

Poetry Series

Nelson Vincent
- poems -

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Nelson Vincent(9th June)

Nelson Vincent Ayomitunde is a pro-blogger, a succinct writer, critic essayist and poet. He is an undergraduate Law student in the Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife.

He is the CEO of NELOC, a media organisation and the Founding President of The New Man Movement, an organisation devoted to the promotion of resourceful exploration of values by providing an enabling platform for voices to be heard. Intellectual training, Contests, Seminars and Mobile workshops in tertiary institutions, secondary schools and local communities is a tool for us to know their strength and weaknesses and to give appropriate succor by providing sponsorship, vocational training or mentoring for youths to explore the potentials within and around them. In line with our objective in exploring and developing youths, we emphasize on the goal of making New Men.

In May 2016, he successfully co-ordinated the first edition of The New Man Writing Contest featuring over twenty schools and about seventy works of prose and poetry.

With strong interests in the inherent power possessed by young men and women, he believes a better society would emerge.

Nelson Vincent is the founding President of The New Man Movement, a member of The Creative Writers' Association of Nigeria, Global Visionary Thiinkers' Initiative, Teens Campus Initiative and other associations with his focus on issues bordering this generation and the working out of solutions...

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A Slap On Revolution

When we raise our hands in resilience
We are battered down in disdain

When we raise our eyes against decadence
We are plunged into societal pediplain

When we raise our voices against pestilence
We are cut off if into pain

When we raise our heads against insolence
We are mashed like potatoes and plantain

Tell them
Do not worry
Even if we lose our lives in this vanguard
It won't be vain.

Nelson Vincent

Another Titanic

Brick by brick
phase by phase
the rumbles of the first
fast becomes another

Another Goliath
Another David
Another battle
A love-hate tale
Another Titanic

The monkey has gone to the market
It may never return
Let he that hath ears
hear

This day it's raised so high
perfect, well, 'tis so high
phase by phase all way long

One day, the monkey visits the market
With no intentions to return

Truism comes after lies
How do we tell the genuine
since the mask stays put
in another titanic?

The truth is a polygraph
proving conscience and guilt.
The only man who knows the truth
Is he who was present
And watched the crime in place as put

These Dragon toothed lepers
are disguised as cedars
and garmented as men
they stand weirdly talented

in clothes and yards of ten
drawing wearily after them
and singing 'Wanted'

Mother nature,
if you understand me,
forward my letter to the royals
even if forever and ever my letter be
bound by my loyalty
It is recorded as 'To the Royals'
Of course it's no lie, ask Jack and Rose
As in such poetry or prose...

Nelson Vincent

Arewa! Abisola Iwalewa!

See her walk with poise
Ssh! Don't make a noise
Watch her awesome carriage
Little wonder Esau considered pottage
I see thunder nod his head
Making Sounds enough to wake the dead

No karat gold refined by fire
Nor the 'handsomeness' of Sigidi can hire
Her testimony, a beauty
Which God couldn't create in levity
If I were a trained hunter
I would bring you Venison
But I'm a man on Rights Altar
Else I would not be called a Nelson

Arewa!
Blessed are they who call thee Abisola
Incomparable to a hundred bottles of Coca-Cola
This band sings her beauty beyond Yola
In Camry, Bently and Toyota
Arewa! Abisola!
You have Pulchritude
But I love you for Character
Character is Beauty...
Iwalewa

Nelson Vincent

Eba: Yoruba Delicacy

Marshed Morsels

Meticulously moved like

Mounds moisted in Melon Soup and Marches into Moon

More Morsels! More!

- Nelson Vincent Ayomitunde

Nelson Vincent

If I Die

If I die,
Let me be buried in this vault
Let my casket be of gold
Let my body be embalmed with spices
For if I die, I die

If I die,
Let me smell nicely in death
Like a bride taken in marriage
Let me be in the best robes
Worn by men in the list of forbes
For if I die, I die

If I die
Let me upon royal stools be laid
For in death, I know I'm paid
Let my graveyard smell of honey
As I fall in the shoes of late Ooni
For If I die, I die

If I die,
Let my fantasies be upheld
And these vanities vanish
For when a man drops dead
Victory's won, war vanquishes
If I die, I die.

Nelson Vincent

Iyalaya: Nigerian Poetry

Iyalaya

I went to deliver your message
When they attacked me
He who sends on an errand should be feared
Not he whom would receive such errand
True!
You can kill the messenger
But never the message
Then, they send me with another,
A message, willed and heavy
'Tell Iyalaya to prove herself'

Iyalaya!
Iyalaya oh!
How daring?

Let us conquer their threats
Show of your strength and might

I nod negatively
Memory fails he who does the poo
Rememberance is for he who packs stool

Iyalaya!
Iyalaya! !
Iyalaya! ! !

The puppet is called thrice
This silence, is not my wise

Silence is the loudest scream
They say, if uttered, it could dry a stream

Let us see.

Nelson Vincent Ayomitunde.

Nelson Vincent

Last Night

Last Night

Last Night it was
That the temples of history were pulled down
and rebuilt as huts

Last night it was
That the breadwinner became the dust eater

Last night it was
That water flowed and flood
Filled our hearts to full

Last night it was
That monumental mansions
could contain nothing

Last night it was
That the thief came and took away his properties

Last night it was
That the experience of grieve bound us

Last night it was
that the one never saw the other

Last night it was
That the blanket became shorter

Last night it was
That the bed was not the size of man

Last night it was
That the curriculum of darkness beclouded thinking thoughts

Last night it was
That everything was re-written

Last night,

I saw the rapture.

We remain Broken, bowed
Bored and Bitter

The writings on the wall were fulfilled
Last night.

Nelson Vincent

Let Me Hear Again

(For 'Zambia- AnglomoZ'

For the boundaries of Angola and Mozambique Halls, Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife.)

Let me hear this voice again
so sweet and sonorous in air
beyond the beauties of the 'moz
the fairy tales of every pair
and the glories of militancy

Let me hear this voice again
once more I do pray
for the glory of arsenals
and joys of the morrow
lightens our hearts, our bones
and marrow

Let me hear this voice again
for by it dusk turns to dawn
tis alto, 'prano and tenor
yielding off e'ry terror

Let me hear this voice again
As the chirping birds in line
'Tis the best of every orchestra
singing Halleluyah

Let me hear this voice again
Her voice, sweet gain
For every song and lullaby
could cause an alibi

Let no silence consume me
Let this voice come to'rd me
As I trace this way through 'moz
and the semi-boulevards in AnglomoZ.

Nelson Vincent

Morning Prayer

Dear God,

I give thanks for EVERYTHING
bad, good except NO THING
They say,
A child who shows appreciation today
For a deed done yesterday
Worths another someday

This day is a new child
As I go in it
Help my gentle mild
soul sway happily
Not in the hands of Osun, Oya or any Chi
Do I rest my head
But in your broad big hand

The ground I step may have a thorn
From it Lord, strong make my feet

Disease in air makes it air-borne
May I breathe no sort of it

My eyes may see glory and gun
The joy of the gun is six-feet
Far from me I plead

The journey of no return is a long one
May I not embark on it...

Nelson Vincent

Now Is Change

I'd loved to wear your royal robes
But I prefer my robes of rag

I'd loved to wear your scent and 'fume
But I preferred the smell of smoke and stink

I'd loved to eat your abundance in meals
But I preferred the crumbs from your meal table

I'd loved to bathe of your might waters and foam
But I preferred the bathe in mud

What fate chooses
Is what we accept

You were the rich man
I was Lazarus

The good to the bad
The bad to the good
Total Reversal
Fate is Change
Now, is Change!

Nelson Vincent

Rungs Or Wrongs?

I am a ladder
Lying like a railway track
I have rail lines like rungs

Hey! Man on train
I am straight Focus,
The path to the future

Set before me the wrongs
And the wrong rungs
I will make them.

-Nelson Vincent Ayomitunde

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