

Poetry Series

segun Johnson Ozique
- poems -

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A Look At Life

Looking into years at my actions and activities
I am happy having encountered at my teens
Certain peculiar pathway and parental saw
Whereby have made me in good stead to be
Standing where my mates of lesser privilege
Have faltered and most others who though
Have the means to have bit by bit, climb to crest
Have not been able to reap such beneficial fruits
For they remain reeling in recurring seas of vanity
And never being able to conceive of an alternative;
That is solely of youth youthful to proper adulthood:
I dare say only good nurture cultivate true adulthood

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Addicted

What is the driving force, why sometimes, the clamour
Perhaps may just have started like a joke; then again
Poverty, anxiety and fear creeps on you on unknowing wee hours
And, when it becomes excruciating, there, rooted, is the rhizome

Mine stated: like the vanilla milk shake; I was attracted
The sweeteners; the honey, the fat, I savoured
The aroma, powerful; I was inundated, pursued, harangued
And then, like one on a tenterhook, the ravenous, I yielded
Then follows the presentment, I was handed my gift,
Like the nitwit's entrusted, a carefully crafted magical soprano

That is when the very diligently choreographed, subtly sorted intervention sets
off
My brain needy sensor systematically, simply, superbly, addictively, astutely,
elevated
And in such dopey, opaque state, I stopped articulating, being reasonable
No longer able to cope; incessantly having a hard time, I was tormented:
forming
A fertile ground for the cultivation of the cast away, can't live without it, disorder
A vulnerability state only susceptible to the enforcing stimulus of temporary trill

The circle of stimulation, simulation and engineering now surgically completed,
My needs are replaced by a new typo brain, the activation of dependency
Tempered by the expression of rewards of riches, of life here and there after
Entrenched, reinforced, reinvigorated enthused, aroused, and sustained
By the opiate rituals of union songs, dance and communal basilica activities

But should I for once think that this state of soaring eminence may wear out
I needed not, for, at every block's corner, the media, billboards; my bedside
Are standby fuse regeneration bestseller, my ever ready neuro ignitrons
To consult to re-enforce, fuel the fires that would keep the neuro circuit aglow

So, what started with my experimentation; the visit, the experiencing; in bits,
Sucked me, and in time; possessed my liberty, neuro-surgically high-jacked me
My natural brain logicism chambers permanently dislodged, no longer functional
Now I'm in search of my password, to logged into my brain habit loop, to take
out the virus

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Adiew, Dear Mate

Ogbonna Amadi, a storm landed FSAS Sokoto the hurricane;
A pinch fleet-footed boogie lad of uncommonly indulgence;
Announcing in triumphant trumpet, his name; Dusty Rhode.
Successfully initiated at the Federal School of Arts and Science,
He moved to greater heights; to ply his trade at Vanguard stable
Breaking ground with canal showstopper; the 'ShowTime' stream
This, is the Dusty I know: So the news; he passed on to glory was;
Calamitous: Cruel. Lesson to all who bicker, grudge and grumble;
Exposing life as deceitful dishonest; sweet, juicy now, then slayer;
Shows life, like a dust, happily sitting one minute, next wiped out.
And the sermon; each second spent here, God, must we give credit;
Him we must with gaze to the heavens; beg forgiveness, compassion.
But now, pray, that Dust's loving family left, be abundantly blessed;
And him, rest in peace, pray he be comforted at God's bosom forever.

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Alive Anew

The pen on paper in flowing words
Saved me from whom I turned:
Shackled bones, turned skeleton
Staggering through dark corridors.

The pen was my restoration redeemer;
Surgeon that mended my broken wings
My voyager on bare-back of sand dunes
That revived my heart that refused to die.

My pen that dotingly zigzagged my thoughts
Pitching out dozens of cuddled virgin papers
Into insightful knight in shining armor words
Immaculate conception that came as craft.

My pen the sugary convener of life-giving air,
Water of life to corpse in search of a meadow
Timely snatched me from the clutched of an ogre
Lovingly leading me back on the road, to life anew.

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Animal Nation

In this state, animal ruled nation
Though are sheep when seeking votes
Turn wolves when enthroned leaders
Patience is stretched to disobedient brewing
Tomorrow's dissidents are today being born
Unlike yesterday today's revulsion are expose
Dignity and decency is pinned back
Bitterness and frustration bottled
Blood smeared no longer in shadows
And now, rage boils in under current
Held in check by uncommon logic
Of olive tree held to quieten the eruption
But they only postpone final day of reckoning
Revolution would bring the brew burns to boil

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At Peace

To the curve and home stretch we turn
As with my son we walk, leisurely, our streets
So too, the long day wane, coming on twilight
And the sun move to rest behind the surrounding hills

My son, our walks; two discerning pleasure I cherish
With he, the harbinger of my tomorrow
The bountiful seed that brought my joy towering
At birth and like a shining star has made my time honoured

My days with toils, wish and want was tough and rough
But where though the blistering sun sap my sweat
And all around me the tide of toils and fruitless tolls
Among that rough and rumbles, I found him

For thriftily and lonely was all I knew
Masked by frivolous youthful exorbitance
But came then the hours of boundless ethereal throes and happiness
To which I was invited and forever stayed tempered by motherly heroism

And to the avowed binding decision not to fail
Has come to be my commitment to this uncommonly delightful walks
And since much have I known of humanity's know-how
Be there his quarry to all other of his inquisition

He is my restroom from travel and travails
A reason on life to rejoice in glory
To him, Osea, my loin, I punch this engrave
And to my grave prepared, as I sing the sweet; alleluia

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Atypical Ones

My eyes have seen
As my ears have heard
Of presidents and loyalties
On great height come tumbling;
Seen principled knocked to shred
The firm safeguard of celibacy ripped
By psyche soiled by greed and gluttony:
How then could it be that such one with?
Such much means, power just toy cracked
In delicate stream to quench prickly taste:
How could it be that one of such wherewithal?
Could refrain, remain, from getting intoxicated?

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Be Not Be Tricked

Ceremonies bring out riches in gold
Outlet the poor showcase dyed bronze
But to show similarities up such so close
Attest deceit as twin to world; to living
Wisdom that thing appearing angelical
Can often times turn out masked orgle
Yet like races and beings far scattered
Voyages like love and hate criss-crosses
So that when true push comes to shove;
Like Queen jazeebel and Macbeth bared
Uncloaked from their phony statuesque;
Plucked flesh showing them but mere mortal
Wisdom being glass yet mixed is no diamond
As caution to scam is foothold to fore armed

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Be Prepared

Filled with dreams, vision, drive, then design,
Luggage packed, readiness for the voyage:
Yet still realise-even on angel's wings,
Not until the first firm step is taken,
Can you hope to reach your aspiration.

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Beseemingly

To be a star, when you are kinless, vagrant, forsaken,
Have your side ruled by long line of joyless faces,
Bombarded by army of no well wishing passers-by:
This happens; but only does when you are gone.

To have the command of a crowd; peeping faces,
Of strangers you knew never minded,
Of them, your presence you sensed, fouling,
This, you can; but will only happen when you are gone.

To have a day; scavenging no longer is your portion,
Agony over means for the next mealtime, buried,
All organs; refreshed, reborn as in birth, for a spell,
This feat you can achieve, but only once you are gone.

Why must it only be that once people realise you are gone,
About to leave the roadside bed once shared with moths and bugs,
To be in another, allotted in God's acre, amid maggots,
Their eyes, tremblingly feed on you, as would awe struck to stars?

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Beware

At our most indulgent
Place of comfort zone
Are alluring shadows
Highway robbers with
Ambush daggers drawn
Too good signifies beware

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Broken Dreams

City of adventure is the land branded
The city a place is said sweet to swing
Where pavement is lined with riches
A place the big and bold do fortune deals
Neighbour to other in gutters eating craps
Yet even as misfortune is this devastating
Cursed city laid in wait to many cornered
The whirl persist sucking family and fortune
Roasted male consigned to ebb for morsel
The female the city's pastoral graze turned
The few who quickly learned to live to filch
Become opportune city fortunate conjurers

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Cat To Mouse, The Letter

So it came about that a letter arrived the mouse's hole step:
Reads: My Dear Mouse, I've in the past few hours been filled,
With a weirdest, uncommon desire, I thought to share.
Common knowledge it is that my only desire has been to have you vanquish;
Have you smouldered, boiled, and then hung to dry,
Such loath is not helped by the fact that you are a nagger,
Revolting, evilly, vile, disagreeable and polluting creature,
But such has been my resolve the past hours, I am inclined,
To think I judge you too harsh and my heart ache to think wicked of you,
Of this new me, I wish that we meet to make up: let by gone be,
But that you know I desire this and much more that we be friends,
That I feel this new flame of re-conciliatory fire in my under belly,
I'll, if you wish, am willing that you have present, your entire family,
That you be the one to choose the venue, time and place,
And that you can, if you so wish, determine punishment,
If someday in future this my melted heart refreezes,
Rekindled by the fire that, over the decades, made me detest you,
So, should you find it in your spirit that we let the past be,
That we can alter the course of our forefathers' chat,
What a miraculous feat our shock to the world would be.

Sincerely yours, the cat.

And the mouse responded:

Mr. Devilry Cat, my crooked eyes, quirky, daggered hands and tainted mouth
enemy,
Much as the thought to share same space with you, insult my senses,
I would rather have be placed in the pit hell, where irons get smouldered to cast,
That you forever be banished to the desert where living is anguish,
That you and your entire family are stabbed in the belle and left to die in agony,
That you jump off a cliff toward a ground sown with spikes,
And as sign of your new good fate, kill your entire family;
Have them boiled and chopped to the right size and brought to me,
All these considered, yes, I do think somehow we can be the best of friends,
Be able to complement each other as fire is to water,

Would love to meet, but with you in chain and caged

.
Your Emperor, Mouse.

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Celebrating Poets-Uk

Giant strides and strikes
Years dedicated to scribes
Hours reflectively penning
Joyful in castles of pennies
Happy I forever am; be
Identified with you lofty tribe

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Cell Management

Sickly the sickle caged you,
A crooked cell the doctor quipped,
Your time here could be shrunken,

Timely, thankfully, now you know,
For truncated, surely it would have,
If not now known, and be managed.

So be afraid; not of death, but of life,
For the first is sure, not so the latter:
Take to life; grip it, living it to the hilt,
And to death; the shadowy fate, boot.

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Chalk Talk

Flashback ought to teach that
Mishaps is but failure not lesson only
When we refuse to Learn

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Changing Tide And Time

With head void and light
Mind mildly, kindly and feeble
Was I bugged to my wits in queries:
Beings raze at will to ground life forms
Of why such physical loathsome feelings
Such Poisonous passion for destruction
Why killing the sweet simplicity of nature
Earth flora and fauna lost to lust and gluttony

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Charity

You is selfless desirous nobility
But I the stingy king rules-therefore
For you-I must die.

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Charmed

In the warmer shade they stood,
Ineffably beauties,
Tantalizing, sensuous and tasty.
Struggling to wear off,
My pernicious habit to devour them,
To my knees I went in prayers;
Let this cup of desire be taken off me,
Because I am weak in will.
But like a sunburn land,
Malnourished; vain to stop the crave for rain,
I shared in the sacrament.
And, soon like a candle lighted,
Brilliant a moment but must die,
The crave soon disappeared.
Taken over by evidence of guilt,
Wouldn't, shouldn't cankerworm ate away at me:
Soon swapped by a new resolution,
Shan't ever again,
And, like the old resolve,
I implored for courage,
Never,
To be charmed,
Again.

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Choices

Another day and Dawn gradually announces sunrise nearness
In the hush within the walls filters the birds' twitter
The torments, the troubles, a remote planet

By yourself here you are as you, made whole
Cast from the reflections above mirrors stirring sensual image
That's you like no other beautiful body laid across the bed
Instinctively drawing your touch to a pretty heart, even

If only this state be carried
If only you would stay true, be you
Dance to the beats of your heart
Not to the music of these others who define and bound you
Nor those others hung and filled with grief
Would you stay believing in the perfection as within your kingdom?

As scattered around you
Are the apparel you would wear to leave
For soon daylight brings the sun declaring you late
Is then to choose of two defining halves
Either stay hiding, die a thousandth times, carry on life shadowy
Or go, to live, carry on, by the memory of the walls in your kingdom

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Choices Are Ours To Make

Lulled I was by her beauty,
The sweet singing birds,
The moon dancing with her,
Desire she wants to quench,
Starvation and ache I carry:
Scotching was a mountain to climb,
As, we both belonged to others.

So, though mournfully toiling,
Heart churning with choices:
Of home and its homelessness,
Of life since lost in a maze;
Of drapery, aimless vigor;
Of icy affectionate habit,
I fled her sight; back to home.

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Cipping Human Of Being

As the sun goes dropping from heaven
The shadow lengthening on earth
No one it seems have noticed
The truth that nature denudes
Revealing the task-master's cracking his whipping
Remixing it with the diminishing movement of the hoe
And us, though woefully toiling back bent to break;
Our bodies systematically synchronize with the beat;
Dancing to bed with pregnancy and waking with the birth'
A generation of work to meal, meal to work beings, born
Who rising at down, are only able to sniff at breakfast
Whose luncheon item is programmed to an alarm
And supper they leave to the mercy of beat-up brains
Welcome to the new degradation phase of capitalism

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Crazy In Love, But

Why limit affection to ache the heart
Love provokes peeling desire's defences mind to flesh
Yet naive will darlinging be without head

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Crazy Muse

How I long for lost times, unfulfilled;
Time I spent waiting, expecting, hoping;
Long infantile nights of wakeful dreams:
Days spent imagining twosome on a beach;
Days and times, sailing the oceans together;
Days so wired; totally blinded to right mind.

If only I knew things, I know now, then;
That tinny plays chum of raven hair;
Of rosy, gorgeous and red-earth face,
Of lusciously, luxurious masticating lips,
Of shiny, knife-like, when angered eyes,
Would have been mine, if I had right mind.

If only I could launch me back, reverse the time,
I would then tell her all the delightful things; next,
Tell her, I'm the anointed, her perfect primed consort.
She's wedded, so I guess these sounds needless, finicky;
Much more like taking musing to point of silliness: Fine.
Guilty as charged: but truly, deservedly, she is rightly mine.

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Danger Signs

This wind of no change,
Brings me no succor
In meeting my needs;
Or freshness in my lungs
Only jabbing me in rhetoric:
Play-acting as in a wedding,
Drama that is not;
Like shadow-boxing,
That is far from factual

Instead the sleep of darkness
Is crawling on my trauma:
If it does overwhelm me
I pray my ashes
Accede to dance with the wind
To places and people
When next reincarnated
Would avoid same strife and struggles
Fortune I have thrashed reaching, this life time

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Dawdling

Planning is work half done

Success piggybacks on undertaking through to atonement

So plan without excuse execute

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Desert Storm

I sat squashed in my guest room
My safe heavenly observation line
Parched in a cubicle that pinched sizes
By the minutes as I grew castrated
Watching people move about in frenzy
In anticipation of what is old, inevitable
Though a stranger; feeling one and the same
As we awaited the moment of joyous encounter

The head was scotched and burnt
Prior to the rampaging tempest
Then came the cloudburst
Stampede race on desiccated soil
Escorted by crazed larger drops
Like wet slash on parched earth
Natural impediments is made beggared
By season of cheerless and biting vapour

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Development

The zest for swiftness runs today's growth
The rush that seizes the limbs and brain:
Veritable magic sweeter than opium
But the best impression of wealth
Probable height of sensual delusion
Is being able to meet all wants and needs
Life and activities seemingly normalised
Soothing that lures the brain
And all other neurons engine
To bliss and harmony of Concordia
But should any organ fail to wait for others
Even split seconds, brings to home the caveat;
The sensation of speedy growth is great
But the wild result usually can be, fatalities

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Different Strokes For Different Folks

Surely, we've all heard and read; of
Many written of; first citizens with great deeds,
Starting with nothing to crafting something
Great men and women who made value of boldness

Then there the many second class others who started out
In great hope: copiously incensed and ambitious
Ventured with zeal and strides to get a taste of goodness
But still kept permanently outside reefing of greatness

Then, there are these mass other third who never ventured
Never tasted, never was in or out, with much pains never gains
Yet in generation by and by they have live on their peacefully bed of thorns
To these second and third I pen to honour, each deserves to be written of.

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Dignified

He is I think the man I want to be when I'm old,
Feelings re enforced each morning as I see him walk,
Passing by my house at the stroke of eight; him, his dog and cane,
Imperially handsome bohemian with the lush grey interlocking hair,
Always on those baggy jeans and multicoloured shirt;
And flip-flop house soothing foot wear to cushion his frame.

What is his history? I often wondered;
This charming, walking; years of human experience:
Who has loved him and who has he loved,
With such balanced, well proportioned body and gaiety?
Where has he been? To still hold such pristine taste in clothes,
To what exotic meals has he indulged over the years,
To still retain such captivating boyish wizardry looks?
What possible age can he be? to have gone slightly bent,
Yet defiantly resistant to the final pool of the ground?

At exactly a thousand and the sixth steps, he rests;
Between walks, sitting on a roadside nature truncated stump:
Ten minutes on, they leave - him, his dog and privileged cane,
He smiles and waves at; the swaying trees, flapping butterflies, waving passers-
by;
But with I one of such regulars, he did much more, the old brat does wave, then
twinkly wink.

Knowing him made me know who I want to be when I grow old:
When age traps me and I am lovingly on my home stretch to earth,
For him I say this little prayer: I pray that as a wane leaf is naturally plucked off
it host,
Without the least encumbrance to fertilize the ground for another, so be his
portion,
When it's his time: same I; that mine - a long and fruitful life journey end,
restfully.

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Dream A Sweet Breakfast

In dreary and despondent season
Of non-stop troubling drizzles
To desert ray harassment,
A soothing shade
Is an encouragement; hope;
That the sun would rise
No matter what eventide
Foretoken in dreams of misery.

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Eleko Beach

A pageant of pure multi-colour
The wind slowing to breeze
Flowers grew everywhere
Even on patchy dead woods
Geraniums like sunshades and
Arum shooting like trumpets
A swallow glen, half a mile wide
Then down a bend which ran a
Blue-grey in lines like the spleen
Till at the edge of the highland
Into the dim forest is snowy sand;
Cascade as far as the eyes could feed
Plain; a place so satisfying to the eyes
For its sheer warmth, wonders and
Glorious masses of blossoming flora
With waters beating in epileptic fury
Sucking all worries and deadness on air:
The scene is sweet; like opium, lifting

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Emirate

Dissenting scooters ranted and raved
Protesting with hissing noisy and cloud of smoke
Tussling with vehicles struggling to dodge potholes
Spirited shoeless children played closely in rags
Scavenging and scampering in all directions
Knocking on all to legs and hands in same space were
Flea ridden dogs, grumbling pigs and chickens snapped
At stench foods with rival hawkers jostling and hassling
Eating, selling, and exchanging their merchandises.

Perhaps atoning for such deplorable state of insanity
By the junction, where the open stagnant sewers meet
Men cleared a surrounding rubbish to gather for ablution

My head raced in wondered at the utter confused wrestling
The mayhem that is existence attending most Sabon-Geris

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Encounter

From weathered to bare bone went our love
Thread it was hung, stretched too far, broken
That was that day we went our separate ways
And till date remain only strands of your hair
The depress side you once slept
Still I harbour no regrets
For, to regret is
To long to have it back: which would be
To placate the dramatizing heart
But sensible head has my vote
For head knows romantic illogicality
Head harbour eyes, see directions
Head where sense resides reads signs right;
Knows I tasted all you could give to hilt
Knows I should be happy and contented
Knows better to live the sweet sensuous lingering
Than Let heart lure me back to alternating genie.

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Failure Is

Be in lock down
Cloud of darkness
Petitioning
In hope
Without sweat
In divine name
For a glimpse
Of sunshine

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Familiarity

Where best to lay down
Heaviness of our troubles than friend's heart
Yet sometimes no worse enemy

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Fela Anikulapo Kuti

Fela Anikulapo Kuti, spoken of in delight and decadence:
Fela Anikulapo of many smashing and shapely maidens;
Fela: the smoker of hemp; whistling and whispering,
Fela: the fatal Slater, causing too deep a wound.
Fela: as to Ifa god, to many, his place, the Devine,
Fela: maestro, awesomely so, still is, has been; eternity is.

The colossal and hideous death he fought:
It is finished, many, miserably felt and wept,
Among them, whom truly he loved and loved by,
Heavenly rest and peace, wished him, resignedly.
For many evilly others, the maestro tugged and ripped,
Good riddance their relief: for, no one has yet vanquished death.

But death do not be smirking; you have conquered,
For fela was born an anikulapo - who pocketed you at birth,
An immortal, the gods invested to choose the time and path to decay:
Point in time to pick to rests his bones and shed his feeble flesh;
So his fruits - femi and I - ready and ripened, with our felt-tips sharpened,
Can, as has shown in news and shows, carry on the struggle: and he, lives on.

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First-Time In Love

The spark of first-time in love is large:
The weirder and wonderful...incredible,
The brilliance the momentum; the allure
Feelings like twinkly ripple on still water;
Patch of light illuminating deep shadow
Like spirit of peace to the troubled mind
Like remarkable craft engraved by charm:
Every moment savoured like no tomorrow.

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Fitting

Her circumstances must be changed for better
As stance to honour who she is
The outcome of her deeds powered by her abilities
Framed within what she has cooked, her mindset
Be the contentment of her soul
Take away the lullabies that condemned her
Replaced by ululation roused by her deed
This tender giant-half the world without is not
To shed the cloths her parents doused her mind
That she be the receptor, the defecated bin
To await the spoilt recalcitrant other homo
With unending demands never to be allayed

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Forest Dance

Great cloud of black smoke
Signalling the expected eruption
A fearful awe inspiring spectacle
Tearing along slightly astern
As the spirit of the occasion warmed
My blood went tingling with fear
Short jabbing flame flailed
Like a roaring inferno as men in a circle
And as if united by invisible wire, dance
And one in frenzy hop and skip on the fire
And is cracked by one then other with whiplash
The picture stayed engrained in my brain
To make me marvel what manner of men
Sorts who make merriment of death and pains

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Forgotten Transgression

This is the tale of a people of same race and descent
Of people nice, kind, beautiful, pleasant and amiable,
Welcoming all with kolanuts, with water, and prayers
To fall prey; gorged, robbed blind, eyes wide shut, by
Guest fiends like friends conquerors, famished to hurt:
As the maiden watered; washed and wiped their feet
The youths guzzling; dazzled by their wonders and signs;
The aged sweet-tooth, contented in stupid stupor greed:
All lulled are sooner bounded led off in fetters and chains
Millions unaccounted for, lost to savages; high sea slayers
The few tough and resilient who survive the animal ordeal
Are landed in far lands death are blessings for their tortures
Survivors ultimately bear bands left lost, homeless, rootless
Who give to summoning up what life was, in feteing or books

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Garki Village

Tucked away
Out of sight
In the relative quiet
Suburban outskirts
But part of the inner city;
At times vividly colourful
Other times esoteric: Here
Life is lived precariously
With high doses of passion
With instinct for zest and follicle
With people in love with danger
So often locked in marriage;
In dance of nightly cultivated rituals
Of eating food like in dump and sterile
Dowsed in beers laughter rising in waves:
Garki drudgery pit hole churning gold
Garki of people and animals in drags
Tucked to neighbours among most rich
Garki is home to throng of unhappy lives
Garki, is a village drowning in Abuja's smog

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God?

Whenever the ill wind blows
And, I'm caught in my sea of troubles
When I get tempestuously out of control
Something has supremely always stared me right.

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Gone, To Get Dusted

So her season arrived when she came a natural
Gorgeous copious joyful Eunice Titilayo Ogunleye
Grew a ripened, fruity, gusty and jokey cynosure
Her years clocking; mate, kids and kin she amassed
Deaconess Christiana Olomola she now has passed
Her time as her deeds, as will all, done and dusted.

**

Her transiting rips our guts, whipping with whys
Searching like by children answers self-evidential:
For as spells are times like what else come as go;
To the Beings, death was made to season of birth
To plants; time to sow, plough as portion to pluck
As times with her brought laughter so now tears

Up from this sink and stab we must dust and dab
For bewails in howls and hues was not her thing.

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Gurara The Grandeur Fall

How often my mind reminisces
The alluringly hypnotic splash
The gentle streaming effervescence
The sonorous bamboo orchestration
The birds in happy dance twittering
The calls of the Minas and baboons
The sweet sounds of the frogs croak
The settings so like sweet aroma of bliss
Just mind blowing the colourful multihued
Such splendour, delight and idyllic consign
Diamond is not sufficient when compared
Surely Gurara must be nature's extant lure

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Hand Of God

To morning, is the awake to the wonders of sunrise
Soothingly the sun rises to apportioning degree of shine
Giving way to dusk as hours of darkness nears to surround
And nature Knocks on door of the moon who bids her time
Times, ventures at days but mainly dish-out shines to nights
If loathing, must, as she would go, as with dawn comes lights

To all these are compliment of sky's cries, dripping earth wet
Sometimes torrential; and the world scared out of her wits
Furious gliders; of waters, sky and land wiping their sight clear
Engagements planned thrown in disarray, some hearts broken
Bricks of faultily fine foundation, impudently standing, cleared
Rivers, streams, their sisters swell with pride no qualms bursting

The sun, the sky's dwelling relatives in turns pays its tributes
Oft, greeted with delight, lives brightened and berthed in light
Soothing as it suits her and dancing in sparkles of unending heights
As, also floating voltages to her heart content following all tributaries
Same channel that can loll devastation; land laid bare miles upon miles
At such naked soil, at sultry noon, bleeding heads are bound beat retreat

But it was not always at origin this disparaging; was handy, beneficial;
The rains came so the tillers of land did their tilling effortless no pains
Seasonally when she left bid them abundance, feasts and love farewell
And the sun caring showered the shines of healthy greenery to the plants;
Ever present except at nights, when the rain cried; which oft were evanescent
Human ever so greedy boiled a brew that clouded everything then fluorescent

segun Johnson Ozique

Happiness

Memories ought be mementos to-
Whirl for slipups aches craves and glees
Today-tomorrow must never touch

segun Johnson Ozique

Happy In The Morning

I see days gone by as by
Days filled with moaning
With misery trampling joy
A continuous daily battle to
Clear eyeballs glazed by tears
Until a wand came to rescue
Making all morning glorious
Days seen brightly and lovely
Daybreaks made confident by
A grey fete wrapped in misery
Masked in the daily mouthful of gin
Fast-tracking a doomsday deferred.

segun Johnson Ozique

Haven

Like stuck in the mud they consigned us to standstill traffic, hours unend
Not bothered that we scratch and scrap daily, faithful feed for ever hungry family
Here the frustration of who really is sane in this insane universe
Got me reminiscing

What good is this sanity as has it defined to me?
Where I have invested in sweat and toils decades and score of lifetime
When I only can live of equal to neighbours in dreg and misery
To social strata bottled in wild wilderness of squalid state of being

Daily we lined same route, like now squeezed and stranded in a frightful frypan-
like vehicle
Same faces I see daily to soon regenerating lines of offspring as we soon may
pass on in misery
Inches from us as we waited with impunity our passages is condoned for very
important personality
Line we must not cross drawn by men and women, puns of our stock dressed
behind guns, shields, and tanks
Who left their families at twilights to wait in guard for hours while one in question
folicks and fondles family
Men and women manned by superiors who mapped streets and neighbourhood to
point the arms
To kill, possibly, their families-fathers, mother's, wives, husbands, brothers,
sisters, children who defy the line

Beyond the divided line between caged and prison warders was a third party, a
lone ranger
Tartered, unkept who feasted on our misery, a Bonnie, like child watching clowns
at a circus
I imagined what planet the loner was, perhaps a good place to rest from the
groping of this one
A place possibly of utopia transcendental where one can sail transitionally
A lodge it seems could offer loophole of perfect route to insane escape to dream
land
Where happiness has no chance of collision with partiality, exploitation or tyranny
A planet of freedom, not of clinging, like here, where though clinically dead, we
hold on to hassling life support
An escape from this world where the measure of status are defined by who owns
the best oppressive means

Where superiority is the ability to carelessly and murderously be able to weave
through crowd in singing motorcade
By them who sit or partner those sitting on the throne and rule by iron fist
padded in democratic counterfeit gloves

Please don't come looking for me if you hear I have taken a trip to this other
planet

To find insanity, some perfect imperfection, the ideal kingdom

A universe not of ours, not of this animalistic wilderness of thugs and thorns

Don't go sending your doctor's, psychologists, spiritual witches and wizards who
would restrain and put me in chains

Let me be in my happiness, like this Bonnie in a world unconcerned, no cravings,
senseless - of unaffected bliss

segun Johnson Ozique

Heal Thyself

I wonder why this is
That when it comes to my profession,
I can off the specks, and put the sparks in people's eyes
But can't do nothing; take out the log off mine: that is;
As a writer, neither can I, properly, cup my tea, sorry, cross my 'T'
Nor dab my eye... erm... dot my 'I.'
But like you can see, I do try

segun Johnson Ozique

Heaven On My Mind

Feelings of fever of desire bared down at me
With aching back and longing groins
And object of my fever? A flavescent flower
Made sweetly appealing, scintillatingly desirous
By the devastating consequence of a downpour
That with no warning pelted the market arena
To have all heels in pellet to the nearest shade
And as the mighty sweep of heavens weep by us
Her clothes clingingly hugging her contour, I feel my
Love bump swelling fast, my heart, doubly racing
My mind dancing on the possible barrel eruption from
Chiselling and pawing of her pinkly channel of splendour
My hands dug deeper in my pouches, adjusting my shame
Aside only the churning state of my mind, I suffered alone
Or not, as I suspected she felt a faint hint of my tingling
For she looked back sneered then moved a measure away

segun Johnson Ozique

Hope

Morning birth-bathed in sunshine bright and beautiful
Yet yesterday mourned shadow gloomed forbodingly pregnancy
The tell-tale faithfulness of tomorrow will bring tomorrow

segun Johnson Ozique

Hope, Wish, Dream

Having been knocked
More than I can count
My head says to give up
But my heart just won't:
Ever holding on,
That got me thinking;
Of dreams and wishes:
So close in implication,
As,
Time and again, far to reach.
Still,
Since dream is free,
Hope,
Gives me courage
To dream, again.

segun Johnson Ozique

Hunted

I saw the lightening, and then thunder
And everyone made haste for the inner stable
Touched to make way, brought me back from recall
And I prayed the god to fill the empty void in heart

My window shows the surrounding hills on that day
The trees, dark mysterious, off darker green
Moving father off, the houses huts in brownies
Mud, palm trees, rafter tach, gradually replaced

The vehicle squiggle up the top of the height
Ricketily, clangorously, groaningly, labouringly
Bellowing from the exhaust obscured the rear view
Some we taste and choked

So many households emptying of able-bodied youths
All in haste to clean out their forefather's footprint
What would happen to the time, tide and stories?
Heard and told under tree and around burn fires

Some say someday we still may sing them
Able to relight the fire with foreign films and strings
Restoring the lingering desire of deserted hearts
And bring succour to those in foreign lonesome dead bed

But you can't, I said, sit on foreign mat to break the palm kernel
To eat, milk and taste the creamy crux and its juicy flavour
To felicitate and greet the crawling cricket and other neighbours
Banish minor ailments by plucking and picking fruits off trees

No. I know I'll forever be lost
For without them; my past, my sylvan sustenance
I'll never be me; never can be nursed
Not by the foreign crappers, beam and gleam or tar

segun Johnson Ozique

Hurray, Ivie Is Born

Oh Lord your name be praised on this Newsday
Making me a witness to grand new baby's dawn
Forgive my absence at the crowning, not being there
When at their instance you cement as two in one, dears
Magnificently cultured souls, two folks, crossed as saints
Who now step up the generation, to His glory, no strains
Mercifully, opting these lovely two penned in golden ink
Then I pray Ivie Enehita Ozique shall carry, in glory, the link
Then to people of good heart and thoughts here and there
To you citizens who delights in joy; Ivie of happy-days is here
Remember her in all your assemblage when in bow to pray
For she needs the strength to be the opening anchor in play
Good-Lord please make her a good chief by your protection;
Path she has untie, your good hand piloting added in affection

segun Johnson Ozique

I Dare You Woman

The natural ontological make of mankind is creativity
Every human, aspiring to transform their world
Exploiting, exploring ever new possibilities
Searching for richer, fuller prosperities
To which they can relates and accept
But to which they must be cautious
A task, they must, with care, perform

That is why, woman, you must act, and now, you must
React you must to transform your environment
Tear down the wall, the shackles and cuffs
The manacles, the fangs, the battalions
That is perpetually in wait to keep you caged

Yes you do have your doubts
Yes you do have your hopes
Yes, your seeing of the other side maybe skewed
You seeing only the perception of the limitation of you
Based on your religions, beliefs, laws and all the other baggage and bandages

But must, you must still, everyday and under every circumstances
Strive to use materials at your disposal
To perform, overcome and recreate history
To impel, negate and reorder the present order

Rather than be seen and do remain submerged
In the culture of silence, of see and tell no evil, live and let live
Accepting conscious perception of unreality
Paternalistic submission to god and subject relationship
Remaining the docile pun of the mankind

Dare you, I say, to struggle to become free subjects
To participate in the transformation of your society
To provide the world with insight that is limited by wars and warring
To chart the path of a new world order, new models
New hopes, new face, new response, new consciousness
Encouraging your others to be educated
To become socially, politically, and economically conscientise

But much more, dare you I say to un marginalize you
Dare you to scratch where and when you itch
Dare to be curious, be conscious, to aspire
Dare you avoid being sucked into the pitfall of dehumanization
Dare to emblazon your arrival, to take power and,
Unearth an appropriate neuter or rename 'Being' womankind.

segun Johnson Ozique

I Wish To Be

I wish to be better Christian, be virtuous: Perfection
To open my eyes to His Glory; His Mercy, Holiness and Grace
Quench my thirst for elevation, and purification: Precision
Nourished spiritually to starve the hunger to praise Him all my days

Wish to sing to the world, on rooftops, His praises
Of His presence and spirituality in all human knowledge
Recount to all listening ears His joy, miracles and ways
His saving earth, from man turning it the devil's sewage

To comfort all in famine, say; He'll do as He said He'll do
And to all who thirst; to your ability will be His downpour
But to all who remain in denial, blasphemous; be in dread
All; He'd apportion according to deeds, for all evil He abhors

Be patience all in need; desirous, under the weather, or fatigued
He feeds the birds; cloths the grasses, wont see you strike your toe
You, to whom He assigns the majestic privilege of His semblance,
His promise stands as in creation; everyone to be rewarded to toll

segun Johnson Ozique

If

At the mirror before me, I see the shrivelling showing
I can hear the champing, the crunching, the burp
I can feel the slabbery, the yanking...the anguish
I can taste the bile, sensation and power of the spreads

It crawled upon me without warning at a beach cave
It was a lovely, dry, warm and cosy walk-about glorious day
I never thought twice on what needed be done when
Our eyes met and I suggested we go for a walk

It was the natural thing to do when we ended the season intimately
He looked such a delight, fun, warm, and healthy guy to doubt
Wouldn't have mattered; never saw me, so young-fallible, never had
Forethought, epidemic, immoralities are stuff pandered to dull zest

But then with just that one infirmary visit, those words came alive
The clinician very unpleasantly unbuttoned my buttoned head
Contractually contriving me to begin administration to manage the contracted
I refused though, my healthy looks reinforcing the last amber of invisibility

But now I'm beginning to look and feel frailly and feebly funny
Wishing: If only I could retune, take back, the hands of the clock
And have the temptingly alluring packaged misdirected, redirected
If only there was a remedy to quench the gobbler inside of me...if...

segun Johnson Ozique

Imagine2

Imagine you -who want to live forever, imagine
Weathering today's strains and constrains
In hope for a pregnant tomorrow and tomorrow
Expectation hinged on another day, a better day
Another day as is known will come as has forever been

Imagine just you alive, all others, gemmates, dead
Crops of youths with you the only multi-old
Cohabiting, jostling for space and breath
Generation of kindred, eyes enviously on you
You, the one who selfishly forever refuses to go

Imagine the vision of the great-grand, you
A living ghost besides the freshly dug grave of:
In tow, to be buried, another of your loins
In passage: Gory imagination, I suppose
Except for those, resolved to live forever

But of what use is living for ever; when,
Whole life is only intercepted with
Wakes as with sleeps in sameness?
Activities crisscrossing in drudgeries
Nothing as new, as, not seen before
What essence is there in such living?

To this, I am contented to say; all I want is a nourished
Imagination of me, in brief passage, but fulfilled age:
Of me who has in my time here, fully has made doubly sure
That every footprint to every step, dewily marked, indelibly;
Is as moon that has lightened the path of everyone I crossed.

segun Johnson Ozique

In Vogue

Come trudge with me in jumble rubbles

Layers of construction erectile greed

Aroused as the funds sack went busted

To initiate a city center built on eggshell

Come listen to preached ephemeral;

That past pregnancy is today's dawn

A resourceful developmental memorial

To propel the good that new age brings

But the troubled in meddling in mud

Or grease while adorned in white is like

Taking to flight, and riding on feather, that

If ever caught in whirling wind, is troubled

Same as oversight to evolutionary warning

That such despoliation offers no pasture new

But being only drummed to the hard to hear

Be sure disaster, inevitably loom next season

segun Johnson Ozique

Indulgence

My life is of burdensomely drudgery
I need an adventure, something exciting
To take my mind away from my dreary scribbling
What shall I do? Something off the cuff

Then, there before me was this vast, dark and mysterious bounty
Beautiful, luscious, inviting, irresistible, I was salivating
Count down to a thousand, reason, my sixth sense cautioned
But you are a man, my indulgent sense exploded
Made of flesh of ego, supremely created
With foresight to pregnant tomorrow
Laden with the hope of today
The pre-eminent over lives on earth and beneath
Licensed to pursue glories with furiosity
Commander of waking interspaced with sleep
Captain of ancestors, kindred and races
To whom every space and head curtsy
To whom, of whom which, what, why
Shall there be that, which the man can't have?
What then is the joy of living?
If restrain or fear dictates the joy of existence
In this space age and time
Of competition, expeditions and adventurism
With chariot of live so bountifully laden

But if by deeds we realise, sixth sense through inner life intercepts
That the flesh, blood and bones of being
Is but just a chariot delicately balanced on two unstable pods
Skeleton enveloped in delicate film, perishable
Tugged and pulled by unreasonable ego
But surviving on tools of caution and reasons

But who wants to live forever
The indulgent implored
Only through the excitement, exhilaration
The light and inner spark
The quest, the dare, the drive
Can the ego live its prime?
Any other, is nothing, but dull, dull, dull

The answer was thus laid bare
I was born to win, to dare
Delightful characteristics veiled by caution
But now, touched by the Midas, the spark of life
Must, I shall exercise this freewill

Mechanically, my legs began to move
But every step accompanied by groans
Of death beats, tree cords and wine
Suddenly, there was a rustling somewhere
That made the aromatic death-damp dry up
With fear of uncertainty gripping my belle pit
I am a man after all, fallible
Too late to reason, dear, sixth sensed admonished
Nobody lives forever, indulgence responded
I want to live for a time, I thought
No one time runs forever, was the retort
The movement of sweat was felt
Trickling down my armpit and back
Then came tightness in my chest
I heard, rather than saw the vulture hovering

segun Johnson Ozique

Inexplicable Feelings

It is not only
The things you care about
That thug at you
But now and again
Things you think you hate as well:
Case in point; I hate this country
I hate the carefree freedom
I hate their smiles
I hate their ceaseless appetite
For everything fascinating
And I hate being fascinated by it
I can't stand their music
I can't stand the underground
Brightness of their light
Hate my dream is always of them
Dreaming I want all they have
Dreaming I wishing I was them:
Doesn't it sound just depraved?
That I constantly am struggling
Against all that fascinates me?

segun Johnson Ozique

Initiation Rite

It was a night the alabaster got nurtured full
In the clove; shapeless carving watchtower
Nerves tingling with dreads; expectations
Pregnant with promises, ecstasy, surrender
Like in the quietness and eeriness of grave
Lingering listening to catch every creak or crow
Unsure of the how, when, start, the cross-over
What monster or angel lay in wait in the hood?
Yet soon swept by an order; swiftly but silently
And without consciousness of act, filled out
To bond in the manly dance of the moonlight
Clout soon turned starry, merry not indignant
As I, the rest, hopped and skipped with puzzles
Till at full moon like a burst we got, all popped

segun Johnson Ozique

Inspiration

I write often pen plus
When track of darkness brings me light
When words and world collide.

segun Johnson Ozique

Iviese Enehita, Prayers

Enehita, today, still I gaze endlessly: Stunning.
Like a wind, wanderer, I sit wondering of stuff:
Of how would be your first sets of giggles;
Of your first jiggle, wiggle, waggle, or grind;
Of your first chuckle, cackle, chortle or drool.

Ose, sweet cherub semblance: Heavenly star;
Swelling planet as counterpart dot blissful sky,
Joy omen as equivalent shine away shadows,
The immobile dancer of high sounding shrills;
Worthy, I toast to your timely grabbing a space.

Ivie, I rejoice to the many gains, pluses; your lot;
To a land my entreaty, never scratched, mutilated;
To a home in a land, my plea, never be scorned;
To a religion, my hope, your fortune ever fulfilled;
Sound destiny bound by prim, pride and poise, I pray.

segun Johnson Ozique

Jimoh Obatoyinbo Junior's Glorious Call

True grace delights in friendship dear and rare
J. O. J was the cool-cat; graceful as friend he was indeed
Until the hamattan stripped him of his cover, lifeless
Jim; effusive, elaborate, and doting he remained to friends
Brash and brazen he stayed to vane and counterfeiters
Jim, never shy; was political with sharp-lashing tongue
Sometimes tongue turned two edge anyone, unsheathed
Sober, sometimes coldly and shrewd on business dealings
Yet, never the puritan, money he made he spent to spoil
Among peers, a star; jet strike and style were his strides
Nothing would have therefore be more reeling, perplexing
Than hear large Jim; an apostle, the evangelist of life, dead
Laying bare, exposed, the rot beneath life's hidden veneer
That riches can render hope and refuge to health, titanic lie
Exposing wealth, a Pharisee, peacock, descendant of Lucifer
Failing, deserting when needed, brewing with the enemy
Broil innocent Jim was stifled, to wreath and wretch end:
So snatched, Jim left countless broken and troubled hearts
Exiting as did at such unholy hours sucked, like by a vacuum
What choice, he is departed, though hard like bile to swallow
We are consoled he was stolen a saint travelling heavenward.

segun Johnson Ozique

Kilfud-Yoking

Sweetheart, you can go shop for the poor all you want
In fact, you may go global mountaineering whole year
Even go sighting and ardour the world in marathons
Or, camp all year in Kenyan choice-zoo to save the forest:
Gather all races to frenzy in hips, hops or jazz to raise money
Or corner the banks, stabbing at their heel for their cache
You can safari to the wild, with no water or food, in stoicism
Or, climb on, as dare, on a stallion not tamed, a ferine
Or circle across oceans, resting between channels for attention
If you wish, do more, much more for the course of your heart
Break a leg, at break neck doing it, but, do so at your expense;
For you won't fund my course of beach lying all day, to save the sea.

segun Johnson Ozique

Killing The Environment In Bits

I have pondered how to tell this to the world?
How best to make them listen?
How to make them see?
To make them know?
Get them to pay attention?
How to poke, prude and jolt them from their ease?
How much decimal to up my shrill to be heard?

I wondered to make the world know-today's disasters was yester years planted
When desertification, blasts, was made to eat the hills, grasslands and risings
Barrenness tolerated to sleep side by side our seas and lands
And the birds in flight yanked, raped and impregnated with
Toxic and hybridise germ-cell that at present has hatched
Propagating, spreading all sorts' disasters of unnaturalness
To places where no one thought it could possibly fan-out

I mused on how to make the world make out as I have
That it was, is that ceaseless drilling of our pot of black oil
That it was, is that mega careless hacking of the trees
That it was, is, that persistent chase and plague of the seas;
The embattlement, carnage done daily and with devices of doom
That is today, as would be tomorrow, ours and offspring's' woes and troubles:
Having weighed my telling options, here I write, to a world myopic by greed?

segun Johnson Ozique

Laughter

To what eternal secrecy lies this mirth's magic
As feeding anger with laughter and it titters
Or stripping life of its laughter and it withers
Remedy nature enchantingly nurtures such twists?

Laughter is Life's twirl full of love and grace
Spring God fills with happiness dusk to dawn
Raw wit that brings refreshment to dreariness
Divine spring to drought on the wings of angels

Anger in Being is devil's squeaky work place
Anger fill the rational with bile of irrationality
Anger is the fuel that lights vile self-indulgence
Yet stroke anger with hilarity and reason returns

Life in all nature withers in state stiltedly stressed
Life always tilts in weighing scales in state of haze
Life finds no meaning left to wonder in wilderness
Life at such state always still finds laughter as food

segun Johnson Ozique

Letting Off Steam

In times of yore, then in the days of our teens,
Owned a friend who, an okapi, named Bala Fanz.
Oft disappearing with all sorts of oily girls in jeans;
I was not of same endowment, courage, but fancy.
So, oft I wait on end to share his secrets in trade;
But he was so minimal so wearisome with his tales.

Tales he told in gasps, beguilingly but frustratingly very;
Short dose and measures; pasted dreamily in verses;
Habitually of six or sometimes worse; four at a time.
O, such denying egotist! Wanted to bring roof on him,
So another day not able to clasp it, I let go, full blast;
BAWLED; TELL ME MORE, ALL OF IT, AAHH, BAL.....LARD

segun Johnson Ozique

Life

Six feet deep ends it-
Leveller of stride or strife of life
Journey began in the womb

segun Johnson Ozique

Life1

Swimming without aids
Tough grind and grit bring changes
Merit acknowledges

segun Johnson Ozique

Like A Dot On The Spectrum

Like a dot on the spectrum of time
We are here today, gone tomorrow
Yet we spend much time singing
Song, the origin, we know not
Letting ourselves be blown like butterfly
Living out messed wedding of time
Of convenience that will see us mark
Our time in the wedlock, matching aimlessly
Like the marauders, plundering future wealth
Sowing nothing: waking to work at dark hours
When we should be craving for the sun and
Bearing names our forefathers named us

segun Johnson Ozique

Loneliness

In cloud of greyish mist I rose awoke
The sun came to bathe away the mood
Yet inexplicable state of knottiness stayed
Squeezing away at my heart and hope
But then the balmy air haloed with birds
Flying, roving in drove to the rule of the sky
The sight, the flight, the drills such thrilling
Spectacle I watched as if held spellbound;
Unshackling my fears and joy held bound
Regeneration, renewing fibre of my hope
Like heart touched, by angel; mine divinely lifted
Something illusionary maybe, yet sweet it was
My masquerade to dull: drown my potent pains
Of longing, dreams, wants and hope to limbo:
The birds had seized my heart: damping my
Depression, rerouting my sense and impression

segun Johnson Ozique

Love

What is like to love?

Beyond the dialectic dauby of the eyes?

Beyond the swells, the appetitive lure to drool

Her heel, her helm, her wig; her phenomena attires

Beyond his sunny groom, the good sense of outfits; naturedly

Sweet, single, smart and solvent; the spark of salivating fantasies

Is it to loose yourself, unbridled?

To dwindle and waddle in daydreams

In recollection of what was

Or the wish of an hopeful prospects to dot on

Is it to forego your health and wreath?

Devoting your being to love solely?

Is it to feel being disconnected, lost?

Not just in reverie but capabilities

Is it to feel in needs

To grow ravenous every time you are not with love,

Resolution not to grow weak clobbered

Is it not, not to see the true world, only your way

As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,

And though loving, selfishly stirred; then when love pales

gnashing and grieving for the squandering past,

The years that can no more be regained?

Is it to spend long days

And not once feel that the time is wasted?

Is it not, not to be immured

In the prison of the present worship, keep it going for months

Next and next to the next with knavery promises?

Is it to suffer, if need be

And feel half, and feebly, loved:

But deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull optimism of a change someday?

Is it more, less or none of these?
It is, I think I know, - all of them: when we
Selflessly love; no gain, some pains, a million sparkles
The willing sacrifice of our old self
To see the world in colours of mortal, foible
And live ever to praise, never to blame

segun Johnson Ozique

Love Alchemy

Have you ever really felt truly treasured?
Feel the passion of being truly involved
With all else banished, for your pleasure
Passion that is truly delightfully déjà vu

You object of adoration dear above money
Where taste lives in harmony as bud to honey
Where trust is sprawled in boundless space
And lover's hearts string chords at same pace

Not like poverty and palace vaulted in spell wand
Like two occupying same space hostility bound
Or like two caged in marriage law clawed under
That, lacking chemistry is sooner shored asunder

So, show me peaceful home not leverage on love
And I'd point to its crest; hawk and poisoned dove

segun Johnson Ozique

Love Was You

Back in the journey of time I went once again
Back to the creaking bed of you, I, four legs, one heart
To the time when no nights or day passed in vain
To a time so strong was the feeling returning home to you, was
Of joy in pail of drunken happiness, cherry bounce and oloroso
To the time weary days were white washed by your thirty-two greats
To the warmth, in ice temperature, only kitten eyes harbours
To the days of envelopment by two potently developing projectiles
To...you must remember, the kitchen scenes of loving affection
The spar on choice of what to cook, the greasy mess after, ... yuk;
Meal that always came out good, tasty, and luxuriously loaded
O, you must remember well too, the rituals of the bed berth
Of the tugs of pillows, the throws, the toss and wrap around morning after
Of long hours of small pleasant talks on trifles as if being transported in galaxy
Of those tormenting cradle song laced with hunting devotion and desire
But, the love of you was not of need; to have had you, just having you; was all
And as I bid you farewell and God's speed in your fresh life journey
I want to thank you for so mealy and delightful a time; was, like a blessed toast

segun Johnson Ozique

Malaria

Shackled, I am and bed-ridden: A
Broken crown; they bruised my rein
These tiny flying stabbing nuisances
Minuscule creature, slap tap or clap kill.
I was not quick to their devilish intentions;
I dallied to have their toxic injected in me;
Such to make me now, shaking like a leaf;
My hotness shooting way outside my roof;
Such like my head has had mortal installed;
With a pestle designed to pound non-stop;
And my nostril stuffed by blockading catarrh:
Such that nothing I have had or could have;
Would fend off their invading venomous bugs:
Making me now find me in sludge, neck deep.

segun Johnson Ozique

Miserable Happiness

The world, people, have a rethink, is not in good health
Despite what you see; the many developments in wealth
Her sick soul, be afraid; fear, may soon pass away
Regardless of her funding and founding long-life Alchemy

We, the family of the discontents, grief; our cries torrential
Buckets-full grief often destructive for the blocked channels
Pails and pails are our grief for today's freezing baker's oven
We grief, even when sun gives way to nightfall, for the forests chopped

Nigerians, her people, are told to stay happy though
For theirs is a country of the happiest people on earth
Whose grief are held in check by apocalyptic powered happiness
Must they be when the spring of their delight is shrouded in darkness?

Who would help the world children be parents again?
I pray for a helping hand to unchain their future, now mortgaged
A lion to help quench their taste as the sea burns in flare
A galloping whale to the rescue; to help stop motors grinding their wells

segun Johnson Ozique

Mogadishu Fish Market

As the sun marches on, shortening shadows
Smoothly they come with the fading light
But soon raves and rant fill the air
Signalling the start to the homo-sapiens fish feast
In the thick of the free flowingly smoky haze
Damsels dance about adorned alluringly to attract
The sea of the city ravenous dwellers
Whose yearning, taste and thirst are filled to full
By the magical sapid the fish banquet can make good
Even children little as one-year old filed in tow
All deeds done and bottom dusted, homes they head
Such is the mystic of the rich fish rituals of Mogadishu

segun Johnson Ozique

Most Creative Wonders Of All

Ill prepared and dazed was my mind set; confused:
Genuine nonplus; short of intelligence deficiency:
That she man cleverly condemned to Mann the pans and pots
Her gender God bequeathed the world's most creative wonders

It was my witness to dawn; to glorious regeneration
The credence, caught the flow of my blood frozen
My Chi left stumped in extreme stutter:
A beholding, marvel and an infinite sense of awe

This feelings still, to which I have no name
That scene and sensation of no analysis
Took complete possession of my soul
No experiences of bygone had still explained

Or all engine search of knowledge not turned futile to clarify
To which therefore my submission; that
Conception and birth remains wisdom
Unexplained: A secret solemnity of a true genie.

segun Johnson Ozique

Motivation

It could seem preposterous road
Grinding guarantees you be the trump as
Success rides on worthwhile perspectives

segun Johnson Ozique

Muse At Dawn

Amazing is the frame
Of mind of mine
That tales of my days
My life like in slate reflective;
My existence I see in slides-
In echo verve moldering;
Of the child that I once lived
The, should have been youth
The wishful wished adulthood
And now, what I see of me;
A man with chopped head on
A butchers unsteady prods
Let to roll caught in fatal twirl
Heading to hell's gate
All, flashing in the stillness of
First light when my head drags
My body and all limbs to wake:
Such is the complexity to which
I struggle to arouse my mornings

segun Johnson Ozique

My Contention

Ours must be, of the most lamentable delusive generations
Mother earth has yet witnessed: For, we are as ever, so
Instituted with the notion of, the thinking, the adventure,
The unconscious pining for a more realistic life; of progress,
Of millenarian age of new dawn, of endless expansion
Of projections, advancement; in pursuit of maximal
Social and economic growth:
In the pursuit, of the most vulgar, free societal ideals; of freedom;
Of free will:
And why?
Because we are convinced, ours is of the time,
Tagged, modern:
Same way, technology once meant fire and clothing
Or modernization was railways, canals, bridges, electricity,
Telephones and airplanes and as, ...
As now, we rejoice over the exotic internet and globalization:
Us, all silly cooties and copy cats, Yes, stupid generation we are. For all we do is;

Piggy back as those other before us piggy backed and fed on the academic
scribbling of years
Of unoriginal sweat of those before them:
Why are we sooo...
So blind and taken in by this delusion of evolution; a momentary
Betterment, waiting to be bettered by some other crazier generations?
Really, why can't this age...my age, yours too
Simply accept the anti-modernization jihadists', the fervency
Communitic; all of them... who plea for;
A return to the lucidly primordial age, the medieval world
Of the Spartan Homo sapiens, the spirit of being one with;
In kind and in tune with nature, to live the austere abandon;
Like...like animals!
But wait a minute, like animals? I do reconsider, ...God forbid.

segun Johnson Ozique

My Homeland

I am not happy with today's state of affairs
The way things are cloaked in mysteries
Whole comeliness of a nation in shadows
Our harmonious livelihood dishonored, soiled
Our top heads marooned in seas of icy waters

The ones that have come around to the house
We douse in clowns' aprons, shoved in the kitchen
Dishing grim humourless tongues; masterly crafting;
Painting woefully desolate situation in bright bold print
To make all we see as obviously utterly awful, divine

I plea for the power of a sterner will with a tough shell
In the power which man can rise above material dreads
To touch the inner toughened cord of the spatter spirit
To sprinkle about goodness, pen the smothering of virtue
So the blur mysteries of our pains can be made plain to cure

segun Johnson Ozique

Myself

Diminishing more,
And more,
I now have come,
To face the folly,
Of my preoccupation,
With me,
Myself;
And,
I.

segun Johnson Ozique

Mysterious Is The Woman

Nothing but mysterious is the female gender
Those whom in life in illusion tagged
The weaker sex;
Who snappily can go bowling,
Tears-blotched faced at light aggravation,
And like creeper plants,
Clingy to any accessible piggy back partners
Domesticated by pampering,
No willpower; swallowed by the male thorn
Yet hell would see no fury like such females
When their offspring are at risk
For in grimace of fiery fury,
They would bite and batter the way to safety
Greater than thunderous tremor
They would squeal and scream for help
Speedy and faster than speed of jet,
Would dart and dash in haste to aid
And daringly with no aid,
Capable of lifting log
Or logging tones of cargo to rescue.
Yet, when they have calmed the storm,
Are as tender and as peaceful as heaven.
Which makes me wonder,
Of the manner and nature, of the female gender?

segun Johnson Ozique

Nature Would Revenge

Greedy prospectors had long
Done their deeds in exploitation
For love, lust and insatiable appetites
No one remembered these looting
Or remembered underground craters left
Deep holes enough to shift the earth
Created by centuries of careless ventures
Forgotten human may, but not nature
That today without warning, realigning itself
Releasing coat of dust enveloping the land
Leaving everything in its path in devastation
And like card pack, home and lives, collapsing
The deed done and sure the cloud would clear
The cheerless wind would linger much longer
The sardonic luck of the poor would deepen
But would human learn to respect nature, to
Apologise for the misdeed, disrespect and abuse
Would memory serve us to tread much carefully?

segun Johnson Ozique

O Sickness

O, sickness you are horrifying
You are like the wicked worm
Enemy of state hail and healthy
Striving where not wanted
That hides hosted in humans
That is veiled in the raincloud
Visiting with gloom and misery
As laced with disaster and death
Your wretch in rot I want not
Take your plague, be gone be lost
Unfreeze my wings to let me wing
Sense the beauty in nature's heavens

segun Johnson Ozique

Obsession

In addictive passion driven affairs-
Such moments are not meant for thinking
As be expectation of consequences.

segun Johnson Ozique

Of Leadership2

Our present leaders this of the world may not be human: can't be
They surely can't for wanting to stay in power or come back again
And again even as qualities to guidance they thought to inspire is wanting
Still they stay hugged to headship like all dead-weight bad bed fellows;
Like principalities whose hearts are coalesce, evilly, in concrete

They cannot be human in their self-servicing pursuits
To want to again, and again, inflict year of pains and grief:
Putting whole bunch; battalion of dignified sufferers:
Already caged souls in shackles for decades
Through yet enslaved stolen mandate of tightened manacles

Undoubtedly, no such being can be said to be human
If they can endure, fellow mankind as they see, in mourn
Perpetually itching yet cannot reach to help them scratch or;
They know clearly the fellows hunger, are famished
Yet, deny them grubs, gooey or other simple basics goodies

Then times for voting, these same hostages are bombarded to avow in tow
Harried to shuffle to the square to go sing in praise of liberty never known:
Warning: though you still now can suck them sterile to resistance by
tyrannization
Beware of the pen that never crows: that may someday, will a prayer, to invoke
the spirit
Of the gods to visit you and your lineage by karma with usurpation and perpetual
unrest

segun Johnson Ozique

Of My Family Of Poets

Why do I love my family of poets?
Why do I hunger in their absence?
Why do I get transformed, wither
To a corridor zone of lovely essence
Whenever reunited in their presence

What ingredients help structure them?
Into such delicate sweetener, so ravishing
That makes my heart drool as during dialyses
Keen to smooch what next alluring libretto
In a row streaming down to slake my taste

All of which builds in my mind, the wondering;
Do I also am able to string so pleasing words;
Do I am able to design ornamental repertoire
Such pleasurable pictures the heart misses a bit;
And like my family cultivate gasp culture raptures.

segun Johnson Ozique

Olayinka Ayodele Ozique

Why do I love you and how do I love you so
First with the love of God, then no doubt mine
I think I do for your presence, essence and glow

For the faith and tolerance you have love me so
As mother to rescue; saving sinking soul, tenderly
As the tigress, gentle, meek in conquest, no gloat

Perhaps it is more; the Lord's apportionment, His sow
That you come to bring to his fold, this favoured sheep, lost
By his talent, strides God's path, reaching wild and wide, in flow

To this, other pledges you kept this far; the seed you sown
To this brother, other brethren and sisters held in your care
Your portion I pray be His distribution of good-tidings, His glory

Do not change for His glory must reach every wandering soul
Do not be weary for His grace is sufficient, supple to give you rest
Do not give up; for the salvation of humanity is shored by His posts

segun Johnson Ozique

Old Age

I grew, finely groomed
Taught the notion of the importance of good family values
Of the need to make something good of my life
A life that should transcend immediate bodily material things
And, leaving home, made society my extended family

And on her behalf, at rooftop, screaming, scribbling, scripting
An occupational hazard that apparently pitched me head on
With authority that thought I should be humble, subservient
I could not restrain me, so in shackle, they provided me a boarding
Within a wall barely 2.00 x 0.9 metres
And under a coarsish, rough, rouge and nightmarishly plight
A chunk of my life left living with moths, lice and mice
My youth defined by the many daily and nightly push-ups
But the push-ups gradually faded with age, leaving me time to ramble and
ponder
And then, my mind began to wonder and fonder
It began with the realisation of the loss of youthful years
Of the years of dreams deferred but later dumped
And once I began to go that path
I went all the down
Sliding endlessly
Not stopping till I hit the bottom
Discovering I had ran out of wind

So one day, tagged but let free
A youth quip; Nobelist, Sir, did you get reformed, you changed
I laughed; an elder's knowing chuckle
Naaa, said I, African prison don't reform you
You simply tire of punching the wind, exhausted
My fight as a youth was physical, a brawl
Now I'm aged, I engage in an adult wrestle, mentally.

segun Johnson Ozique

Oldest Profession Rebranded

Supercool, I have always been free with freedom to bow
I do love to love with the light that shines in lover's life
My inner self waiting for that true missing link-my cupid

True love resides in me, my dream to cultivating fine vegetation
I'm that music, that lovely rhythm that plays to your heart's delight
I'm that mouth full of love and laughter to lift and start your day right

I'm that crazy rosette, drop me in fertile heart to sprout in expectation
I developed more passion for fantasy of how love would come to me
Like being cloud sailing seeking to see how nature mates with man

The dust at other times blown here, there and everywhere searching
Or the fog at every ground in search of new pine-instant shimmering
I have turned the adventurer; seeker watching for knife edge emprise

But nothing I known or heard like today's youthful experimentation
Like rain that run where it cares they dress deaf and dumb to care
My loin has marked blister of my burns and encounter that starts

With our eyes meeting, theirs with deadliest of invitational stare
Mine hooked, the eyes of the cultivated after milk of young dugs
Them seeing through me my captivity like musical flowy symphony

I duly ready to be taken thier laurel like pocketed doe when beckoned
Like marble across floor I roll like shot, then locked we go, consumed
That's how the deed is done, with cash vaginally traded in fellowship

In the pretext to feed and update on wears and all they hawk and hook
In fine frontal facade of doing businesses they ring wares but in truth
Selling the nest bellow belle for short-falls to their needed necessities

Let's stop being simpleton, prostitution is today ripe and rebranded
And it always would smell of sea however we design the pea coat
We vampires need stakes in our low hearts or your kids are screwed

segun Johnson Ozique

Open Invitation

Do you pray every day through pains
Do you have endless stream of tears
Do you travel in lone roads of dead ends
Come with me to pathfinder friend of mine

Do you wake with screams of freedom?
Do you feel lost, raped, stripped of rights?
Do you suffer the indignity of inhumanity?
Come with me to one with helpful solutions

Have you gone back and forth in disaffection?
Pray someday soon death come take the pains
Tearing yourself for fate dealing you such blow
Worry no more for He has rallied in waits with aid

Open your heart ready to receive His embrace, to
The one called Jesus, the Christ of the Holy Trinity

segun Johnson Ozique

Otiti

Your place, your pinnacle pose,
Still prevails deep in my heart
Your hanged, pleasing picture;
The chic of its elegance forever
My inspiration

segun Johnson Ozique

Our Hero

The sleeping dog
Is best left snoring?
For it is best we;
Make historical slumber
Our collective harvests

Let's make a hero of him
Forget we must! Of his
Avariciousness in the land;
Deaths of children, mothers
Fathers and those we revered

Act we must!
As if he was not killed
By his poisonous bosom friend
The slicking, snickering snake
He once dined and wined with

Just keep the hero in him,
Damn historical rightness
For its been herein decreed
At the mention of his name,
Every right-thinking head shall bow

segun Johnson Ozique

Outlook

There would be some as me so bold
To challenge the taken statusquo
That I use what pen-gift I am adorned
As duty for the good of lifting society;
Obligation to see to the furtherance:
Justice and good of mankind's mind
Opening the curtain to let the light in
Glow the beam of good tiding to them
Chiefly who worry of their limitation
Groomed of finely a corrupt mindset
So leered to desires, limiting their goals
To these, here I say, lending my voice:
Though your perception seem unequal
It is a gift equally presented in all human
But invested according to individual needs
So dearth is not a matter of holed destiny;
Deprived souls are capable of highest feats
So no man should think poverty their destiny
But apply their mind to possible perfection
Which bottom-line is only human true essence.

segun Johnson Ozique

Packaged Souls

A life carefully orchestrated
Charily packaged and curtained
Within a domesticated space
Policed by offers of responsibility
And any who break such penal
Tagged, rightly, gone astray:
The new creed of our time.

The desire to dominate others;
Subjugate their wills, their power
To subservience and servitude:
Cultivate serfdom and kingdom
Is hardly unique to one generation:
Only now is a craving, different
Adding to capture mind and hearts
Is scripturally capturing the souls
With tales, heart rendering brutality
That rather the emerge to moral light
Is the plunge into deeper darkness;
Wrapped in symbolism,
Ritualism and experimentation
Hemming several into fanaticism
Various others into absolute bondage
And remaining others living lost in limbo

segun Johnson Ozique

Passage

So came the day we were in procession
Of craniums hung, bowed
Watching helplessly,
Our mildewed buds of love, fallen
Like pollen blown
On perched earth, withering
Like a dropp of rain in the desert;
Like the hot tears that challenges
A dried and fevered pit
Like seeds planted on burnt moorland
Or process pouring of water to chill a hearth

Here I memoir acting for everyone, left back, you felt affection for.
I pray, like you, it is quite simple:
Crafting it was a delight:

Seasoning, too much seasoning
Had shrivelled our petal,
Unspent, charred ether,
Sprinkling through the acreage alcove
Adieu, Itoya, we miss you like famine:
As when to earth pellet the petchary
As when, the kin's china is broken;
You, the source of desire was wrenched;
And the Pervading passion of feasting, lost.
Adieu, adieu Alabi Itoya Ejedenawe.
Though your passage was of God's while,
It was too soon: a li.

segun Johnson Ozique

Passing The Ball

Affectionate is hearty ask; mine, God I pray please protected
Circled from man must mould evil credited apportionment of the devil
Ostrich we turn, questioned; the rejected, whose portion then?

segun Johnson Ozique

Perception

The longer one lives
The more travels one has made: scenario
Seen, been in; the stranger the exploits,
The slower one is liable to pronounce;
Impossible! is this and that or such: Is,
Unlikely to cast prudence to the wind

For though truth is stranger than fiction
Is, invariable more likely to be jeered
Less likely to be believed than sham
Only folks drunk with foolishness, would
Go about being cocksure of such things
They have no ground or degree of certitude

segun Johnson Ozique

Perfect Marriage

Watching water in the sprinkle:
Fluency of the sweetening splash,
As it nourishes the soul of the soil,
Is a force of beauty of delicate sort.

Water seepage in human as sweat;
Is but cesspool to cradle holding life,
That needs an inflowing by the deep;
As life is water, like water is life.

Water, nature's leg stool of the living;
Life, the ring of existence to death;
Both, the alchemist's mix and mash;
Being will be demised without water.

segun Johnson Ozique

Perfect Marriage11

Water like crystalline
That is colourless
Colourless, tasteless
That we drink

The body is full of water
That forms life
So, water is life
As life is water

Water life
Life water
Living is dying
With no water;

Drink plenty water
To stay living.

segun Johnson Ozique

Politiking

Sometimes I just want to go out and fix it
Like I feel now, mad, watching them,
These unwanted tenants on my tube
Courting, felicitating me with their falsity?
Visibly hard to watch; yet I sit still-as they shoot their venom at me
Talking about schemes and plans I know they have abandoned?
Talking about my environment I know they have abased and abused
Talking about fortune in folds of funds I know they have misappropriated
Talking about their time I know was wasted, unproductively
Talking about the many warring I know were schemed, carried out in search for
treasures
Talking about jobs I know a large majority my mates can't find or are out of
Then they cap it – recounting as achievement, few things they were elected to
do, they did.

I am still watching but getting angrier; seething in madness
They want me to again give them the power to climb back the ladder
So, they spend another term unreachable;
God, I am mad;
But, not the placard carrying or demo madness
Not the media blabbering insanity
Neither will I go round-table mental jaw-jawing
Nor am I talking of the law courts and letters frenzy craziness
Not even the red eye, deep thought derangement
What I feel is that gutty, bottom of the belle bile churning dementia
That makes me want to shout, run naked, break things
But I won't: I shall strive, to be strong willed, as angels would,
And, armed with my vote, I shall; calmly, to my booth, hang them all dry!

segun Johnson Ozique

Post Mortem

I unbreakably meet a savoured in briefs
Looking to next meet in fond memory
Hardly ever seen the fairer in convene
And not for what it was, is and should be

No! I shall not be a weakling for a good tang.
You are saccharine, syrupy, and not sugary
You are fastidious, finicky, and not lovely
You are anything, but what I see you are

To thinking you are sweet, nice and cute
Admitting you are my gluttonish fancy object
Agreeing I make a fuss of a flightily briefs
Despite my homely, lovely and strifeless queen

segun Johnson Ozique

Profile

Pictures like serving different dishes
Nourishment to eyes like music to soul
Sprinkling life to love seed to sprout

segun Johnson Ozique

Rain, Rain Has Come Again

With the sway, swirling, hissing, haying and haling, comes;
The rapid stirring up and down ascending as if in a spate
The rain today is crooning to ears, as it drums and sings
Then the lapping and gurgling accompaniment concerto
The souging follows like bellowing of the wind
Like the whining and buzzing of the mosquitoes
With the flash glaring of the white of the eyes
The spluttering, growling, bowling and grunting...
Oh, and the followed streaming spurting yuck.
As I listened, the forty winks dodging me
I lay appraising the sorcery and source of rainwater
It's mystique, marvel and magic taking me captive.

segun Johnson Ozique

Rape Has No 'Right'-Evil

Like highway robbers of pure evil virtues
Like stranglers, harbingers of troubling sleep
Like satanic cravings from the deep boil of hell
Are paedophilic hearts in hunger for infantile.

Like deepness of sadism knowing no bounds
Like absinth that comes with sickening joy
like lost in the anomalous of cat king of rats
Are satanic bullies running loose butts to rape

Like dying made precious they rape by religion
Like death adorn depravedly they rape in gowns
Like stripping all of humanity: they waylay victims
Are among us, normal but apostles of evil, beware.

segun Johnson Ozique

Raptured

Mysteriously thrilling night without dreams
Lip and hip region butterflying and swinging
Can't say which got me

segun Johnson Ozique

Religion

As the world recline, eyes closing, feet up
Grows an enterprise couched to dehumanize being
Spinning sugary coated pills made to hack, devalue
Identity: Churning tales of wisdom in mould that
Good life is in cyst, in element to be determined
By the measure of growth, progress and survival
Within a space of how much any status is worth:
Trimming and shredding all values of affections
Dunking freedom-seeking leisure and understanding
Plugging emotional motif of dedication and respect
Metering security, autonomy, protection, preference:
Mores dumped, gone to basement; bankrupt, worthless
Meet to the new defining characteristics of education
Masked by a dagger consumerist centered toxicities
Fueled by unbridled insatiable ordered sumptuousness
A crazy domino wildfire engulfing and razing the world
To which too much blood would be needed to put out;
To stop the rotten baton being passed to those to come

segun Johnson Ozique

Religion1

The good-life; cultural fetishism of money
Has grown the monstrous myth: Internalized;
As possession of increasing number of goods
Professed by design translates to improved lives:
Much though demonstrated, has proved a respite
Breeding poverty, cruelty, redundancy, idleness
Making insecurity and hopelessness, bed-fellows
Chaining all forms of flowering human creativity:
Gone astray in the intoxication rush to belong, to
Built on the myth of exploitation and exhaustion
Of fatigued resources which inherently are limited;
In the gabbling doom-diving developmental mold.
You don't fall in line be labeled ignorant, illiterate
As other indescribable deprecatory language as
Community, obsolete, incapable of being human
Final analysis, imp romance with ecological disaster
That calls for recapturing the cast aside foolishness

segun Johnson Ozique

Requiem

Sorry, I have once again to disturb your peace
Sitting pen on blank page of your staring face
Unable to write in remembrance of your grin
Your laughter like the kicking car brand new
Developing to like my jalopy mocking generator
Such beauty was it often I can't help but join

So much more to think of you I always am in tears
Not blubbering, howling, or weepy tearfulness
But the sort you used to do as yabba dabba doo
Except I look around and I am with just me and I
So, my pen and I are here retrospectively thinking
What's going around where you are out in heaven?

Are you perhaps with people gathered around you debating?
Like last time we met in argument of all you see world over
Of many injustices it pains you reekingly denying you of delight
The much wanton looting and lacking you are filled with ill will
Your reflections are nothing but pure angelic reasoning posture
Like sound of music so pleasant and assuring to drive blue devils

Just some of the reasons to remember you by till days of old
Though there will be times like dry out days the dust gathers
There always will be the counter rainy days to wash dirtsome
So the candle be re-lighted rekindling the thinking glowingly
Of you and the meeting as conversations rethought belied
With the laughter like the sunset scent filtering down to us

segun Johnson Ozique

Restoration

Hanging on my wall
Is a framed shot; symbolic of what was my glory
At each sighting, every nerve screams
Never again to fall to same sword

And as if toppled overboard
Swept away in silvery waves
I choked on the chunk of my life gone flying
Regretting not able to stop the slide of what would have been
Unable to stop the fall taking me under
Not for not trying
But for just it being impossible

All I ever had wished was
Be the subject who is able to act upon reason
Able to live by my word as bond
An independent entity of free will
A task I had continually pursued, independently
Or under benefactor; private or government
Avoiding pit of dehumanization:
Cultivation based on compromise, not ability

Only to belatedly realize how far apart the two were:
Boulevard leading to compromise and narrow path to liberty

Too late, the opposition dagger was drawn to spear
Close by was the grave digger's den
With the wood carver touching an epitaph:
A farewell to inconsequential inconveniency

The warring for survival I have learnt this neck
Is bereft of manner or virtue
Unlike civility that teaches of humanity
Quite unlike philosophy that afford us the opportunity to
Reason when in disagreement;
Speak openly based on point of views

Here, attempt to engage in reasoning
Just makes the water level rise higher

And realizing the waters too troubled and rough
I thought best to step aside, step off the rocking canoe
But only to a reception of the devils feast
Welcomed by wretchedness; clenched teeth of aliens and carnivores

So, rather than be like a caged bird stiff to the stranger's blizzard
I turned back to my quarters to try resettling
Seeking to live within confine of bare necessities
But lifting the rusting covering of lack chilled my blood to bile
There is no such as heavenly tales of cutting taste to live by bare rations
I was shattered
Lost; reality busting my balls and bubbles

Lifeless I have become; motionless and impassive like for ever
In cell, still; like a giant lake; mutely
The watchful vanguard
Like God
The solemn almighty, all seeing, all knowing
Stuffed with abilities, yet shut up
Letting the mugger live my life
As they like it;
As they see it fit
And I, leveled
To fall on my sword
Or rise daily to live as I make my bed
Or fail to make it to stay nail nibbling.

Perhaps of my continued remaining days
Wisdom would find me a powerful beam
Shine the pathway to the footsteps of the two me to my offspring
Teach him to pick the pieces
Not be comforted by the essence of myth
Guided by good parentage and orientation
That one must not live on the ravenous controlled of the stomach
Or by tales and fables of Father Christmas
But by taste, needs and wants tailored by vigilance, ingenuity, shrewdness with
reason.

segun Johnson Ozique

Reunion

This air is ace
Dawn must be entering
My family windows

segun Johnson Ozique

Riots

They arrive like wind babbling
Interrupting the course of the wandering waters
Leaving often like impalpable vapour

segun Johnson Ozique

Rooted In Reality

He is the driver, about to take us to the city
But first, he need to shine his eyes, so took two shuts of gin
Nobody complained; it was one of the expected quarks;
Of a symbolic mess needed to drive in the city
To drive a people join as relatives by air of resignation
Two hundred people of broken live and scuffled dreams
Minutes into the journey, it plunged into the lake
Who died? Nobody, just mass of people with no names

Another station, another bus; interstate
Weather beaten, dustily trodden, they head home
The bus, for ninety-two passengers
Filled to brim; a hundred and thirty sandwiched
Some by the isle, some by the landing and ten on feet; instructions:
To evacuate the bowels or bladder, bang the driver's
Luxuriously demarcation; door is shuts from his side
But, no need to pound, the good roads did them in
News flash; two buses collided, all passenger's dead
Did you know any? Just a bunch; no names, no streets

Different station, same people; longer faces
The train is delayed, powering coal ran dry
Bowed heads, lowered eyes; everyone must
Go with the last train or milk blood to pay to go by bus
All seats are taken, no chance to stand; hanging by
The windows, top of train and anywhere is allowed
The sight; lovely montage to grace the best canvas
But the train went nowhere; it derailed, top speed
Only three thousand dead; heaps of nobodies, no name and no streets

Then the happy bird station
Score of very important personalities
Briefcase clad, meetings timed with flights scheduled
Bookings verified, names certified, streets, noted
Bird's on flight, Mother Nature is pressed
Piss on them she did, bird is blinded
Could not fly with fold on; nosedived
News flash, the bird is down, area unknown
Stop the press, summon the men with charge

Foam in the mouth, take it awfully hard
Decree an immediate investigation, make speeches
Declare mourning day for fifty of your finest, deceased

Silence...Now the maths is done, does it hurt?
Different strokes in favour of different folks
In South Africa it was named Apartheid; forced, they've partnered
The United State called it the Jim Crow; they stopped the crow, not penury
In India, it is tagged, the outclass; now they've merged with the underclass
Wherever you go, it has a universal family name; the rich stroke the poor

segun Johnson Ozique

Shades And Shapes

In drove they throng in search for hope
Arrived, welcomed by lies and falsehood
Permanence by the dichotomy of shades
Conjoined by basic matching necessities
Souls made pitiable by rhythmic denials
Unfortunates condemned to sweat that
The rich be dry or wash that same clean:
Even the city's earth are patched un-alike
The outer poor in permanent dark shade
Inner side dwelling of the rich alive alight
As outer is polluted freshening the inner:
Hail new phase axing African urbanization

segun Johnson Ozique

She Touched My Soul

Mine was a life in mish mash haze
Till she arrived, a lone voice
That seemed more connected
Who I let in, speak to my senses;
That I let in, belt her delightful songs
Different from other dreary proclivity
Of the old and sameness
Unctuous blanket that's been my cover
Keeping my soul stone cold
Casting my heart like in sepulchre
No fire put up could melt, that is
Till she applied the love melt-down

segun Johnson Ozique

Single Mum

Her only son, like a star I shone as I attended her farewell to new life,
But truly, I was gloomy, wishing to be anywhere but there.
I danced, mingling heartily and smiling pretty, my spirit visibly on high,
But actually, wished I could slap freeze all faces that smiled back at me.

Then we gathered around him to sing the 'jolly good fellow' song,
When undoubtedly, my heart screamed, he does not deserve her.
To his side we all gathered, smiling gloriously to photo flash clicks,
When secretly, I wished he be struck down by lightening.

Pompously, he shook my hand, thumping, hugging and back-slapping,
I responded as best, smiling heartily like Macbeth to his crown.
All my words were of my pride, best wishes and of happy life,
When honestly, they were expressions armed with dagger to pierce his heart.

And she walked up to him, now his wife; hugging, smooching, frolicking openly,
Sweat ran down my sides; my eyes popped; for she was for God's sake my
mum!

The one, all years since childhood, I adorned with jealous, frenzied, fretful love,
The one I wish could remain being my tender; the one no man was fit to marry.

segun Johnson Ozique

Social Media

Voyage to keep with trends
Carried away by the voltaic media like
Being lost in the jungle

segun Johnson Ozique

Southern Voices 2

The Third world land:

Where pains in a plate of soup is pleasure
Where death is celebrated in robes of birth
Where vagabonds and vagrants find home
Where convicts adjudicates in courts

The third world voice;

A voice once proud and majestic,
A voice once vibrant, lively and witty
A sweet voice to many, a gem doubly blessed
Now laid to waste; repressed, coarse, white-washed

The third world people:

A People afraid of their civilian cloaked generals
Terrified of the very people they helped up
Relegated to scavenging to make ends meet
A people without morning, no day; just nights

The Third world leadership

The bane of the land; easily spotted, by their symbolisms;
Deeply lined pockets, conveyed in armoured trucks and led by sirens
Backed by peak caps, firearms, ambulances and bomb squared
Always half asleep and hypnotically awake

segun Johnson Ozique

South-South, The Oil Spill

The men; early a.m., smashed,
Mostly bent, dry-wet monsoon moulded
Their tools; knot of grey, yellow, swarthy;
Sinking, parts above water, mouldering,
Other, once shiny silver, now slimy twine,
Heaped in on hand corners; like,
Grandpa's hung idle chiming timer,
Their useful days, in the balance-over.

segun Johnson Ozique

Speak Out At Your Peril

The tongue is pregnant and due
Pressed by much grey sadness
With reflection never had heard

The tongue is pregnant and burdened
By the much scrape; stiflingly, strenuous
Penalties conveyed by ruthless vengeance

The tongue is pregnant, and in painful labour
As the trade's dictate, is that the state's dealing
Must be aired as perceived by the sight and sound

The tongue's pregnancy is let loose, the stream busted
And now the muddy scruples engraving the pen is washed
The tale is chronicled; awaiting the cruel baptism, of the storm.

segun Johnson Ozique

Spell

Pages, smoothed
Eyeglasses Adjusted
Every movement precise
Every movement pure

Delicate fingers traced the lines
Plucked eyebrows rose and fell
Superbly defined nostrils quivered
Pulsating flushed lips, controlled

Lulled was I, not by the burr voice
Not by the phobic pocket space
Not by words from the pages
But the sweet flavour of her aroma

segun Johnson Ozique

Stage Craft

She walked onto the rostrum
A torturing treacherous arena
Where most stoic would
Wither, swizzle or sizzle.
There, she built herself
A queenly castle;
A most beautiful chateau.

Appearing In an all black ensemble
Her exposed skin brown like candy□
Her nose dipped and without blemish
Her eyes, a surrounding pale-gray
Black in the mid and dreamily seductive
Her lips, sweet and succulent
Her smile, dazzling, glorious, infectious

Yet, that was not the best of her:
Think of crisp delivery and articulacy
Think of whistling, mumbles and sensuality
Think of an imploring, connecting and beseeching ode
Think of raw animalistic, body and soul snatching tenor
She was my sing-song fantasy female sensations in one
The highest point of my poetic climax

Her grace, poise and swift gestures
Spoke volume:
A glance here; an extended expression there
All, of deep essence;
Spiritual gesticulations that once it caught the eyes,
Kept them captive,
Taking toils and toilsome out of mind.

segun Johnson Ozique

Stone Hearted

She was the girl in a secured relationship,
Though, heading to its final destination,
Remained dreary and unexciting.
So, yearning for adventure and thrill,
To the stranger, passion pregnant, she turned.

He was the love loathing stranger, out for revenge;
On the top stairs to his breast silhouetted,
The dark cold dagger awaiting his victims' fate;
The piece he's pierced the hearts of so many:
Open arms, contemptibly, he welcomed her.

Out the window, an owl hooted; low, cold as death;
Followed by clap of thunder, then torrents;
Smiling, knowing no rain or shine could stop him:
At stroke of twelve, spent, and asleep,
He walked; another heart left to bite the dust.

segun Johnson Ozique

Strange

The sun lights the infinite space
A cluster of tall trees nodding
In acknowledgement of the sea shore flips
For share warmth, wonders and perfections
Like beach no foot ever have been set on:
The faint echo of wings as birds cowed
Horrid alchemy has turned such beauty to beast
Rimmed land afar like concocted cloud
There was not a sound in the air
The land slept peacefully beneath the moon
Yet I sense it was only an illusion
The land was feverish and restless
A devilish spell of death in the air
Under a deep mask of beauties
An odd tremor went through me
As if I was penetrating an overly divinity
As if the goddess olokun was violated

segun Johnson Ozique

Surrealism

16 good years and two months I am.
A close, angelic, ministerial life I live.
Adherence to best circumscriptive behaviour,
A life, supremely loved by my parents.

Yet, secretly hunted by a hidden feelings,
A yearning, a hunger for a life –
Unknown...Unexplored.
Anything, I pray, unloved by my parents

Then I saw him.
So rough and unrefined
Who is he! ? And they say;
He is the school gardener's son.

Hanging about the school at closing,
Always on tattered jeans,
Under skimpy body hugging T-shirt,
Shamelessly flaunting toned biceps.

I ask, does he, like me;
Feel bridled, manacled, proscribed?
Feel burdened by responsibilities?
Feel conscience-stricken?

No to all, they say.
I have only but a school session here.
And now each time dad drives by the entrance,
I pretend not to see him smiling at me.

But I know he knows I see him.
And I feel if peradventure we meet;
If perchance he asks for my hands,
As his, I just might say yes.

Why I may?
I'm not sure;
I don't know,
Not yet.

segun Johnson Ozique

Switzerland Africana

The many stone cold walls
Formidable towering iron gates
Vehicles rating best of the world
Hundreds of unlived-in homes
Are the new evocation;
New-fanged testimony
Arriving phase of the trash and grace;
An eloquent speech of the time
Stride and tide of infestation:
The looting signature
Blotting the Abuja landscape,
Choice counterfeit-Swiss-land, Africana

segun Johnson Ozique

Terrorism

How else to explain than
Arising in obedience of evil impulsion-animus
Cooked to boil in cauldron

segun Johnson Ozique

The Day I Die

The day I die which I see must come
Do not hush the news of my demise
Do not wonder whispering if it happened
Take as it is, inevitable, I have gone, capped
Do not go mumbling prayers directing where you want my soul
Willing I be on angel's feathers being ferried to heaven not hell
With due respect, none of your business but mine to where I prefer

I cannot for the life of me not wonder why death is dreaded
Why people wonder why it comes visiting when and where
When it be told without the ostrich tendered emotion
You as I, know what must be, must come, what may

Face fact;
That age is progressive regress to six feet pit
Can't run from;
What hours spent here are but borrowed times

So, all these being factual like hunger needing nourishment
As birth to death come as inevitable course like running rivers
So death is as removing dead woods to unclog needful space

Therefore, though dearest love ones we would greatly miss
Why don't then our thought be of joy laughing at what time spent
Of the kindness, tenderness, sweetness, season of lesson learnt
Off their progressive path through time of birth, death ended

Why?

Why this hush hush?

Why this morn and mourn

Why the unending cloaking?

Why not the bold announcement of wish:

That our dead finds restful end; peace?

That the dead's off-springs, partner and others at buttocks

Find favour and not misery?

Find spiritual fortitude

And not solitude?

To bear

The loss?

I urge you make the last; of good reminiscence my lot, my epitaph
No hush, never moan or mourn at what loss, neither come wheezy nor weepy or,
whatever

segun Johnson Ozique

The Egyptian Flood

Do tell, hangman of people, how, a whole nation be so cowed by you
You, just one; and your wretched zombies, contaminated by taste,
You, an envenomate that should be avoided like affliction, yet rules
Obviously, it is the guns; your tool, the supreme control of your depravity?

Stupefied, you had the people ascending to all your over-taxing slavery
Forced, they walked about on thorns, bare feet, for your kicks and laughs
Stampeded, your name, your deeds, they spoke of, in reverence, benevolence
Starved, you fed them in rolls of misery, discomfort and cousin dislocation.

At churchyards and mosques it was an open secret you brought them the grieves
Done methodically to eliminate the few, all those who raised their voices
At you, questioning the fairness, the reasoning, the rationale to your actions
To your impropriation of the nation's best of gold, silver going to you and only
yours

For years they trembled and are troubled at your twinges and boredoms
Took to flight and wailing, at your anger; their portion and burden
Yet know; no degeneracy, the flow of blood in shower, shall be deterrent
Enough; to stop the will, as sure, change would come, someday, as the flood in
Egypt.

segun Johnson Ozique

The Giant Mice

The cats with the mantle of guards at the African giant jailhouse are in dispute
In a bloody tasty orgy of who is best fit for selection to steer the wheels;
Riding the cart in a new transition for another sentence for a four year term
And though none of them has precedential cart riding qualifications,
Still, they push and shove to whose cat the fate of these giant mice is basted

But danger looms and ominously too no matter with whom the motherland rides:

First in pecking is the quiet ruler, lion; guilty for his villainy by association
Next cart is of the captain jackal; known to have been starved, tasty for bloody
Principled leopard is next; his religion inclination, openly anti free willed mice
Then there are less known others, though feline, equally dangerous

And now, impatience has ran what was gentlemanly jostling thin
And the stolen fortune, their strength, the cats has amassed and stashed
Is now being put to use in an open wrestle, brawl, bombing and, or hooliganism
The key to the cage is damaged, the door barely holding, the mice are in danger
Who I plea, please would be on hand to bail this colony of castrated giant mice?

segun Johnson Ozique

The Humpty-Hump

Back to that first time, with me a child,
At a time between sleep and wake, frightful,
For I was greatly alarmed that my dearest aunty,
Was strangely being smothered by a stranger.

But just as I reached to my lungs for the scream,
She touched me with a wink,

Reassuring.

But still bewildered,

I leaned closer, then noticed her eyes smiling,

They looked up, mine followed,

Then I half-understood for the man at top was uncle Tade

But I was sooner vacillating back to more confusion;

Wondering why,

Aunty shade was butt naked,

And uncle Tade on hands and knee,

Also starkly,

Doing what Aunty later decoded as the humpty-hump.

It creeps on me at those noiseless hours now,

At first light under my warm soothing sheets,

Enveloped by the in filtering cold of dawn,

So real and vivid as movie it comes-I could touch it.

And, though wishing it go away, to let me wake,

The performance makes my thoughts,

Of her, reminiscently fonder

Drawing an experience adult knowing smile.

segun Johnson Ozique

The Lily

Lilium, the genus of the lily herbaceous
Born of ovary that is superior borne to adversaries
As bulb, weakling but bloomed, is pre eminence;
Beautiful in her native temperate as in the tropics
Gorgeously habiting in airy woodland as in grassland
Retains these naturally in swampy soil, or ruffling in dirt
Though survives in these complexity and pattern,
Domineeringly: yet tender in required environment.

The lilium is truly the Madonna of all flowers
As like in human type; loving, caring, kind and sweet
Open to pickles and prickles, to be burdened to borders
Able to cast her beauty and savour in frowns of shadows
Needing propagation to keep the star diamond restored:
But this applied, the cloud is lifted and her bloom is retuned

segun Johnson Ozique

The Mask; Friend Turned Foe

Why, oh why am I in this tasteless, sour ceremony?
Smiling when truly, I feel loath to see him glow
Dancing, sipping, nibbling, clinging unheartily
Foolery; like Stringed kittens and puppets

Oh, God, now we sing; what a jolly good fellow
When my head screams the good fella is I, yes, me
Then to his side, we then crowded, to photo shoot
My wish; only he gets struck by the photo shot

O, no. Now one after the other embraces us
My turn; my hug I filled with bile like Macbeth
I forced words out; good wishes, divine nuptials
Words beyond doubt I wish slice his heart to pieces

Then, it was time to go; off they go, off to the moon:
O, the anguish watching him take her, now never to be;
Never to be mine; my schemes, my dreams shattered;
The one I planned to be devoted, taken by my fri...foe

segun Johnson Ozique

The Ozique's Xmas Day Tete A Tete

Family in communion with distance dissolved
Collectively sharing snugs, snow, sun and love
Ivie, fifteen months, elevating the stir a gear

Like hung cloths on wire to dry or nylon to flight
Swinging in joy and jollity to unheard music
Was my heart jiggling to heavens in merriment

Like how different folks respond to gala gifts;
To some the excitement is to money and boxes
Others be caught in spiritual euphoric cyclone

Mine was being wrapped in Ivie's bonbonnic swirl
Of hearing her first nursery rhyme recital; hear
The sweet delight, aestheticism, finery and lustre

To floor me to knees, hands in prayers, clapped:
Dear divine, grant that I be here, next tete-a-tete

segun Johnson Ozique

The Rose

In what name or blend is sweet to behold
In fragrance unique, teasing and alluring
In freedom from strife, beloved and dear
Irritated reel, twitchy as nutty like thunder

The rose is a creation well poised
Self sufficient to bloom to all admirers
With thorns as protection for beseeching hands
Only the careful and caring invited to pluck

So, when rose is seen standing afar alone
Do not for once think she does in despair
For the hunger that feeds on her beauty
Troubles her with too a relentless longing

The world in its guise is filled by pretenders
And the rose full of acumen sensibly knows

segun Johnson Ozique

The Scared Soul

Poor soul
Recoiling from the blazes of eyes
Burdened day or night by own shadow
Soul pleading for rain; some light refreshment
To wash and lighten the Avenue of faith
Unhook the hope being throttled
Bring back loyalty of life being turned into vapour

Once a soul like wind
Unbound and unhinged upon sail
And all that you touched of same value
Like the anointed and followers
Your family no compunction or caustic
Once a soul
With zest obsessed
With gigantic combustible ador
King of the crowd on mates
Soul never lost in combat
Who when others look they think bloom

Now, the soulless soul
Character clouded by mourn
Searching for fleeting doorway
In fear of the boo in the pathway
Sighting the cloak and sword as cue for troubles
Eyes always in watch for probable intrusion
Of the voyers in search of who to taunt
Who to pin their tag that debase and shames

Defeated soul sentenced to endless blues
The mask face foreshadowed by misfortune
That passers-by look to see sadness insignia
Who or how root cause of misfortune gulped by loathe
Speedily substituted by stigmatization molestation
The empathy to ride with unfortunate adversity rid of

Despite all the disproving robe
Yet, for all the cloud of despondency
Worthy truism must not be lost

For as moss has no teeth for rolling stone
So demise is a must done deal for every Beings
Ill-fated ailment only speeds up the process
If then death is a leveler to every Beings' certain inevitability
If it is self evident your life like their is but transitory
With appointed time, who, how you are, come or go not in cast
Then, why live to hide from villainous encroachment
Be not the caste they want you be, exist so your soul smiles again

segun Johnson Ozique

The Sixth Sense

Thankfully; timely, my inner eyes saw beyond
His sweet, snowy daggers
To the million deceitful frolicking germs
Buried deeply in his cavity
As we dined and wined: waiting for him to propose.

segun Johnson Ozique

The Woman

The woman makes me merry;
A star, even though when one of many:
So finely moulded I see her, every limb exciting my senses;
For as is the mould of the nymph, though unripped,
So is the form of the adolescent girl, maturing;
And so it will be when matured, a woman till she grows old:
To such wisdom, the girl child, the nymph, is a mother;
Mom, every man should address and salaam to her;
For the cord that bounds every man from birth to manhood;
Is passed on, from the universal belle button stamp, she carries.

segun Johnson Ozique

The Writing And Speaking Peril

The tongue is pregnant and due
With blemishes never had heard
Pressed by too many dirty laundries

The tongue is pregnant and burdened
By yokes of crap; yet stifled strenuously
By penalties for defiance; ruthless vengeance

The tongue is pregnant, and in painful labour
As the trade's pen dictates the state's dealings
Must be aired not as perceived by sight and sound

The tongue's pregnancy is let loose, the stream busted
And now the muddy scruples engraving the pen is washed
The tale is chronicled; awaiting the cruel baptism, of the stomps.

segun Johnson Ozique

To A Woman Who Endured

Happy I am you no longer would be hungry
Happy your sacks' today are laden with gifts
Happy the road to home no longer is weary
Happy all that has come to you pleasantly a lift
Happy of the time spent in outpouring prayers
Happy you no longer are weighed down nor bent
Happy times you dutifully waited and today the pay
Happy is your head now of glorious crown, no not lent
Happy that in so doing, He did openly to all eyes to see
Extent people of good will cling to you, a woman blessed
That happy you asked, He said He would, and did as He said
And, now your footsteps' no longer Snowflakes tan: Blessed

segun Johnson Ozique

To Ceasar Be His Qualms

Righteous and virtue profits a Man beyond Gold and Silver,
Beyond his wisdom and gain, toils and struggles in selfless service to God,
To that, I concurred, it is possible; in view of few having done so,
But then asked I, how often is this so,
Given in reality, here, it is 10% to the haves and 90% in scale to the have not,
In countries, like here, without welfare as in others;
For we live like we do; from hands to mouths, to stay alive.

I am told:

The Lord gives and takes as appropriate, for He has in His wisdom;
Fed and sustain the birds and lilies that without hands or feet like the man do,
feed.

True, was my response:

But, again; by my experience, those who live idly, leaving it to God, are starved:
In His words, 2 Thessalonians 2: 12; - the man who toils not shall not eat:

But again, told;

The race is neither to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, for:
Food neither come to the wise, wealth to the brilliant nor favour to the learned;
But time and chance, His words concluded, happen to them all.
With no more to say, rested my case - to each man be his qualms.
For my household, to the field, in hard work and sweat I remain committed.

segun Johnson Ozique

To Make Hay

Once again on offer is the key to moving forward
Opportunity many times offered pushed to tilt
Born of one family left to float in Moses' basket
Raised bitter among lions bursting like thunder
Roaring, spitting and spiteful fire at what not
Heart filled, bile and brewed with spiked spices
Bitterness so red it runs like river of stupidity
Smoky sea easily ignited by silly sibling rivalry
Darkly world of branches not seeing eye to eye
All of these and more was my lot till this new tune:
So this opportunity presented in floating feather
I have grabbed still aware of the nonsense of old;
All the tantrum like baggage of jumble in storage
All be kept in view unlike friend ostrich head buried.

segun Johnson Ozique

To The Dogs I Go Once Again

I looked hopefully to the wise for answers
To quench my taste and hunger
For knowledge, insight and direction

But the wise, elected and selected
Spent their time running helter and skelter
In food, wine, gold, and silver pursuit

Churches opened their doors offering succour
Making promises of paradise lost to gain
And like the desperado I was, I'm lured in, jubilantly expectant

But promises of come with nothing
Became punctuated with the compulsion of
Offerings, ten percentages and of a life no longer mine

Mortally; strained, resistant and estranged
I was accused of non conformity, undedicated,
Faithless...dialectical and worldly
Dragged I soon was before the altar
To answer to his most rostrum high, Pontius Pilate.

segun Johnson Ozique

True Eyes Beholds Fairly

What the eyes ought to see
Be beholding like the shades
Be freedom to want as liked;
Some desiring them plump,
Stout, tall, chubby or tubby
All marking others as different
Marking, strokes of unlike folks
As socket and ball seeing differ
So true love stays not swaying
For no person, of a woman-born
And no man right and sanely
Should see partner unsightly

segun Johnson Ozique

True Hero

With the ride in chariot of life so wobbly
I say; the one who rises
In the face of oppositions, of constrains,
With limitations and disasters as surely;
Life would bring and does:
Navigating thorny paths; in quest, enduring
In pains, much distress. Though spurned,
Yet striving; continuing to be relevant
For the good of mankind,
Lightening the path of mortal to find their souls
And does so, expecting neither favour nor grace
Justly is - The true hero.

segun Johnson Ozique

True Love Is...

In the first instance, beautiful-vent of devoutness
Tagging along through bad times, the good and hell
Spending hour reminiscing common binding mundane
Hearts deeds wise head considers absolutely nonplus
Blowing hot or cold, sensitive in all weather
Swinging pendulum beyond logical relationship
Embracing peace of mind surpassing understanding
Full of glory; burning mood unquenchable by tradition
Enlightening gen, like light shown to darkened heart
Heart beholding eyes - mirror to the glory of rapture
Transformation anew from glory to grandeur by charm
Tier the fakes are sooner than later become bedraggled
Since not limited to head, heart, senses have to let go all
Where only the brave, heroic or passionate dare set foot

segun Johnson Ozique

Victory

Strength at times heavily burdened
Comes from listening to willful willpower as
Faintness - anxiety over prickly storm.

segun Johnson Ozique

Volte-Face

It is that time once again
When truth becomes a virtue none of them will display
When societal ill would be pandered at roof tops
And those seeking elective office would become endearingly
Reborn and untainted and not be judged by what they should have but didn't do

Time like no other time over again
When acidly tacit tongues are let loose
When clod of vomits are let to rain
And the banished and tarnished regain spirit
To unleash and light the fire of rancour

Inevitably so it must be
That the red lights must colour the clean water crimson
That victory dance would accompany touch of political dearth
That the cholesterol heart must breed more
And that the chaos and confusion must be hailed as due process

And by the time the deed is done
When the virtuous are beaten, rattled and weary
Their shoulder limpidly made bare in rags
Thinking thing cannot get worse
It would be time upon them to start all over once again

segun Johnson Ozique

Wake Up Call

When life, better or worse becomes robotic
Automatic acquiesce to nature's commands:
One time to wake, to eat and drink, to sleep
So I tried to redesign life my way
Seeing how so many have come from last to first

All I attempted turned going a round-about
The outrage of me not able to be who I desired:
Saw me move from angst of indignity, to sorrow
Giving off of emotional vitriolic smoke
Sinking me deeper into irrational feelings of failure
I sought all fatality to destroy the strains of my sink
But the monster that is my head crackled
Making fun of my heart's inability to see it through

And what the sad thing was
I realized living up was pitiful fantasy.
Silly and fruitless sky-castling taken too far
Thankfully I am awoken from my strung-up delusion

segun Johnson Ozique

Weight

Why I love you so
You complete me and in a heartbeat-
I Will choose you again

segun Johnson Ozique

West Africa

Heart of West is a land with buried, earthly blessings
Of numeric metallic elements beyond silver or gold
Such beyond, richly flowing in deep red and black
Abundantly free flooding - goldenly sparkling too;
But often confusingly plashing like the chameleon - it is;
Sometime red as in blood, red as in palm or thickly black as in crude

This west land, full of sweet and venomous souls
Like no other continent has or can ever breed
Land that though the streets run in cloaks of daggers
Veiled with transparent disguising clothing;
Whinger wielded in the darkened amberoid daylight
This west as in other region, no one sees or hear, chiefly, no one dare tell

segun Johnson Ozique

When Dictators Run Nations

Aside dispensation of truckload troubles always
Aside disease, disabilities and overrun graves
Lives are lived in ambit of dreads and anxiety
That even at shade in deserts or safety of caves
Ones voices are shackled by the constant fear
Of battering booths out to beats and scotch
Thoughts of dissent, or cacophony of no praise
With weeps that sing like boiling kettle; that
Spit venom, peeling and engraving coverings
That draw shrilly cries like from hissing furnace
Truly horrific is earshot of it: inconceivable, yes
Yet none who has not lived such vile impunity
Can imagine, in fact, the blessed relief of being
Alive and living in liberty; in free willed habitation

segun Johnson Ozique

When The Ripples Fade

Memory reminds me; of the good consulting days
When?

Probably a decade and score days

Is that how long HIV/AIDs has been with us?

Much more

In that world the victims would sneak on us; inquiring, demanding, imploring,
searching for answers to the 'whys' 'whats' or 'hows' of the woes be falling them
Then there were the media paid rats of the prints and electronics part, of the
partaking charade

Then the big donor bosses, the top echelon civil servants and experts riding in
gigantic cars who come super-vising

The politicians would not miss out as they stop by to inquire what progress and
difficulties-they care not do anything about-we face

And always, on our feet

Day or night

We question, study, analyze

Coffee, tea, beverage and all chewable passed around to refreshen the mouth
and up our low sugar levels against weariness

Naps may come on chairs, tables, benches among the figure crunchers who must
sit-in to monitor budget and logistics utilization to the directives of the firm
And sometimes the mood is broken by talks of the shenanigans, excuses and
harrowing stories of victimization, molestation or rape resulting in the victims'
predicaments

The emotional roller coaster of it all drawing laughs or when overwhelmingly sad,
cries

Still, nature would not be cheated so at the wee hours most bodies would wobble
to sleep

The next day resumes the roaming; skips, run and walks we would; armed with
drugs, kits and skills combing river beds, mountaintop to villages in valleys
Wandering through fields, towns, suburbs, pathways, alleys on foots, driving and
flying

Scribbling and listening to forsaking tales, nightmarish talks, secrets and
whispers

Then the work wound-up with reports and pictures in perfect piles of files; basket
full and computer storages

The top echelon civil servants in smiles and smirk would dash with the reports to
brief the ministers

The ministers will glow to go pamper the politicians
The politicians, with the minister's arm in armpit will go to feast with the foreign
government and charity or donor arm on well tailored execution
From which the media would be invited to pitch, cast, gloss over and scribe
befitting memorials

Then follow, high-fives, shakes and pats all around commemorating the
accomplishments of everyone's motives except the victims:
'This is amazing achievement, encouraging and will impact positively on all
needing attention for the care and management of HIV/AIDs'. The minister would
crow
'What monies were invested by our benefactors making donations surely is
justified' the charity would glow
'Fantastic to meet our partner needs and have our expatriates working with local
counterparts to transfer skills and knowledge ' the foreign government and their
consultants would preach
And,
'More drugs to be purchased, more kits we beg donated, more money provided,
larger budgets be considered' the civil gluttony servants would present, cap in
hand

And through it all, the victims' hope soar to high heavens with vision of doors
and opportunities for redemption
Reading, watching, listening to all and partaking in the fairy-tale feastful
euphoria
Occasionally, few are plucked dressed in fancy clothing and thrust before
microphones, cameras and flashes
But then, the storm soon is over, the madness dies, the camera shuts, the click
stops and the inks dry
Then reality sails in to the shore of the victims' homes in bowl of loneliness,
abandonment, exposure
Victims come full face to the clutches of insomnia, discrimination, stigmatization,
ridicules and, or banishment

HIV/AIDs and other viruses we fought to finish still rear their mean heads, unlock
and enter our homes uninvited and with impunity
Sit comfortably in our homes, in our holy places, hotels, sleep on our mattresses
and beds, in our night gowns and pyjamas, our underwears, suits and casuals
The world it seems often goes to wars armed to teeth with drums, flutes and
rambling noises that diseases counter with ear plugs while they go to bed have
sweet dreams until the attacker turns weary
Rippling and fairy-tale counter attack against diseases are not the answer but

genuine coordinated concerns, education, prevention and management of
infectious and contagious ailments

segun Johnson Ozique

When Things Turn Groovy

Through telephone set in your hand
Beautiful news just popped into your text box
Took a while, a second reading to register
But then it did, leaving grinning engraved
On your face before an implosion of a woo bliss

Imagine no longer bothered by whatever
Before then the vagaries of the day
Where time, works and worries immediately get
Consigned, oblivion, subdued, caged and banished
What to do with yourself next you do not know

That is the reach; the apex state of optimum joyful burst
With delight and happiness unbounded, unmitigated
And all things around you sparkling in prettiness
As you drift into mind-boggling fairy-tale sails
Time and place whittled to glorious bloom
And nothing else matters but grace and praises
To make everyone who sees you ask, "what happened?"
And you answer, my child just gave birth to a gracious baby boy

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When To Walk Away

Two in cosy and beautiful enclave
Sensuous music for company
Yet through the tone-dazzles
One voice slice through
Stayed hooked on connection
Speaking to one's most sense
Belting words, truly soulful
Sad, sad songs to making the body
Cold, naked, no fire could put out;
Enough hefty to strip a creeper:

To arouse regrets of
One last look at the velvet. At the
Freshly sensuous catch, to cause
Flattening and flapping fishing rod.
To say no after shower, since
It was obvious God must be crossed:
The right organs came to this knowledge:
But not the heart; not shrewd
To knowledge when it did not feel right:
The instant it was time to walk, away.

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Wisdom

If by some grace someday we all realise
With an inner light, strength and sight
That this flesh and bones we so worship
Is only like a workman's tool, a vehicle
Fixed to bear its responsibility as the equity
To help live our lives out as published in destiny

Then only, perhaps, can we be assured, an onward march
In sincerity to the place christen heaven, contented:
But mark that this;
Can only be the path to those in simple life of meekness;
Opened to an inner light of common sense enlightenment

But to them who in all pervading nous of self-esteem
Choose to hold to earth, the earthly and flesh, above all
The peace, scene and sense of the rapture will remain...secrecy.

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Women

Adorn your heart with them
Copied after God's design
So the world may observe, the
Finery of well shaped intellect
The design of a master piece
Extremely fine a sweetening
To be fully expressed sublimely
With a desirable companion
Who would be the convener
That without in manner or form
Vanished the true realism or hope
For the sanity of mankind's mind

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Writing

Writing gives me new sense of replenishment
Brings new discovery added to my soul, daily
For, treading the sand of this world
A world gathering speech to I know not where
I have decided to not give in to being a nobody
To continue to make my endeavours
Exploring new room, writing my meditations
About such things as chance
To muse over peculiarities and opportunities
The singularity of birth, fate and privileges
Of the threat, the indistinct shadow of giving up
Of the rottenness associated with futile pursuits
For as sure as there is a me, alive
Utterly still conscious of I existing
I will save me and many from plunging into abyss
With all that exist within my spirit sense
Arousing my writing implement to carve words
With fiery uniqueness and eagerness of hope
Not of dullness, apathy nor of despondency
So that as the sun and universe matches on
When my shade is long vanquished, the world
Will celebrate the thrilling evidence of survival
Will take a day off for penitence, to declare
He was truly a man, made so, not by virtues
But the endowment that he bestowed himself.

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Yes, Guilty As Charged

The conventional democratic governance
Of the sort in the African dark wood-neck
Is but imitation: A replication, fabrication
Cooked, sculpted and seasoned like of other;
Of masquerading shepherds and guardians:
Propped on stool of wobbly legged trinity;
First of twisted and fraudulent managers,
Fragrance by House of bungling bigots
And, by indecorous gown wearing rascal
Sustained by fourth estate of pro pen pushers;
Booth-lickers prized to shade these wardens
Dressing them in gown of good eternalness
Even in barefaced wanton vampirism; even as
They stroll in carnivals, mouth filled with blood.

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