

Poetry Series

olaitan tunde
- poems -

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olaitan tunde(dec,10 1995)

am a youth would love to reason every day.i would like to express to whom ever will listen to me, i will like to dance with my of my life have been finding way to sorry to the things i known i should not have done;

all my life i lived in burg, everyday when i woke up i feel very sad cause i stay with my families who does not have the capacity to satisfy me.

this world is like a sorrowful home to is home, home is hell.i would like to express my mind more than this in my up coming book, which is title: The tears of an hero.

thanks i would not say more than this.

All Of My Life

all of my life have been finding a way to say sorry
to the thing i known i should do not have done.
i knew the way challenges turns every wings of angel to death:
turning point of my hands that turns everything to dexterity.

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Away Of Life

! O cloud why thou you sear tears

! O rain why thou you sear stone,

stone when am in the mode, i feel a sound

from a tomb like a talking drum, it sound as if when i can't it touch

i would go deaf blond and dumb.

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Give Praise To Thy Lord

CALL AGAIN MY NAME YOU MOON!

SAY AGAIN MY NAME YOU SUN!

SANG A SONG OF PRAISE TO WHO THY CREATED, HEAVEN AND EARTH
THEE: KING OF THE ALL UNIVERSE, THE LION TRIBE OF JUDAH THEE,

SAY

YOUR WAY SHALL BE JUDGE CAUSE AM THE KING WHICH CREATED ALL
LIVING THINGS.

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Haiku*1

Man is man,
God is god,
who are we?

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Haiku*2

Don't ask WY it happened,
know why it happened,
but never regret that it chapped.

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Haiku*3

YOU ARE ONE YEAR OLDER,
BE BOLDER,
NEVER FEEL TIRED.

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I Love My Son

'I LOVE MY SON.....

I KISS MY SON,

THOU IS LIKE A BLOKES, AMONG THE BLOKES, BUT NOT LIKE RAIN
THAT SEAR TEARS, UNBELIEVABLE, THY WAY OF ENABLE, NOT

DISABLE.

'I WANT MY SON TO BE MORE THAN A ROUT, NOT ONE THAT FALL
IN SWARD

AND ENTER INTO THE DEEP RED RAIN WITH MORTEN.

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Life Is Like A Stage

sorrow upon sorrow, sound
 beat like a death drum
 life is like a stage when going
 and coming back is shaving of ole geezer.

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Love And Life

Love and life

Love makes me feel alright,
Why life makes me fight,
Am here with fire
To wait for my heart desire
Because she is the only one I admire.

Whenever the moon moved,
It changes my mood.

I have no one to bay,
When the sailor sailed,
The day has come

When the green, grass grow corn,
We are waiting for the harvest,
The farmer have went to the west,
What is the next?

Let dance to the feast,
So that we can make a sit

On our lover desk we think about been the best
When the beggar beg, while the women put on their black
Shell.

Ho! You heaven why did you captured my heart,
And let it feel the heat.

What are we going to sermon in a lonely night of love,
When everything comes and leave.

What is the date that circle my site,
When everything is bright?

What are we going to eat mouth to mouth?

While love to love, die to die and end of
Every love and life.

!!

The girl I love betray my set
The girl I love betray my pet,
When am set I would let you dash the test

Not a chorus but callous

When I try to be the million

Some people try to be the silicon,

Am now the sun set in the west

Of people rest.

Say via my love cause the knight has come.

Iii

To day is the day I would like to date

Because everything depend on my hate.

I would like to give the sermon

In the front of a whole nation

Verily, verily I say unto you that life is like a pen that you can always depend on

Remember that it would faked in a day.

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Love Fell Apart On The Same Continent

'the sun has ascendant between us,
between two pinched,
that bow to each other;
love with the sun ascendant,
has red on our orgasmic ally
stem;
we are now like a shadow, thy
set, in the same continent;
but kiss the air husbandry.

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Misogynist 1

O! beautiful morning,
am happy to see you again,
hope you don't hold the world
at the edge?
hope you are not feeling elusive of
going forth?
the word or mine, not the world of thine
called a symposium meeting, that was synoptic
to every nature.
let the rain waters my heart;
because i hate to love a swank,
but am happy been with a meek.
i have no one to tells what makes
tears turned my eyes to home,
i have no one to tell what
makes everyone to consolidate me.

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Misogynist 2

O! beautiful morning,
am happy to see you again,
hope you don't hold the world
at the edge?
hope you are not feeling elusive of
going forth?
the word or mine, not the world of thine
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Misogynist3

this my swarthy skin

tells a lot of stories about my dissident.

i have the suzerainty,

to build up my mobility,

beyond human expectation,

with a great determination.

on this wedding morning

i have prepared a home

in my heart to keep my docent bride;

i have prepared a Lipizzaner that we

take us to the land of misanthrope.

i want to keep my bosom,

far away from the scorching sun

so that she can be the mother of my neonate,

all this are just a little man imagination, because am a misogynist..

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My Lover Box

o my lovely box why are you crying of home, cause

home is hell, from difference burg not a tintinnabulation, of the dead soul.

man will have to die this is the end of season.

o! you day, today is a red letter day, i have to dance to the end of the street
cause is,

a paranoid of a necropolis, what kind of song am i respect to sing for the day is
weeping

has he can feel the agony of the season.

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My Mother

! o my mother why thou you death, take away my bazoon,
which is full of mother milk.

what thy eat, that is worth dan my is a something that end, up without
nothing

in it: difference type of nature came through the gate of earth and go home
with nothing,

every day I slept in a real imagination dream of my mother, and when my
mother we return, from

a narrow way that has no end.

'I can hear the river, clapping his hand like a cow that it noise grow every
day, and tell lies.

come again you name thy start with M, and end, up with R, chear with me
you people of earth, thou

sweetest, sorrow of my fortune.

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Narrow Way

! O thou narrow way, the way of
coming paranoid;
don't fear a way but a narrow road,
to be a bloke, among the blokes
stay were you are, a ocean of the day
condo; around:
'when you are around the narrow
way you char a way of life with people around you
'I was indignant and allegation of a favorite countiuous
narrow way!

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New Year Midnight

'now the bell rang,
a year is dead.
and my heart is slowly beating, like a drum that has know end.
life is the youngest man, but not a friend of mine.
'I can hear the tinnitus of the ghost, moving around, dream beyond dream:
mingling with the dying, bell sound fading into memories like a rain drop,
falling
into a river, thy form source of earth
! o how would i love graveyard with a teeth, rolling down, no! no! move not
the
heart of my chest, claim that you the people of earth dance with me the
bitter,
Brutus of Rome, the friend, and enemies of Caesars lover of Rome, man
run, around you the race of life.
no! don't bother of my tide and market, come and go, and so shall your
heart beat!

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Problem People Face

do not be shame of every problem you face
or every challenges. do not give up whenever
you rest, you will be defeated, do not lay your
life for ungodly soul, you will perish without edifice
try to be sanctitas.

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Pungent

'pungent belong to those who loath,
my nation, my African; which cross thy way of
sword, during the colonize full of black, slavery
blood sell to other countries for M
I am African standing with a sword
never bow down for the loath white
'tree'

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The Mirror

mirror the reflex ion,
of my heart.
the shadow viewer,
everything i try to claim
in your presence tell me
more about my tomorrow,
all dreams flow like a river;
all vision elude the imagination,
but all shadow stayed within the mirror.

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The New Year Midnight

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run, around you the race of life.

No! Don't bother of my tide and market, come and go, and so shall your heart
beat!

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When The Sinner Cried

the moon cried for your sake!

i do not know why you crucified yourself,
thy way of no odium or blessing that is full of
sinner blood that cried loud saying! ho lord our god,
have Merci on our life so may praise you with our life,
thee lord answered no time to repent or present, descent but
destination of death is must not mysterious, rebellion, but died
without ocean of life.

thee people say god our lord but you said in your scripture 'that if you are
will

and obedient you shall eat good of the land'.

thee lord said you do not follow my will and rule, and word of my i
because I said'I lifted my word
above my name.'

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Year Of Remembrance

21christimase, annum as gone, am still staring at the sun there, I mean down
there goes my day youth:

tendering, losing difference type of dream, imagery unfulfilled with pain and
agony.

! O ribcage, catalyst of my misery why thou you follow plangent of life, a
blessing, nemesis

how would i change my destiny with time, in the day of death, friend go away,
when am i

ready for the next bosom war of heart, that fall fragile without no nature to
pick it up.

dear poltergeistics, nonreciprocal spouse forgive my sermon impediment am a
mouse.

am like a rain which fall on people plant, for more manure.....

am like a sun who shine in human, head hat.....

am like a dream thy woke up and edifice is future.....

'I can feel my ticker beating, like a drum, when am sad people are like a
solace to me

thou blithe of earth thy full of sorrow, interrogative, but people try to
termagant, thy way of

tilting to the face of the earth.

'I can hear the tinnitus from the Island, for thou not judge me by my sombre,
cause i need a

smidgen rain to dwell my feelings.

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