

Poetry Series

**macaulay akinbami**  
**- poems -**

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## macaulay akinbami(7th February)

Just writing. doing what i enjoy. You may not like it. Its okay. That is why it is you.

# 141 Words In Honours Of My Boss

YUSUF

Ycleped greeted, doubly did the awe sprightly unfold this minds of mystery

Unmanned intelligence wrapped in attentive ears to listen to unequivocal  
meanderings

Splitter sprig where folly castled a doubt on action,

Unruffled rounds of greasy pearls pearled wounded tiles as comrades boisterous  
brawls

Fettered not by usurping lies laid as mask on muddy minds.

ENEBI

Emblem express exhalation healed, when tainted by cronies cranks

Nettled flowery voice emasculate boils and venting vials of carbuncles

Enveloping grief with kindness in words in deeds in looks in love with feelings so  
real and more

Be this a father, I must love him so and learn as I do; never found a love like his  
amongst his peers

Incisor piecing discouragement where blinded brother fellow galls in gallop  
gourds

Dedicated to Mr. Yusuf Enebi

18/10/2008

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# A Home In The Midst Of Tattlers, Snitch And Busybodies

A convergence, this same sect in hasty errands and as birds  
Hasten to their camaraderie and tale,  
The focus is the home, where their binocular set  
Stakeholders, who with visible intents and glares feign alliance,  
Trapped in their covens, a ready coven for their reject  
Unworthy of their affections, unfit for their own home,  
Set on my path for filial, and to this hole I assayed  
Hoping to wean her for my master, a high hope for her verbal declaration  
"I am a Christian"  
And so I thought, Until Christianity rejected Humility,  
So I thought, until Christianity became a brawler,  
So, I thought, until Christianity became a nagger  
Sobriety was amiss, pride and arrogance ekes and burnt  
A madness too many and the sect seats in darkness in phony analysis  
Hello! Did you hear? Have you heard? Tattling and snitching  
And as players on the fields, she announces her victory and vanquishes  
Preferring her allegiance to this alliance, to the fabrics of the home,  
And these, spent their energies in nocturnal concaves desiring to teach  
instructions  
From their vain philosophical jangling  
These, who assumed knowledge by rebellion,  
These whose pride is in empty books of men,  
These whose ambition is about here,  
These dilemma this

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# A Review From Emmanuel "futility"

Signs carved like paths on sand

Consequences, though late do come.

And constant change of position happen to all shifting our former balances

Burdened by mind bugling voices of our errors

A rare epitaph, in confines

Carries the print obviously

Leave it untainted keep the landmark

Or the upshot might blow you off

Alas, the memory is lost leaving us the trail

A glare, Yeah a glaring wickedness

Wobbled walks in the new world of light in man's eye

In company of bells and beads of ecstasy

Yet unrefined in our ways with prejudice too many

Confined, in loneliness, revel in vice

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# A Tribute To Gani

Yesterday,

It was just yesterday in September,  
He was laid to rest in golden casket  
Though he lived a golden life to deserve more  
Yet as men do,  
The celebration of hypocrites comes after demise  
Rare Wig gawk the myriads in honour of a true luminary

Yesterday,

It was just yesterday,  
Jailed for truth by country rebels for rights  
Turned and tortured by oppressor still alive  
Resisting venomous illegality where chickens bowed in shame  
Bathed in the common cruelty of state sponsored arm brigand

Yesterday,

It was just yesterday,  
He roared in courts, despising the hazards  
Burned in passionate loathing of poli-tricks of exalted liars  
Exposing furtive murderer, masquerading in rocks of our honour  
Renown, revered, amongst true patriots

Yesterday,

It was just yesterday,  
He was stripped of a long deserved honour,  
Tyrants shirked to disdain the true leader of the masses  
Scholars rode over stupidity and proclaimed  
The First SAM, first and yet not another

Yesterday,

It was just yesterday,  
He pierced their conscience, with a party  
To revive the glory of leadership by involvement  
Alas, the innumerable powers of evil men in nocturnal overrule  
Vetoed a woe of corrupters, imposed dishonour like leprosy  
And we rot in honour as we go still

Yesterday,

It was just yesterday,  
He was numbered with great world changers  
Like, Mandela, Luther, Churchill  
Will be remembered not only as a Lawyer, SAM or SAN in sand  
But as a true fighter, an indefatigable orator, with an unswerving ardour  
For the oppressed, the voiceless poor masses,

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# A Wired Woman

She pips in fear for lateness like her peer  
Camouflaged arrogance with a show of caginess  
The error that is obscure reading lines of yesteryears  
Egotism masked in affronts officiousness  
Bravado of naughtiness in candor though unspoken

Free me free me, voiced again in melancholy  
Where ignorance affronted species of revere  
Oblivious of men and Angel amidst mortals  
By routines of cataract long glare  
Sends nostalgia down the spines of watchers

Though forgetting the milk and candies of supposed enemies  
Doubling as friends in conning angst beggarly in their nature  
Nagging and ganging a gang of gossipers  
Finding Mutual grounds for bedfellow  
Causing higgledy where there exist no war

For a suspected compromise of morals  
Or a hunting taint of a past paints on Z walls  
Where decorum is not a schoolmaster  
As official time waste in visit to motels at unbreak break time  
With holy bible at desk view to mask hypocrisy

First venerable "Etis" Migrants tasted buds of iniquity as noised by witnessing  
chauffer  
And guilt cautioned not her thigh with avalanche of showy attire of a seductress  
Office advertorial of buried innocence pointed in curved carbuncle front and back  
Knocking shoes in timeless visits to hides in kitchen

On the job, double facedness, in loud calls to clients for managerial recognition  
While empty office fill vacuums of fast quickie (shap-shap) appointment  
arranged or rearranged  
Ill mannered, bad tempered not marriageable, never listen, never patient making  
enemies  
Commandeering, verbose, self conceited, presumptuous, stout and arrogant

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# Again, Why?

Bricks of pain heaved on my amber  
Hell's ring tone in fragile ears  
Exits incomparable in life's little memory  
A goddess gone, the pillar of a heart's strength.

Lured above reason by fables  
By mean mortals of unknown stature  
"They said, and my father said"  
to the end of a structure so rare.

Trust tested  
Hope crumbled  
Among dark rumours of strange narratives.

This heart nurtured for stranger's glory  
A Oprah's regret found in Ruth.  
All entreaties a weak lyric fall  
And so must I let go the bird  
Into hidings carved by her lust  
Seeking a heaven in hell's lies.

A foretelling powers of bygone times  
Pronounced this exit of lightning speed.  
Bye bye to parleys of the heart  
Ending a dream for imputed crimes.

A shaking of wind, a tossing of sea  
A tornado of earth's fires  
A true test of oaths  
Bye bye to love.  
now and forever....

Me, myself and I.

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# Alone..

Alone in the world of writs

I stand alone

To mockery because my shoes are worn,

My suit torn.

Alone,

Because I refused to invest my time

In vanity of men's wealth

The relentless treadmill of materialism.

The infinity of human thoughts are vital to me

While friends and colleagues

Constant in the mad rush for avarice

Alone,

When I speak against societal ills

Paid writers mock at me

And call me 'fool'!

My mind, preaching constant messages of irrelevances

Because I will die a writer.

No money,

No friends,

No foe.

Alone,

When intelligent comrades backslide  
into a reverse and praising of societal tyranny.

Alone,

When vanity of fame and temporal gain  
Reduce men of honour  
To a loose dissolved state of lies.

Alone,

When the courage for truth  
Falls to a beggarly withdrawal for fear

Alone,

When mass comrades reduce intelligence  
To cheap Trade by Bata.

Alone,

When moneybags employ friends  
In the service of sly.

Alone,

When kings and kingdom

Turn greater minds to lesser scribe.

Alone,

When hunger, pain, loneliness

Stare in the face

For uncommon stance.

Alone,

Let lies increase

Vanity multiply

Comrades compromise

Hunger kill

Clothes burnt

Impoverished me be

With no friends

No follower

And in the grave

Just like I came,

Alone, Alone.

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# As You Grow Older

As you grow older, they fade into oblivion  
The friends you once revered,  
The company you once adored,  
Like flowers they fade and fall by the way side  
You go through life alone  
And no one cares to know  
Your pains they cannot share  
And the trouble they cannot feel  
As you grow older,  
Their motives become clearer  
Yesterday's fondness dissipates  
Time has conquered their love  
And you are left alone  
With memories of lies  
The lie of friendship  
Mocked by time

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# Beauty

Beauty is life's treasure  
Hidden in the bowels of gods.  
Spreading herself in thousand arts,  
On all the corners of earth.

It is the deity's immortal will  
Of wonders, extras and miracles.  
Treasured than gold and all fading forms,  
Given from heaven to missioned mortals.

Lilies and roses are not good enough,  
The sun and stars do not shine enough.  
Riches and avarice will search in vain,  
For none of earth can match the worth.  
But even this, is vain.

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# Catholic Contradictions

This Poem will speak to Peter,  
Of the priest and the folly,  
This poem doubts not the sincerity of true worshipers,  
It will speak to the cult, the club, their Peter, the images of idolatry  
This poem will address the indoctrination, the assumptions and contradictions,  
This poem will expose and explode,  
This poem will speak of the council of Valencia and the "forbidden book"  
This poem will speak of the mass "hoc est enim corpus meum"  
And the continuous re-enactment of the Death of Jesus  
This poem will smite the conscience, rend the hearts, and heal the willing  
This poem will speak of purgatory  
Of priesthood  
Of indulgences  
Of penance  
Of confessions and the "confessors"  
Of papal decrees  
And of the mortal and venial sins,  
This Poem, this poem will speak of the "Virgin Mary" and the harlot,  
This poem will confirm the marriage of Christ's Peter  
Of the Roman Universal contradictions and papal infallibility  
This poem will speak of the assurance of salvation  
And the curse of the Council of Trent  
This poem will speak of the "Arian heresy"  
Of "Cyprian and the lapsed"  
Of the works of "Athanasius Contra Mundum"  
Of Athanasius to the Bishop of Egypt  
This poem will speak of the incarnation of the divine word  
Orations against the Arians and against Apollinaris  
This poem will speak of John Chrysostom, (golden mouth)  
This poem will speak of his ethical applications and the trouble with the  
emperor's wife  
This poem will speak of Augustine and his forgotten works,  
"In the spirit and the letter", "Confession", the "city of God"  
The battle against the "Donatist" "Manichean" The "Arians" the "Pelagians"  
This poem will speak of the Theology of "Anselm"  
Of "Thomas Aquinas" and the Sum of Theology  
This poem will talk of the "council of Nicea"  
This poem will speak of Constantine and his cross of battle  
The grandeur of "St Peter's Basilica" the glory of man void of God's presence

This poem will speak of the "Patriarchal City" and the protagonist  
This poem will be persecuted, burnt, torn and ridiculed  
This poem will never be read by Catholics,  
It will not be verified to see the deception of Rome and the Pope,  
This poem can read your mind, how you think Pope can never do wrong  
This poem sees your bent determination to resist Truth  
This poem will talk of Martin Luther, Ulrich Zwingli and John Calvin  
This poem will be rejected by America, Britain, France, Russian, and Africa  
This poem must be hated, by worshiper of Dead Mary and his statue  
This poem will be scorned and attacked  
This poem will bring shame to the writer; he will be sick or insane in the mind of  
the readers  
This poem will not be read in Jerusalem, Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch,  
This poem will speak of the "Bishop of Rome" and his Authority over the world  
This Poem will speak of "Pope Innocent the 1st "and his rule  
The power play  
This poem will consider the rule of Pope Zosimus and the questioning  
This poem will remind you of Pope Gregory the great and his Political  
Cultural religious influence  
This Poem will speak of religion, feigning spirituality after the fall of Rome  
Imposing authority by massive error and disregard to The Truth  
This poem will speak of influence of Gregory on the West after the defeat of  
Rome  
And this imposition leading million astray through Idolatry and subjugation  
This poem will speak of the edict in support of papal Authority by Emperor  
Valentin the 3rd  
And Pope Leo and his sermons  
This poem will speak of how the Church stepped into a political vacuum of  
defeated Rome  
This Poem will tell of the Crowning of Charlemagne of France by Pope Leo the  
2nd  
(A pope putting a crown on a Political King) ,  
This poem will speak of idolatry  
A marriage with the world, a deception of dark kingdom  
A ridicule of the cross, the blindness of millions  
This poem will speak of corrupt men of the papal order  
Of Pope John the 12th  
Of Pope Boniface the 7th  
Of Pope Gregory the 7th folly of Vicariate  
As the "Vicar of Christ" and not the "Vicar of Peter"  
This Poem will never be researched,  
This poem will never be preached in Rome

This poem will speak of the "incomplete Reformation" of Luther  
The Breaking of the theological grip of Roman Catholic on the Church  
This poem will speak of "Sola Christos, Sola scriptura, Sola gracios, Sola fide'  
The deceptive modern acceptance of the soles in the 15th paragraph to sustain  
Error in modern times,  
This poem was never written, will never be re-written  
This Poem will speak of the Catholic belief of Salvation without the "Soles"  
Of salvation "and" the Traditions and the Pope's decree  
Salvation by Christ "and" Mary and the saints  
Salvation by grace "and" by the works of men  
Grace received by Faith "and" by works and sacrament,  
This poem speak against these errors and the long departure from Christ,  
This poem will be too loud in the mind of curious Catholics,  
This poem will point men to Jesus but will be rejected by many,  
This poem will be the witness of the readers,  
This poem will speak of the priesthood of all men,  
Of the deception of confession,  
Of the bondage of sin,  
Of the re-enactment of crucifixion by the observance of mass,  
The Poem is calling men to the True Savior, The Man Jesus.  
This poem will be another martyr  
This poem will expose the insincerity in man to find True God  
This poem will tell of the murderers of the Apostles and their Peter  
The Deaths of martyrs in Rome  
The Poem is still not written  
This poem is on your mind  
Will be seen on your shelve  
On your mind,  
In your conscience  
This Poem will either stop you from worshipping Idols  
Or keep you there still.

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# Chinwe Azubuike

## Forlorn Feeling

My love,  
I long to be in your arms once again  
To feel your body upon mine  
Heart to heart  
Touch for touch.

The road is rough  
Time gaining pace ahead of us  
Leaving no room for our love  
This I know.

We may carve out for us,  
Love nests in nooks and crannies  
Console ourselves with adventurous lustful escapades  
To satisfy our desire  
This I know too.

But nothing compares to being alone with you.  
Away from wandering and asking eyes of the earth.  
Alone in our little world of bliss and fantasy  
Skin to skin,  
Heartbeat to heartbeat.

To lay in your arms  
And listen to your voice  
To capture and behold your gaze  
To feel and taste your lips upon mine  
To touch and adore your being.

To know that amongst your bevy of beauties  
There still exists in your heart  
A place not void of love for me.  
To be assured once again  
That my love is worthy  
For this feeling of uncertainty  
Grips me by the day.

I long to be in your arms once again  
My love.  
I pine for it  
I yearn for it  
And when it becomes a bleakly hope,  
I pray for it.

It never ceases too cross my mind.

Time will wait not for us  
This I know  
But my love,  
If not to beget all these  
But just lay in your arms  
And find comfort in your words,  
If only to reassure this fragile heart  
That beats in forlorn hope....  
I long to be in your arms once again.

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# Chinwe Azubuike 3

Dark Thursday  
Forsake not O Lord  
Forsake not I implore  
For your servant, the gifted with the pen,  
Has gone gaga I fear.  
For fear of failing in duties he decided to carry out justice  
And slay that precious gift you gave him...Life!

He lamented gibberishly and bemoaned his fate  
As if in a trance, to all and yet none  
In secret he was beseeched and dampened with tears  
By the fair daughter of Eve  
But on a heart stone cold her pleas were shattered.

In the open he was implored  
By she and the world that cared  
But this time, it brewed a storm

Trashing and opposing like a wild beast,  
He poured out his misery in torrents  
Minding not whatever blocked his path.  
And for fear of aborting his plans, threatened a duel.  
Not even a thousand army could pin him down.

And like one being chased by hounds of hell,  
Bolted from the clutches of intruders into darkness  
That fateful Thursday

A lapse in time...  
Tension...  
Disaster...Rearing its head.  
Fear of the unknown, reaching a crescendo!

Until the descent of Eve herself to appeal and appease  
Proved magic to pacify his rage and quieten the storm.

Yet the day is gone and tomorrow knows not its harvest.  
So goes the fate of our beloved,

A victim of fear.

Forsake not O Lord,  
Forsake him not I implore.  
Your servant,  
The gifted one with the pen.

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# Church Sin...

Let us go  
To where?  
The church.  
The church?  
Of bells, hymns and dances.  
Of the pastors' fears and lies  
Of the sunday sunday 'sinnoquines'.

God and evil zonked in one  
Big big buildings with the cross  
My next neighbour that you know  
Is a church man with a rank  
Yet in sin he is lord  
And daily shame Jesus his lord

I am so in sin like him  
And no better than the worse  
But if I must to the church  
Then to sin I bid farewell  
For what use is the church  
If the service makes me sin  
And at last I go to hell

I will not to your churches  
Where it's right to live in sin  
And daily sinners plea the Blood  
shed but once,  
For the sins they'll yet commit

If I leave the church with sin,  
Then the church is not a church  
And the clergy has lost a soul.

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# Confession.....

Have mercy o priest  
To God through Mary let my plea  
Seven times more my sins  
That I must to hell submit.

I sinned again o priest  
And must to this alter pray  
To your ears all my vile  
Forgive me and through Mary to the lord.

I lied o priest,  
And covet a neighbour's good  
Like many times ere now I did  
If you will to Mary today  
Tell all, that hide within.

Take this confession as the end  
Of all ills before the next  
Let me from this alter  
To new woes come again.

This is my prayer  
To Hail Mary, parceled by the priest.

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## Dark Horror....

At the darkest hour of men's fear  
I walked the street into the gate  
Alone at night, when men slept  
In a parley of man and spirits of hell  
Nameless being in my course  
Ruminating quietly in the dark.

Within....

Tremor, fear enough that vent the blood  
A lonely roam at evil hour  
Increased in size,  
The head to burst.

Without....

Noiseless wind  
And haze wetting earth  
Careless animals in various cloths  
Thirst and hunger assuaged,  
None prevent.

Above....

Spirits roam reaping,  
watch on the borders  
of earth and mortals  
but mortal men at such hour,  
vain without sight.

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## Dear Pastor,

Dear pastor....

I come in consideration,  
That this should be my last resort.  
Having sought help from callers not a few.  
From hoodoos and voodooos of all gods  
With promises of peace yet unknown.  
Should my attempt a futile be?  
Then shall I be blameless to take this life.

Dear pastor,  
The guilt is heavy on my mind  
Of Adam's weight and more  
I stand condemned, countless lust against all men  
A pricking fear suggest my doom.

I sought in vain,  
For peace of earth  
Material gain bereft my arm  
And though in them I had my fill  
Yet fading power o'rcome their time.

Dear pastor,  
My life and labours under a master  
A brutal tyranny must I obey  
So strong the fetters unseen by mortals  
Daily in pains seeking help.  
None on earth a succor,  
And heaven's gate refuse my plea.

Dear pastor,  
Ancient transgression from my roots  
Of my hearings and many lost.  
My path a daily obstacle  
That years of slavery in them  
Never a jubilee in sight.

I stand condemned before your God  
What is my bill?  
As other callers made me pray

The tithes of sins to basket holes.

Dear pastor,  
A weary soul lost and condemned  
From earthly pride of yesteryears,  
Today a humble captive to your God  
Fro whom you speak of earth and heaven

And if today at your prescription  
I find no help in this sanctuary,  
Then your God is as the others  
Weak, powerless and false.

I will pay your dues for consultation  
The usual offering of your most evocative sermon.

Alas! O pastor,  
Speak for your God.

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# Deus Ex Machina

President Olusegun Obasanjo- Atiku Abubakar

Promises of pardoned traitors  
Reek like ancient regrets.  
Exhibitions,  
Steeped in rapacity.  
Inured to light, they  
Dominate blindly  
Evoking the same air of oppression  
Noteworthy of the days of yore.  
Traitors in transit, trampling as they go.

Over us, they bellow.  
Lording it, they rule  
Under the guise of foreign dogmas,  
Silence all demanding.  
Egocentric beasts with rotund bellies  
Gloats with our reserves.  
Unaffected by the groaning of a people  
Nestled in penury.

Our Overseers,  
Behemoths, disguised,  
Assiduously make us the  
Shame of the whole world while  
At perfect ease with themselves.  
Neglecting the many sufferers about, they  
Jostle for private vaults in Zurich as  
Our poverty became their riches.

And the bespectacled gargoyles  
Trenched in the prison called Rock.  
Impervious to all wisdom,  
Kept an unholy vigil as  
Undertakers beckoned suddenly.

Archetypical simpletons, they  
Bask in gaudy wealth  
Untouched by the miseries surrounding them

Building high walls to keep prying eyes away.  
Atop Hills, perched like Vultures,  
Kleptocrats searching for new honour.  
Aglow in oily garbs, they  
Regale themselves, as the world looks on in amazement!

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# Did You Find The King?

Have you seen Him here?  
Was there any encounter with Him?  
Did you experience Him? Or implore His mercy?  
Did you go through His Blood to His throne?  
Were you a constant guest at His feet?  
Did you meet Gods way?

Did you see Him in a measure?  
In the place of Prayer,  
Did you look through His face  
Revealed in His word  
Did you let him beam through to you?

Did you see Him in creation?  
The awe of His majesty,  
Did you catch a glimpse of Him  
In all His works great and small

Do you bend the knees here to Him  
Did you call as He bids you do?  
Did you come, did you sought, did you find  
Did you or to busy through the wind

Do you long for His glorious appearance  
Is your heart yearning for His Kingdom  
Are you daily expecting  
The glory of our God and King

If you never see Him here  
You can never meet Him there  
For all His own beloved  
Sought him here before they leave

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# Don't Despair

Don't despair  
The Blessing is in the house,  
He is coming,  
Tell her, the poet says,  
He is at the door,  
Why do you weep?  
Celebrate,  
He is just a bit busy,  
Working out the meeting,  
He is the best.  
Please wait,  
Don't do it.  
It will make you cheap  
Wait,  
You have been unsullied all along  
Get some wisdom  
Don't be otherwise  
Be wise,  
It is a test. He is preparing to surprise you  
Explode with joy  
You are the best,  
A miracle is on the way.  
Don't despair  
Yeah, you  
The unmarried,  
The expectant,  
Wait,  
He is at the door.

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# Down Deep And Dumb

Deeper and deeper  
Into seas of depression,  
Obscurity navigates on my amber;  
Startled and amused watching shadows  
And figures in blindfolds,  
Tiptoeing,  
Howbeit, slowly.  
They pass me by  
While I, keeping a form not mine.  
I walk into this sea.  
Marking my pace.

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## Esho...

The bird flew to predictable limits,  
Descending by the dictates of folks comrades.  
Wondered from the heights  
Of admirable jealousy  
By voices of lies so loud to lure.

My pride broke bonelessly  
To my shame and loss.  
For nothing but rumours of straying words

Infant fear grips my queen of pride.  
That prison bars were hard to break,  
Ageing lords in raging words  
For fear of wrongs she never yet,  
As others do before they are weaned.

The sun too short a time shone  
And never the like ev'r shall be.  
A lust reserved waiting a fault,  
To quit a timeless oath and love.

'I am sorry it's not your fault'  
this sound to me a finishes plot.  
And when I think on these well again,  
I know so well  
The women I hate.

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# Eventually

Eventually,  
He is gone  
At last,  
He exits this stage  
Too long a journey  
Or too short a time  
For too much a being  
In too much a trouble  
A weight, a burdening passage  
A timorous fear for this end unwanted by all  
The trek through the path in panting hope  
Now over,  
The desires to be, to do or not ended  
As this short stay with daily ebbing strength  
At last,  
With all the gains and losses  
And the wealth too many  
The glories and honor in ranks of achievement  
At last  
At this pit,  
Covered in brewing trenches  
Labored in havocs ending in tomb  
Eventually,  
He is gone  
At last, we all are no more

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# Evils Of Civilization

When men were men  
They proved their strength in tilling  
Providing meat so many  
Hoe and cutlass was their tool  
To the farm we all must go!

Women never wayward this,  
Children to their lord paid the dues  
Nothing funny nothing silly  
Men bare chested in the sun  
Women too with their breasts lumpy  
Papa! papa! Children call  
All of us to nature true.

When men were men  
Mothers make the food for many  
And the men with bare hands consume  
We ate our yams with epo  
Obe orugbo was our balm  
Kenke was never cold consumed  
Tuwo shinkafa got it's honour  
We were black and wore the bark.

When men were men  
All the kings knew their lands  
There were no borders,  
We knew not boundries,  
Not for tax, like these.

There was never Cairo  
No Lagos  
No Pretoria  
No Dakar  
No Accra

We were blacks and wore the bark  
Of Iroko tree.

The sun was never our enemy

The cold brought us fever.

When men were men  
There were no schools  
We learnt from homes  
There were no money  
We traded with cowries  
And what you call bata.  
Old men when old,  
They were really old.  
And young men when young  
They were really young.

When men were men  
There was no racism  
Or colour difference  
Until they came,  
We all were black  
And loved it so.

There was no philosophy or ideology  
Meant for the markets.  
Every man was a lone,  
A world of knowledge.  
And we grew to have it so.

There were no pastors  
We were same with the priest  
There was no God  
As they made us think.  
We knew the gods and yet one God.  
Their God was not our God  
For why were we slaves?

When men were men  
The sun, moon, stars and rain  
Knew their times

We live,  
Labour  
And leave full grown to the grave

Will this evil leave us soon?

That all men become men.

macaulay akinbami

## Forever Love..

To the weary days of time and age  
As ever my love till date

When your face wrinkle be  
I shall not decline in it.

When the teeth no longer hold  
I shall gum my heart to it.

When the bones is broken bowed  
Then forever will mine just begin

Forever in love.

macaulay akinbami

# Forgive Me

Do, please do.

I did foolishly, so foolishly now I am ashamed I did it to you,  
Please forgive me; I am still shocked, that I could hurt a good friend like you,  
There must be something in me that must be tamed,  
I owe you so many apologies,  
You owe me nothing but Prayers;  
You are my best asset,  
The golden, the pearl that I cherished the most,  
The friends I've always desired to be with,  
I did not mean it so,  
Please forgive me,  
I long to see you again,  
Your kindness makes me the more ashamed  
That I consider my luck in meeting a friend like you  
When I see you again, pray I do,  
I owe you true love,  
I missed our friendship,  
The smiles,  
Our tears also when we are sincere,  
I love you better now,  
Especially now that I see my wrongs,  
You were right,  
I messed up, Trust me I did,  
To a my own best friend,  
If I meet you before I die,  
I owe you a true confession of love,  
Before I die, I ask for true forgiveness,  
You are my friend,  
Forgive me.

macaulay akinbami

# Freedom By Crooks

He wanted to speak  
Therefore, he called a group  
And named himself  
Affiliates his honor to a deity  
A nature's reverence to the unseen is accorded to him  
For the name he bares

They wanted to sing and dance  
To allay the guilts which they bore  
By the ancient, pronounced exile from Eden  
As substitute to His Substitute  
They gather around the man who wanted to speak  
And provoke him with different looks to spur his inspiration

They wanted a space where their group can gather  
In the name of the deity whom they portray pretentious  
And traders of tambourines, drum, bells, woods zincs and cement  
Make a living from their labors  
In huts and rooms a convergence inviting

He has a book which he never read  
Or read yet understand nothing of the wits  
Yet he wanted to speak and called a group to himself  
And compelled them by words to read along  
They buy from stores where merchants make more money

They wanted a cure to a deep-rooted curse and guilt  
But hoped by songs and dance and word without Him  
To allay their fears of an impending doom which they bare  
They all by choice allowed a way to douse temporarily the burden which bare  
Ignoring The Way which the Substitute had announce

These are not very free and they claimed they are not totally bound  
Thought no freedom is half in Nature  
And no bondage is sweet to bare  
By proclaiming positive ness contained in the books  
They hoped to someday be free

Through many gimmicks

Made a ready troupe  
And all waiting  
For the man who lead the group  
A monopoly of private podium  
Never erred or never telling his errors

But he must speak as he spoke days ago  
Success by number adjudged  
And pride his power in multitudes  
All confused by his oratory annulled of His truth  
Which by conscience, he knows  
And we know too

They wanted freedom  
Like I do too  
Which only comes through cleansing, from the old rugged cross  
By Poverty, Nakedness, Persecution, disdain, shame, Ignominy  
As a stranger  
Unloved unsought and sentenced to die by martyrdom

By Macaulay Akinbami

macaulay akinbami

# Hand-Text Of Senseless Senator

Again these men comes to heart,  
Paid to say yes and nay,  
Lame duck,  
Canker, queer rascalion minds  
Incorrigible,  
Political impostors detached from the humdrum of street cries  
Maggots in honour  
Damp squib temples of legislators  
Dishonourable honourable,  
Rotund circles of rascals  
Fellows fit for the gallows  
Clamping on huge figures,  
While many groan in poverty and misery  
These men,  
Myopic spendthrift  
Guilty of our nation's scraggy state  
Yet so confused to order the path of the clueless dummy  
Who imposed tax on all, by military orders  
Ignoring the pleas, and rightful protesters  
Turned tyrannical with marching murderer on Lagos Street  
Their gains is from the pain of myriads of unemployed  
The beggars,  
The homeless,  
Hungering and the dying,  
Yet, these,  
Profligate band of quipster  
Queasy brains,  
Feigning parliamentary proceedings,  
Though,  
Benighted of procedural skills,  
Bootleg scorners  
Go to now, you dunce,  
Senators are no thief  
Legislators are honourable men  
Your reputation!  
Mud eaten,  
Ask the people, they know so well,  
Your inscriptions are carved on www  
The insignia of corrupt men

You pride faded,  
Honour, a high price you must pay to regain them,  
Not with money  
You banter and wade it off,  
Glory in these,  
Your temporal pride,  
Your mansions outlive you,  
Your coffins called cars  
Your billions in Zurich,  
Your fears to face the people  
And the mockery of Truth  
When your time is over,  
Then deaths will seek you speedily,  
With sicknesses of nameless brand,  
Retrospectively,  
Sufferers will call to mind, the avoidable denials,  
Their pains, their poverty in your pride against your master- THE PEOPLE,  
Welcome to your misery  
Nigerians will watch you die  
They are no fools.

macaulay akinbami

# Honoured Without The Gate

Let them now to the foreign land escape and be justified  
Them who by writs claims authority above other in words  
Them that by honor and chevron are ranked above our dons  
By the ignoramuses of imagining red necks  
Let them to their own land make them slave again  
Who have a chance to build our crumbling walls yet declined  
Let the give empty lectures and symposia  
In American and Europe  
The papers not applicable for Africa  
Let the enjoy the snow and the fair weather  
And speak rage against our ruling Academic double 007  
Let the lords of our Academic  
Pride in the glorious past not applicable for modern time  
Let them who rule in Literature and science apply it by criticism  
Let them run from the gun powders that have a voice  
To live as second class citizen in Europe and America  
Returning with age so useless  
And the white hair of non involvement but as a critic  
Let the run and run and run like you and you  
Until so useless you regard age with substance without committed indelible  
marks on mother Africa.

macaulay akinbami

# Hosni The Jailer

Hosni the Jailer

This distance will not prevent your tyranny, if all Powers belongs to you  
I will not call you a fool  
But only these avoid critics  
Right or wrong  
Let a Poet be judged by error  
And not by wicked hounding in Egyptian garrison of tyranny  
What?  
He wrote.  
A caricature of your deeds  
Are you guilty?  
Speak for your self  
Did you do it?  
Answer the world  
Or is Pharaoh Folly on innocent Joseph rejuvenated  
The scribe is not a Pharisee,  
And not an Israelite either  
Why the mockery of power  
Should we not scorn the Pharaohs when they err?  
Vendetta is not the price of great men  
Three years of vengeful response for Poetry and the poet  
Then Herod, Nero, Pontius, and Hitler is back to Egypt

macaulay akinbami

# I Am Not Black, I Know Colour

Of colour and the confusion, of mindset and motive  
This personality split, diversity, the error of definitions  
Oh color. Identity disorder and the intents of inscriptions  
I am not black; need I convince the intelligent of colour?  
Am I black?  
These defining of apparent segregation on little mind worsened by boo-boo  
Cause I am not black.  
And you are not the colour assumed because no one is,  
How intriguing that these little minds miss defining colour taught in classroom  
Because this is not Black,  
He yelled at me at the bus station, avoided sitting on same seat because of his  
ignorance  
Walked out of the washroom because I was there,  
Ended his sport because I arrived,  
Whispered spitefully to his ally  
Just for the mere skin,  
Then I reasoned intelligently, he must be ignorant of course he is,  
He taught me geography but failed the practical explanation of our global climatic  
difference,  
Was I scorched in the sun for my choice, the same sun he wished in summer?  
Did I create time, or season or reason? Are we different in colour by our choice?  
Were we born in locations that we chose?  
It is any better for you than him or her?  
Why blindfold your mind to reason?  
As it were warring with nature (God) who made us so  
When you say Black what do you really mean?  
Because I know colour  
I am not black and you are not what you assumed  
Did you say white? No one is

macaulay akinbami

# I Know A Woman

I know a woman  
She will not bend or bow  
She calls it liberation,  
As against the sobriety expected from her species  
A woman so loud and boisterous  
Calling her hubby a fool in arrogance  
Who would listen to no man or women like her  
I know one, who fights in the street to the shame of her kind,  
Avoided by decent watcher  
I know a rude woman,  
A presumptuous fellow,  
A shameless talkative,  
A street fighter,  
A liar too  
One on whose face there is an epitaph or calligraphy  
Rude  
Don't go near her  
I know the woman  
A next-door neighbor  
I know her by character  
I care not for the name

macaulay akinbami

# I Sail Alone In The Voyage

I sail alone, all along bemoaning their shame and calamity,  
I remember what she used to be, when they were ruddier shining like gold.  
When the fear of the almighty was in their bosom and they blossom in the  
presence of a man,  
In humility shamefaced without corruption and greed,  
There, we glory in their art carved within and without  
We boasted and swank in swagger as she made us the natural company of  
creation.  
Our mothers, Sisters, Friends wives and confidants,  
We threw ourselves open before them,  
Having no more secret when their hearts were true,  
Yes, we glory in our guide and first instructor.  
Alas, many are gone, their own ways  
Shaming us and the womb that bore us,  
As some spread themselves for vanities  
As worthless as we all become when glory is lost  
Ah Women, phenomenon of celestial opposition!  
An amalgam of intransigence  
Permeated with cyclonic cranium  
A vortex of profundity and jeopardy  
Irrespective of status,  
Spinsters, Wedded or widowed are as changing chameleon  
Leaving us a wonder of color like bane or spleen  
Yet indispensable,  
Though I sail alone  
With these most excellent most intelligent and most controversial contradiction

macaulay akinbami

# I Will Fight Even Till Death

Will you try again?

With avalanche of failures,

The peak, the peak or add the zenith, futile, "all labors lost"

Yet, once more I must, ere I die, with dripping blood, though it's the last once more I must

They are far gone, yesterday they were friends.

My honey dripped into their lips, I parted the gold and silver in brotherly love

When my fruits were many,

My waters were free, and my dome, a house for all,

When they were ill, I cried, I paid my surgeon and prayed to restore their health,

For the blood we shared, I must, to this service attend, for the friendship, the gall taste.

Swear in trot, that with no penny from me in your glory

And not a pence of gain from my wealth

Though freely I say Be gone, be gone, blood brother and friend

Yet softly, a ringing thought, to the voyage bid me come,

In angry beckoning storms, through life's raging trials

More loneliness, more pains, more betrayals, withal

With flounce or prance advancing to more jeopardy

Risk, A constant ally death, an unavoidable end

Constant contemplations, in cache of the minds

Vacillating, like a blind man in cabaret caught

Drubbing in this unfair contest

Be gone be gone to haters of trot be gone

I toughed lands, crossing seas sharing invites to enemies as to friends

To a banquet of friendliness, the unsuspected union of quiet murderers

My dragnet seized bands of Hypocrites, a thousand times in spirited kindness

Wish my balm could heal wickedness.

Of bond brothers or blood

Oozing venoms in false smiles

Hiding bitterness with church bells

Of coven power,

Of dark counsels

Of unknown slavery and forgotten oaths of bondages

Bid me to these trial

I go alone  
Fighting in wounds of blood in the dark hour of the nights  
These beasts  
Clothed for war against a mortal man (me) trusting the cross of "I AM"  
Save me from  
"Noise of a whip,  
and the noise of the rattling of the wheels,  
and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots.  
The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear:  
and there is a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcasses;  
and there is none end of their corpses; they stumble upon their corpses"

macaulay akinbami

# I Will Marry Tomorrow

My wedding is tomorrow  
Foul these vain desires,  
Blame it on me,  
Maybe tomorrow,  
To the altar's oath  
Like many,  
We shall walk through the isle,  
Greening in my genteel gaunt  
I will this honor bequeath to my well beloved tomorrow

Tomorrow,

I shall not consider the qualities of a virtuous woman,  
The which I wait,  
How scarce!  
This memoir will be extraneous tomorrow,  
I bid you come to my wedding when Godliness mutates into morality,  
And the date is tomorrow.

Tomorrow

After our wedding, I must satisfy her,  
Though painfully none of her species are so  
I have labored, and it is for her belly  
The weary days,  
The sun and rains of my struggles are for my queen  
She will come tomorrow  
To this little that she despised

Tomorrow

Keep it in your journal,  
She said, "I will come tomorrow"  
Her delays are many  
I must wait till tomorrow  
When her quest for vanities are fully spent  
Our wedding shall be tomorrow

Tomorrow

Her unspoken greed will vanish,  
Her ostentatious exhibitions must die out,  
She is sampling the beckoners still  
She must see how affluent or how deprived I am, before she decides  
And when she exits,  
It must be by excuses of weightless form  
Then tomorrow we shall deceitfully walk to the alter

Tomorrow  
I bid you wait till tomorrow,  
My companion is in the home  
With him that must not be known,  
The last delivery ere our vows  
To her object of lust  
Or her desire of a far country  
Sleep oh Delilah, I shall wait till tomorrow

Tomorrow  
Pray tomorrow  
When virtue is burnt in secret  
I shall see the spouse, yet not as chaste  
I must nurture the wounds, the scars of other men  
And regret, I never met her so  
Yet she must do it again as she did before  
We shall start tomorrow

Tomorrow  
Heavy sleep shall close mortal eyes  
When she dance as though truly she was never touched  
Never aborted,  
With all her lovers in the pew,  
Mocking my foolishness, with unspoken memories of their memoir,  
The victim of a wasted whore  
Ready to fool the world in "unholy matrimony"

Tomorrow,  
Pity me,  
When she turned Unclad, flaunting foolishness for fashion  
Call her not my wife,  
When she fights on the street in rage and fury  
Call her not my wife,

When vanities seats solidly on her brow,  
Call her not my wife,  
When pride and arrogance turn her loose against neighbors and her man  
Call her not my wife,  
When she gossips like little minds  
Call her not my wife,  
When her beauty is merely external void of internal glories  
Call her not my wife,  
When godliness is exempted and the fear of God extinct  
Call her not my wife  
Think no shame on me,  
When her influence becomes a seed sown in innocent children

And  
Rapacity full grown,  
Children in Pretense and deceit,  
Immoral  
Seductress,  
Flaunting shame, of forbidden fashion  
Skedaddle the correcting of true counsel,  
Cheap as the wife of my regret,  
Our errors vivid and our shame stunning,  
Regrets,  
I must marry tomorrow even a day before I die.

macaulay akinbami

# In It Together

From the soil tainted in carnal garbs  
Filthy, soiled in spirit and flesh  
Blemishes gather like dust too many for hyssop  
Daily treading the path of multitudes blindly  
Yoked in yoke by gloom and horror  
Through these and I more, I was there.

My wearied feets, brokenness of heart with bones  
Wobbling hearts mocked by men  
Errors of lying men preventing another step forward  
And mortal in same spree for wrongs wearing faith  
Through these and more, I was there

In tears like blood flowing freely in secret chambers  
In regrets of life's portion of pain blowing coolly on my brow  
In agony and hunger feigned as strength  
In desire for good, but monitored by powers to wrongs  
In these also and more, I was there,

When avalanche of crashes crushed this spine  
And my comforters ceded pity to mirth  
Watching from afar saying ahah ahah  
Then I bow in voiceless and awe and wonder to say  
Through these and more, I someday must cease.

macaulay akinbami

# In The Third Cabin Of The Sinking Ship

Today, is my anniversary of pains and agony  
I remember, The Beautiful voyage in a drowning ship  
soul's in distress, the heart is filled with unspeakable pain  
Seas opening to swallow our pride  
Help came too late.  
to the third citizen in the room on water wheels  
Helpless wailings  
Children of the lesser gods.  
as always neglected in renown tragedies  
arms so numb  
Whetted in endless tears,  
That lives so beautiful must end in cold sea  
Amidst hungry whales and measureless depth.  
In the Third Cabin, our voices ignored in the Dilemma  
Though escapes was useless.  
Fear of the Unknown  
as scampers scrambling speedily from the hole  
Children of the lesser gods.  
head of victims wailing in vain.  
We wept,  
we wailed  
yet we died.  
in the third cabin of the ship.

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# Indices Of A Loon

Gutless muffled monarch wooed millions to the poll,  
Our feeble lord enforced on us by pathetic speech of poverty (I once had no shoes)

On congruent grounds of pain we forced him, though we hated his coterie.  
Disappointed, now we wail waiting surrogate to lead the mass to unending journey of relief

Lacklustre, jejune as pervading rot lingers

Unvaried captain rocks our boat, gagged around by plunderers.

Circles of death, twinge, pauperdom and miseries mocks the reign of naivety.

Kleptocrat adorn himself in regalia loved the honour lacks duty

Embezzlers of collective trust bequeathed in hope,

Bandits as conniving ministers besmirched our obtuse scamp

Egregious, craven, shrieked at the sound of war (I am not a lion)

Laggard lumper loon left fanatical murderers at our doorsteps (a burden we must live with)

Encumbrances from his delinquent clan divide the love for mother land

Damp squib's duchess's indecent tongue never feels a vestige of restraint

Academic 'double misnomer' with licence to libel,

Merriment and intrigue feigned as obligations,

Edgy cumbrance though cluelessness forms amity.

Punk pretending and purloining to private vaults

Adventurous nerve for futile globetrot

Twitchy at the affairs of state, though Unemployed by sensible Poll

Intoxicated by serendipity, shaming all with activity

Euphemistic drama Usurps Scrappy literacy on cultured observers

Crude verbiages to amuse myriad of eggheads (my Fellow widows)

Encomium of Yesterday's approval turned sour as our Tsar's inept mode prevails

Jokers jostled in enthusiasm to rule, (politicking for 2015)

Onslaught from 'Boko-Haram' drove sleep from wearied countrymen

Numbed as hoi polloi echoed NO to mistimed removal,

Alas, the fraud, rascalion looted the poor to a blindfold

Tyranic manifestation cloaked in reticence busted on the streets with the troop

Higgledy-piggledy bugled the travesty of Democracy

Amidst the rubble of a crumbling amalgam

Nigerian Lords watched the drama secured amongst 10.000 armed men inactive

as we die

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# Ineffable Hosiery

Like a stalking hoarse  
Have endured shrewd days and night  
Like the physician am-poule  
Ready on my skin to pour  
Skedaddle ignorance leaving of my  
Strawberry marks,  
Eyen glued on good desideranta  
Disabled on the brown Iroko in ars,  
And the iron in "G02"  
Friends and enemies watching  
Possible enticement,  
Desperados trammeled up in nets,  
And a dangling reputation in their  
"Egocentric idiosyncrasy"  
And I, a pretty piece of flesh,  
Stand aloof to watch a drama  
With the ointments of the Apothecary  
Within my bowels  
Them that see the seals, demand my cause  
Of quietness in the world of craze  
As I watch the wretch mirth turns to mourn  
Marry, adventurer me be,  
The route where the delight of the peasantry  
Is wept into oblivion  
As we advance,  
The road becomes deeper and deeper,  
The shades of the precipices fall bleaker and bleaker  
The clouds gather overhead,  
Doleful voices  
The way hardly discernible in gloom  
The path dreary,  
Feet wobbling,  
Heart lusting,  
Yet, Firm stand I.

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# It Was Yesterday

I failed but it was yesterday  
I admit, it was an error, a miss  
As all men fallibly prone  
Let this pass as water flowing freely  
And wind blowing truly  
Let this pass and go  
Into long-long eternity  
I failed,  
But it was yesterday gone for ever  
Remember not the error which by this  
I admit  
As I rise never to fail again

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## Kara Chwakiński- My Observation

Keep this rhyme for Kara, gild with priceless ornament, and let me tell my part  
with a verse

Amiable mode of multitudinous compassion muted with duty, see as she takes  
her exits

Receptive and friendly, let me not compare, I remember well.

Accessible, and speedily this season pass, reminisce

Comely fetching glamour greets my elbow in April, I must with poetry describe;  
Halcyon manner and her mellifluous demeanour a pattern observed enough to  
conjure words

Without contradiction, she lightens her environment by warmth maintaining  
the glow daily till COB

"Accommodativeness" is not a mere attribute; Kara carries more of it caringly  
Kind-hearted lagniappe daily bestowed, attentive and electrifying excitation; her  
art and acts

Laboriously carves propinquity as shades in HR and affecting positively with due  
diligence

Ineffable charisma substantiates her comely attributes,

Noteworthy, the jocular panache and the grace in her utterances

Sunny scintillating and dazzling, respectfully delightful and decorous

Keep your nobility, the world is watching as I was like many 'and still do, indelible  
marks are made daily

Impact and influence walked with feet's and have undying voice. You will be  
missed

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## M.O.G...

No! , speak not!  
No! let me  
'Touch not my anointed'  
How do we know your anointed?  
Them that are overseers?  
In big churches or small huts  
Proselytes of the Christian faith  
Critics of Idolatry.  
Verbal orators of anti moral viles,  
Whose public life  
Negate the Jesus we know.  
'Touch not my anointed'  
How?  
Like Stephen was stoned?  
Or Paul beaten?  
Or like John on the isle of patmos?  
Like Peter in chains of men's prison  
Or Silas and Paul in bars?  
'Touch not my anointed'  
when they obey the gods of this world  
serving mammon in tithes and offerings  
building mansion like never their Jesus.  
Traveling daily not like missionaries.  
'Touch not my anointed'  
in daily meetings with politicians  
unlike Elijah to the Ahabs  
"It is you that troubles Israel"  
and praying in vain (publicly)  
and in the secret paid too support evil.  
'Touch not my anointed'  
who prophesy falsely  
in inaugural sessions of presidents  
in their usual suits of hunger.  
Who do not turn meetings to crusades  
To win souls to their master (Jesus)  
Who ferry ride from New York to New Delhi  
Without a saved soul.  
'Touch not my anointed'  
who build universities for earthly knowledge

with the tithes of men to God  
leaving the poor in the dream of emancipation.  
'Touch not my anointed'!  
who advertise their names  
on posters and billboards  
for the usual routines of powerless gathering  
No! I will not touch thine prophet  
"For by their fruits  
we shall know them".

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# Married To Reasons

My Allegory will keep in memory strong reasons,  
This epitaph will be emblazoned on walls as signals;  
Them who feigned care for my cause will see  
That I swore not in vain,  
I saw the path clearly  
I commune with my hearts on the consequences  
The weigh, the burden,  
Of a "better half" which is not better with me

The days of my tutelage in enforced bondages  
The manner of a stepmother a schoolmaster,  
The rivalry of bigotry in women  
The enmity of selfishness  
The contention of foolishness  
Inconsequential matters employed to hurt innocence

The brevity of life, the passing time  
The realities of death a mockery of our pride  
The deception of men's honour  
The memory of a fool  
The infidelity in godless women  
The task of seeking a good wife

The hazards of little life in service to women  
The mockery of aging experience in the sight of youth  
The abandonment where greed leads blood away from home  
The reflections of errors in glassy realities  
The untamed lust to the desires of another  
The wish for death of a long cold love for the sake of inheritance in women

I am a fool that I married not,  
A fool that my children died in disaster (Plane Crashes, Accident, Sickness)  
That all born were gone before my eyes  
That I laboured for a despiteful insatiable hater  
That i fathered a godless offspring causing the earth to mourn  
Or that a criminal was born by me or a prostitute to serve the hunger of men ere  
the oath

I am a fool,

No child to call me father  
No wife to tease me with the name "Honey"  
None to watch over me in ebbing strength wearied by aging ills  
A folly which I considered before the evil days

It was not for inability to bring forth  
Or weakness in close door gym of bedfellow  
Ask these daughters or their husbands who knew the days afore the oaths  
This an unspoken reasons are answers to questions never asked

macaulay akinbami

# Memory Speaks

Echoes from the past  
Thunder from the tongue less cavern of the earth  
To rouse my anesthetized sail from slumber,  
Sutured wounds crack open, oozing fresh flood  
As the pain of yesterday visit suddenly  
-drawing rivulets from sunken eyes.  
Blind eyes see shattered dreams in a shroud  
Encircled by living dreams.  
The bullet pierces my heart again and again  
On its journey to vex my grieved soul.  
My ravaged heart leaks out multitudinous emotions  
Into a putrid flood.  
He wanted to live and earn a living,  
He wanted to earn a living and live;  
But death riding on the shoulders of brigand said No!  
Daily this bitter demise of blood  
Lives on in my mind

macaulay akinbami

## More Me

For thee shall these painted prints be,  
Thy courage, talent and altruism  
Each has shown me what mothers should be  
Thy tears, thy love, thy care and lots more

Who on earth like thee has been?  
To love and love than love itself  
Not a semblance of replacement  
For thy vital position  
My might, my mum's in God

How shall I repay, thy deed yet unknown  
The musing and sighing of yester years  
Thy arm has cured my vile contagion  
Thou art dearer to me than the ruddy drop

My moments of joy are thine of sorrow  
Mine of satisfaction are thine of the other  
When fed thou art hungry  
When in paeon, thou art pained  
Mommy the architect of my all

My first teacher thou art  
The fear of God I learned from thee  
My life on earth is thine in God  
For Him alone is all thy all

These prints shall immortalize thee  
Thou art a mother of love and care  
By thy selflessness and giving  
The orphan has found a refuge in thee

Mommy thou art more to me than thousand pretties  
And all the Godly counsel shall be my guide

macaulay akinbami

# Mortal Will....

Share...

All that remain of these woes  
Cut the head and keep for the gods  
Remove the eyes for vultures  
For the earth, spread the hairs.

Grind the teeth into powder  
Mix with water,  
And pour into the angry sea.

Severe the hands and feet  
Into fire-like brands,  
Till the aches dust become.

Pierce the belly into doors  
That the worms may pass.

To withersoever man is found,  
Long the rest on a tree.

That all men may see,  
That life is vanity.

macaulay akinbami

# Mourning And Laughter When Time Is No More

Men will mourn, the departure of great men  
Who wrote by deeds in golden prints  
Impeccable marks so indelible as they go along  
Though few and scattered in nations  
Known and unknown whose life lives after they be gone  
In verses unforgettable and so remarkable

Men will mourn when these are gone  
Though never celebrated and unsung while living  
At whatever age, as they pass on  
Their deed is the greatest asset which time never can erase  
At their exits though unknown and unpopular  
The world will mourn

Men will mourn, in timeless remembrance  
Of few amongst us, for whom vanities are strangers  
Where a faultless life is the assets  
Amongst thousand erring men on the gloomy path  
When they are gone  
The light is out and men will mourn

Oh that we may know  
Ere these be gone, the witty ways in their minds  
The rare pathway to fulfilled life  
The abhorrence of vanities  
The essence of the short journey  
And that which matters the most

And for these  
The world will laugh aloud when they are gone  
Wishing them an earlier exits  
The evil men of our world  
Though too late they pass away

These who greedily live like lords that they are not  
Forgetting the few days of our lot  
By natures compulsions which they mistake  
For selective power of the gods

These whose ways are transgressions  
Treading on good code all as they go  
This is true  
Men will see their end  
And Lough so loud

When the greatest power upturn their arrogance  
When the temporal tenor of their wrongs is due  
When the shame of their evil prevents them  
Yes  
Men will Lough at the foolishness of evil men

macaulay akinbami

# Must We Kill To Get To His Heaven?

I saw on a wall, in the street of religion  
an inscription which Reads

'So when you meet  
those who disbelieve,  
smite necks  
till when you have killed and wounded many of them,  
bind a bond firmly  
thereafter either for generosity  
or ransom  
until the wars lays down its burden.  
thus ordered by Allah to continue in carrying out Jihard  
against the disbelievers.  
till they embrace Islam  
and are saved from punishment  
in the Hell-fire.  
but if it had been Allah's will,  
he himself could certainly have punished them '  
When i was done with reading the epitah  
I said to myself  
Why?

macaulay akinbami

# No Man Saw God

From the seven empty seas of earth

To the highest mount and hill on land

In evil, good and science seat

In grave of men and darkest night

In man's abode and kingdom great

And skies too high for men in flesh

Crossing the boarder of human thoughts

Into the realms of spirit wings

In thousand endless roaming seas,

No mortal saw God in flesh.

macaulay akinbami

# Ode To My Queen "jumoke"

Carved out from carbuncle too many  
Let me solo rise with her worship  
So that this become a scribbled epitaph for true adoration  
My love my queen and angel.  
True heart mutates through paths obscure  
In faith so real and true  
Let me not from this dream awake  
If indeed it be counted as one  
And as fantasy in daylight,  
May this heart stay knitted  
As when a meting wax doth spill  
My choice ever shall be the damsel of the six letters plus love

Her smiles are soft and tender  
Feet's in golden purse hidden  
Skin untainted and unsoiled  
As her heart doth truly show

As nothing in nothing doth stand  
So let nothing break this cord  
That this may grow overcoming time  
And as true epitaph  
Bringing hearts and mind to the road  
Where our beginning began  
Till such a time  
That nature declares  
True honor with oaths and vows ending nocturnal flees of romance

These lines from my heart  
As rivers unending  
To the queen Jumoke  
Show my musing  
Whom I have loved and love still as I yet must so love  
So help me Love

Dedicated to Jumoke whom I love so much

macaulay akinbami

# Oluwademilade

Out and from the gates on nature's kiln, you sprung, robed in blood  
Lending a miniscule gaiety to fill the long awaited sodality  
Upon these arms yielded and accepting the guest of a few days  
Waggish humor with a gleeful radiance, a memory so sublime and indelible  
Admirable inscriptions of innocence bellowed in silence,  
Daffodil bloom, entwined with multitudinous sparkle  
"Emperial" embrace now assigned to mere reflective imaginings  
Magnanimous in allowing and lingering to the ineffaceable few days at Stollery  
Importunities of devoted entreaties too weak to make you stay or too late voiced

Love's longing leaves lasting lines and prints  
Adieu and farewell from these sphere and pains and for you let me like John Say'  
"Death, be not Proud" this pain is a mere illusion, the soul is eternal  
Eternal soul hasten in love for the better bliss

macaulay akinbami

# Open The Bars

Come forth!

From that square lifeless wood

I adjure you

From the breast of your capture cease.

Dare nature's will and power

To hold you still

Fight from within you

And break those shackles

Of audacious cruelty.

Loose yourself from the bond

Of death's hostility

Can you hear me?

He that was pronounced dead

Living on our minds like a dream

Stop our grief and shame

The veils of darkness.

Come forth!

From the grave.

The earth's empty by your leave.

Rage! Howl! ! And Awake! ! !

Empty the grave at this command

Break the doors! Loose the grips!

Come forth!

If there are ears in the dark,

Then out as we wait.

macaulay akinbami

# Osama Bin Laden (Deus Ex Machine)

## OSAMA

Obdurate Sadistic abductor as Machiavellian now abashed  
Senseless Saboteur with Sabre sword,  
Ablutions of wickedness as apology from vagrant  
Mercy and peace mixed fleetingly against unprovoked America and the innocents  
Abomination of true God explained as religion, hatred, wickedness, murders, and  
Jihad

## Bin

Bigots brewing bestial behaviors before innocent kids,  
Inoculated ideas of incorrigible iconoclast and unlettered extremist  
Namby-pamby in acts of cruelty, yet, not man enough to face the consequence

## Laden

Laden, lackluster, laggard, languid, despising better option  
Abnormal spiritual schizophrenia and hallucination  
Doctrinal heresies and contradictions shaming Islamic scholars  
Exposing the fallibility of the questionable renown "Sacred book of blood and  
wars"  
Now convince us again, that you bring Peace, Love or seek the Prince of Peace

macaulay akinbami

# Our Clandestine Mission

We love your wife long before you met her,  
But we cannot marry her for a wife,  
We care so much for your wife, even if it mean hating you  
We would fight anyone to prove our love,  
Even if it means resentment towards you,  
We will intrude, interfere and infiltrate your home with our influence  
Even if it antagonized your believe system,  
We will see no wrong in her and find all faults in you  
our alliance was founded for this creed  
And since you differ,  
We will by all mean end your union  
By cunningly winning her allegiance from you.  
We love your wife, we would end your marriage by our love.

macaulay akinbami

# Painful Path

This is tiled with jagged bricks,  
And I walk alone.  
Having squandered time, telling tales,  
I stand ashamed.  
With hopes shattered while I,  
In disillusionment await the wage,  
With terror and fear.

This gut wrenching pains,  
Who can tell?  
The bitter grips of the chilling  
Hands of death,  
Who would save?  
I stand condemned,  
I confess, yea, I confess.

All is gone and none remain,  
I am a shadow of yester years  
Where are the affections?  
And my companions,  
I cannot find  
This path is tiled with jagged bricks,  
And I,  
Walk alone.

macaulay akinbami

# Painless Pills

Before you this day  
I lay bare  
Naked as I come  
With no will of mine  
By the lust of men  
Into a world of shame  
Where all men are but vain  
Do this wrong, I submit  
To this quiet exit of the night

Painless pills,  
Come and cure  
All my vile contagion  
Into darkness of countless years  
Where no light shines on pains  
Shut the doors of mortal's pride  
Into worms of vanities and lust.

When this story is told  
Let it report death of a valiant  
Route trod alone by brave men  
As I assay through this path unto doom  
Let no man from earth know  
The way by which I ended.

Painless pills from this night,  
Open the gates wide  
And close it behind me forever.

macaulay akinbami

## Paradox..

The gods who kill you live in you  
If it was then, it is not new again.  
Bad roads are the best route  
Tears are good meat, eat enough.

Your wisdom was knowledge from another's folly  
It is sweeter if it is old  
The taste of gall is meant for kings  
Poison is the meat of men of faith.

There is joy in earth's Hell  
There is pain in earth's Heaven  
The fruit of the Garden,  
The size of God  
The wave of the sea  
Are the mysteries of eternity.

I am wise is a fool  
I am a fool is on the wise path  
The poor man was once the friend of the rich  
If a young man beholds ageing women,  
He will not marry.

If you want madness,  
Go to the market.  
If you want wisdom,  
Go to the grave.  
All sinners are older than their age  
Righteousness makes a man like babies

macaulay akinbami

# Poem By Chukwuemeka Akpe. -Yet, More Than A Brother

Moods oscillate in cadences of peaks and valleys  
Music to fractious emotions on greasy dance floors  
Mistimed cues of flares smouldering relationships

Angst of redundancy seethes from within as lava  
Anger is camouflaged with the cloak of reticence  
Ardour suffocated with the noose of indifference

Cataracts of devotion flows from the heart's crevices  
Compassion brightens the visage with deep dimples  
Caressing arduous tasks to lighten others' burdens

Attrition grates the soul baring the mind's low estate  
Audacious mien casts the mould of a mean persona  
Attracting pestering quizzes on casual promenades

Undeterred optimism as binoculars peers into a future  
Unresting feet daily eat up distance seeking solitude  
Uncharted landscapes nudged and printed with flourish

Life's harsh lessons came bound in teeming volumes  
Lecturers of sundry genre pierce the ears from lecterns  
Long lonely nights pass away brooding tough theories

Attention always spurned with multitude of entreaties  
Attires are the shields of invincibility from prying eyes  
Amazement and wonder to acquaintances and friends

Years of toiling under hard-nosed instructors for a scroll  
Yielded bitter results hunting for game to stuff the table  
Yo-yo appointments as boulders crushing elevated hopes

Obstinate phase of season invited foes within and without  
Ostracism dug wells of acrimony pulled by cord of hatred  
Outcast engraved on the forehead with pens of odious ink

Longings stir for kindred spirits to occupy the soul's void

Letters are dispatched far and wide on wings of honesty  
Letting in respondents through the window of brotherhood

Unbridled tongue lashes out blindly to sting innocent flesh  
Untainted heart in atonement pours out songs of lamentation  
Unseen are the weals of self-flagellation trenched in the heart

Sequestered recompense curdled milk of unity with affront  
Stories unfurl the firmly swathed bard with mystical verses  
Satires the canvasses littered with brush strokes of humour

Enigma garbs the character in fineries not of gold but awe  
Etchings of astonishment imprinted boldly on dull apparel  
Enamoured of any able to break into the mind's penitentiary

Yearnings of affection resonate from the depth of the soul  
Yearlings and all invited to a banquet of friendship and love  
Yesterday's delinquencies wiped with the duster of repentance

Insatiable quest for erudition compels him to drink in cupfuls  
Imbibing in long drags the wisdom poured out on parchments  
Infused parched organs energized to purge constipated passions

Apparitions of buried memories exhumed with rash eulogies  
Arouse dried up tears that ever fail to cleanse the robe of guilt  
Arraigning again before the partial jury of tormenting thoughts

Kaleidoscopic filial relationships hypnotize the mind to dumbness  
Kamikaze images on ethereal screen longingly beckoning for a role  
Kedging the ship of life's voyage with sorrowful tugs to damnation

Intentions misjudged rivet spiteful labels reflected by wicked eyes  
Impaling arrows of hate perforate the spirit to seep out its essence  
Invitation to invasion by dark fiends to fetter the mind's fragile walls

Neglected on shore as brothers and sisters sail out with patron's hearse  
Neighbours cut out their flesh of revenge measuring with unjust scales  
Neutral judges acquiesce with stolid silence as the gavel of authority

Black skin refuses to be cajoled by those richly perfumed emollients  
Bronzing came by nature's quirk and glistening the sweat of its kiln

Brawn cultivated in the gymnasium of hard labour threads the body

Anodynes are moments of laughter with friends that rob sorrow of joy  
Allayed fears sucked into the chasm of oblivion by a vortex of pleasure  
Annoyance a rare display on a platform erected on the base of candour

Mistakes of the past hurled as fiery pebbles of insult across continents  
Mark with contorting bruises turning the face into an offensive mask  
Maturity date for restoration of loaned out bond suspended on a caveat

Intermittent pulses race to recesses of cranial bank to withdraw memories  
Intractable dramas staged to the roars of disgust banished with entreaties  
Internalized are kernels of the fruit of life eaten hurriedly in ignorance

Dedicated to Macaulay Oluseyi Akinbami, a brother who never ceases to  
encourage me to dig deeper into myself and bring out gold.

Chukuemeka Akpe

macaulay akinbami

# Prayer

Here, once again for my part,  
Before the King whose eyes no hidden things  
This troubled heart for help pleas  
Let me be heard I must be heard  
This burden, this weight,  
And helplessly for my part  
At His feet I lay  
Yeah, I am ashamed  
Now despised  
Yet for my part  
I must be heard, let me be heard  
Teach me Lord to trust  
As you taught me to pray  
Though, dying  
Yet for my part, in His saving and holy arm  
Let me say goodbye to the hurting world

macaulay akinbami

# Revolt...

Waiting?

We shall not  
For the alter's oath  
For these disguised verbal orators  
Who would not quick  
To the alter.

Our fainting hope,  
Our fading flesh and a panting.  
Out daily desire  
For the natural roots  
Of carnal cravings.

Wide doors morn by morn  
Openings of celestial designs  
We shall now be assuaged  
Luring them one and all  
By hell's skills of all shapes  
By infants' fluids water locked.

Seductive smiles for fools among them,  
We have them with the winks and mince  
The back carrier of waste  
Irresistibly a god  
Then shall they bow  
For the power of women.

And the alter, if it comes  
Shall be a lie.  
No virgin amongst men.

macaulay akinbami

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macaulay akinbami

# Rueben Is Dead

Pen Brutish Rueben is dead, cold blooded, and dumb  
We shall not mourn,  
Our first born scribe now buried in their ruins, as many of his likes  
Weep not comrades,  
Will he speak for himself?  
Not again,  
The rejoinder master lies on the laps of Delilah's whom he once denounced  
He shook hands with the devil and died  
Ruben was not killed with their barrels when he ought to have been dead  
He gave himself up willingly  
And threw reputation to the mire  
The columns of contradicted life condemns conscience  
Disparaged pages of Jewish fated hypocrisies  
Public circulated ranting at the Rutam House for advantage  
Only reprobates, dares to defend these, justifying them in rejoinders  
The obvious, we lost him  
A consenting silence, the booing of legislators, the shock of commoners  
No rejoinders, none till the expiration of his mingle after four years,  
If it comes,  
It will be weak, supportive of the evil he once decries  
We lost him.  
A rare obituary for comrade's compromise  
In honour, dishonoured  
Gather yourselves together to the head counts  
One man is missing again, amongst scrawl's giants  
His price was paid, fully paid  
His dignity mellowed for pomp  
Ruben,  
Trapped by ganger wigs to the tricks of the Pol  
Silence demeaning an age long chevron,  
Now bowed to the "Yes-man-ship" of intelligential  
Is this the manner of a fall?  
"Unelected" Ruben,  
Scoop the motives when deeds are done  
Now, in reiterates, a kiss of betrayal  
For \$, £, #  
Bring us no more juice of their scandals, wrapped around your neck  
Reputation!  
"Oft got without merit, lost without deserving"

And like the morsel of Esau,  
Or the heel of Achilles  
He fell headlong to his secret desired lust,  
The motivation of his wittiness, "gain"  
"Use to be", delectable most read columnar  
The guardian of innocent brave Negro clone,  
A tutor to unsoiled zealous journalist  
Until his price was determined in the closet of crafters  
And as Judas, sold his master and friends the masses

Besmirched Ruben,  
Farewell,  
From the table of our pride and denouncement,  
From the honour of untainted degrees,  
From the circle of few men loyal to conscience,  
From the gathering of consistent morality,  
We bid you farewell,  
When the roll call is renewed after this ruin, "sell-outs" shall not be there  
Farewell Ruben, enjoy the loots  
Farewell

macaulay akinbami

# Searching

He is not your husband  
Who undresses you before the alter  
And bid you follow the path of lust assuming love  
It is not the alter that determines a beginning,  
But the day of accord in heart and minds  
The alter is the public show of the hidden intentions.

Do you find in her a talkative?  
An imposing personality,  
Rudeness,  
A high look,  
A presumptuousness,  
Never listening,  
Never wrong,  
Never apologetic,  
Then, run.  
For she is not your wife if you are true at heart.

Always requesting,  
But never delivers  
Intolerant, vindictive, spiteful.  
Like a brother of blood  
As was told in tales of our innocence,  
Not a good friend  
Never can be  
As pride and ego ruin faster than barrel  
So will arrogance distort.

If he is a friend  
So true,  
A wife  
With fidelity  
A husband with commitment  
Let him in.

macaulay akinbami

# Seduced

Once and never again  
This heart in bond  
Affectioned to the worship  
Of a damsel.  
Buried on the path of fools,  
And to many of their ways,  
Called love.

Once and never again  
This sanity entrapped  
Of a weaker captor  
Mighty in spirits  
That all men must choose  
Amongst the myriads

Once and never again  
To this evil all my gain  
In a heap, for vanities  
Of little minds.  
Though in needs, hers supplied  
Four the four.

Once and never again  
I walked deep into her grave  
And poured heaven's river  
In depths never full  
Bouncing breath nearer hell.

Once and never again  
Into woes eternal.

macaulay akinbami

# She Releases

Kua Cun her pant,  
Sleeping while she breaths  
Slavish grips of "love"  
On her "valen" day.  
All along allays  
All the thoughts of birth  
And her love enrolls  
With the child make king  
Not the world can stop  
All her feelings now  
For her back is bound  
On this bed she lays  
Time away but all,  
Fun and love must stay  
Till her pant is wet  
And from now she knows  
That a mother she,  
All her life shall be  
Except nature ceases  
To produce a fruit  
Which she now expects  
Cause her pant is wet.

macaulay akinbami

# Shrewd

Today ignorance spoke in the court of kings  
A lucky fool amongst lords.  
She uttered words from idle lips,  
To pilgrims on nature's path  
A filthy rebel from the woodcock progeny  
Spoke her way, her slavery lot.

Today in the barracks of soldiers  
I was cast amongst quails and punks.  
A punky mother of innocence.  
She said, what?

Ask me not, for I will not like her,  
Quip like a rampallian.

macaulay akinbami

# Sola Christos, Sola Scriptura, Sola Gracious, Sola Fide' And The Priesthood

This Poem will speak to Peter,  
Of the priest and the folly,  
This poem doubts not the sincerity of true worshipers,  
It will speak to the cult, the club, their Peter, the images of idolatry  
This poem will address the indoctrination, the assumptions and contradictions,  
This poem will expose and explode,  
This poem will speak of the council of Valencia and the "forbidden book"  
This poem will speak of the mass "hoc est enim corpus meum"  
And the continuous re-enactment of the Death of Jesus  
This poem will smite the conscience, rend the hearts, and heal the willing  
This poem will speak of purgatory  
Of priesthood  
Of indulgences  
Of penance  
Of confessions and the "confessors"  
Of papal decrees  
And of the mortal and venial sins,  
This Poem, this poem will speak of the "Virgin Mary" and the harlot,  
This poem will confirm the marriage of Christ's Peter  
Of the Roman Universal contradictions and papal infallibility  
This poem will speak of the assurance of salvation  
And the curse of the Council of Trent  
This poem will speak of the "Arian heresy"  
Of "Cyprian and the lapsed"  
Of the works of "Athanasius Contra Mundum"  
Of Athanasius to the Bishop of Egypt  
This poem will speak of the incarnation of the divine word  
Orations against the Arians and against Apollinaris  
This poem will speak of John Chrysostom, (golden mouth)  
This poem will speak of his ethical applications and the trouble with the emperor's wife  
This poem will speak of Augustine and his forgotten works,  
"In the spirit and the letter", "Confession", the "city of God"  
The battle against the "Donatist" "Manichean" The "Arians" the "Pelagians"  
This poem will speak of the Theology of "Anselm"  
Of "Thomas Aquinas" and the Sum of Theology  
This poem will talk of the "council of Nicea"

This poem will speak of Constantine and his cross of battle  
The grandeur of "St Peter's Basilica" the glory of man void of God's presence  
This poem will speak of the "Patriarchal City" and the protagonist  
This poem will be persecuted, burnt, torn and ridiculed  
This poem will never be read by Catholics,  
It will not be verified to see the deception of Rome and the Pope,  
This poem can read your mind, how you think Pope can never do wrong  
This poem sees your bent determination to resist Truth  
This poem will talk of Martin Luther, Ulrich Zwingli and John Calvin  
This poem will be rejected by America, Britain, France, Russian, and Africa  
This poem must be hated, by worshiper of Dead Mary and his statue  
This poem will be scorned and attacked  
This poem will bring shame to the writer; he will be sick or insane in the mind of  
the readers  
This poem will not be read in Jerusalem, Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch,  
This poem will speak of the "Bishop of Rome" and his Authority over the world  
This Poem will speak of "Pope Innocent the 1st "and his rule  
The power play  
This poem will consider the rule of Pope Zosimus and the questioning  
This poem will remind you of Pope Gregory the great and his Political  
Cultural religious influence  
This Poem will speak of religion, feigning spirituality after the fall of Rome  
Imposing authority by massive error and disregard to The Truth  
This poem will speak of influence of Gregory on the West after the defeat of  
Rome  
And this imposition leading million astray through Idolatry and subjugation  
This poem will speak of the edict in support of papal Authority by Emperor  
Valentin the 3rd  
And Pope Leo and his sermons  
This poem will speak of how the Church stepped into a political vacuum of  
defeated Rome  
This Poem will tell of the Crowning of Charlemagne of France by Pope Leo the  
2nd  
(A pope putting a crown on a Political King) ,  
This poem will speak of idolatry  
A marriage with the world, a deception of dark kingdom  
A ridicule of the cross, the blindness of millions  
This poem will speak of corrupt men of the papal order  
Of Pope John the 12th  
Of Pope Boniface the 7th  
Of Pope Gregory the 7th folly of Vicariate  
As the "Vicar of Christ" and not the "Vicar of Peter"

This Poem will never be researched,  
This poem will never be preached in Rome  
This poem will speak of the "incomplete Reformation" of Luther  
The Breaking of the theological grip of Roman Catholic on the Church  
This poem will speak of "Sola Christos, Sola scriptura, Sola gracios, Sola fide'  
The deceptive modern acceptance of the soles in the 15th paragraph to sustain  
Error in modern times,  
This poem was never written, will never be re-written  
This Poem will speak of the Catholic belief of Salvation without the "Soles"  
Of salvation "and" the Traditions and the Pope's decree  
Salvation by Christ "and" Mary and the saints  
Salvation by grace "and" by the works of men  
Grace received by Faith "and" by works and sacrament,  
This poem speak against these errors and the long departure from Christ,  
This poem will be too loud in the mind of curious Catholics,  
This poem will point men to Jesus but will be rejected by many,  
This poem will be the witness of the readers,  
This poem will speak of the priesthood of all men,  
Of the deception of confession,  
Of the bondage of sin,  
Of the re-enactment of crucifixion by the observance of mass,  
The Poem is calling men to the True Savior, The Man Jesus.  
This poem will be another martyr  
This poem will expose the insincerity in man to find True God  
This poem will tell of the murderers of the Apostles and their Peter  
The Deaths of martyrs in Rome  
The Poem is still not written  
This poem is on your mind  
Will be seen on your shelve  
On your mind,  
In your conscience  
This Poem will either stop you from worshipping Idols  
Or keep you there still.

macaulay akinbami

# Telephone (Con) Versation

Far away call, Hallo, Hallo,  
Bond brother of yester years  
Fare thee well?  
Captive of pomp and ease,  
In idle hope seeking gold  
I must leave and very soon,  
How come your cheers appalled;  
The west is near paradise as the say  
In days when men of conscience leave in them,  
Ours are stories read in books  
Daily hunted by dangers of their laws  
There be many wolfs in sheep's outs  
Believe my word:  
I long for Africa of dignity  
A weary traveler in daily flights of cumbersome laws  
My visage is marred and comrades in same in greasely  
Countenance of deception  
Wishing for a ticket of return  
And none could aid their flight of daily unspoken desires  
Countryman of yore, by love and truth, I adjure you.  
Tell me of Africa, fading memories steal brotherliness  
Like a stranger import home again  
How be the leaders?  
They? these be no leaders but rulers  
Hair brained slaves still our lords  
The sit tight syndrome a dilemma  
And our state still drives men embassy ward  
By truth and love renew the fight.  
By the truth affright me not  
With a hell of ugly devils  
There was I born and in it I live far away  
More is the pain of a willing banishment  
Than the evil lords of afric fools  
But tell,  
How do men fare?  
In hungering looks and leanness  
Strength for labors that none employed  
In dirty garbs from brow to brow,  
Aging frustration from angry youths,

Unpatriotic bastards in uniform sent,  
A night life of dreary mortals,  
Death centers of ancient health  
Unpredictable favors of power generators  
The evil of outages and daily heats  
The cow sharing professors,  
Of quick fixes aspirants,  
Paid aspirants of the whitest collar,  
Oh pardon me, are you still there?  
Hallo, Hallo wearying audience,  
Speak on. I mark you.  
Mean I to stay you awhile before the break in network?  
They too never work so well.  
And the Senators?  
They?  
Our empty heads of no intellectual ranks  
To whom honor stands a crime,  
And pride clothed serving none.  
Dull brains of forged certificates,  
Knee crooking knaves,  
Alien to parliamentary procedures,  
Chairs throwing chairmen,  
Slapping fellow comrades in crime  
Confused and luscious as locust,  
Quirks, presumptuous and arrogant,  
Feeding fat on the peoples poverty,  
With free phone recharge,  
Free meals on all "Bukas"  
Evading bills and taxes,  
Free medical checks of sickles bodies abroad  
Living a lie,  
Free mistress of decayed morals  
Base men being in honor,  
With horns of deafening announcements  
Seeking honors from fools like they,  
In simple summary,  
They too are rogues and rascals imposed on us.  
Are the governors worthy men?  
As to be disguised in flight for justice,  
Or subjects of evil political fathers, our old tyrant  
They are cankers  
"Yesmanship" of some intelligential

With bullet prove protection for their know crime,  
Escapes from motherland, to hide their crimes awhile.  
These party throwing governors,  
Wasting legal tender for birthdays,  
While joblessness steer like monster,  
And crime pervades the land.  
And some "Rags" they called deputies  
These too are matter, having weights,  
Occupying only space, save to send wives  
And children to merry countries outside afric  
Of our collective shame.  
With taxes and loots from the nations treasury  
For "unborn generation" of their roots.  
And The police?  
What be their duties?  
To protect paid criminals,  
With barrels of oppression.  
And torture those who dare resist the norms  
The dishonored honorable are with you daily,  
And never here, save to steal.  
Speak no more.  
Of what country speak you?  
Of the code you dialed.  
You ranged my phone caller.

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macaulay akinbami

# Tell Mbeki, Tell Zuma And Remind Mandela

Please go for me to ZA  
Not to live but to deliver a message to Mandela  
Tell Mbeki,  
Tell Zuma,  
Remind Mandela.  
That we bore their shame yesterday  
When apartheid solders did them wrong  
Take this letter to Mbeki  
And all the tribes,  
We are sorry,  
We thought same blood ran in us all  
And little knowledge for the bitter anger of brother felon  
Tell the Pedi  
Tell the Sotho  
Tell the Tswana it is a fault and we are the fools  
When blood spilled in anger of invading foreigners  
And helplessness bore shame of the barrel  
While a brother in Gaul languished in pain  
We prayed,  
We fasted,  
We hungered in hope for an end to the oppression  
Tell the Venda  
Tell the Xhosa  
Tell the Khoisans we shall never revenge as fools  
To kill the innocent needing a safe harbor  
Chasing with weapons and barrels in flaming fury  
That brother fellow find temporal rest in far off climes  
No we take the blame to journey  
To see the wounded now recovering mother land  
Tell the Hottentots to cool off in the Atlantic  
As we are now ashamed of a selfish brother in this trying time  
Tell Mandela  
And tell Mbeki  
Remind Zuma that evil rest in the bossom of fools.

Shame on all the leaders of African people  
Who left their citizen to the brazen wickedness of the Xenophobes of ZA

macaulay akinbami

# Tell Me, What Will You Do?

What will you do?

When the sun change its form and burns busting flames on a heated frame,  
When the snow gives way to rain with thunderous icebergs sparing not our weak  
fins that cannot fly

When a the sky covering tears apart and dropping like iron to break feebleness  
When a home becomes a battle field for brothers fueled by ignoramuses of love  
When wrong rumors muted to gossip and breaking bonds of childhood  
remembrance

What will you do?

When errors heaped on your ambers without alternative of help

When succor has stayed too long to come

When help home and abroad is scarce

When poverty drives you to the gate stealthy and none consider

What will you do?

When shame becomes you accolades

When children of the higher gods steers with pity

When life demands more than it gave

When frustration break the teeth with turning your back to Ugandan Kondo

When all but none sees nothing good in you

When blood from far off throws threats of arrest without proper investigation of  
issues

What will you do?

Tell me

What will you do?

macaulay akinbami

# The Bars Of A Castle. Part-1

A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city: and their contentions are like the bars of a castle. Prov 18; 19

Benighted embestir nurtured suckling onerous (mania) numb  
Though,  
He was his brother before he was seven,  
When repugnance was alien to a growing child,  
He strengthen himself against his childish folly  
When filial bond compel amity on life-long acrimony,  
He forced hatter's blood from the milk of love seeking juvenile  
Armed in innocence, he imbibed animus from his kindred's blood  
Pugnacious naiveté gradually tears down our haunt,  
A better fighter, took his arm to the land of sane men,  
Far away from third world Afric, he drank the brutality of Carl Marx,  
Armed with Hitler's hatred, he wears the patience of the Jewish boy  
Drawing swords of rancour against his growing experience,  
And as a child, he watched the brew of odium in silence  
He cried, unknown, unknown, was my faults,  
Though he slipped many a times, because his tutors watched for his halting,  
With western skills and energies, the rage General, employed a troupe,  
Idle kith and kin informants enlisted for the battle against his pristine foolishness

The bitter sense of severance, conquered his ambition,  
Circled by antagonist, rumouring his childish errors, fanning the flames  
Hello, hello, we have a chinwag,  
The Harvard trained Erasmus, lowered to ravish unconfirmed tittle-tattle  
Until they cunningly lured him, then he stretched out his odium,  
Doing more harm to none but himself,  
He was his brother before he was seven,  
His fierce anger, burns,  
Before he was seven, the stickler dazzled a sword at Mission Street,  
Not to an enemy,  
It was for his own preceptor, the "son of John",  
He piqued him later to an early grave,  
As he did "Nel" on his first arrival,  
Some evil causing quietus  
Rest in the spirit of an angry man  
Though, fathered by their late clergy  
His rebuke came too late,

Yet,  
 Visages of his first schoolmaster sends shiver down his spines  
 Virulence bottled up balefully,  
 Overdue resentment tiled voyages of unturned meanness  
 A commanding tone, a forced obedience  
 Compelling children and adults to his perfectionist perfidy,  
 Our king reign in rage, the head-boy rules like a tyrant  
 His visage marred with venoms of evil memoirs  
 READING, come not near, I AM BETTER THAN YOU  
 His arrogance, was his fusty pedagogic ranks,  
 Wrongfully laid on the paths of his knight in shining,  
 His voyage to Europe, brought no succour,  
 To the perishing estate of his prime,  
 Nature's attendance misused, dissimilar to Joseph's voyages  
 Surreptitiously upturned and replaced his interest for his disinterest  
 Beckoning to a brawl from far country  
 He watched, watching still  
 He was his brother before he was seven,  
 Our instructor, who will manage his boyish choler?  
 An impatient teacher,  
 His venom, triumphed over his Cambridge and Harvard instructions on love  
 Yet, he boasted of Education  
 Though, this "Brutus is an honourable man";  
 This honour, Knows not when to let go,  
 Though indeed he is an honourable man.  
 His friends could not tame him, he fought with the best and the rest took  
 caution,  
 They blame it on him and urged him to pray  
 He prayed that he would learn, the jewels of love  
 He was his brother before he was seven  
 Yeah seven of innocence, seven without a guide, seven abandon to die  
 Seven, conquered by a troupe, seven when others hid their faults broadcasting  
 his  
 And more, the wedding invitation, the superficial love of his folks to hide shame,  
 The pretence, Let me lough, the suspense, the gift, the trips, the insult  
 The guns, the threats, the plea, the suspicion  
 And more  
 He was until seven his brother, but their contentions are like the bars of a castle

macaulay akinbami

# The Instigator

I am ignorant yet I seek to know.

Let them tell if this is in the book of their testament

'Now when you meet the unbelievers, smite their necks until you overcome them fully...' (47: 4) .

Bring their scholarly defense and authenticate the inspiration by a Deity  
For which we died in 9/1/1

By which war persisted in Pakistan, or heated hatred in the north,  
Peradventure, some defender can speak plainly for their lord.

And Lest I forget another,

O you who have attained to faith! Fight against those unbelievers who are near  
you and let them find you adamant, and know that God is with those who are  
conscious of Him' (9: 123) .

Again with mouth wide open,

Give me reason to believe that I goof, to imagine a hater of men,

Dishing out instruction to ready "to be" murderers

And many like this,

'O Prophet! Strive hard (lit., make 'jihad') against the unbelievers and the  
hypocrites and be adamant with them... ' (66: 73) .

This is not a Poem; it is a request to know the instigator of hatred

macaulay akinbami

# The Mirrow

From the mirror of vanity,  
I saw wealth breathing demon, like a messenger from hell,  
Hardening minds of mortal men  
I looked through vein for immorality  
Self and will in a cage,  
Saying yes to carnal lure  
From man's pumps of life  
Into holes made for good  
I looked through the throne of kings,  
I saw woods as crowns and passing thrones  
Passing wheels of vain and pride, only the gods ordain the Kings  
And no mortal knows his time.  
In the land of politics,  
I saw lies and huge deceit, cunning verbal craft of vain mortals  
In the religion of men,  
There is a search so deep in man, but most in illusions slip  
Yet, one route says The Way by His Son  
Also, multitudes walking down the lane of Hades, though in gods made their  
boast  
On the road to honor, I saw humility and sobriety.  
On the way to a fall; only superciliousness.  
On the path to heaven, there only One in stainless robe  
And all that follow Him are secured,  
Again, on the way to hell, a loud large crowd of singing, dancing, rejoicing  
"Christian" "Muslim" "Buddhist" "shintoist" "Maoist" "traditionalist" and more  
Carrying books of religion, some rejoicing and invoking errors  
There I stood for hours on the path of hell,  
In hours of thoughtfulness, then I conclude  
That the bibles cannot save and so are the books of religion  
Churches are mere houses for seekers and so is the mosques where dirty creeds  
hides  
The road to Life is narrow  
The path of life is wide, to seek life  
Seek His son. So it is

macaulay akinbami

# The Missing Continent

In their minds of exalted kingdoms

They pride in science and great discoveries.

Wearing the mask of knowledge

Restricted to the shores of their colours.

For this vain

Swallowed in dust

They killed, maimed and harmed the innocent

Of our race

Through imposed 'colonialism'.

With guns of their wicked inventions

And books of their imposed morality.

Brutality spreads like carpet

From the queen's empire

To the kindest kingdoms

Of our ancestors.

We gave them land

They took the more.

They broke our laws and burnt our gods

Saying ours are no gods but idols.

Those who worship God with the gun

Imposed missionrape on our shore

Fought wars of colours

With the slaves in bondage.

macaulay akinbami

# The Mystery Of Passing World

These old world is filled with wonders  
And many beyond comprehension  
I speak of these that my little mind knows so less  
Than I aught.

Many unanswered questions,  
That the best scientist cannot help to wonder,  
Of the gods and The God

Of seas,

Of stars,

Of moon

And all galaxies

Of Landscapes,

Of Forest, and firmaments,

Of the sun,

Of hills,

Of rocks,

Of depth below

Of treasure hidden in earth

And many under the seas,

Of snows when they fall,

Of rain when it pours,

Of forces and winds,

Of trees,

Of breath and brains,

Of animals and beasts

Of creature called man,

Of voices and thoughts,

Of colors and people

Of race and births.

Of religion and the Faith,

Of the ways and The Way.

Of science and innovations,

Of the life in Light.

And His Son.

Of death and death

And all on your minds,

Of truth and The Truth.

This world is filled with wonders

And many beyond comprehension.

And all,  
Fading passing and corrupted  
For a better world.  
Obscurity to dead minds.  
And a mystery to them on His Path.

macaulay akinbami

# The Sun Will Shine Today

The sun will shine today.  
Though late the night has been,  
Through paths so darkened and gloomy  
Not for the similitude of our hope  
Or a semblance in cavalcade rush  
We waited too long for this  
No worse than these shall sway  
The hopes so high within  
The sun will shine today,  
The rain will follow with abundance,  
Drops so many in eye of anticipation,  
Come as together in this circle with unison and hope,  
Holding forth for the blessing yet to come  
That we all may say together chasing our doubts and fear  
The sun will rise again,  
Yes, the sun will shine today.

macaulay akinbami

# 'The Tears Of Etteh, '

It was not for bread or the lack of it  
It was not for death or the danger of it  
Her tears was not for illness or the pain with it  
Though her camp deceived her to the end

This tears, as I heard on Guardian paper on October 31,07 and BBC'S "ROW"  
Lest you accuse another of lies  
Is not of pain of labor room  
Or onions of the kitchen

Ettes's tears is not of hostage from Niger militant  
As paid police parade her, armed in visible error  
It is not for lack of support from party accomplice of crime  
Well, girded with tricks from the looters

It is not for the deaths of another sycophant  
Leaving comrade to continue a fight against rights  
It is not for the pretence of Mr. P  
Although suspicion leaks the parley of his endless silence on corruption

What is the cause of tears after heady reluctant of pronounced crime in our  
house?

It is, that no Police will guard the allayed brigand  
The stoppage of routine reward of laborless loots now transferred to waiting  
comrade  
The besmirch of a name in mire for history books always on our minds  
Regret, a woe, a shame of progeny borne by one

The "row" traversed by Generals seeking honor again from compatriots  
Begging a part from honorable scribes where military cavalcades is an eyesore  
And the paid scaly scribes of the General took a stand against honor as agent of  
Embolden criminals  
And our revered honorable African lord of Nobles as watchman preventing these  
gang of tarnishing bandits summoned sincere scribe for a boycott of collective  
besmirch  
Though the organizers of this crime refused pronounce call for change

Etteh must cry and so shall the gangs of rogues, of gangsters

Of bandit and criminals

Usurpers of the people's commonweal will cry in the end

Let this tears though, late and unreal flow to their hurts

While the raped nation through the path of their Error regain freedom

Cry Etteh and join the queue of known corrupt bands

macaulay akinbami

# The Trees

I choose to see the trees  
When nothing on earth gives joy  
I choose to hear the songs of the birds  
In the cool hours when the dew spreads  
Its wings, to wet my world  
Let the leaves dance with the wind as  
I watch the dance of nature  
In this lonely world where friend are few  
And foes are many  
In the trees I found a friend  
Though you chide my choice  
Yet it is the best in this vain  
The green of the leaves, the colours of the flowers  
The dance in the wind  
The endurance in the odds  
Sometimes rainy in my choice  
And sunny to my hurt  
In the bright day standing still  
And in darkness never fret  
And when wearied by time  
The beauty remains in my heart unfading.

macaulay akinbami

# The Vanities Of City Lives

All in hundreds, all in needs  
From interior homes of birth,  
To the city vanities of shows  
Wanting, many having none.

All in hundreds, to the schools  
Leaving the farms and crops fallow  
They employed the white man's book  
To destroy ancestral skills.

Money! Money! ! , now a mark  
For the city dignitaries, lies and vain  
All in hundreds in the fleets  
Pride themselves material gain  
House and crops and wives and lust  
Endless wars for all the vain.

Kindest gods come and see  
All the villages empty now  
All the children now in schools  
Of the white man's lies and all.  
All in the toils and daily deals  
Still as first time as we came  
From this city fair of craze  
Let's return and build our homes.

macaulay akinbami

# The White Man's Grave

This school is not our school  
We have our own.  
This culture is not our own,  
I know it well.

They teach us science  
What is it?  
And philosophy of their own.

When they say knowledge,  
Who is a fool?  
Pluto, Plato are not blacks  
They impose on us  
And make it law.  
And have us in their rule condemn  
These men are wicked  
Tell them so.  
In our pain they make their mansion  
And gave us food from our wage.

Before your Mathematics,  
I know the numbers of my wives  
And your Geography.  
I know the road to my farm.  
Before your Government,  
I know my kingdom,  
Before your Language,  
I speak my own.

Before your Biology,  
I feel my blood in my veins  
Before your Accounts,  
I make proceeds from trade.  
Before your Architecture,  
I make my mat,  
Well designed.

This school is not our school  
I know it well.

Yours make men proud  
Ours make men humble.  
We learn it from home,  
So much it sticks.

Your school makes men tyrants,  
Ours make a people worthy.  
In your school,  
our ladies are whores in naked pants.

No! not in our school.  
My father told me so.

This is not our school  
Our school must come again.

macaulay akinbami

# There Is A Lion In Me

The lion in me,  
Don't dare, I am sold out to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah  
You know Him,  
I received mercy,  
Inner peace replaced the turbulence within,  
You cannot understand,  
I was picked up from the "gutter most" part of the earth  
I was wounded by the dragon,  
That old dragon, he cornered me in the trench of disobedience  
To a loving God,  
No wonder, life was twinge, wrench and spasm  
How could I?  
Turned enemy to the One who gave me breath  
He gave the heat to keep me warm  
The rain to wet my lips and give me life again  
The green  
The harvest of plenty, from where I get my food  
The friends to keep me company  
The enemies to caution my arrogance and pride  
Yet, to this great One, I was a rebel  
A real rebel  
How could I?  
He kept me from many evil  
Both by day and by Night  
Oh yes, by night from the terrors too many  
Even in my ignorance,  
They struck and tore me a little  
I woke with marks of unknown darts  
But that was before I met Him  
Yeah, many a times was I pierced until I realized  
He was first pierced  
And needless be my sorrow  
How could I ignore such a deliverer?  
How could I?  
I wasted many years in bondage  
Into the cup of every wine,  
I went down the primroses path,  
Manipulated by unseen hands  
Men and women of the coven

Who worked tirelessly with heads upside in the dark daily,  
Wicked workers over whom my might is in Him  
They came for the kill  
But He said my times are in His Hands  
How could I?  
I was a fool,  
A Christian I thought I was, for church attendance  
Never knew my rights in God  
Don't be angry with me,  
I was foolish,  
Too busy working for God,  
But never once "walked with Him"  
When my troubles were many,  
I looked upward,  
He pointed me to the Cross,  
The Cross,  
The Blood,  
The Name,  
The Victory,  
The Lion did it all for me,  
He said, I bore it all,  
On my knees, again,  
After years of foolishness,  
I cried save me  
He did and still does,  
There is a lion in me.  
Join me.  
Jesus saves.

macaulay akinbami

# They Say I Said.

They Say'  
I said,  
But I say nothing  
they only say what they imagine,  
But if indeed i say what they imagine  
I say it my way  
I mean no harm  
it will only harm the Guilty.  
And if they say i say it so  
indeed i say every wit  
and i say it well.

Macaulay Oluseyi Akinbami/ Nigeria

macaulay akinbami

## Things We Do For Power...

When we sneak in darkest night  
While men slip to the hut  
Of Baba Awo,  
It is no for greeting to the oracle  
Or pleas for our sins.

When we cast the string and opele,  
Wearing robes at the Orita,  
It is not for joy  
That we come.

When our robes are all in darks  
And red rimmed with sacrifice,  
We forget our wives at home,  
Our children laden in innocent sleep.

It is not to look into the face  
Of the melting sky  
That we choose the darkest  
Of the night  
Entouraged by all the rams  
That plead for us.

We come to Orita  
We come with pot of sacrifice  
We come bringing kola  
Here is the salt  
For your taste.

Oh Ancestors  
We children of the soil,  
We come pleading  
Hear our pleas.

macaulay akinbami

# To My Seductress Duchess

These, cacophony that beggar's description

Disorder from indecent breed incubating,

Confusion of tongues, in lyrical hoax,

Filthily dressed to undress my mind,

Our teacher teaching theories of writs and wits

These promiscuous pastors parading piety with nudity

Lewd licentious and libidinous specie luring laurels with drama,

These traditional priests tutoring the innocent as skilled orthodox guru

Folly forming and fuming fire on podium of cerebrals

These gangs of immoral breeds hovering over men with enthusiasm

Sick physician administering drugs on the ignorant,

These,

Coup against Coleridge,

Wired Wordsworth,

Barron as Blakes

Shapeless Shakespeare,

With excessive deluxe paint like a red zone hawker,

These fashions clogging the pump of poetic flow

With the garbs of a seductress

Allays my feet to the "gutter-most" pit of whores

These, who feigned folly as fashion forcing Mr. Flesh, to a quickie,

Teach me the lyric and lines and morals too

Inspire my curious heart in poetry and NOT the contours of shapeless show

Evoke in me a desire and arouse my intellect and NOT to lust

Induce me with scintillating lyrics and NOT to the nightmare and dreams of succubus

Tempt my heart to scholastic loyalty and NOT to the apple of Eden

Conjure the parley of mutated minds with words

Come again to the conference in art and rags of skilled minds

I adjure you, be Natural

macaulay akinbami

# Trinestary

Out of this mind in my trance  
Three men from earth are in bond.  
The one thrown to all as mad  
The other from all heart a lover  
The third speaks of them in this piece  
And in many imaginations  
Called a poet.

My fellow the first escapes  
From his mind by mystical causes  
Ruminating with the spirits  
That employ his shame to their praise  
He cuts himself at their will  
Eats from their kitchen in the bin  
His head of mysteries filled  
His understanding profits nothing  
To all mortals who will die  
He carries with him legions  
Hidden within for all drama.

This fellow man lover  
To all foolish things a slave  
Controls by earth various fantasies  
In his short dreams of passing times  
For him the earth is a circle  
And must sleep around the walls  
To his wake  
Driven by sober shows in words  
From oath to oath  
All the lovers of this earth  
Have to foolish times surrendered.

And for him that is last  
Shuttling around the secrets of gods  
With frenzied eyes rolling  
In captivity of numberless imagination  
Gathering stones and carving the earth.

From the passage into all mysteries  
Transform shapelessness and naming objects

Of thousand years nothing.

Unlike a lunatic speaks to men

And like lovers to one object

He is a fool.

His pen.

macaulay akinbami

# Untitled

Vials of sacred births  
By choice less compulsion  
Shattered at earth darkest harbor,  
The male and female cargo ejected at nature's will.  
Nine branches abide in one face of a lonesome vine  
Some are scorched as if passed through nature's kiln  
Others are wrenched as saplings, their nodes blood-dried  
Yet others seek nutrients for witting leaves,  
Flourishing branches excised by unseen hands  
Breathe the air of foreign climes as  
Gnarled hands of malice and envy  
Tattoo native branches with ugly incision  
Bleeding sap from gaunt members  
Now cracked, hacked and fallow.

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# Vegetable Animal....

These,  
Who preside over changeless empire  
Lording multitudes from ills  
And societal ribs  
Sending just men to pillars of darkness and gallows.

These,  
Whose ideals are barren  
In eternal times  
Covet power by pranks  
Profane old jesters inn power  
Ungracious prisoners and culprits.

These,  
Blind guides ruling our maps  
Traitors in clergy apparels  
Reputable blind monumental apes  
Farmers stealing unripe crops.

These,  
Kangaroo lunatic without natural education  
Robbers from the womb of prostitutes  
That bore them.  
Woodcock zany with no reputation  
Presidents of primitive knowledge  
Governors of gee whiz archaic portfolio  
Mayors of mega melancholia  
Senators of shapeless shambles

These,  
That will not change.  
These.

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# Vin-Logarithm

Vincent

Vials of rare genus spotted with golden invisible dots

Institute of intelligence congealed in mere mortal frame

Nectarous nurturing greeted my confessed inexperience in Cell

Candor always masked with priceless humility

Exodus of necessity as someday we all must do,

Never a lacuna so wide in all history's exits

Time, ooh transit time of short tenor, let me pause awhile as we wish you well

Eromosele

Entreaties are over with inadvertent pariah of our revered Chief Justice

Ribbons of Blue as roses make you merry as you journey on

Omnibus yet unwritten but read by mind's eye

Meritorious mediator witty with wisdom

Of apple-picking wearied, through paths of tolerant service

Sequester not the bond, though to another this new stampede implored

Enter now the league of lords with modesty

Leaving memories of countless ennui borne, keep the feast for another day

Enjoy and Celebrate victory

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# Waiting On An Innocent Infant

Sitting beside his bed watching his pains and groans,  
A boy who "may not live", a sad declaration by attending physician,  
And hoping still, (Prayerfully) he will not die,  
Indeed he did not,  
Though his last day comes too quickly,  
As the pain grows severely on our hearts,  
It was just yesterday, a joy of painful delivery and too soon it fades.  
He fought to live and in vain he tried.  
Days run faster in this confined space.  
His eyes beams, you can tell he knows nothing of fear.  
His smiles unrelenting,  
We wait daily as attendants' gives their verdicts  
A sad verdict of "few days",  
You can tell from their faces  
A sorrowing tale of sorry,  
The innocent child is set on a long journey, the giver of life (God) knows better  
To the way of all men,  
He cannot cry. Oh! He will not cry.  
Cause, nature did not let him taste of the woes of life  
Hard to say bye to this radiant gift of life  
To the innocent boy who leaves indelible marks on all attendant  
Not to know Sin in sinfulness  
Not to know pain in a painful word  
Not to strive with men,  
Not to see the ramble of disunited 'unity'  
Not to walk the earth so long as to offend His maker  
Too young yet a great fight before the exit.  
You may have lived for few days  
But this will never go away  
Those who live to see it will tell the story a thousand times and more  
I bid thee well my son  
To the eternal home of innocent beloved of Jesus  
To the place where righteous God keeps them from fear (II Samuel 12: 15-23)  
Luke 18: 15-16, Isaiah 65: 20, Mathew 18: 2-10, Ezekiel 37: 21-27  
Take with you. Take not a few.  
My Love for you my son

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# What Use?

Exquisiteness is futile when unwrapped with manners  
As unsullied luster vanishing bowing to time  
As gold in the mouth of a pig  
So is beauty where the owner is a fool

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# When You Come

When you come,  
Bring us all the hopes  
We wait too long as this journey steals time love  
When you come,  
Pride not yourself  
It is natural to all  
You are not the better by distance  
When you come, walk lowly without a show  
A wisdom all sojourner must lean,  
It is no time for shame in the many unachieved goals  
When you come,  
Seek new friends with caution while learning wisdom from the old  
When you come,  
The cause  
Is just a bag that cannot speak? (Of whatever)  
Or a the vehicle that must be controlled  
Or a house useless when the owners are dead  
Or certificates too many thought to be your gains  
And chevron of vanity in paper form (that can burn in flames)  
When you come  
Be prudent  
Be conscious  
Be humble in comportment and from your heart to HIM  
If ever you come  
Deal in love and with love  
If you ever come again as we hope not,  
Make it right that your pride has wronged

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# Where Is He?

Howl!

Vain mortal of helpless arm

Weep as though the tears will bring him back.

Aloud, wail! Cry aloud

The pillars of earth is shaken

Hay broken in twain.

Evil is done, good is gone,

What will you do now?

Oh mortals of all religious circles?

Hide in dust, clergies of vain narratives,

Shave your beards of religion,

Gainsaying priests.

Hell oh hell's victory,

Bobbles of immortal writs

In grandest shame of ancient confusions.

Vain ecstasies of lying zealots

Spirit, Hell, Demon's men

In combined war against truth.

Alas, falling standards of heaven's path,

Cross in sin and Sin in cross.

Holy men in filths and shame

Dead hopes of waiting pilgrims

Heaven's empty and hell of myriad

With titles of error unlike Him.

Howl! Cry aloud,

Where is He?

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# Who Handled You, Who Sat On You?

Handlers,  
In innocence helplessly we wait,  
We have never trod this path before, so waiting, we must  
For the guidance,  
Good or bad. They brought us here,  
Despising our willingness  
Some for their gain, others for their shame,  
Which must be concealed by our presence, here we are,  
Needing instruction, as they in time past were instructed  
To the good ways or evil which we must learn from them  
By religion they cautioned us,  
Some forcing us to paths of their passions,  
Preventing the questioning of the rights,  
As ignorant conjures obedience by all forms  
We are "Brain-washed" into all for which some defected  
When they realized their errors;  
And we follow along, (Not questioning) the sects and divisions  
Both seen and loud in our minds  
We were formed into shapes of the passions of our "handlers"  
Some good, really good  
Others bad, very bad  
Parent handlers a first monopoly of our innocence  
Many rode horses with the Epitaph "Folly" with arrogance  
The sincere one apologize before their deaths with tears  
"How badly I have mishandled you" they say  
But it is too late  
The shape is formed and must form another  
Either in ignorance or ready for a change  
Handlers who taught Hatred opposing Love  
Wars, opposing Peace,  
Wickedness rather than goodness  
Greed as against contentment  
Teachers too,  
Our next handlers to whom the best of our future confided  
They must compel or confuse us by logic and rules of philosophies  
Do they care?  
For the future or their Pay?  
They have a role also and must form innocence and ignorance into shape and sizes

Friends from various homes as handlers  
Adding to us what (they) we neglected  
And taking from us what we (They) ignored  
When our sorrows are endemic,  
We seek clergies, these also must handle us  
To suffuse all that we pass by from the Holy Book  
Some truly "God's men", and others truly "Men's god"  
Yet as handlers, they must to duty today  
And We, badly brushed on life's path ignoring signpost  
Seeking solutions at all cost.  
There are also political handlers  
These in their world, drunken with temporal Power  
Drives a People or nations, to the good or the doom  
Bad cancel is common to them  
They too often ignores the good  
Immoral Handlers are common also to all  
For the Lust which drives us all,  
For temporal lures of our flesh  
We brought pains from which we now groan  
Again in Religion  
There are two renowned Handlers,  
One went about doing good, You Know Him. You read of Him  
Healing all manners of diseases and as The Book informed  
He died to save all who on him believes,  
Even you as I have also on Him trusted for my sins  
He rose and would soon return as the Judge of all  
The other is renowned for hatred, and senseless wars  
A murderer  
A brutal bloodthirsty warrior, the sponsor of all Crimes and death  
The one for whom "Osama Bin Laden" is now know to be the hater of all men  
He also died as a handler  
His grave still harbor him, he never rose,  
Never claims to know THE way, The Truth, and The Life.  
Yet you follow him blindly  
How badly were you handled?  
You can still turn 190 degree to the right path  
This is not a Poem, it is like it.

And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take  
away all thy tin: Isa 1: 25

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# Will I Ever See You

When?

Maybe never, Yeah

For that was the response  
of the lords,

Never, save in dreams,  
where reality is obscured

They will not grant my entry  
as the Visa man keeps the border

They want a lie,  
but that, have i not.

In this hell, i send my writ

I figured in my dream

a meeting of writing lords

a company of better minds

the agreement of soulmates in poems

all around the world

as they bid me come,

But the Visa man will not

because i have learned no tricks

in sly to runaway like many

to London, America, France, or Germany

keep my sit,

in the company of Poets

if ever i deserve a place

Better minds will make me one.

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# You Are The Cause Of It

Wake up sleeper; they mingled trouble with your joy,  
Why did you open the gates?  
They came in  
They visited you like they did to me,  
A reversal,  
Unsuspecting sojourner,  
I wish you knew,  
There are surreptitious and nocturnal gatherings against you  
Against you in covens  
Did you sleep well?  
Did they press you as if to death?  
Did you wake with marks on your belly?  
Or your eyes, thigh,  
A piercing of witchcraft,  
Lest I forget,  
They fed you too and so well did you feed,  
They defile you often and you wake up dirty,  
You are still pretending to be okay,  
Play your game to the grave,  
You will die soon.  
If you do not know warfare  
They are in the dark, while you sleep  
They bring calamity, death, destruction, sorrow  
But it is your fault,  
You opened the doors.  
The answer is in your hands.

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