

Poetry Series

Lay Rite

- poems -

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Lay Rite(SEPTEMBER 11)

Lay Rite (real name Sodiq Alabi) , a member of International Poetry Society, USA, Young Writers Society, USA, Union of Campus Journalists, Ilorin and University Literary Club, a finalist of 2009 National Youths Debate, and the former Executive Editor and Editorial Chairman, Pathfinder magazine, studied Plant Biology at the University Of Ilorin, Ilorin, Nigeria (2007-2011) .

Hail The School

(On a visit to my start)
Hail the school
Hail the ocean that flows
Ever and ever it flows
Quenching the thirst of children
Thirsty of knowledge with water of wisdom

Here we read and rolled
Here we learnt with laugh
Here we were trained to be tall
Here we learnt to love
Here we were and won

It looks like yesterday
But it was long ago
We were here to school
In these same walls we sat
As knowledge of no equal were imparted.

Hail the walls that stand
Stand forever and ever
Ever they stand to save
Save and shade children from the bitching sun
Bitching, beating sun of ignorance
Ignorance we can't afford to live with.

Lay Rite

Home

Home,
Where the depleted energies
Lost in the ever continuous combat
Of living life or in trying to,
Are refreshingly replenished,
And the run-out rigour regained.
Packet by packet
Transferred through the bluetoothing
Of compassion and concern by relatives,
But also through wireless transfer of love and life
By the familiar and friendly environment
But also equally important through the
Physical means via USB, energies
From eating, drinking and sleeping.

Lay Rite

Humans Are Enough

There lived millenniums before, humans
Who never had to worry about some obscure chemistry
Nor did they get curious about their earth
And there was never nothing like economy
Let alone its meltdown

There were once lived people
Who all they ever cared about was some farming
Rainy season, hartmattan and the likes
And perhaps little hunting for meats
And they were happy and contented.

I repeat, there were once lived some good people
Who we now call uncivilised and other obscene names
But everything they needed, they got
Quite unlike us who continue to crave
Then there was contentment and so tranquillity

Then there came a world of big words
Small world they say it is, a global village
But big world we use in it, all for wrong things
Nuclearbomb, globalwarming, economymeltdown,

Human beings create all their problems
The world was created perfect
But humans have made it imperfect
In their quest for illusive perfection
Continuously humans are destroying the world.

If the world is ever going to end, and so it is
God would have no work to do
Nor would satan need take part in it
The humans are enough to end the world
And surely men are going to destroy this world.

Lay Rite

Iwo, The Home Of Odunsi;Dere

Kilometres away from Ibadan, Miles away from Osogbo,
Iwo, the city of odidere,
Odidere, the bird that always return home.
A pure icon of patriotism.

What a beauty you are, my beautiful city,
With your forest that greens all the year round
A symbol of your agricultural potentials
A city that still enjoy farming.

What a view you are
With your hills and mountains,
That stand ever and ever in their places
A sign of your resilience.

An ancient city you are,
Dated centuries ago,
And war has never touched you,
An emblem of your sacredness.

Iwo, pray for me,
Pray for your children that love you,
Pray that we will always conquer our enemies,
Pray that we will live long and be prosperous.

Lay Rite

Jos, What The Hell Is Wrong WıTh You?

Jos, what century do you think we are?
What is with you that every time you have a problem
You have to sacrifice human lives?
Can you grow up so that we can have peace?

What the hell is the problem with you, Jos?
The last time you had your problems,
You threw all the country into pandemonium
And you even had no apology for it.

What are you fighting for, Plateau?
The Niger Deltans are fighting for their money
What are you fighting for?
Who has this land or what?

Are you that stupid, Jos?
Are you that uncivilised?
Thought you have some universities
Can't see a sign of education in you, Jos.

You fight each other for what will never be anyone's
Where is Oduduwa who claimed the Yoruba land?
Where is Dan fodio that claimed Hausa Land?
Where are your own fore fathers?

Who cares who the indigene is?
Isn't your progress more important, Jos?
But it is only the wise progress matters to.
The stupid run after land
The wise use land meaningfully

Who cares if Einstein is not a born American?
Isn't he one of the most celebrated Americans today?
Who cares in the 21st century that there is no black Americans
But children of yester centuries slaves?
Only foolish and stupid take note.

Jos, can we have a rest of mind?
Can you save the rest of the nation your dirty chore?

Can you settle your husband-rape-his-wife problem at home?
Can you say no to your god politicians for once?
Can you be more tolerant of each other's belief?

Lay Rite

Overtime

I had seen beauty before
Beauties, in many movies and living life
And I had seen pretty parading
Previously and still presently at occasions
And I had seen them being proudly paraded
In the presence of those privy

But your beauty, I was never privy
To the likeness, in life or movies
The illuminating light complexion
That lights spot up long before your arrival
Unavoidably, unintentionally announces your approach
Only a saint could dare resist
Or perhaps pretends to!

The eyes, white, clear and sexy
The eye balls, well placed with
The naturally sensational eyelids
Together they set hearts longing.

And the ear; normal, nice and fitting
In consonance with a proportionate nose
The kind you want to kiss all the time
What can you do with the inviting lips?

Did I forget the black shining hair on a modelly head?
And the face with its beautiful features
Would certainly send Da Vinci into nonstop drawing frenzy
And inspire Donne to write a treatise.

Don't get me started on the build
The wonder and meticulousness of the build
With its impeccable architecture
And unparalleled artisanship
Would make Eiffel green with envy of the Maker.

This queen of beauty I know
With her softspokeness and politeness

Openness and accommodating principle
Friend to everyone who deserves
Helper to all who are in need.

This angel I befriend
All the time I keep wondering
How on earth could beauty,
Intellect, civility, and humility be built in one person?
Someone must have done overtime,
Was my only logical answer.

Lay Rite

Routine

And we asked again the millionth time
In a resigned tone we are now known for
Why we were passed over once again
For our neighbours down the road

And the usual answer,
Our ears ache on its repetition
Our minds refuse to re write
Our brains turned to spam box,
Came at the appointed time
In a manner that smacks of measured precision:

Shit happens.

Lay Rite

Song Of Revolution

Let those who know how to pray, pray
And those who can't, wish
For we are getting to a stage
Where history will be re written
And all hell let loose.

Though no one ever pray for this
But wishful thinking is never enough.
How could the oppressor of people
Think the people will forever believe
Their propaganda of peace with poverty.

Let it be sang in the nooks and crannies
Of the geographical entity called Nigeria
That the poor will no longer have none it
That never are we going to be deceived again
By their crap of unity and suffering.

There cant be no peace without justice
Justice, my people, that will reach everywhere
Those that put our money away in unlit safe
Shall rot away in unlit prison cells
For offense and punishment must be equal.

So let those who know how to pray, pray
And those who cant, wish
For we cannot because of peace
Remains forever in abject poverty.

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Lay Rite

Sons Of The Goldmine: Lamentation I

We shall pack our shabby shirts in the bogus bag
When we embark on our sorrowful sojourn.

We are at the point of no return,
At the highest level of the boiling point
('Can't this be said in one word? ')
The massacre at Apo runs on
The extermination at Odi goes on
The Eagle's slaughter keeps replicating
We won't stop unless they stop.

Sing the song that has no tune
The tune we want exists not.
We are going to cry all night
Since we are certain no one listens
('Aint that a bitch, brother? ')

We will run away, tail between our legs,
And never will we turn back
And we will remain silent forever.
Not talking, not complaining
('Just sub living, barely surviving')

Our decision, be assured, is not of cowardice
Believe us, we have been brave before
But what is the point in resisting
A torture that is ever unending
Or suffering that keeps mounting?

We are the sons of the goldmine,
With the former hope of building an Eldorado
Then they came around and took our gold and all
Hid them in nameless caves of unknown places
('They' include our own brothers,
Who we shared the same breast with
And played hide and seek with in the local arena')

Culled from Myself and I Talking Collection (2010; Unpublished)

The Relief

Sweat soaked shirt, suite and all
He shouted his driver to halt
Without waiting for the Honda to completely stop
He impatiently and violently flung the door open
Jumping haphazardly out, into a small mud.

Running not unlike a mad man in frenzy
But more like a young boy running away from danger
Knocking down everything in his way
Without speaking to the haggard man at the door
He threw him #500 notes

Kicked open the locked door
With his shining Italian shoe
Nearly chucking off the cover
He sat almost with his pant on
Po-ro-po-po-po, they all came down.

He purged everything out in a minute or so.
Like a catholic just confessed by his priest
But more like a Freudly analysed person
He felt unbelievably relieved.
But the relief he got, only that place could give.

1st July,2011, Iwo, Nigeria.

Lay Rite

What The Hell Is Wrong?

What the hell is wrong with this man
Who thinks he is a God?
And what the hell is wrong with the girl
Who thinks she is a queen?

What the hell is wrong with the poor
Who thinks all is lost?
And what the hell is wrong with the rich
Who thinks he's got all?

What the hell is wrong with the student
Who thinks all is rosy?
What the hell is wrong with parent
Who thinks business is all?

What the hell is wrong with the religionist
Who thinks all is miracle?
What the hell is wrong with the atheist
Who thinks the world just happened to be?

What the hell is wrong with this poet
Who thinks he can just write anything?
What the hell is hell wrong with that reader
Who thinks poetry is garbage?

Lay Rite

When Aunti Dana Made Her Last Run

Don't lament
Never forget
The blood unseen
And the cause unknown

Don't lament
The parts in piece
And the dreams in rubble
(Where will they find their peace?)

Never forget
The oblivious insiders
And helpless sojourners
(Fate had no use for mood)

Don't lament
The elephants that wouldn't stand
And the cubs trampled to death
(Form and structure amounted to zilch)

Never forget
The seedlings orphaned at a whiff
And the spouses windowed in a sec
(Can't they insure that too?)

Don't lament
The lineage extinct
And the honey-moon eclipsed
(When will the reunion be?)

Never forget
Faces smile wouldn't visit for a while
And those ambitions buried for life
(What will it take to undo that?)

Don't lament
The pen never to be dipped in ink
And the mouth denied its orders
(Limitation is one sure thing)

Never forget
The town desecrated
And the people blackened
(Never again is a known lie)

Don't lament
The tears men freely shed
And the sigh women unconsciously made
(Were those emotions misplaced?)

Never forget
The Sunday twice dammed
And the tragedy multiplied
(Evils only men could do)

Don't lament
The bolt probably left untightened
And the signature bought with Guilder
(An answer not there or here.)

Never forget
The gravity dutifully obliged
And how fragile everything really is

That we know, that we ignore
And that we remembered
When Aunti Dana made her last run.

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For Hammidah and other Nigerian children; may the rest of your childhood
witness less tragedy.

Lay Rite