

Poetry Series

SEGUN RASAKI
- poems -

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SEGUN RASAKI(10/18/1963)

Adieu [1]

ADIEU

Adieu, my friend as I say the last bye bye

Adieu, my mother as I say the last bye

Adieu, my father as I say the last bye

Adieu, my brother as I say the last bye

Adieu, my sister as I say the last bye

Adieu, my grandma as I say the last bye

Adieu, my grandpa as I say the last bye

Adieu, as we meet to travel the life journey together and now you leave

Adieu, as you have to transit to the next phase

Adieu, as I have to stay to keep your memory alive

Adieu, as we all bid you farewell on your trip to the great beyond

Adieu, as the curtain falls and the darkness comes

Adieu, for the solitary of your new home and confinement

Adieu, as nothing can best express the feelings and grief of this loss

Adieu, as we all wipe tears from our eyes

Adieu, as we hope to meet again sometime

Adieu, as we hope to meet never to part ways again

Adieu, as you depart from us

Adieu, for the final bye bye.

SEGUN RASAKI

Africa

Africa, Beautiful yet unappreciated
Africa, Sahara to the Atlantic
Africa, From Zulu Land to Yoruba Land
Africa, From Nile River to River Niger
Africa, Rain and Sunshine round the year,
Africa, With her greenery lustre
Africa, With Coolness, Calmness, a Serenity unequal
Africa, Your hospitality and warmth taken for granted
Africa, Raped and left desolate, yet richly blessed
Africa, Your Children scattered all over the World crying for you
Africa, You are simply mine Africa.

SEGUN RASAKI

Birthday

There were nine months for the conception, and many events to remember,
There were many hours for the pain of childbirth, sometimes short and
sometimes long, but always different for each woman's endurance and each
baby's arrival,
The one and ultimate expectation of a newborn, the emotions of joy, jubilation
and celebration of new birth,
The new addition to a family, to a community, to a society, another homo sapien
delivered,
The day and date to be kept in several diaries, a date to be registered with the
authorities,

The day that the clock starts ticking on a biography, the events and stories that
make history of you,
The day "old" becomes part of a question and answer; how
"old" is the baby? one day "old",
The day never to be forgotten by several generations that would become part of
the pedigree,
The beginning of a history for many, history for self, history for the family,
history for the community,
The sex of the baby, the race, the culture, all play role in what happens in the life
of the baby on this date,

The sex of the baby determines if there would be circumcision or not, what a
baptism of trauma in the early stage of life,
The environment plays a role in what becomes of this day, the day when blood
and warm amniotic fluid bathe the naked body, with cry of hi! , hi! ! , hi! ! ! ,
The day when motherhood and fatherhood become new titles for two individuals,
the day of new memories,
The day that repeats itself cyclically and to be celebrated, the day that is unique
for each person,
The day that is one of three hundred and sixty five or three hundred and sixty
six, the date to share with others worldwide,
Birthday is your day to remember and celebrate, be thankful as one of the lucky
few, it is your day and yours only.

SEGUN RASAKI

Boston On My Mind

What a bright sunny day, the day long awaited for glory,
What a day set aside for long distance runners the world over to showcase their talents,
What a day, when all eyes were focused on the east coast of America,
What a day, when lovers of Marathon were glued to flat panel screens,
What a day, when people all over the world watching and cheering their favorite athletes,

What a day that brought athletes from the four corners of the globe together for a common cause,
What a day, when young and old, male and females, black white, gay, lesbians, straight, were running,
What a day, a day when rainbow was the color of the coalition of athletes with flags of various countries flying high,
What a day, when people were running with a purpose for a purpose, on a course to glory,
What a day, when evil was planned to change the course of the race, and redefine the cause,

What a day, when two youngsters decided to use religion as excuse to unleash terror on the world athletes,
What a day, when evil and hatred changed glory to gory sight, and straight path to helter-skelter,
What a day, a day that brought the realization of the ease with which security can be breached,
What a day, a day that turned the bloom, to gloom within a twinkle of eye,
What a day, a day to remember for the notoriety and evil that misguided minds can perpetrate,

What a day, a day that brought the entire world together in mourning, Muslims, Christians, Hindus, Atheists,
What a day, that snuffed breathe out of boy, men, women, and made blood flow on the street,
What a day, a day that filled hospital beds with casualties, a day to make us ask; "What else can we do",
What a day, a day to ask; "What else did we miss", "How did we miss that",
What a day, a day to ask God to forgive us, God to heal us, God to look down and have mercy on us.

Friend

SPECIAL SOMEONE, THAT I CAN CONFIDE IN
SPECIAL SOMEONE, THAT GIVES A BROAD SHOULDER TO REST ON
SOMEONE THAT HELPS KEEP MY SECRETS, BOTH CLEAN AND DIRTY

SO SPECIAL THAT I SHARE MY SPECIAL MOMENTS TO TREASURE
WHAT CAN I DO WITHOUT THIS SPECIAL ONE,
IT TAKES A DISCOVERY TO FIND THIS SPECIAL ONE

THOUGH I HAVE SEVERAL OF THESE, ONLY ONE I CALL MY BEST
THE BEST FRIEND WHO IS ALWAYS THERE FOR ME
I'LL ALWAYS SHARE MY DREAMS AND ASPIRATIONS WITH YOU

MY BEST FRIEND, HOPE YOU WILL BE THERE WHEN IT MATTERS MOST
THROUGH THE THICK AND THIN, ESPECIALLY THROUGH THE THIN
I WILL FOREVER CHERISH THIS SPECIAL BEING CALLED AMIGO/AMIGA

SEGUN RASAKI

Future

The certainty of the passage of time, periods, seasons add up to bring future,
The inevitability of what it will be, and what should be,
The progression of events that will aggregate to become expectancy of what
would be,
The days and nights, the toils of daily labor, the dreams of what life should be,
The successes, the failures and the expectations,

The uncertainties, the meaning of why this, why that and why it is not what it is
expected,
The unfolding events of passages of life with emotions that go along with them,
The barometer to compare what has been and what should have been,
The need to look beyond what you can control and what is uncontrollable,
The need to dream, the need to labor, the need to expect, the need to reach for
greater heights,

The future holds different things for different folks, and never the same for all
folks,
There is need to live for the future, as it is in most instances better than the
past,
Future is the big brother of the past, and the catalyst for hope,
Future would be brighter as long as you work and pray, above all love the
moment,
The hope for what is to become is future and the drive for living is future.

SEGUN RASAKI

Hillary Clinton

Hillary, Great Woman of all time.
Hillary, Great wife of a Great Man,
Hillary, Great Mother of a Great daughter,
Hillary, Great in her chosen profession,
Hillary, Great in her public service,

Hillary, Great in her selfless service to humanity,
Hillary, Great for her selflessness of putting others above self,
Hillary, Great for her forthrightness in defending the defenseless,
Hillary, Great for her sense of standing for her own conviction of what is right
and fair,
Hillary, Great for standing tall with her head up where others fall,

Hillary, Great for standing shoulder to shoulder with great men worldwide,
Hillary, Great for helping the God anointed man to stand when he fell due to a
weakness,
Hillary, when history of this Great nation called God's own country is written,
thou shall have a good story line,
Hillary, Great and blessed is the womb that carried this Greatness called Hillary,
Hillary, you are simply phenomenal and a shining example to all females
worldwide,
Hillary, you are still going to be available for greater things to offer humanity.

SEGUN RASAKI

Idayat

She was dark,
she was beautiful
She was promising,
What names did you not call poverty
Who was able to describe that monster,
nobody was able to do it better than you did
You probably looked him in the eyes,
You confronted him and demonized him
You gave a good fight
Alas! you were depleted and drained in the struggle,
Wipe those tears,
For the cries were noticed.

Wherever you maybe, you have conquered that monster
How I wish you were here to see us now
Idayat
You will forever live
Live in our mind and memory

SEGUN RASAKI

Komla Dumor; 1972-2014

Komlar Dumor; 1972-2014.

Suddenly, seriously? ., Seriously? .

Komlar is gone?

Adieu Komlar, what a colossal loss,

What untimely demise? . I hope it is a dream? .

I hope someone would call to tell it was a mistake!

The ever smiling face on the tube, the gap-tooth ebony is gone?

The angels' gain is our loss, Dumor left and will not "do more",

Big Black Caster has fallen, and no more toothy smile on BBC,

What a shame, how can death strike so suddenly at the prime of Komlar's career? .

Komlar, live on in our memory,

Komlar, rest in bosom of your creator,

Komlar, Big Black Charismatic orator of BBC, bye until we meet again.

Komlar, true son of Africa, seriously, serious is your passing unto glory.

SEGUN RASAKI

Life

Life, Life, Life, Life,
Life, is what you make of it, some will say,
Life, is up and down, a roller coaster others will say,
Life, is what you see as your daily activities,
Life, is the image that you see in the mirror,
Life, moves fast just like the roller coaster,

Life, is various seasons, and various stages of your being,
Life, it could be good, it could be bad, it could be in between,
Life, is that, that attracts friends like bees' attraction to honey, only when life is good,
Life, is that, that repels friends like the same poles of magnets, when the going is rough,

Life, never all smooth, never all rough, but it keeps going,
Life, sometimes short, sometimes long, but never unending,
Life, tells tales in parables, and only the wise can understand the parables of life,

Life, not waiting for you to catch your breath or fully take stock,
Life, is here today but gone tomorrow,
Life, is accepting whatever it brings to you, for you may not always have control over everything as there is what is called destiny.

SEGUN RASAKI

Love

DIFFICULT TO KNOW WHEN IT'S GOING TO HIT YOU
WHEN IT HITS YOU, YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN
EVEN IF YOU DENY IT, IT IS STILL THERE AND DOGGEDLY FOLLOWS YOU

THE MORE YOU DENY IT, THE MORE IT TORMENTS YOUR MIND AND SOUL
IT IS EASIER TO LET IT GROW, AND YOU NURTURE IT
IT IS THE FOUR-LETTER WORD THAT WILL SHAPE YOUR LIFE

I LOVE TO LOVE,
THIS FEELING IS SPECIAL, INFECTIOUS AND SOMETIMES INTOXICATING
IT FLOWS IN THE BLOOD, EXPANDS THE HEART ALMOST IMPLODING

TOO GOOD TO LOSE AND TOO BAD TO LACK
I THANK GOD FOR THIS FEELING, THIS IS THE TIME OF INNOCENCE
TIME OF ECSTASY, TIME OF EUPHORIA, TIME OF LOVE

LOVE IS FOR ALL PEOPLE, ALL AGES, ALL SEXES,
LOVE IS FOR ALL SEASONS, LOVE LIVES FOR EVER
LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND,
WHAT WOULD THE WORLD LOOK LIKE WITHOUT LOVE

SEGUN RASAKI

Mandela 1918-2013

Mandela! , Mandela! ! , Mandela! ! !

What can I say about you, for you were everything most people wished they could be.

Madiba, you chose the hard option when faced with multiple choices including the most favorable option of silence.

Mandela, you lived and died for ideal that all men were born equal, with same anatomy and endowment from same creator.

Nelson, you stood on side of the oppressed and suffered indignity, torture, isolation, and incarceration, forsaking opulence of your royal pedigree.

Madiba, you refused to denounce what you stood for in face of death, the courage that is rare in this world, you suffered three decades of incarceration.

Madiba, you stood taller than your oppressors when you chose Love over Hate when the stupidity of skin color over character was proven beyond any doubt

Madiba, you gave people Hope, courage, strength, dignity, sense of purpose over pettiness of personal aggrandizement and comfort.

Madiba, the world gave recognition to you as you defined Justice, strength and purpose for what the world should strive to achieve.

Madiba, a man of all ages, for all generations.

Madiba, as you made a transition, just live on in the memories of the people that love Justice and peace.

Madiba, what is number 46664, Madiba what is 1918, Madiba what is 2013? ..

Madiba you came, you saw and you conquered apartheid, you made racism stupid.

Madiba live on, Rest in bosom of your creator, Vox Populi Vox Dei, the World salutes you now and always.

SEGUN RASAKI

Middle Class [2]

MIDDLE CLASS

The class that is sandwiched from the two sides

The class that is not entirely in the bottom neither in the top

The class that dreams to be called upper class some day

The class that dreads to be in the bottom as it had unpleasant experience at the bottom

The class that is squeezed from all sides and gets no sympathy from any other class

The class that is the engine of growth of the nation

The economy of the nation is defined by this class

The class that gives hope of a better tomorrow

The class that that many love to belong but only few ever move higher to the next class

The class that is a darling of the political class

The class that is envied by the lower class but oppressed by the upper class

The class that gets smaller by the day for a worsening economy

We love thee middle class, please do not shrink and do not go away

SEGUN RASAKI

Missionaries

They come in various shapes, sizes, ages, genders, and skin colors.

They are from all nationalities, races and denominations.

They come with different books, pamphlets, and other literature.

They toil to build shelters for the homeless, they provide food for the hungry, they cloth the naked, they give care and provide hope for the sick, they visit those in prisons, they provide water for those thirsty.

They come to people at different times as they work round the clock, they go any length, travel miles, sometimes they cross seas, they go cities to cities, sometimes they go from countries to countries, and continents to continents.

They go places with messages of faith, hope, love, salvation, atonement, reconciliation, repentance, forgiveness.

They represent meekness, humility, perseverance, persistence, and sometimes they face and suffer persecutions.

They on occasions suffer perilousness just to deliver good news to all.

They carry good news, they profess good news, and mean goodness.

They shall be called children of most high.

They shall fly and soar like eagles, they shall win souls and their own souls shall be guided by the good Lord.

They shall have goodness and mercy following them, as they may lose all but shall gain all hereafter.

They are missionaries, they are messengers of the Savior who also sacrificed all for all.

SEGUN RASAKI

Monster Came To Vegas.

A monster came to Vegas, to massacre.
He came not for the fun but to kill the fun.
He snuck into a hotel, he took his time to dine and wine.
He mingled with the crowd, he took his time to survey his targets.
He preyed on the fun-loving regular Joes, and Joneses.
Wail! , the Monster has massacred the masses.

He was in the midst of Jack, Jill and Jane.
He saw smiles and joy on these Vegas strip patrons but he was planning evil against them.
This coward covered his massive arsenal of weapons of mass destruction with darkness of the night.
He detested the smiling faces at the casinos, and the happy people at the black jack tables, because bile was circulating in his veins.
The monster personified evil, the extreme of wickedness, as he rained hot lead into the anatomy of men, women, and children in the darkest hours of a black Sunday.
Wail! , the Monster has massacred the masses.

Monster, massacred the masses, he made people mangled each other against the stanchions.
The monster in his sadistic mind was rejoicing at the sight of blood flow where joy was flowing inter alia.
He rejoiced at the sight of a terrified crowd in a stampede, running for their dear lives.
Husbands covered their wives and children and laid down their lives for their families.
Where evil was unleashing terror, the good and best in ordinary souls came out to render extraordinary help to the helpless.
Wail! , the Monster has massacred the masses.

While the coward was mowing down the defenseless, the gallantry of everyday patriots came to the fore front to render much needed help to the wounded with ingenious improvisations to save lives.
The Vegas strip became a war zone, and there was pandemonium, a lone soldier of evil was delivering his message in a most despicable fashion.
Cry, Cry, I say Cry for these fallen heroes who were cut down in their primes, Soldiers who did not die in active combats, only to be taken down by a senseless coward in an unsuspecting fashion.

Wail! , the Monster has massacred the masses.

Cry, Cry, I say Cry for the teachers and office workers, blue collar guys, country music fans, who never imagined that regular disaster drills in schools and work places would never be of any help in a situation like this.

Cry, Cry, I say Cry for the students, the teenagers who never imagined that a Vegas strip of entertainment and Joy would become Vegas strip that flows with hot blood from gun injuries that will leave unforgettable scars.

Cry, Cry, I say Cry as what happened in Vegas on this Black Sunday can never stay in Vegas, the whole World is crying for Vegas.

Wail! , the Monster has massacred the masses.

Those who lost loved ones surely will cry until they can shed no more tears, but weep no more for we shall all meet again.

Another disaster of unimaginable proportion just threw a blanket of gloom on this Nation.

The terrorist from within had brought doom on the happy people of God's own Country.

Wail! , the Monster has massacred the masses.

God help us, we can take this no more, please help.

SEGUN RASAKI

Mother

Mother.

Who is she,

The one that toils and wails.

The one that cries when I lack.

She loves me, she places my interests above her's

Who is she,

The one that dances without music,

The one that talks to me,

even as baby I was not able to understand.

She appeases my spirit and my innocence.

Who is she,

The one that nurtures and hopes,

hope for a better tomorrow,

not for herself but me,

Night vigils for years.

Who is she,

She prays, prayer for my success.

All the turmoil, viccitudes and struggles,

too much for mother.

Mother, how I wish you could be here,

to see the fruits of your labor.

Mother, where are you.

SEGUN RASAKI

My Girl.

My Girl.

My Girl, my princess, my gem,
It seems like yesterday when I held you in my hands as a tot,
The cries of new life, new arrival to the family,
Perfect creation, gentle, beautiful ebony,

My girl has grown too quickly,
When I watch what you do, what comes out of your mouth,
The articulation, the depth of knowledge, the thoughtful thoughts,
Your poise, your elegance, your carriage,
My girl, embodiment of brain and beauty, that is my girl,

The carbon-copy of mommy, that is my girl,
I look into future with hope, and apprehension,
Hope that the lucky guy would understand that he is entrusted with a difficult
task,
To handle my girl with utmost tenderness, and affection, because she is my girl,
You will always be my girl, my little girl, my Nene, simply awesome.

SEGUN RASAKI

Poverty

The entity that is dreaded by all but ever present everywhere, a non-respecter of age,

Poverty does not have regard for race, nor nationality, as it is present in every part of the globe,

Poverty breeds diseases, it has siblings like misery, ignorance, illiteracy, dejection, rejection, degradation, agony,

Poverty means the difference between haves and have-nots, the rich and the poor, the upper and the lower class,

Poverty is a quick destroyer of human as it makes people 'sell' lots of things including conscience, and destroys self-esteem,

Poverty, what a curse that has a spectrum; from mild, relative, to abject poverty,

Poverty is a monster that destroys families, communities and societies, always a bad commodity in the market place,

Poverty determines how you get treated by the society, and you are loathed for your status,

Poverty gets written all over you once you are in the lower class, caste system in every society is a celebration and endorsement of poverty as social classification,

Some societies believe you are born into poverty and you should be in poverty for life, please ask who is a 'Dalit' in Asia,

Poverty makes people call you 'Church rat', the basics of everyday living become luxuries to the poor,

Poverty robs you of dignity, it robs you of a chance to be heard, as 'no good ideas come from the poor',

Poverty in father, poverty in mother, definitely rubs off on the children, poverty is a disease difficult to cure,

Poverty is a giant monster that can only be tamed by dedicated hard-work, prayers as Jabez did, and may seem un-surmountable, may be intimidating, but can be defeated,

Every mother discusses poverty with her kids, how terrible and merciless of a character is poverty,

Poverty is the character every father tells its fairy tale and the importance of using education as weapon to attack it,

Poverty an equal opportunity degrader of a person, multiple acronyms have been given to poverty in every culture and society.

Priscilla

I was lonely and depressed
I was tired and lost
wandering in the strange land
hopeless in my Babylon
You came as baby of destiny
You gave a shoulder for me to lean on
You gave everything, more than I ever expected
You like mother hen for the chicks,
caring and nurturing,
You made today possible,
I live for a better tomorrow,
Only for what you were able to do,
Thanks to you my diamond of inestimable value

SEGUN RASAKI

Sandy Hook Tragedy

They heard loud noise; bang! , bang! ! , bang! ! !
The noise was not from shattering glasses,
The noise was not from bangers of Christmas,
The noise came from a monster looking these angels in their faces,
The monster had enough bile in his circulation, he had extreme evil on his face

The monster pointed Guns at these innocent kids and pulled triggers,
The painful cries of these youngsters could only be imagined,
The cries of mommy, daddy, mommy, daddy,,
The sight of blood everywhere, innocent blood of the righteous ones,

The violence of extreme magnitude, that can only be seen in a war zone,
The safety of the school was shattered, the future of these young ones was shattered,
The blood of these angels are crying unto us, why did we allow this to happen,
why is the world so cruel,
The black Friday in America, the black Friday in Newtown,

The heavens weep, the earth weep
The Christmas that was not to be, let the Angels welcome these Angels and allow
them to have Christmas with Christ Himself,
The World needs no more violence.

SEGUN RASAKI

Second Chance

Who needs you,
why do they call you second,
What is your chance,
When I fail to meet the expectations,
I mean those high standards,
I will call on you,
begging for you to come to my rescue.

When my teachers give grades,
Those grades that I cannot take home,
I shall yell for you,
to come and live in the hearts of my teachers,
Begging for them to give you to me.

When things go wrong in my life,
When relationships go bad,
I will ask of you to come.

When I fail to meet up,
with life's challenges,
I will take consolation in you.

I promise not to make excuses,
No excuses for my shortcomings.
All I am asking for is you,
My friend second chance.

SEGUN RASAKI

Snowman.

Snowman, You are Mr Winter.

Snowman, How I love to see you everyday.

Snowman, I can only see you on those eerie cold days of winter months.

Snowman, sometimes short, sometimes tall.

Snowman, always cold and white.

Snowman, you remind me of Christmas, No Christmas for me without Snowman.

Snowman, I remember you come at those times that I do not want to go to school as the weather too cold.

Snowman, tough man, you are outside when all of us are inside cuddled up in our blankets.

Snowman, I love to play with you everyday, build castle around you.

Snowman, I guess I can only see you at certain times of the year, yes, only in winter.

Friends, won't it be nice to say Snowman, Snow-woman, Snow-boy, Snow-girl.

Bye bye Snowman as you only come when mama and papa do not want me to stay outside for too long.

SEGUN RASAKI

Wail! , Wail! ! , Wail! ! ! For Haiti.

Wail, ! Wail, ! ! Wail for HAITI! ! ! ! !

Wail for the sight is Gory,

Wail for the deaths of these Infants

Wail for the deaths of these women, ; young, and Old

Wail for the loss of the productive workforce of this Nation

Wail for the Calamity that came within few seconds to claim thousands of lives.

Wail for the loss of generations of this Land called Haiti

Wail for the Unconsolable mothers, and fathers for the loss of their loved ones

Wail, if you have tears in your tear glands,

Wail, if you have heart that is meek

May the Almighty console us all, for the sights of the dead in the rubbles too
frightening to look.

SEGUN RASAKI