

Poetry Series

# Oyelakin Gbolahan

- poems -

Publication Date:  
2010

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

## Oyelakin Gbolahan(February 20,1985)

I am a graduate of Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife, Nigeria. I am presently working with a construction company as a Design Engineer.

I am a freelance writer, essayist, poet and editor. I have participated in different essay and poem national competitions in Nigeria.

I also head the Building Project team of the Xambassador Visions on Ready Housing Scheme (RHS) , Naija Homes Project.

I am presently working on my first publications - two publications: A Book and A Collection/Compendium of Poems. To be published soon.

I am an advocate of truth, truth as a change mechanism.

I have a vision and strong burden to change my world through advancing the cause of truth...telling the truth to shame the devil.

# A Gorgeous Pleasant Surprise

You came into my life so quick,  
A gorgeous pleasant surprise,  
I hoped wouldn't give me the flick;  
Then, a beautiful friendship did arise.  
Our bond was so very strong,  
It couldn't help but turn into love.  
We wondered if going further was wrong,  
But we fit each other like a glove.  
It feels so right to be so near,  
To feel like we are but one.  
Sometimes our love is worth tears;  
Those tears of joy, I'm sure there are more to come.  
It is really love, my Heart;  
The longing for one another's warmth of embrace.  
You are my beautiful Cinderella,  
I know it as we dance with my hands in your hands.  
We will dance rejoicing on earth till we stand  
Together in His presence to worship Him forever.  
Indeed, a gorgeous pleasant surprise.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# A Nation In Search Of Change

In the thick heavy tropical rainforest  
Stands the grandest of all heroes,  
Adorned with beauty indescribable,  
Treasures and resources surpassing;  
That crowns him "the Giant of Africa" –  
The largest Negro in the world.

Fifty years of painful expedition has gone;  
Led by different consortia of unscrupulous,  
Corrupt, self-centred, nefarious tyrant.  
Most of those who witnessed  
The outset of the ultimate search for a real change  
Will wonder how long it will take a nation  
Blessed with all necessary primary tools  
Needed to truly discover the desirable change.

Lemme say, they have discovered some things:  
They discovered prejudice, hatred and selfishness;  
Greed, corruption, intolerance, bribery, state-theft;  
Kidnapping, glorified lying, homelessness, insecurity;  
Religious crises, intra-tribal wars, social unrest, retro-development...  
Half a century has come and gone,  
Here we are still searching for the lost change  
With no clue to finding it.

Fortunately, the fiftieth year will witness  
Another extravagant process of leadership shift of the present consortium.  
What will be the fate of our generation and those yet unborn?  
That is, the aftermath of 2011 National general election  
Will determine the next phase of our strategic search.

This fiftieth anniversary celebration is with mixed feelings:  
Feelings of thanksgiving and worship to the Sovereign God,  
For sustaining us despite the evil discoveries...  
Feelings of distress, agonies, travails, cries, umbrage and disappointment.  
Distress from indigenous slavery; agonies and cries of the innocent blood,  
Maiming, destructions and kidnapping due to intolerance, insecurity and  
prejudice;  
Umbrage and disappointment because of bad leadership and our retrogressions...

Feelings of hope, hope for an abiding change.  
Hope that we can still discover unity  
Regardless our different faith, beliefs and practices;  
Regardless our tongues and culture.

Hope that we can truly achieve sustainable development  
And build a nation we can be proud of,  
Redeeming our lost image for our children and those yet unborn.  
Hope that genuine leaders with good and selfless intentions and visions,  
Who will depict true statesmen will emerge.  
Hope that we will for the first time  
Conduct a non-controversial free and fair, peaceful election  
By 2011 with good accountability.

Hereby, we will all converge sooner than envisaged  
At our confluence to celebrate  
The dawn of a change, a new beginning, a new Nigeria.  
Together we stand and change for the best,  
Divided we fall and disintegrate for the worst.

Change we believe and change we will achieve.  
God Bless Nigeria! God Bless Us All! !

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Best Friends

Let me be the bandage for your bleedings;  
Let me be the ocean for your tears;  
Let me be the balm for your healing;  
Let me be the song to still your fears;  
Let me be the lullaby to pacify you to sleep;  
Love isn't love that cannot love in darkness,  
Nor is it love that turns away from pains;  
Nor would I love would I not hold your sadness  
And with my love your love of life sustains.  
So do not think your malady a burden,  
And do not think my willingness deceit.  
Just let your sorrows flow into my garden,  
And I will share with you the harvest sweet.  
Just let your fears and pains flow into my threshing floor,  
And together we will winnow them into joyous memories  
That are worth celebrating.  
Dearie, my best friend,  
Such is the power of true friendship.  
May we be the best friends forever and till eternity.

(April 2, 2010, Lagos)

Oyelakin Gbolahan

## Dad \*

God took the strength of a mountain,  
The sedateness of the hills and valleys,  
The majesty of a tree,  
The warmth of a summer sun;

The radiance of the sunrise,  
The glory of the bright shining moon,  
The calmness of a quite sea,  
The tenderness of the tidal winds;

The generous soul of nature,  
The comforting arm of night,  
The wisdom of the ages,  
The power of the eagle's flight;

The joy of a morning in spring,  
The faith of a mustard seed,  
The patience of eternity,  
The depth of a family need;

The compassion of the Maker,  
The deep love of a nursing mother,  
The guiding eyes and heart of a watchman,  
And finally, the breath of life;

All joined together,  
God combined these qualities.  
He knew His masterpiece was complete,  
And so, He called it ... Dad

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Do It Anyway...

People are often unreasonable, incoherent,  
incoherent, illogical and self-centered;  
Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind,  
people may accuse you of selfish ulterior motives;  
Be kind anyway.

If you are successful,  
you will win some false friends and true enemies;  
Succeed anyway.

If you are honest and frank,  
people may cheat you;  
Be honest anyway.

If you are truthful and blatant,  
people may take you for an outcast;  
Be truthful anyway.

If you are faithful, loyal and patriotic,  
others will mark you a rebel;  
Be faithful anyway.

What you spend years building,  
someone could destroy overnight;  
Build anyway.

If you find serenity and happiness,  
they may be jealous;  
Be happy anyway.

The good you do today,  
people will often forget tomorrow;  
Do good anyway.

Give the world the best you have,  
and it may never be enough;  
Give the world the best you've got anyway.

You see, in the final analysis,  
it is between you and God;  
It was never between you and them anyway.

Always do it anyway!

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Fragile Heart

Woman,  
What a tender, fidel heart she has gotten;  
So fragile that should be handled with great care.  
It may be irreparably broken when jilted or slighted;  
Shattered when dropped and irreplaceably destroyed  
When disconnected from her Maker (God) .

Therefore, watch your words when you converse with her;  
Watch your steps as you traverse to knock the door to her heart.  
Just a simple and polite "ko ko ko" will do,  
Not the big slam type – "gba a gba a gba s s h."

Always confide in her,  
Her heart will keep the secret for life.  
Don't lie with her 'cos you will be illicitly tied to her fragile heart.  
Talk to her with high morale and respect,  
She will definitely reciprocate.  
Love her when you mean it passionately,  
She will respond with true love and respect  
Going extra miles just to please you.

Bless her pleasantly,  
She will bless the world for your sake.  
Treat her like a Princess of the Island or Cinderella,  
She has got the strength to bring out the hero and king inside of you.  
Always be sincere, telling her the truth,  
Nothing but the truth;  
You will be shocked to earn her absolute trust without any ado.

What a fragile heart she has gotten!  
Don't start with her in courtship  
What you may never continue in marriage.  
Always take caution to avoid hurting her;  
And when you do unavoidably,  
Horry to politely say sorry to avoid worries.

You know what!  
Always remember to give her a compliment  
Each time you reach out to her-

Through text, call, gift items or the likes,  
Always tell her how much you love her.

Her fragile heart always wants to hear  
The 3 words, irresistible simple sentence -  
"I Love You."

You will be surprised to have discovered  
The secret key to her fragile heart.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

## His Pains Our Gain

The excruciating pain of crucifixion,  
The rain of blood on the death floor  
Brings us the flood of divine mercy.  
His pain our gain.

The daunting pain of horrific death,  
The gross loss of right and toss of coin on His clothes  
That culminates to the height of humility.  
His pain our gain.

The pain of choiceful shame that He endured,  
Gives Him et'nal fame,  
And makes us aim for His joyful Presence always.  
His pain our gain.

The pain of an instantaneous separation,  
The feel of the cold breeze of neglect  
Assures the dawn of et'nal peace and redemption – a neo life.  
His pain our gain.

The costly pain of mediation between God and man,  
The change of lifestyle and tradition  
All for the sake of our justification.  
His pain our gain.

The timely pain of denial by loved ones,  
The condemnation from all and sundry  
He alone endured 'til our commendation was perfected.  
His pain our gain.

He wasn't a coward that faced death,  
Took a faithful journey towards Golgotha,  
To reward all who will stand faithful to Him.  
His pains our gain.

Pretty hard were the pains He bore,  
Yet, all glorious are the gains we receive.  
His pains our gain.

Indeed, it cost Him `cos He lost His life;  
That we may gain life, life et'nal.  
His pains our gain.

Lord, we are grateful `cos You are faithful,  
Merciful and always full of compassion.  
His pains our gain.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# I Wish

I wish I could say more than I love you  
Even though you know it's true.  
I wish I could tell you I'd do anything for you;  
I'd climb the highest mountain,  
Swim the deepest sea,  
Cross the widest ocean,  
Ride the cloudiest sky; so that you and I can be together for eternity.  
I wish I could say more than I care,  
No matter what, I'll always be there for you  
For the rest of my life,  
And all of my days on earth.  
I wish I could say more than I need you  
Regardless my endeavours and demands of life.  
I need you to be my wife;  
I need you to be the mother of my seeds;  
I need you to be my counselor, my angel, my only and my heart;  
I need you to be my companion, my helper and my destiny-realizer;  
I need you to be the only thing I have in the world,  
Because when I have you I have all things.  
I need you because you are the best thing  
That can ever happen to me.  
I need you in my life now and forever  
To be together, always.  
I wish I could say more than I wish  
For if life only grants me one wish,  
You know it's cock-true and no gainsay  
That you will be my wish;  
For if genie appears to me  
And ask me to make three wishes,  
The host of Heaven can bear me witness  
That I will request for YOU, YOU and YOU.  
This is what I wish I could say,  
But when you come my way,  
Your striking, irresistible, conquering beauty  
Takes my breath away and leaves me speechless.  
When I look into your eyes,  
You open the windows to my soul,  
You touch my heart and make me whole.  
I wish you will make my heart not a visitation

But an habitation forever,  
Because I love your touch, your kiss, your embrace...  
Please, don't ever take them away or stay away.  
When I walk in the door of your heart,  
I'm going to say more...  
I wish.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Independence ##

Independence, the hope of every nation;  
A day of rejoice  
When hilarity and delectation reigns.  
A day of rejoice  
When freedom and progress  
Becomes the subject of conditionality.  
A day of rejoice  
When imperialism becomes retrospect.  
Let us consolidate  
And innovate dexterity  
To emancipate  
Our desolated democracy.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Lassie

Everybody likes to love  
And to be loved;  
But not everybody is lovely.  
Some love for dough,  
Some love for beauty,  
But your love for me  
Heals my wound  
And refreshes my life's loneliness.

Everybody likes to care  
And to be cared for;  
But not everybody is caring.  
Some care for evanescence,  
Some care for vanity,  
But your care for me  
Is like morning star  
And rekindles my life's raison d'être.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Love That Conquers\* - Dedicated Towards World Peace

What sort of love is `tis?  
That never gets hurt easily,  
always patient and forgives;  
it anticipates evil and quietly prevails.

What else could conquer inconsistency,  
prejudice, instability, hostility, hatred, intolerance...?  
...the portrait of the world we inhabit today.

Love that never takes a record of evil,  
covers all iniquities, showing mercy over judgement;  
puffs up not, but achieves all things  
thro' the way of humility and perseverance.

Looking thro' the eye of a needle,  
it believes all things and never gives up.

Only that which understands true selflessness,  
servanthood, neighbourhood and sacrifice  
can deliver hope to mankind  
and bring home a desirable change.

`Tis is what love (symbolizes) stands for.  
What an indispensable element missing in world leaders;  
The key factor neglected in the global agenda for peace.

The omitted link in bridging the timeless differences  
between the rich and the poor,  
the old and the young; the male and the female;  
The abandoned weapon forsaken during emancipation movements  
and other progressive liberty warfare or struggles.

The elixir that cures all ailments  
and leaves behind no scars;  
The potion that transforms the created  
to become like the Creator.

The invisible, mystical key  
that opens all the supernatural doors leading to eternity;  
Love...that is it.

The greatest nightmare `tis day...  
...our societies lack leaders who can serve  
with love - strength and faith;  
`tis love gives strength and believes all things.

All men who conquered...  
...left remarkable, traceable, indelible marks of identities  
and indisputably impacted the world positively,  
were people who were at the command of love.

Only a man that has been conquered by love  
will truly conquer all things.

Love is the only gate that leads to a peaceful life.  
Love that conquers fear, fear that conquers death;  
The secret of immortality.

Let there be love...  
...love that conquers.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Miracles

Lay your head on the tender pillow in the night,  
Close your eyes to see yourself in the wonderland like Alice;  
Mind wide shut, eyes close up and perhaps, mouth partially sealed;  
It takes a miracle to see the dawn of the day.

Do all the necessary house chores and hastily rush out for the day's calls,  
On the high- or low- ways to workplace;  
Right there working amidst both good and evil men;  
It takes a miracle to see the closing hour and return homie.

Hang-on the coach or fly high above in the fairy clouds,  
And unconsciously move through the arrows that pass by the day  
Just in search of ends-means;  
It takes a miracle to successfully discover and return safely.

Enter a road side restaurant or cafeteria,  
Either for a meal or a drink;  
Pick up a fruit bowl to eat from a fruit seller's store;  
It takes a miracle to always remain healthy.

The polluted air we inhale daily,  
Filled with countless invisible deleterious and deadly microbes;  
Fall sick having contacted known and unknown – nameless ailments,  
Yet rise up from the sick bed after a while;  
It takes a miracle to survive every day and its overwhelming challenges.

Miracle is when a blind man sees  
A lame man walking across the bridge  
To tell a deaf man that  
A childless (wombless) woman just had a baby.

At conception to ascertain victory,  
Through nine month of laborious pregnancy period,  
'Till the period of childbirth and weaning  
To becoming a responsible man or woman;  
It takes a miracle to have a child, a responsible one.

To this ward,  
The life of a man is with respect to divine miracle –

What only God alone can do.

God made it so, that man can absolutely depend and trust  
The Sovereign, Almighty Creator and Maker.

Lord, if I ever need a miracle, I need it now...

Miracles in all ramifications of life.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Mnemonic Of Heart Break \*\*\* Written From A Tranquil Thought

To what will you compare these?

...rejected by the one you gave your heart;

Deceived by the one you most trusted;

Abandoned by the one you pray to spend the rest of your life with;

Cheated by the one you gave your all;

Denied by the one you most needed;

Despised by the one you most cherished.

To what will you compare these?

The agonizing pains of a heart-break;

The blast of a shattered dream;

The shame of disappointment;

The fear of a scattered future;

The headaches of sleepless nights;

The shocks from being beaten twice.

To what will you compare these?

The insecurity of sharing life with someone who doesn't see what you are seeing;

The hurts of a haunted mind;

The depression of a hidden expressions and feelings;

The stench of failure;

The memories of regretful past actions, decisions and costly choices;

The unfairness of loving someone who doesn't equally love you.

To what will you compare

The hopelessness of broken pieces?

Is it possible to build an edifice of hope?

Twice beating is twice shy...

How many shy will it be

When beating four times?

Better not to be beaten at all...

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Mysteries Of True Friendship

I'll lean on you and you on me,  
Then we will be okay.  
Friendship is one mind inhabiting two bodies,  
One heart inhabiting two bodies.  
If my sweetheart is to jump off a bridge,  
I wouldn't jump with her;  
I'd be at the bottom to catch her.  
Hold a true friend with both hands.  
Everyone hears what you say;  
Friends listen to what you say;  
True and best friends listen to what you don't say.  
A true friend is someone who knows the songs in your heart  
And can sing them back to you  
When you have forgotten the lyrics.  
A true friend is someone who walks in  
When the rest of the world walks out.  
A true friend is someone you only find with you in the room  
When everyone else leaves the room.  
A true friend is someone who will never allow  
Distance to end their friendship stop caring, being committed,  
Loving, being proud of their relationship...  
My father used to say that,  
When you die, if you've got five real friends,  
Then you've had a great life.  
If you should die before me,  
Ask if you could bring a true friend home.  
If you live to be hundred,  
I want to be a hundred minus one day,  
So I never have to live without you my sweetheart.  
True friendship is like sound health;  
The value of it is seldom known until it is lost.  
Don't walk or rush in front of me,  
Because I may not follow.  
Don't walk behind me,  
I may not lead.  
Let's walk side by side, hand in hand  
And be true friends for eternity.  
Together we'll walk the road of destiny to the place of purpose.  
We all take different paths in life,

But no matter where we go,  
We take a little of each other everywhere.  
True friends are God's way of taking care of us.  
Strangers maybe just friends waiting to happen.  
True friends are bacons, bits in the salad and bowl of life.  
True friendship and real relationship, so sweet.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Nigeria Speaks @ 50 \*\*\*dedicated To Nigeria

They said I can't cry, but I cried;  
They said I can't move, but I moved;  
They said I can't fight, but I fought and won;  
I won and INDEPENDENCE was my reward.  
They said I can't stand, but I stood tall to become the PRIDE OF AFRICA.  
They said I can't run, but I ran to survive.  
I have been running for 50 years now,  
Passing on the baton from one generation to another.  
I was born with a vision of unity and faith, peace and progress;  
Joined together in a connection with three resilient cords;  
Forged at inception in the furnace of freedom, justice and truth;  
Led in the direction of brotherhood and patriotism;  
But, alas! Swayed by greed and nepotism  
That breeds insatiable corruption;  
And trusted in the illusion of pains;  
I am Nigeria.

These raised a tension of separation,  
An insurrection towards disintegration;  
A digression that caused a national or federal dilapidation.  
Yes, I am Nigeria.

My diversity is not equipoise to division,  
It's a divine design of beauty that generations will celebrate.  
Though, the journey so far may call for sober reflection,  
Rather than extravagant celebrations and attractions.  
I will mention a suggestion,  
Motion re-direction,  
An illustration beyond imagination –  
First, adoration to "Awimayehun", the One that has the final say;  
For His protection as a nation despite the turbulent past race.  
Then, to consider the only option for a hopeful succession,  
Makes the imitation of Christ indispensable.  
This is communication of love.  
Through communication of love,  
Intuition of hope will be re-awaken in us,  
Appreciable proportion of desirable change we shall get.  
A golden rule everyone must allow to rule.

Imagine Nigeria with fully equipped, well funded schools (education system) – POSSIBLE!  
Imagine Nigeria without potholes at intervals on highways – POSSIBLE!  
Without traffic jams due to defiance, irresponsible leadership or above-the-law syndrome – POSSIBLE!  
Without police checkpoints turning to toll gates and other checkpoint corruptions – POSSIBLE!  
Without electoral violence, manipulation and mega-disenfranchisement – POSSIBLE!  
Imagine Nigeria where electors vote and the votes of electorates count – POSSIBLE!  
Imagine Nigeria with leaders having the fear of God and servant’s hearts – POSSIBLE!  
With 400kmph metro lines in major cities and Nigerian Railways absolutely revamped – POSSIBLE!  
With rural areas transformed to cities and cities to Mega-cities – POSSIBLE!  
With a growing well-serviced world class economy – POSSIBLE!  
With people bounded by brotherly love and united as one – POSSIBLE!  
With an identity that generations yet unborn will be proud of – POSSIBLE!

All of these call out to a duo; You and I.  
You and I to be the change we want to see in Nigeria;  
You and I to arise and build a nation we dream for our children,  
And children’s children.  
You and I to begin to live for the truth, loving one another.  
You and I are the hope of change in Nigeria.  
You and I can make change possible in Nigeria.  
No one will build Nigeria,  
Nigeria will be built by Nigerians –  
Nigerians like You and I!

God Bless Nigeria! God Bless You All! !  
Happy 50th Independence Anniversary Celebration.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# No One Like You - Dedicated To My Dearie Love

I have sailed through the whole universe,  
Crossed the deepest seas and oceans,  
Confronted the wildest sea rages and storms;  
But no one like you.

I have searched the entire creations,  
Crossed countless borders and boundaries,  
Surveyed the entire human tribes, peoples and languages on earth;  
But no one like you.

I have gone to the abyss of seas,  
Checked through all the crevices in the earth's colossal parts  
And advanced to the deepest shore lines;  
But no one like you.

I have gone on an expedition to the wildest forest,  
Walked through the driest wilderness  
And visited the greatest terra-incognita;  
But no one like you.

I have researched the whole spices of sweet brides and ladies,  
Circumspectly studied different female attitudes,  
Characters, postures and visions on earth;  
Even juxtapose you with angels in their beauty;  
But no one like you.

I sincerely want you to know truly that  
There is no one like you  
On earth, except God in Heaven.  
Interestingly, you are a god on earth – in God's likeness.  
You are my Princess, the Queen of my Heart;  
My Lover, my Pearl Jewel, my true Treasure.  
No one like you.

You are the best, the most beautiful;  
Charming, alluring with irresistible countenance.  
You are indeed uniquely pretty.  
You out-stand all your contemporaries.  
Like queen Esther before king Xerxes in Shushan,

No one like you.

I'm captivated and ensnared by your love and irresistible beauty.

I'm knitted to your pearl heart.

Thank God I have found my true Heart.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Nothing Compares To You

The gentle breeze of the air around me,  
The sound of the ocean slowly rolling,  
The beauty of the sunset,  
The feel of the sand as I walk along a beach,  
Can never be compared to you.

The sweet smell of a rose,  
The kiss of the snow as it falls to the ground,  
The bite of the rain as it falls on me spinning in the street,  
The love of my family and friends,  
Can never be compared to you.

Nothing in this world,  
Can compare to the way I feel for you;  
The way I feel when I'm with you.

Nothing can compare to your embrace,  
I would give everything...to feel...this love,  
The love you once had for me,  
Nothing compares to you.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# The Independence Day #

O happy day that fixed our hope;  
Our hope of witnessing the exodus of the John Bulls  
From the land of the Queen,  
Who almost made their visitation an habitation.

The day the intrepid largest black people  
Clustered in the heart of Africa's richest rainforest  
Intuited the dawn of perpetual liberty.

The day the whole world witnessed the birth and christening  
Of the Negro-Giant, the Giant of Africa;  
A Giant destined to become the Pride of Africa.

The day a neo-nation called "Niger-ia"  
Seceded from Great Britain in 1960, October 1,  
When her first Emperor acceded to office.

The day we gathered unity et peace  
Out of our outstanding diversity  
Which defines us as a people;  
Unity et peace, such are our residuum of colonization.

The day of high joie de vivre,  
We were like men that dreamed, perhaps hallucinated.

Right there at the level of Tafawa Balewa Square,  
On the platform of unity, in the spirit of truth and patriotic brotherhood,  
And wearing an appearance or a countenance of faith;  
Everyone chanted the anthemic songs of freedom and change.

A change that will see to an accentuated progress and development;  
A change that radiated an abiding illumination  
To our future like the.....for tendering like the labyrinthine corridor.

It was indeed a memorable independence day.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# The Knight Of Your Heart \*\*\* Dedicated To My Love - Peace Ovos...

Peace,

It is strange to think...

I have not seen you in a month.

I have seen the new moon, but not you.

I have seen sunsets as well as sunrise,

But nothing of your beautiful face.

Let the pieces of your broken heart

Pass through the eye of a needle to me.

I will make a magnificent edifice en-sync with mine.

I write as though we are already in eternity.

You are as perfect with delicacies

Like the cook of the Duke of York.

I miss you like the sun misses the flower;

Like the sun misses the flower in the depths of winter.

Instead of beauty to direct its light to...

...the heart hardens like the frozen world

Your absence has sent me to.

When I smell the fragrance of rose flower,

I feel your adorable, enchanting, irresistible, beautiful presence.

Then I behold your pretty face.

I have to keep the rose flower in my heart pocket

So that I can always have your presence with me,

And your pretty, ensnaring face before me.

With hope – it gets and guides me through the day,

Especially the unguarded moments of the silent night.

The hope that after you left my sight...

...it will not be the last time I look upon you;

The hope that you will one day, soon, very soonest

Realize how much I love you;

The hope that you will come to love me

More than I will ever love you.

The hope that we will be together,

Forever `till eternity.

With all the love that I possess,

I remain yours...

The Knight of your heart.

Sir Kwame Simpa Olayemi Oyelakin

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# The Proof Of Love

A Knight fell in love with a Duchess  
One cool night when the stars were bright.  
Hmmm, so thrilling to have stolen her heart before her sight.  
All along, with much ado about nothing,  
All she wanted was the proof of love.  
Each woman wants proof, that's all.  
-proof of what?  
The proof of true love!  
How then can a Knight prove his love for her?  
(asking) – is it to do my worst?  
...instead of winning a life contest as a proof,  
His self-worth and reputation he should lose?  
To lose, is that it...  
...eh, do badly?  
To him losing proves nothing;  
It proves that he's a loser, period!  
No Knight has distanced himself with victories.  
To her, losing is a much keener test of love;  
The test of emptiness, selflessness and sacrifice.  
Losing would contradict self-love;  
Losing would show obedience to one's lover and not yourself.  
What will be his answer?  
"I will not lose! "  
She could conclude,  
"Then you do not love me."  
But the man could realize and add that,  
"I'm dropping my life-contest victory  
For a more dramatic victory – your heart.  
Huh, what you make me feel  
Is the fear and passion of love.  
For that, I say my rosary to you and no one else.  
Indeed, this is blasphemous.  
There you come, the embodiment of love;  
My Mercury...Pluto...undiscovered gods.  
Together we will take a flight  
Upon a kite through the night  
To see the bright moon;  
Holding tight our hands, hand-in-hand.  
Each time I behold the light upon your face,

I can't deny there's a Magnificent, Perfect Artiste.  
Only Him could have crafted you.  
I know I need to fight straight  
In order to reach your sight.  
I always bite through without cries,  
Because your heart made me master the art of warfare.  
At last I won; I won your heart.  
More so, I won the contest for you.  
You made me a victorious Knight –  
Sir K.S.O.O.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Troubled Soul

Unstabled like the tempest Labrado wind  
Because it has been denied (or lost) true peace  
Is the state of the troubled soul.

The resonating feelings of dishonesty,  
Prejudice, unfaithfulness mixed with insincerity and deception  
Deepen the travails and agonies of the troubled soul.

One can't begin to imagine  
What the ugly, worrisome abject poverty,  
Homelessness, neglected by loved ones and denial of love  
Had made the troubled soul.

Clips from the unguarded moments,  
The guilt of sins, the touch of abandonment,  
The stench of loneliness, the exhibition of past failures;  
All meeting at a front called worry  
With an army of regret  
Heighten the magnitude of the troubled soul.

Holding tightly in hands his shield of faith in readiness,  
Belt of truth round his waist, helmet of salvation on his head,  
Breastplate of righteousness fixed on chest-board;  
Without the Word – the Sword of the Spirit,  
The turbulent wave blows vehemently  
Over the troubled soul.

Having taken all necessary prescribed medications or therapies,  
Applied all natural precautions, principles and laws,  
Patiently waited for a desirable remedy;  
Yet all to no avail,  
But abated the troubled soul.

Then the penitent need for a transcendent therapy;  
The same therapy that conquered the sting of death,  
That brings to child-conception as well as child-birth,  
That creates and sustains all things;  
Only such can still the troubles soul.

"...sent forth His Word and healed them..."

"Peace be still! "

The word spoken with indomitable, sovereign authority  
And received by faith, faith alone  
Is the only real or genuine therapy  
That will bring a lasting peace and rest  
To the troubled soul.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# Unity In Diversity

- Quiet intended by the Sovereign (Creator) God that man may realize how to abase so as to ascend.
- Long on the run, University was invented that we may take on the study to discover where the unity lies in our diversity
- There in the prestigious citadels of learning across the latitudes and longitudes of the globe are caucasoids, negroids, mongoloids... Working hand-in-hand and building an indomitable world with invisible machine fortresses.
- Regardless our differing tongues, skin colours, tribal diversities, cultural complexities... We hold unity in diversity.
- Together we stand, stand forever to ascend, Divided we fall, fall never to rise again.

Oyelakin Gbolahan

# You Alone - Dedicated To The Sovereign Father

You alone

Is like the sun and moon ordering my day and night respectively;  
Is like the shining stars illuminating my midnight;  
Is like the chilled, cold water cooling my hot-melted throat;  
Is like the melodious songs cheering my saddest heart;  
Is like the night lullaby provoking a pleasant sleep.

You alone

Is like a healing balm to my sad and wounded heart;  
Gives a therapidic massage to soothe my depressed soul;  
Is the air I breathe, My Oxygen;  
Is the fire in my bones;  
Is the life I live.

You alone

Can restore my hope and life fulfillment;  
Can restore my peace, joy and happiness;  
Can restore my captivity;  
Can restore my missing link and dimension;  
Can restore my love forever.

You alone

Took my shame, my pains and forgives my sins;  
Stood for me as an Advocate;  
Took my place that I may race well;  
Stood on the cross with glory defined;  
Shows me unfeigning and unfailing love.

You alone

Orders my steps that I may not stumble;  
Raises my head that I may reach the topmost top;  
Favours my endeavours that I may prosper;  
Opens everlasting doors of opportunities  
That I may deliver unfathomable exploits.  
I need you alone in my life...everyday...always...  
You alone.

Oyelakin Gbolahan