

Poetry Series

**Oyedepo Wuraola
Oluwakemi
- poems -**

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Oyedepo Wuraola Oluwakemi()

Cries Of A Barren Mother

Under a shed of fears, I shed tears
While my pains were shears
That cut through my fair share
Of barrenness's dolorous shares

I cried my heart out
But my spirit was never out
I drank a lot of stout
But I never got stout

I went to Jerusalem
And called at Mecca
While I visited an occultist
But my pains reached hyperbole

I got bitten by a bedbug
While I worked with a humbug
But my blood never decreased
And I felt no increase!

Thinking a state of piety would heal,
I went to the altar and held its pane
While I told it of my stomach's state of steel
And let it know of my abundant pain

I was Hannah at the altar
Where the Jews had their Hanukkah
And all I wanted was a Samuel
So that my childlessness would be altered!

I needed no foetus, rather, all I wanted;
Was to abort the one I already had!
I wanted my dolour aborted
And I wanted its odour no more!

I wanted to be pregnant again
With a foetus of gains
And give birth to affluence
With no Eli's influence

I was barren of wealth
Not of childbirth's welts
For despite my many offsprings
I have no spring to drink from!

Oyedepo Wuraola Oluwakemi

Grace

By neighbours' food aroma, I was tempted
When an all day fasting was by me, attempted
By beautiful clothes was I called
When I had chosen the name of a pauper to be called
By vision-aiding glasses, I was lured
When I had chosen to make my vision blurred
By water and wine, I was persuaded
When I had chosen to be thirsty, even if I'm almost dead
By nice tunes and songs, my body almost shook
When I had chosen not to dance but stay stuck to my hook
Intresting gist and girlish gossip almost made me talk
When I had chosen to be lame if speech wants me to walk
By lack of invigilation, I was tempted to engage in malpractice
When I had chosen not to engage in such practice
Technological gadgets almost made me waver
When I had chosen not to use any appliance whatsoever
By life's struggles, I almost slept and start to lumber
When I had chosen to keep my eyes from sleep and slumber
By all these, I almost lost my balance and focus
BUT....by grace, I remained on my locus

Oyedepo Wuraola Oluwakemi

Home

HOME!

Not in any way like Rome
Peaceful, even more than rivers

HOME!

Where I have no rival
And where my survival is certain

HOME!

Where Mum's food aroma calls
And Dad's voice hails loudly

HOME!

Where I get to do familial gossip
And where I get to see loved ones

HOME!

Where I find rest and security
A place where I belong

HOME!

Where I find true friends
And not friendly foes

HOME!

My own place of abode
Where I have kiths and kins

HOME!

Where I find love and a family
Home, sweet home!

Oyedepo Wuraola Oluwakemi

My First Love

Our love began with likeness
Which emanated from being seat mates
To being soul mates

Our love began with likeness
And it developed into fondness
Which developed our hearts' soundness

Our love began with likeness
And it developed into a love
Which is the best of all kinds of love

Our love began with likeness
Which got to a stage of crush
And which we grew up from in no rush

Our love began with likeness
That made you my favourite 'hello'
And my hardest 'goodbye'

Our love began with likeness
That made me care for you lot more
Than for my body when it's sore
Our love began with likeness
Which we made become love at all cost
And which we protected dearly from being blighted by lust

Our love began with likeness
Which has grown into love
And which till eternity; will remain love.

Oyedepo Wuraola Oluwakemi