

Poetry Series

Michael Adeosun

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2024

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Michael Adeosun()

Mr. Michael Adeosun, born on September 18, 1972, in Lagos State, Nigeria, possesses a diverse educational background. He studied at Ondo State University, Ado-Ekiti (now Ekiti State University, Ado-Ekiti) and the University of Lagos.

Throughout his career, Mr. Adeosun has gained extensive experience in various industries, including financial services, real estate, hospitality, and healthcare. He is a poet and playwright who is also recognized as an accomplished writer and social commentator.

Currently, Mr. Adeosun resides and works in the United Kingdom, where he continues to contribute his expertise and insights to various professional endeavors.



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Bliss Of Innocence

Of all phases of the human life
There is one unblemished by painful memories
One undisturbed by life's hassles
It is unperturbed by the hustle of livelihood
Not even the anxiety of future unknown is known
It holds bliss unequalled
And happiness untainted
It is that phase that remains a cause
of pleasant memories in years after.

Childhood is a phase as pure as snow.
As precious as gold.

*04/11/2018

Michael Adeosun



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Detainment

We beseech you to stay.
Stay you must this time around,
mother said.
We recognise you from your
many previous visits.
You must stay and find for yourself
playmates on this side of the realm.
Heartless, I know you are.
But you must acknowledge
that this womb is tired
and I am almost past my youth
This body is tired
And the breasts are losing the
freshness and sweetness of its juice.
These eyes are tired
The reservoir in them are dry.
There are no more tears to shed.
Stay, I beseech you.

Sit here and savor the joy of this world
There is joy, beauty and riches here
on this physical plane unknown
to you and your kindred.
The joy and riches of this world
you must savor.
And the Almighty shall preserve thee.
Stay, you must even if my prayers
are nothing to you.
Stay you must, though our propitiation
means nothing to your kindred spirits.

It is true that when a child has
perfected the act of dying,
the mother perfects the act of an
unhonourable interment.
But this mother here would rather
the act of detainment.
This mischief of round-tripping
is here ended.

The exit door has being blocked.
Stay you must, my child.
Stay.

*June 2019

Michael Adeosun

Litany Of Lies

As the lies keeps being dished out,
Our heads keeps spinning
The spin doctors from Aso Rock
endlessly gives us the assurance.
They say we are on top of the game,
The game of war.
Each time we seem to approach
a closure, there is a twist in the tale.
Killed Shekau resurrects again.
It all seems like the fairytale of the
cat with nine lives.
Do we need to wait for the tenth killing
of She-cow before we can actually have
a feast to mark our victory.
This web of lies gets more complex
as the day goes by.
More tragic is the realisation
that the soil is becoming saturated.
Saturated with the blood of the innocent.
Do we continue to wish on Luck?
Is the one thing we need to save the land
the energising of luck?
Our head spins still.
An era of confusion, it is.

*November 2014

Michael Adeosun

Goodluck Dances As The Nation Burns

Let the sky fall,
let the nation burn,
even when we lost
count of the slaughtered,
The party will still go on.
Our king will still dance.
Today, he tells us
what we already know.
We must celebrate
to make the Haramites sad.
They must know we are not
shaken by the bombs.
All roads lead to the king's ball.
The King's party, I mean.
We are aware he lacks balls.
But who needs balls
When he has Luck.
Can a nation be more Luckier
than this?



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November 2014

Michael Adeosun

Requiem For The Living

The dead feels no pain
The pain is felt by the bereaved
The dead feels no pang
The fang of death pierce the soul of
the ones left behind

When we shed tears
it is for the void left behind
It is for the nostalgia that will eternally burden our heart
It is for the regret of actions not taken

Our grieve is for the living
Death hurts not the dead
Death hurts the living.

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Bloodied Plateau

... In the years of King Bubu

The clouds turn black
as the green grass over
the beautiful plateau turns red.
A stream of blood runs over the field
and permeate the soil.
Like an abattoir gall litters the land.
Not of cows but of humans.
Humans already placed at
a cadre below cows.
Slaughtered.

Yet,
Mr President,
the Cowmander-in-chief is loudly silent
He bellows his command
when a herdmen is killed.
He can only meow a regret
for the killing of a hundred kafirs.
The baboons were destined to be soaked in blood anyway.

The world cry murder and ethnic cleansing.
But the president's men say
it a mere disagreement.

The cloud is black.
And the grass is red.

Michael Adeosun

The Resting Sun

After a long day,
the Sun lounges on the sea,
resting on a bed of blue water,
the sky a soothing duvet
as it goes to sleep.

Michael Adeosun



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The Striped Cat

Moulded with elegance

Crafted with fierce ruggedness and stealth

High caste of the feline clan

Rex of the jungle

One that is undomesticable

Even the fearless hunter will never dare

the fierce cat of the jungle

Who dare points a torch to the face

of the tiger?

The blazing eyes of the big cat

is enough to radiate fear even unto

a heart of stone.

The vocal emission of the fierce one is

enough to create pandemonium

The striped cat of the wild

With strides as fast and furious as lightening

Gaits as majestic as a feudal lord

Claws as sharp as a warrior's sword

When hunger visits the tiger,

It is to the peril of the jungle's co-habitants

The roar of the fierce one is a death-knell

The fight has its thrill

Unequalled is the warrior's skill

It is the mark of the tiger

It is the life of a soldier.

18/05/2015

Michael Adeosun

I Am A Road

I am a road.
My stretch is way beyond your imagination.

I am a road.
From where you stand,
You might never know where I began.

I am a road.
From where you position,
You will never see where I end.

I am a road.
My trajectory has traversed and surmounted obstacles.
Obstacles beyond what you see or imagined.

I am a road.
To become,
I broke through rocks.
I tramped through jungles.
I suspended over perilous rivers.
I burrowed through the subterranean.

I am a road.
I lead to many possible and impossible ends.

I am a road.
My bearing has been curve and straight.
My trajectory narrowed at points allowing for few passages.
Widened at instances, generous and overly accommodating.

I am a road.
My course has witnessed vicissitudes.
Seen along the way, the beautiful and the ugly.

I am a road.
Smooth.
Rough.

I am a road.

You are a road.
Our paths may cross at intersections.
With mutual respect and care, we shall avoid a collision.

I am a road.
You are a road.
Our path may run side by side on double lanes.
And on multiple lane.
Each at his own speed.

I am a road.
You are a road.
Our path may run opposite.
Our start differ.
Our destination differ.

I am a road.
You are a road.

Each to his own.
Each with his load.

Journey safely.

03.07.2022

Michael Adeosun

A Panoramic View On A Sunny Day

Summertime...

.... a season of sensuous spectacles
.... temperature rising
.... eyes roving
.... heads turning
.... heartbeat skipping

Glittering skins

.... ebony
.... ivory
.... tanned
.... olive

Flesh

.... jiggling
.... wriggling

Thighs

.... chiselled
.... voluptuous
.... toned

Roving eyes

.... shaded
.... naked

The sun brings out beauties
hitherto hidden by coats and jackets.

The warmth uncovers bodies
hitherto cowered by the cold.

Sights

.... soothing and pleasing.
.... haram but divine.

Paradisal

.... sight of goddesses on earthly streets.



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Oh Mothers!

Make a ring round me

Oh mothers, lift me up

Oh fathers, take me to great heights

Oh youths, make me your beloved.

Make a ring round me.

Let my joy be full when I walk

Let my happiness soar when I fly

Bring out the drums

String the guitar

Lift me and make a joyful ring round me.

Michael Adeosun

Mr. Death

As each day to another the way pave
We move steadily closer to our grave
Does not matter whether Death we fear
Does not matter whether Death we dare
To him we get nearer
In every passing hour
So, let him come if he will
But not before I write my will

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The Big Question - An Agnostic Enquiry

In solitary have I popped the question.
A million times have I queried
in my desire to know.
A desire for knowledge not shaped by conformity.
A knowledge genuine and undiluted.
A knowledge devoid of doctrine and myths.

I asked to know...
I asked to understand if all these are by design.
I asked to know...
I asked to understand if it all came about by accident
Was it just a breath?
Was it by mere proclamation?
Was it an act of pottery
and an extraction of the rib
that jumpstarted the primal couple?

Or, did it all just start like a bang?

A big explosion

Maybe.

Maybe not.

Maybe there is a supernatural being.

Could be some supernatural beings.

The truth might eternally elude us as
we hold on to our blissful conjectures.

15/09/2017

Michael Adeosun

This Wintry Breeze

Formless and insolid
Sharper than a steel knife
Cuts through the skin
Piercing the bone marrow

This wintry breeze
Hits you, and you freeze.

This wintry air
Numbs your fingers
Like a ghost that lingers
Pale, your skin loss its feel

This cold hurts like fire
It is the feel of winter.

*London, November 2023

Michael Adeosun



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Missionaries And Slavers

Missionaries and slavers.

All rolled into one.

They forced away the strongest

They forced unto those remaining, a strange belief.

They had in one hand,

the Book.

And in the other,

the chain.

Michael Adeosun



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Let Death Meet You Alive

Let Death meet you alive
Be up and kicking when he comes
Be daring
Be bold
Take that risk
Take that plunge
Life is full of risks
Only the bold and daring lives it to the fullest
Cowards die countless times before Death comes.
What a wasted existence that would be.
Live that life
Dare that venture
And when he comes, be alive.

Then can it be said that you lived before you died

Fulfilled

So when Death finds you, let him find you alive.

Live, before you die.

Michael Adeosun

A Modest Observation

Standing aloof - In limbo
In a setting - indefinable
A study of his swift seventy
coming at the heel
of a measureless expanse
of time.

His swift seventy
precedes an endless stretch
of ages.

And like a molecule
out of the ocean,
his seventy - insignificant.

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This Apple

This apple so sweet
This apple so bitter
This apple makes me glad
This apple makes me sad
This apple is love

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My Vow

Like Osumare,
you held me
spellbound.

Like Osumare,
you made my
heart leap.

Like Osumare,
you stand in
your multi-beauty.

And I, a sole worshiper
do vow my eternal
devotion to you.

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Return To The Playground

Suddenly there arises a discord in our syntax.

Suddenly our phonemes come disjointed.

Every utterance that otherwise emitted joy
now triggers a shot of anger.

Grown ego we harbour within gradually
dwarf the childlike spirit that meekly craves
for that familiar playmate.

We both weep in silence and the tears
painfully drops inwards.

Our eyes hurts so much because we each
await who will be the first to blink.

So much agony self afflicted and the scar
steadily widens.

Why can't the magic phrase be uttered
to save this drowning love.

Why is a simple phrase such a heavy load
for grown-ups but as light as a cotton bud
for children.

That phrase will soothe the nerves
and the frowns will become smiles.

Why can't we just say "I am sorry" and we'll both
return to our playground and again
continue our halted game.

Michael Adeosun

An Arrow In My Heart

I see, my heart skips
I see not, it beats faster
I hear, my ear twitches
I hear not, I go deaf
A funny sensation, I felt inside
To the clinic, I took myself
Only to be told I had no ailment
Yet, I knew there was something wrong
So I went to the doctor
Who told me I have an arrow in my heart
'Who shot it? ' I asked
'Cupid' he said
But sincerely, I don't want to be healed.

Michael Adeosun



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What Is Life?

Life is the most important, yet most insignificant
Life is priceless, yet worthless
Life is a tangible phantom
Life is quite remote, yet quite adjoining to death
Sundered by the thinnest of lines
Separated by a fraction of a second
Life is like the sun
Life can be so bright, yet so scorching
The sun can set earlier than expected
It is night when you think it is noon

For mortal man, make an indelible footprint
on the sand on time.
For the overpowering tides of time might
soon sweep you away.
Life is a beach, a bitch!

Michael Adeosun



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How Many Ways Can I Thank Thee (Mike's Psalm)

What a happy life I have
Because the Lord I serve
A life saturated with blessings
A life replete with his mercies
Though I am a sinner
The Lord does not bar me from his dinner
Though my iniquities uncountable
The Lord generously provides for my table
Yes, I tread amongst scorpions
I fear not the devil's legions
Amongst men, I stand tall
My foes await my fall
Before their eyes soars my prosperity
But I defy the law of gravity
Lord, can I count your goodness?
For they are in excess
How many ways can I thank thee
For all you've done for me?

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Snow In February

Hitting the road
to the dictate of my alarm clock.
Behold, the frosty flakes from
heaven do fall.
Whitening the grey tarred roads
of her royal majesty.
This white frosty carpet
mother nature has laid.
For all to leave
footprints and tire marks.
It is the second out of twelve
that makes a full calendar.
This annual visitor has again
come belated.
It was expected two moons
ago, to white wash the yuletide.
But no, it would rather leave it blue.
This frosty flake leaves me
looking akin to a beer bottle
just freed from the depth of
a freezer.
No, a chilled and frozen looking
drink is alien to the mind
at the moment.
What is most soothing is
a hot cup of tea to heat up
the already cold bones.

Michael Adeosun

A Lovely Day

What a lovely day
When you came my way
Brought me love
I felt like a dove
Soared so high
High into the sky
I love you so
I'll never let go

Michael Adeosun



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Eighth Wonder

It's the eighth wonder of the world
Two separate persons live in one accord
Separate background
In love they are bound
Two entities apart
They share one heart

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Romeo's Plea

I'm on bended knees
I'm begging 'Please please'
My mind won't ease
Till I get a kiss
Kindly hear my pleas
Oh sweet Miss.

Michael Adeosun



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An Era Of Confusion

As the lies keeps being dished out,
Our heads keeps spinning
The spin doctors from Aso Rock
endlessly gives us the assurance.
They say we are on top of the game,
The game of war.

Each time we seem to approach
a closure, there is a twist in the tale.
Killed Shekau resurrects again.

It all seems like the fairytale of the
cat with nine lives.

Do we need to wait for the tenth killing
of She cow before we can actually have
a feast to mark our victory.

This web of lies gets more complex
as the day goes by.

More tragic is the realisation
that the soil is becoming saturated,
saturated with the blood of the innocent.
We will continue to wish on Luck.

The one thing we need to save the land
is the energising of luck.

Our head spins still.

An era of confusion, it is.

Michael Adeosun

Changes

When we look at the full moon
We know it will be gone real soon
For nothing stays eternal
For change is most natural
When it clocks twelve noon
We know it is the end of morn
Ushered in is afternoon
And it will be dusk real soon.

Michael Adeosun



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Still I Write

I remember the days of old
when I would fall under the anointing of the Muse
Scripting scriptures in verses
to kindred spirits of the poetic fraternity.
Verses only discernable by initiates of literary minds.
Poetic constructs of subjective interpretations.
In a trance did I deliver the messages.
The trance, not one expressed by the display of a prance and pentecostal
utterances.
Rather, it is vented through the tongue of a pen
Inked over snow white papers.
That was before I sold my soul to corporations
In return for a guaranteed juicy and loafy daily bread.
Then did I ink a contract for a nine to five.
And it turned out twenty four hours was hardly sufficient for an eight hour
contract.
Such was the life of a wage earner in a corporate plantation adorned in suits
crafted by a designer tailor.
And it happened that I had backslided from the
path of poetic salvation enticed by crispy notes.
But the poetic Muse remains faithful and undeparted.

Still I write.

But if all these come as undecipherable,
It is because it is only intended for those of the
poetic communion.

Michael Adeosun

Portrait Of Love

If I have to paint love
I'll use the brightest colours
I'll use the colours of the rainbow
If I have to paint love
I'll use the heavenly images
I'll use the sun, stars and the moon
It's the sight of the sun setting
It's the sight of a galaxy of stars
It's the sight of a full moon at night
It's the sight of you.

Michael Adeosun



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Addictive Love

I was in love with Mary Jane.
They said she'll make me insane
But for her I always did lust
She's as white as snow
She's as fine as dust
Like an angel she did glow
Our romance was illicit
So I kept it secret
When we did our thing
she changed my being
She altered my mindset
I had the speed of a jet
I thought I was flying
They said I was nose-diving
Mother said I wasn't living right
With Mary Jane, finance was tight
People said I wasn't living straight
For them I felt hate
Every time I shudder
I was always looking over my shoulder
Mary Jane I had to have all the time
For Mary Jane I spent every dime
She made me happy, I felt like a butterfly inside
She made me sad, I felt like committing suicide
I couldn't sleep
Oh! The pain was deep.....

Now, there is someone trailing
Tried to catch me, I swoop
I slam him
I rained punches on his face
His face is bloody
He disappeared...
My fists are bloody
Gush! I've been punching the concrete.

It was a party
Music was hype
All were dancing

I joined the dance...
There were no dancers
There was no music
Gush! I've being dancing alone

It's a rally
There is an audience
I'm on the platform
Speech is grand...
There is no rally
There is no audience
God! I have been talking to myself

...Oh! Mary Jane
She's making me insane
She's crack
She'll make me crack
White like an angel
She's death-bell
Easy to fall in love with
Difficult to jilt.

Michael Adeosun

This Big Theater

It's one big theater
All actors play their part.
Each acting his role.
One man writes the script.
one same man directs the play.
The play, a tragi-comedy.
Whom he so pleases. a major role.
Whom he so pleases, a minor role.
Some are heroes.
They earn the applause.
Some are villains.
They earn the boo.
But they only play their roles
according to the script.
That unalterable script
written by one big man
for this big theater
called Life.

Michael Adeosun



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Regainer Of My Lost Paradise

Through the deserts
Through the swamp
From Cairo
to the Cape
have I sojourned.
A sea of faces
have I seen.
Not in this multitude
have I seen eyes
that outshine
the sun.
This radiance, a conviction..
A conviction
that I have found heaven.
This smile.
A mark of dawn, an illumine....
From this doldrums
I rise.
On her wings
to the clouds.
No better way to fly.
An angel she is.
My angel.
Regainer of
my lost paradise.

Michael Adeosun

Salty Rain

She left my life
and took the sun
with her.

Now

My life is so cloudy
with no shine
or brightness.

Now

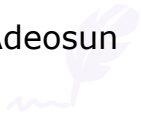
I pour the rain
incessantly.

A non-stop
salty rain.

Yet

The flood
not enough
to drown
my sorrow.

Michael Adeosun



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Falling In Love

Ever seen a girl and your heartbeat skip?
Want to say Hi! and you shiver like you're on a pyramid tip?
Did her voice make you start
Or her gaze felt like dart?
Did you think her angelic
And your heart sank like Titanic?
Did you bolden yourself to approach
And risk her reproach?
Did her look when you said Hi!
Make you feel like saying an instant bye?
Or did her smile
make you bold to go an extra mile?
Did she do the same
When you told her your name?
Did with delight her eyes were full
When you told her she was beautiful?
Did she say 'Yes' when you asked her out
After your request she had thought about?
Did you feel high
You felt like touching the sky?
Did you feel elated,
Felt like your soul elevated?
Did your romance look like a bedtime tale
And in this love boat you forever want to sail?
Did you feel like Romeo, and her your Juliet
You thought your romance the best on this planet?
Did you feel a great shock
When your boat did hit the rock?
Did you because of the jilt felt like crying,
Think you can't face life and felt like dying?

Falling in love is cool
Never for it die like a fool.

Michael Adeosun

The Voyage

There is a chemistry between us.
An emotive reaction to phonemes unspoken.
There need be a physics between us.
A motion of these bodies.
Like two pendulums
in unison, against but in accord.
When one and one
defy the mathematical ethics, to be one.
Creating a rhythm of ecstasy.
This divine geographic construct
I will love to explore.
Like Columbus discovering a new world,
a wonderland of mountains and valleys.
This sea of ecstatic joy
I want to navigate
with my feeler
programmed for that honey-well,
that treasure spot.
A groovy adventure through this black grove.
And after a short but long wait
with anxiety high
I finally arrive at my destination
to a warm reception.

And I, well-come, now exhausted,
rest after a hectic pleasure ride.

And like Ulysses, set for another voyage.

Michael Adeosun

Abiku

Mother, it is I
who knock at your door.
Once again I knock for
the first time.
These multiple footprints
at your doorstep, my mark.
No sooner does the door open
for my entry than it does
for my exit.
For coming and going
is the essence of my existence.
A child of two worlds, I am.
And my stay I must alternate
between both.

Weep not, mother.
Stead gladden at the joy
of ever having on your lap a baby
sucking your breast.
No one can call you barren
for your fertility has been
proven over and over.
Gladden that you do not
have to face the problem of
of mothering a teenage child.
What a problem it is
to raise a teeny-bopper.

Mother, I will be the
little darling in the neighbourhood.
The little beauty with skin radiant,
fair and spotless.
Not even your knife scars
serrating down my back and front
can take away the beauty from
my beauty.

Waste not your livestock in propitiation.
For your libations are but water

poured into basket.
Each time I die, the bablawo's
honour dies too.
His reputation is with me buried.
But I shall be born again.

Weep not, mother.
For I shall go to come back.
Rest assured, I shall be back.

Michael Adeosun