on man made oxygen to survive.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

As Old As History

Zoroaster taught it to his followers in persia twenty five hundred years ago.

confucious preached it in china twenty-four centuries ago.

.lao-tse, the founder of taoism taught it to his disciples in the valley of the Han.

Buddha preached it on the bank of the holy ganges five hundred years b4 christ

.the sacred books of hinduism taught it a thousand years b4 dat

Jesus taught it among the stony hills of judea nineteen centuries ago

Jesus summed it up in one thought..

probably the most important rule in the world'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD
HAVE OTHERS DO UNTO YOU..

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Ashore Healings

I stood ashore of it..let d wind blow me off my feet..
I stand again today..like through it i could see a way..
Into it i walk again..that healing i may gain.
Barefooted with no shoes, like the holy ground with no shoes as rules.

I stand there at the bank..in prayer to God the highest in rank.
My legs quiver in the waters..and every sweep sends a shiver..
Healings i ask let the mermaids take up the task..
Without it i plea death..
than a curse on earth.

Let my prayer be had.
i stand with honour am no cad.
The healing waters be evaporated.
the healing rains be sent.
For my course i trend
Against my curse in prayers i bend.

I stand ashore of it.
Let the healing wind blow me of my feet.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Black Freedom

This land of ours was given away for coins
Every man was sold, hair to toe and groin
This land of ours for folly was lost
Our land our land, taken by force.
The big fish that floats threw men up on our land
Red hairy men with knife and gun in hand
They faught us bit by bit and won us one by one
Some came with crosses, believe in their God or
fight againt their gun
Their God was stronger and their guns brought
more death
With their God they bought our culture and their
guns killed our tradition
They claimed the God they know owns the earth
And for Him they have come to take our homes
our land our nation
They were gods cos their skin was white
They made us slaves and took our all and our light
We were deprived of the better life, to white we
were stain
They brought laws and rules, their god said the
blacks were created to be slaves
They weakened our faith and pounded our soul
They destroyed our beliefs and broke our pillars
and our bones
They took our everything and and bounded us
with chains
They took our freedom and told us we were vain
Blessed are the men who had fough till now
Blessed are the heroes who had bought our
freedom with their lives
Great men who travelled on thorns and broken
bottles to bring back our crown
They gave their all and blood as bribe
How sweeter can our redemption song be?
True freedom is when a black man is king
Things fell apart
(Sighs in releif) "at last"

Cypresselly (An Ode)

I knew her.
Cursed with beauty.
Graded a mortal.
Blessed with wordz,
Too gud a human.
An Angel in mortals eye,
Piercing hearts like fints.
A godess to tag,
More beautiful as age sags.

I write of Her.
A daffodil.
Heavens mortal gift,
With the dulcet voice like a tit.
Chaste hearted being.
A fray free friend.
A mother in the make, a daughter,
A gud gaily gag gracing girl.

I paint Her picture.
A cypress to nature.
Unlike an elm,
Her leaves so smooth and beautous.
An Angel i tag Her,
A friend i made Her.
A boon to maidenhood,
With joyfull hopes of motherhood.
A maiden, A princess, A queen.
In my thoughts, in a poem, in my dreams.

I know her, i write about her, i paint her picture.
A mermaid at guess, a mortal cypress to nature.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Faraway

A journey i have to embark on..forgetn the tears that wil flow at the thought of my absence..shunting the hearts dat will break without my daily wordz....leaving behind my affable family...getn to conclusion of saying bye bye...though my tears formed pool.. the music i played in my head was *backward..never* *forward..ever*.. cry me an ocean i said to those that cry as i leave...never forget me was the plea i made to the hearts dat will break without my daily wordz....in peace i go.. paying deaf ears to their crying wordz... Pretending nt to see the olive branch that friendship is raising...that journey i must go..that road i must walk.. let the God i believe in as a pantheist guide me....good bye is the word am nt changing my mind on... FARAWAY here i come.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Goodbye Friend

We cry oceans..we cry swamps, for the one we love is no more..their smiles we see no more..their wordz we hear no more..the face we see has nw become sand..the skin we felt has nw become dust...truly we weep..truly we sing in tears..truly their uneraseable thoughts run in our minds..cos our hearts are nw grieved..our hearts are nw left agape...truly we cry rains..and some grievnly go insane..bt all are vains..for our tears dy cnt gain a view..and their presence we cnt get again.....6 feet below us they lie...their existence has being sized..only in our memories cn they be..only in our hearts cn they be seen...a goodbye to see at the bossom of the lord we say...we love them bt God loves them most we believe....a dream we pray it was..bt reality it is...numerous wishes of their return which was never granted.. *REST..IN..PEACE* we say wit tears /GOOD..BYE/ we cry out...we will surely meet again..... /hmmmmmmm/ it reali hurt.. bt we just have to let go...goodbye friend..goodbye..

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Happy Birthday Dippan

And i stood by the sea side till the day came..the day that i remember thy birth..the day of wich earth was favoured and u were given to it as gift..the day that the greatest smile ran through the face of thy parents..the day the gods were blessed with thee..the day that love was given to earth again..the day that my heart rejoices at forever..the day an angel was made human to bless the world..the day that thy enemies cried cos ye was created to be their day the creator crafted its best art..the day the rose spoke..the day godes gaped their mouths at supreme beauty..today we wit thee for a years blesn added to earth..i bless the day u were born...hapi birthday Dippan. My wishes are that thy wishes be granted..

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

I Will Do Whatever

What can i do,
What wishes of yours can i make come through,
What can i be that is of utility to you,
What music should i sing that will suit your hearing,
I will do whatever.

I will be your sun,
I will be your moon,
I will be your sky,
And even your stars,
I will be your rain,
I will cleanse your stain,
I will be that bridge,
and even the road,

Just tell me what i would do for you,
Truly... I would do whatever.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

In The Name Of My Mother

In times of hardship she was always there
In the midst of trouble she gave me hope
When all things were a disappointment you came to my aid.
In her name I found love...

I call and she answers when I need her there.
I scream and she runs in my direction.
When every face is dark, I turn and see light in hers
When I fall I look up and see her outstretched hand still there to pick me up
In her name I found trust.

She's beautiful
A true example of the beauty of black Africa
In whose eyes I saw pure truth
Of whom I got much care and optimum love.
A true pride of motherhood
In Her and Her Name I found everything.
In my Mother's Name I found everything.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Incidental Rapture

And the great, mighty, loud and big trumpetic sound alarmed. And like the application of a methyl orange in a chemical titration of acid and base, the picture of the calm beautiful environment, and the sweet amiable smiles on everybodys face was transformed..

Rapture shouted everybody as they graced their lips with melodious words of forgiveness..here and there ran and down went every soul..

She flew on her heels with her baby on her tiny back. she ran as though she just recieved a news of her house on fire. she ran not remembering her deaf to the shout and cry of her baby.

On the other side of the road was him, trying to pull off his suits without clinging off the buttons. 'father i know i am a sinner' was his cries..and forgiveness were the title of his full albumed songs..hell were his thoughts and heaven was his last wishes.

People running in and out of the closeby market like scalar remebering to pay for their sellers not remembering owning a shop.a pre-riot helter-scareter was in full speed motion.

On her kneel she cried, not having the feet to run. She kneeled and cried in prayers for her children..very sinfull they were as she was their next station of eternity she didnt doubt..she could do nothing than the tears and prayers of forgiveness for the sins of her drunkered husband and her violent and sin affable children.

Closeby houses vomiting naked y schools ejaculating students..shouting and calling their mummys names..people fainting and others seizing breaths and falling in death..rapture' rapture' rapture' shouted everybody as they looked up the sky to watch it devide and see the son of man descend.

And nothing happened.

And again came the migthy trumpetic sound from the big-headed trailer vehicle.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Let You Replace Everything

Let your beauty replace a rose,
Let your smile replace the sun,
Let your face replace the moon,
Let your freedom replace the birds of the sky,
Let your love replace a heart.

Let your care replace a blanket,
Let your embrace replace a jacket,
Let your chest replace a pillow,
Let your kiss replace food,
And your body a bed.

Let your laughter replace music,
Let your words replace poems,
Let your breath replace oxygen,
Let your eyes replace light,
Let you replace everything.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Love

Many times I get to wonder if love is a waste of time
Cos it hard to find someone who's heart and yours rhyme
Many times we choose to stay trying to tailor on time
Saving nine sweet songs of heartbreak with its melodies, rhythms and rhyme

Some times I get to wonder why love in the first place
Why not save dis plenty strength when it only takes little to hate
Some times we choose to stay feeling we are in the right place
It only take a night to realize that you have crossed the thin line between love
and hate

Most times i get to ponder on the right words to say
And to get true love, all of me is never enough to serve as pay
Most times we are made fools doing both the right and wrong in the others say
Love has a language we must speak and dues we must pay

Many times I get to wonder if love is a waste of time
Cos we have stitched everyday but never did we save nine.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Papa's Tears

And he dangled between his thoughts of dream or reality.

Mangled by pain.

Strangled by bitterness.

A great loss he never dreamt of now plays real.

A history that has never been recorded right from his infant stage to the autumn of his life has now won a record.

Crying was the only expression he could exhibit.

Tears was his only way of frictioning his pains.

And i stood there and watched with a penitent face.

Being the carrier, courier and inflicter of the pain.

I watched him as the alpha and gamma tears were continuously emitted from his gentle eyes.

I watched him mourn out the bitter words.

Truly grieved was my heart.

Pain has bereaved us of our joy and happiness.

I couldn't hold my already warming up tears as i watched him wail in agony and cry in hails to the irony.

I cried as i watched him sit astride his own pool of tears.

A weep free environment was the scene created.

He wailed and wailed bitter words.

He cried in his jail behind bitter bars.

Death he would have chosen to this situation he wailed.

Never should he have existed if he had foreseen this he nailed with words.

Watching papa cry was my most bitter record.

Papa's tears was my most terrible sight.

I wish only one wish.

That papa never shed tears again.

Papa's tears.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Petty Sins (A Poem Drama)

Young and ambitious.
With eyes of a strong hope.
Handsome and blessed.
And the future in his eyes he always dressed.
His death he felt was not here.
The time he saw was many years...

And here came death..
He wasn't given a chance of another breath...
The hope in his eyes mangled.
And the life in the future he sees, strangled..

Now he knows not heaven.
Neither does he acquaint the place named hell..
But he now lives in a world where only him speaks and only him hears his words..
Audible to the people he met..but everybody deaf to the words he said.
Himself he could see through the mirror.
But in their sight he holds no harbour..
The life of the dead he now lives.
The wails from their tears he couldn't sieve..
He now lived his life alone to the opposite of his past merriment.
As he wandered his dead life's remains in wait for judgement.

And here he stands before the creator.
And like the judgement feigned movies he had watched he can now see a reality actor.
Alone he stood with nobody to greet him congrats or serve as mourners when the aftermath of his judgement is announced...
And there before him the big books were flipped and his past was played.

A past of chastity and strong faith..
Soaked with love and always found in praise.
Speaking in the spirit and singing the lords coming to the streets..
Obedient and loved..
And his love for Christ the people trust.
'God bless u brother' graced everybody's lips.
God's blessings and love promises were always his hopeful tip.

But his petty sins where also played..
The little mistakes and narrow path that to his fall lead..
His untrue worship and his feigned holiness and unknown satanic courtship.
His conditional boasts and unbiblical toasts..
The wrong doings he felt he needs not confess..
His past petty sins caused his loss of the heaven in his dreams.

And with the two ears of his he heard the group of words that the bible defined..
But in reality and well refined..
'Go away from me i do not know u' where the words from the creators mouth
that came with the wind.
Hell was his punishment for his incomplete obedient to the christian creed.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Read My Lips As I Say The The Word

I have seen you in my dreams,
I have seen you in reality,
I have watched you cry and laugh,
I have watched you sleep and wake,
I have share your smile and have cried your cry,
Read my lips as i say the word.

You have made most of my days,
You have ignited most of my laughter,
You had made my dreams a nice romantic movie,
You have made your heart a grave for me to lay dead,
You have realy made me love you..
Read my lips as i say "i love u".

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Tears! ! !

Watch your tears as they roll down,
I wished i possess the power to freeze them,
Cos my love for you is non-affable to tears,
Cos happiness are all i bring in their replacements.

Gain to replace your vain,
Rain to wash away your stains,
Cains to beat away your pains,
A bright tomorrow in replacement for sorrows,
I shed tears that ye may shed none.
Tears.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

The Cause Of Tears

Drained in the drainage of pain.
He wandered the abhor filled earth as if without sane.
In his futile journey in search of rain.
In his ineffectual war against shame.
Squeezing between gorge and bushes.
Muttering wordz that he felt are uncoming true wishes.
His regrets of existence accompanied his thoughts.
His tears guarded his prayers.
Against the cause of his tears he prayed.
The cause of his tears be erased he wished.

Once rich, now poor.
Once great, now abated.
He now acts an act of life that was never in his play.
He was now made to aquiesce by experience that the antonym of riches is truely reality..
He cried a million tears.
He wished a thousand pasts.
The cause of his fall were his carelessness.
The cause of his tears were regrets.

Loved with his whole being.
Guarded love with his heart till the day it ended.
An end accompanied by tears.
Tears of a broken heart.
Tears of a wrong choice in love.
Tears of WHY? .
Stunned with thoughts and memories of the heartbreakin wordz.
Deafened by the echoes of the heart breaking sentence.
The cause of the heartbreak was love.
The cause of his tears was the heartbreak.

Soaked by the rains of sadness.
Drowned in the oceans of tears.
Her hueandcry was loud enough to re-break Jericho walls.
Her tears flow where like a waterfall.
Her husband and father to her infant children is a victim of deaths random choice.
Her groom in the wedding is no more.

The bleak future she sees in the survival of the children made her weep.
Her thoughts of the miss made her wail.
Death made her cry.
Her cause of tears was death.

The cause of Tears

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

The Gift

This lady.. left all alone in a big house with her paisley french her memories. was starving for a little recognition..she had once been young and beautiful and sought after..she had once built a house warm with love and had collected things from all over nigeria to make it beautiful.. Now, in the isolated loveliness of old age, she craved a little human warmth, a little genuine appreciation-and no one gave it to her..and when she found it, like a spring in the desert, her gratitude couldnt adequately express itself with anything less than the gift of her cherished heart.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

The Lady In Red

And i stood awhile with gaping eyes at her.
Gazing without stop.
And getting muse in thoughts.
In a dulcet i wailed in heart.
With eyes open i gazed at the sight.
With dim eyes never bright.
And every sight always slight.

Oh lady in red.
Exclamations of the sight semblance of her sweet slow motioned blinking eyes.
Adorations of her illumating brown skin like terazon tiles.
A speech with her i plea alone.
That she be mine i wished far away from hope.

And out of my sight she went.
Leaving me in sadness and thoughts of loosing an heaven sent.
With eyes under sunglasses i never stoped looking the way that lead to her
invicibility.
Innerly i cried at the lost of an uncommon opportunity.
With a lone heart tear i frowned at my snail like thoughts.
As i ran the way with the hope of finding a lady in red who's sight semblance i
sought.

My lusty thoughts frictioned me down.
A stop to my unending cynosure of her half body covered red gown.
The lady in red had dissappeared.
And wholeheartedly i prayed that like gini she re-appears.
Her sight semblance i seeked.
And that she ends up in my arms in lonely prayers i plead.

Oh lady in red
Come oh ye and get my eyes fed.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

The Petty Boaster

To his boastfull pride filled words i listened.
With my erect ears and character of a good listener i payed attention while the irate boaster spew his undiluted boastfull poison like a king cobra.
In his scalar wordz i found a great sense of nonsense and a sweet knowledge of ignorance.
What a boaster i felt.

His wordz were never chaste.
leaving me with thoughts of a snail in haste.
A good time spent with no gain earned.
His good foolish wordz he felt won my attention.
Never did he knew that spending another second with him was never an intention.
The least of all boasters.
A sage of fools age.

I can dig a two inched hole in a day.
I can swallow a musterseeds without stress.
I can gulp a cup of sweet wine at a hundreds count.
I can squeeze a mosquito with no second thoughts.
I can bear the pains of a butterfly's sting.
I can stand in war against a fly.
He boasted to with shoulders high.

I can jump a hurdle of five inches high.
I can breath in as long as two seconds.
I can recite the number range of one to ten.
I cramed the english alphabets at the age of twenty.
I can clap an insect to death.
I can trample on an earthworm with my legs.
He said with his voice like a torn drum.

The time spent with him where the days regrets.
An offer of a moment with him will i always reject.

The petty boaster.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

The Piece Of 2go Leaving.

On imaginary isles we had walked..wit poems we had talked..on the blackboardz of this strange we had the more love of our friendship we had locked...wit much love i pen down my great gratitude..for thy hands of friendship..thy heart of love..thy comments of appreciation..thy eyes of like..and thy smiles of sweet glee...wit much rage of happiness titrated wit sadness i write down the glimpsy love i had recieved frm thee..the love i will miss..to leave i must leaving behind the family i had gained..the hearts i had maimed..the love i had always aimed..and the pains of beings i had help cained..in tears i wet my pages wit the rains that guides my deapature..the hearts that will be there at my rapture..and the tears that will rundown in miss of my erasure..the wordz i will never 4get to say is dat i love u my affable friend and will miss u...i write against my numbered days on dis strange world of 2go..i write against the miss dat wil bewail my noble heart..i had fallen sick in dis world of 2go and wil die in days..adieu my learned friend..miss u wil i..i will miss u..i will miss ur name..i will miss ur love and smiles..gudbye i say in tears..gudbyes i say wit pains..gudbye gudbye gudbye..

And the song of whitney houston-i will always love u played in my i pen down my farwell piece..a piece of thoughts and touch..i paint the last wordz before my 2go death..i die on 2go today to ressurect sumday..gudbye a must say word...adieu..a must say phrare...nt to be forgotten i plead wit clouds of stormy tears in my eyes....to my amiable friends and foes..to my love and haters..i say bye wit my remaining wordz..never to forget our moments of fun and and glad moments..tears and smile allments...cry me no ocean..share me no to leave i must..miss u i will and love u i promise..remember me i pray...dnt forget me i wish...raining down unfriktioned tears..waving behind glorious arms...gudbye my friend..let the gods be our keeper til we meet again...death is surely yet to kum..bt b4 it does..i promise memories..and ur name and wordz in histories...u have played a part in d act of friendship..ur role i truly apprecitae..i leave 2day to return sumday..bye: '(

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

This Love Tale

This love story is one not to be told.
The listener it makes go cold.
A love tale on a broken slate.
Written with a crying pen at an heart broken state.

Never was it seen but heard.
This love tale of a lass and lad.
The wordz they traded under the sun.
How he wished that ere heartbreak he heard the horn.
This love tale telos wrong.
With mangled dreams of it growing strong.

Many years ahead he wished in fun.
But the tragic end on d wings of dawn.
Plethora of his care he ignorantly traded with mere wisps of a feinged love.
Many told dreams..none with love to prove.
Tears in melancholy, death the thought.
Agony made folly, much pain with love he bought.

This love tale.
The radiant love ran pale.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Unanswered Questions

Am i me? who am i? Was dat really my name? Am i really what they say i am? Am i mortal? Did i really do it? Will i truly die? Wil they miss me? Is this truly my destiny? Is this what they call poverty? Can i say am rich? or otherwise poor? am i healthy? am i prone to death? is she truly my girl? as in is she the right girl? But i love her..did i truly do? is she truly faithful? Will she be there forever? Is there truly heaven? if yes, will i make it? is my future dat bright? will i live a hundred years? Will my dreams come true? Are the nightmares true? Is there truly love? am i in love? what is life? Is this life am llving? Are they really my friends? is believing in them an illusion? am i amiable to them? are they friends or foe? am i a poet? Am i writing poems? Are my writings poetic? Am i a guy? or a boy? or maybe a man? am i as handsome as they say? or as ugly as they backtalk on? Am i at home? or truly in a strange land? am i a celebrity? Or just a known benny? will i really fulfill destiny? or die in the course? Will i truly become rich? will the world know me? Will the end time come tomorrow? or will rapture be today? hmmmm

What did i just write? ? ?

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Where Is Yesterday?

He died yesterday,
Never to be seen again.
Leaving our hearts in pain.,
And gracing our thoughts of life as vain.
Gone is the one i love was the news my ears broke to my heart.
Never to be seen again was the thoughts that blessed my pains.
What a wasted world i felt.
What an unjust judgement i thought.

She was born yesterday,
She was injected into life the day before today.
Putting a sweet and clement smile on the face of the 20years old couple.
Happy and thankfull for a child at last.
Named after joy.
And prayed for to live as long as a sequoia.

He fell yesterday,
Seeing a rise in the day after yesterday.
Seeking help from the God of yesterday, today and the tomorrow of everyday,
putting his hope in the future he sees in every day after yesterday.

He finally won,
His efforts of a thousand yesterdays were not in vain.
The clouds he has been watching for hundreds of yesterdays finally brought rain.
His hard work and perseverance of the pains of many yesterdays finally brought gain.

She lost her virginity yesterday.
A named treasure she had kept for years'terdays.
A lost she thought was gain.
A bitter moment she felt was sweet.
A day that broke the vow she made.
Lost in thoughts..
She bounced on her feelings of the right or wrong of the deed.

The joy, pain, gain, vain, agony and blessings of our yesterday are past,
Never to be encountered again.
But emmits their rays on the future, and stains our memories forever.

Gone forever is the answer to *WHERE IS YESTERDAY? *
Gone forever is yesterday.

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Who Can Say? ? ?

Who says? Who knows? Who foresees? Who soothsays? Who predicts? Who agrees? Who sees? Who believes? The future.

I stand on a million builded stories..i stand tall, a million meters high, with the hope of the sight-semblance of my future..i think with a thousand minds..i predict with a million thoughts..but a reality say, i can't..
who can really say? i pondered in question.

Who can really say?
About a loss of life tomorrow.
About a birth in the next hour.
That judgement comes tomorrow.
That there is truly life after death.
That the sky will truly divide.
That the devil is truly beneath.
Who can really say?

That death is a friend or foe.
That love aint an illusion.
That the trusted person dosen't break the clement heart.
That the serene environment will one day become ash.
Who can really say?

That the end day will truly come aback.
That the earths abhor will one day be no more.
That hell is real.
That he/she will make heaven.
That he will die a sinner.
That tomorrow is a no coming true dream.
Who can really say?

That i will die without fame.
That my end is here.
Who can really say.

That all hope is lost.
That the future is bleak.
That your dreams wont come true.
That your life will end as meaningless as it started.

That you wont make it.
Who can really say?

I aquiesce not their sayings.
I abet not their beliefs.

I can't really say.
Or can you say?
Will time say?

Who/what will say? ...

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco

Your Dreams

Your dreams are my purpose to make true,
Your dreams adds to my reason of existence,
Your dreams are what i make my wishes,
That they come through are my prayers,
Your dreams engulfs in it my future,
Your dreams brought and kept us together,
Your dreams forcasts more love,
Your dreams shines the bright light,
Know this....
Your dreamz are my dreamz..

Kayode Benjamin Benorosco