

Poetry Series

Timothy Faboade
- poems -



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Timothy Faboade(13th February,1993)

Timothy Faboade is a graduate at Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife. He has a bachelor degree in English language and education. He attended St. Luke's Anglican Primary School and St. Patrick's Anglican Grammar School, both in Gbongan for his primary and secondary education respectively.

Faboade was born into the Sooko Ruling House, Gbongan where he spent his childhood days.

He began his writing career while in the secondary school where he served as one of the senior prefects. He represented and won numerous prizes for his secondary school in different competitions.

He gained admissions to Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife in 2012. He was a journalist on OAU campus working under the auspices of the Association of Campus Journalists (ACJ) . He also reported for the INFOCUS News Agency of Faculty of Education, OAU.

Faboade heads the Editorial Board of the Gbongan Olufi Parrot (GOP) , a media organization that awarded him as the best writer of the year in 2018. In late 2017, Faboade was appointed as Acting General Secretary of the Gbongan Youth Emancipation Group (GYEG) . Considering his successes in the office, the indigenous association made him substantive General Secretary in 2018, a post he still holds.

He has written several articles for the Nigerian Tribune, a daily newspaper and a number of blogs. Also, he is an experienced English and Literature teacher having taught in many secondary schools in Osun State, Nigeria.

Ageing

When I behold a child clad with smiles
Brushing off ahead of him the many miles,
Feeling his is the world of our own
And his free earth to be shown,
Within me poisonous envy soars.
Not that with the infant I want a war
Nor with his smiles that bring me pains,
But with ageing which me chains.

Timothy Faboade



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Eye And Sky

Which has a more contentful bank
I once in my mind thought,
Each with its strength fought
Till both at night went blank.

Yet when in the morn wakeful I lay,
The very battle at once resumes
Ending it at once I quickly assume
For as an onlooker I am often frail.

Very wide and large is the sky
Spreading itself to cover the planet,
Or let's say it's the Earth's blanket
Designed and sewed with no style.

When it opens its bank, the lands
Roofs, seas, heads have their shares
And for the green ones it cares
And the content comes in brands.

So, larger we think the sky's fount
Whittling down the eye's power
Which though can usurp Eiffel tower
If not for its bounty!

But the head's lamp no season
Knows: rainy or dry it flows
Its fluids: in joys or woes
And releases water from its prison.

What happens to the eye's content
Not to the sky it vanishes?
Or does the sky that replenishes?
Sky's content is but lent!

How do I become a fair judge
In this battle of supremacy
And for the world leave a legacy?
To none's claims will I budge!

Timothy Faboade

Seed In Heart (To Olaitan)

When a seed underneath ground
Is by a perfect tiller buried,
Is it forever in the closet bound?
And the expectant tiller worried?

It resurrects even with a better body
Spreading its colour, fair and green,
Joining to make nature a better company
And the tiller's efforts by all is seen.

Not with digger I dug your heart
Or plant a poor and corruptible seed
On your innocent fleshy earth
Free of the common mundane weed.

Thus for long I have tarried
Refusing to blink my wearied eyes
Set on the heart which has carried
The seed, my love, and looked iced.

For an age, it seems, I have waited
For the plant to rise even to the space
For I want from the fruit to taste
And wear smiles on my sored face.

The land is fertile and not hostile,
So why would my love not grow
Fair is my love, not futile or vile.
Lady, see the balls of water on my brow.

Timothy Faboade

When Winter Comes

When Winter comes, witty Nature
Its beauties and glories evacuates
And for a while till March vacates
So, its fairness Winter won't puncture.

The agile sun becomes weary
So, though not in humility, is low
Allowing night for a while to glow,
The sun has never been wary.

When Nature in the eyes vanishes,
In the admiring hearts it flourishes,
For there it's watered and nourished.
So, by Winter Nature isn't banished.

From December Nature itself winters
Revelling till its fairer return in March
So as not with the fiery Winter bashes.
Winter is but a dreadful pincher!

Timothy Faboade

Lines Written On My Birthday

(Composed for Timothy Faboade on his birthday)

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days
So we can obediently draw near you
Please, add more to our days and years.
Though from the outset the road is gray
Like a forgotten mustard seed I grow.
Gradually, the glory shines on my brow.
And I am being evacuated from the mire
Which burns me incessantly like fire.

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days
So we can obediently draw near you
Please, add more to our days and years.
I'll spend wisely my precious time
And to astray I will never think to go.
From infancy to adolescence I soar
Albeit the brave-less lions' raging roar
Amidst thorns and woods the seed grows.

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days
So we can obediently draw near you
Please, add more to our days and years.
The handler of the pen clocks another year
The league of heavenly host valiantly rejoices
Clandestinely, sylphs in their tiny voices
In conjunction with men celebrate the Poet
Showers of blessings in the morn he gets.

Thank you Lord for teaching us to count our days
So we can obediently draw near you
Please, add more to our days and years,
Within twenty-four a day grows and dies,
The sun lives and dies when the moon
In its shyness appears white-black so high,
Now I, the poet, am in my aged noon
Moving without a strand of fear.

The glorious eve of my arrival had done
Leaving an immortal memory of the Great Entry
After twelve months have gone.
As I am busy moulding the story,
Teach me Lord to count my days,
So, I can obediently draw near you
And not move like the world astray
Till I see my noble end in you.

Timothy Faboade

Frailty

How short could human mind be?
Just once threatened it forever frails
Oblivious of the not-far-coming glee.
It sees green light yet chooses fail
For once before it is ephemeral threat
Behind which lies the sought honey
On which it's placed its very best.
And so renders a waste the journey.

Timothy Faboade



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Father To Son

'You're about to set a new feat
In this world of ours. You have come
Thus far, very far from to have a name,
Listen to my words and the gnome
And in the mission you'll have no shame.

'In the dreams there will be some storm
Raging and rocking the sheer sea
On which you travel, this is a norm,
Tempest comes before the glee,
And above all these, my son, rise
With your oar and mind strongly,
And not be drowned by their size
As this will be, my son, very wrong.

'Many a foetus dies before birth
And flowers before becoming fruit,
Yes, some see it as a bestial brute
My son, life itself, to me, is a mirth.
Stand still even if the wind howls
Let not the waxing waves shake you,
Pains, fears and tears may grow,
But your lofty dream will come through.'

Timothy Faboade

Olufioye, The First Lord Of Gbongan

Many an unharped name had gone
Into the running wind and air
Of time, sometimes with a snare
When the bearer of it was done
In this wide weary, whirling world
Though his deeds be big and broad,
Of him not heard was one word
Even from his surviving child or ward.

Millions of fames of the Black Race
Not bisected in the history Book
After centuries of unique phase
Possess a vague and fading look
And later, not able to survive time
In the modern memory mildly die
Because they are not sublimed.
So, away into the Space the memories fly.

Unlike there in the foreign lands
Very far, very far to our reach
Various trained and taught hands
With memories the Books bleach,
Hence, hold that the forgotten names
Here never for once in this world be
And that mere lies were the fames
And the said accompanying glee.

Muse! Remember your favour to Homer,
Whose hands moulded the Greeks
And their democratic Athenian creeks
The book-painting makes them formal,
What of Virgil and how the ill-fortune Troy
Like dead trees mysteriously fell
And became in the Greek hands a toy
After the hexed Paris-Helen love knell.

Muse, let these beautiful, witty bards
As I embark on this voyage of memory
Be my ever reliable and trusted guards

To paint for the world the true story
Of my race, my soaring clan, tribe,
Which grows from the old Oyo Empire,
And its ways of life till now we imbibe
And erect amazingly our own empire.

No Prince wouldn't desire to climb
The throne, and have on his head
The coveted crown when the clime
Of his king-father passed, and weld
His bosom to the sacred stool
Won majorly by blood, and often war
With the blood-thirsty, deadly tools
And, then, perchance, many more.

Olufioye was a valiant, an ambitious Prince
In the defunct, known Old Oyo Kingdom
Which during its prime knew no boredom.
A Kingdom trailed the birth of the Prince,
Who ceaselessly eyed the beaded crowns
That commanded honour and wealth
And so many servants with various clowns,
Who all helped the Crown's perfect health.

King Abiodun Adegoriolu ruled Oyo for years,
He had many Princes and Princesses
Who all grew up royally with cheers.
He was with no known weaknesses.
Olufioye, a royal, brave and happy son
Whose vision and mission transcended
The perfectest and strongest sun,
Hoped to soon the throne ascend.

After his father had gone to meet
The ancestors, Olufioye began his struggle
To inherit the priceless, golden seat
Known with cymbals, drums, lute and bugle.
So, he sought for with sacrifice grace
From all the cannonized, adored Gods
To give their respective, expensive nods
To him to rule and lead the Yoruba race.

He met with the Oyomesi, a Seven-man
Group that had unspeakable power over
The Choice of a King and the lucky man.
They said the Oracle would preside over
The kingship matter for peace to reign
In the ancient, art-rich, powerful town
That needed new blood in its vein
After the descension of the fallen Crown.

The epoch widely opened doors
For all the newest ancestor's children
And his numerous living kindred
To flex their muscles in the kingship war
And have their luck tried before
The holiest, most righteous Ifa Oracle
Which was always their decisions' shore
And their then chiefly meetings' table.

The flame of the over-heated tussle
Spiraled and soared to the silent sky
That watched the Princes' waxing muscles
Just like an innocent passerby.
It got fiery, became a furore and tense
As they were waiting for Ifa to talk
To their two-side broad sense.
Muse! Wouldn't he be later mocked?

If thumbs could be allowed to count,
If the teeming, praising voices
Fuming from all those many mouths
Could seal their lone out of the Princes choice,
Olufioye would have had his way
To ascend his father's best heritage
And put the burning power fire at stay
With his endowments and courage.

All the rituals and atonement the Gods took
From this noble Prince with ambition
Of writing his name in the Great Book
Of oral history on all the condition.
But nothing to show of the sweat
As his dreams hit the evil rock

That never saw him wearily wet,
And perhaps pitied the looming shock.

The Ifa Oracle spoke and all obeyed
The divine voice as the last order
That they couldn't lead them astray.
His mind crossed the last border,
Ran quickly out of the precious palace
Down to the far away, very far wood
Which needed him be more gallant.
Towards his newest goal he stood.

Sometimes human sight can be short
And desire very tiny and so small.
He thirsted for the already-built court
With a strong and muraled wall.
Yet he was dark to the written fate
With which he had been heavenly attached,
Though in the illusion he'd fair faith.
From this he could never be detached.

Leaving the stage when the page
Of tussle was still very, very high
Was cowardice during his unrecorded age,
But he should rather away shy,
Perharps there as it was then written
Lied that which was said belonged
To him, to be happy as a kitten,
Where round him million would throng.

In pieces he gathered his broken heart
And with the flowing stream of tears
A new life and dream he planned to start
Amidst fears of failure, far and near.
Once the old Kingdom failed to contain
His lofty quest, he sought somewhere else
To test his bravery and have a domain
And leave for other Princes the mess.

At one dawn he found his narrow path
With some who shared in his dreams,
In the forest of many abysmal parts

That could consume the dreams' gleams.
They all left without a fair farewell
Willing willingly a huge of what they earned
To the city where they'd never dwell
Again. A plougher shouldn't look back, they learned.

Let all Angels and host of holy Heaven
Lead this lone leader in the league of trees,
Oduduwa, Oranmiyan, provide a haven
To him. Obatala, slap these tall trees.
Oh! You gods! Rise for your blood,
Ogun, man him from the boisterous beasts
And the irked, howling sandy flood
That moved to have on them feasts.

They cleared the thicket with their feet
Which were naked and hardened
By the ferocious soil and its burning sheet.
Greatly, yet they were strongly gladdened,
And had on the rise their infallible hopes
To get soon to the perceived Promise Land
As they mounted hills, and descended slopes.
Olufioye, the Prince, led the united band.

The ancestors never reneged the vows
To among all Jerichos be his sheer shield,
And to the foes be a sacred cow
As to their divine orders he totally yield'd.
Unlike the God's people in the wilderness,
Unto his great Guards he didn't rebel
But honoured them more in the wilderness
And built in the Wood for them a new Babel.

His followers in the tangled thorny bush
Watered his high visions with cheers
Despite the torrent of hunger crushing
Their desert stomachs. That's a mere
Test of their bravery to form a new nation,
They held that holily to their breasts.
How tasking could a nation creation
Be. Failure shouldn't lead to jests!

With the beaded crown with which
He dreamed to rule his own state
Bond and wove together with no stitch,
Among the people to create a caste,
He rowed the howling wood and forest
Letting Ogun tear down the tall stands
Thick and thin, the forest's fortress
With his bare sharpest blady hands.

Muse! Why didn't Poets this journey weigh
Like Alighieri's, Ulysses', and the Greeks'?
Wasn't Olufioye brave enough, Muse, nay!
Names and fames they all rose to seek.
Then, loftier was this noble Prince's quest
Solely with all heavens as his beams
In the dark daring all evils with his vest
Of valiance and bravery as he could deem.

New days were born and later died,
The sun and moon had their own time,
All in the nature law fearfully abided.
In the forest for a complex clime
They were, walking, running, jumping
Sometimes dolorously when tired,
Many a hill, mountain, through climbing
They suppressed and without gun fired.

Many a sea, a river their legs kicked
Out of the way while touring the warful wild,
Though some of their drops they picked,
Especially those that looked somehow mild.
Like birds they made their rest on trees,
Valleys, hills roof, and sometimes their feet,
With a joy that they were (or would be) free
Or for then and later would make a feat.

He tarried at Songbe to have his luck
Perhaps he had had the promise of Heaven,
The Ifa's soothing mouth he knock',
To its words his ears he never deafened.
He offered goats, sheep and all nuts
To this Guard for a good, valid lead

That possessed no human-known but.
That had been his only hallowed shield.

His men, wearied, famished, unburdened
Their heavy heads while Olufioye sought
The face of his Guard. He unladen
His soul with water he from a lake brought
As they all looked up to the Divine Oracle
Seeing smokes of their sacrifice in the skies
Spiraling, springing without an obstacle.
Hence, unlike Cain he had nothing to vie.

A league of livid dooms from his fount
The Guard, whose eyes knew all, foresaw
And his dreams soon hit a hexed mount.
Ah! Behold the winding, hovering war!
See your blood from Oyo horsing
Behind you with guns, arrows and bows,
Axes, swords, all out fire fiercely forcing.
Oh! Noblest of all Princes, leave now!

The holiest of all Yoruba Gods spoke
And without cloud warned of the dark,
That him from his slumber awoke.
Would Oyo still be another giant shark
In his surging stream of tortured life?
He helplessly in his closet bitterly wept
As he felt in his fair heart the knife
So sharp and venomous as it in crept.

Their eyes were fixed, glued to the door
Behind which their Aeneas was sobbing
Ruing how he had his pride on the floor,
His pierced heart was bleeding and throbbing
For he pitied with him all the wandering legs
Trembling and sweating in the sun and rain.
The two servants of Heaven he beg',
Muse, but he did this all in vain.

Muse! Who can be brave in the wind?
What tool can help fight a raging winter?
Can the two be subdued and bow to bind?

On the poor mind they gradually tinker
Rowing, whirling the embittered soul
With their crooked, contemptuous fists
Trampling on the soul with their soles
How can one rise to the peak in their mists?

'My dear people', facing the crowd
He said, 'In unity we've our strength',
His voice friendly though loud,
'And this has taken us to this length,
Without fear of beasts and wilds
We embark on this long journey
Having our hope so high and wide
And our tongues shall taste the honey.'

Cheered, they clapped for the motivator
After a chorus of Amen from their tongues
And their souls put on the elevator,
They in unison like Angels sang some songs.
All their sorrows at once evaporated,
And griefs resulting from pains vanished,
Their confidence couldn't be overrated,
His sobs and worries too he varnished.

'Ours in this quest isn't to relent
Though today we may be running about
And because of our mission be bent,
We will till we find our home scout
All the whole wide world,
Let's button all our poor shirt
And hearken to what Ifa has said
And our travour won't be a mirth.

'Here isn't our dreamed abode yet,
There Ifa and our living-dead fathers
Have prepared for us. So, I say let
Us head our loads and move farther
Till we will get to our own land
Revealed to be full of honey and milk,
There, brothers, we'll sing as a band
In beautiful, shining, colourful silks.

'Oh! Mothers, Daughters and sisters
There our children'll like lily grow
Sisters won't be any more spinsters,
Our joy shall be great and as sun glows,
Pains today, heaps of gains tomorrow
If infallible our collective effort
Despite the torrent of tempest and sorrow
Oh! My blood! This isn't our resort.'

None treacherous then there seemed
Though behind was a mild uproar
Struggling to be amidst cheers deemed
His tongue in their labyrinths was sore:
They never though desired much,
Hence, saw as a waste the Prince's quest
And quite (you may say) ignoble as such
That clung as fern to palm tree to his breast.

The tempted minds were meekly soothed,
All wearied hearts in the camp appeased
Then, they prepared for the path, so smooth.
In Songbe they couldn't for a while cease
For the windful war of Oyo might come
While they're thinking of having a rest
In the peaceful village though some
Weapons were in their various vests.

Olufioye, Son of Peace, who's well bred
A finger against his father he'd not raise
Nor a gun point at Oyo though his bed
He had elsewhere, with little praise.
He became an Abraham being led by
His fair Fate and divine diety through
The thickets that were very high
And amidst hostile nature, too.

He led and was followed by his wives
Who mothered his various sons
With whom they spent their lives
In the storming rain and burning sun
All in the raven-dark, dire region,
Of a world where that light

Led to a hidden, but deep dungeon,
And dream died before the sight.

'My crown', she before Olufioye knelt
And the dovelly mouth soothingly said
These in his heart he happily felt
'We're going as we're being led
And from this quest we won't cease
For waiting for us are the rewards
That King Aole can never seize
From us, our children and wards.'

Tejumade, the first wife of his,
Worshipped their Lord, Olupe's son,
Together with other women of his, viz
Abedide, Olatundun, and with fun
Oyinlola, Kofoworola, the symbols
Of beauty, virtue, charity and faithfulness
Sung with lute, drums and cymbals
To celebrate his uncommon braveness.

'Mothers of my many successors,
The greats behind my high quest
Of making myself a predecessor
Like my forefathers in their very best
Bestowed to us a name full of glory
In Oyo and Ile-Ife, my meek mind
Cheers though now we've a sour story
Because you my pillars I find.

'For our children, your children I build
My dreams without a known sleep,
And for others to form a great guild
With affection and harmony so deep.'
He said and each of them embraced
With eulogies, love and perfect praise
With which he often them lavishly laced
Like noble, humble men of the aged days.

All his followers who he with reverence
And honour in their best form treated
And among whom he planted no difference,

Bowed, and in their journey wouldn't retreat.
At once they left Songbe and the clan
Towards North in the wide wood
With a farewell from the friendly fans
That owned Songbe in a nice mood.

They rowed the green leafy creatures
Whose heights were a wordless threat,
Though the travellers by this feature
Were not quaked for they'd read,
No, assured by Ogun, God of iron,
Honesty, charity, nobility, and oath,
Whose rage can silence an irate lion,
That he would be their blade, an oath.

Sango, the fiery Lord whose look
Can pluck out one's heart from the cage,
Who holds the pillar of the cloth sky
And with his tongue he hooks
Thunders and lighting, symbols of rage,
Helped seized the host of the sky
From descending on the Questing Team
Though implausible this may seem.

They got to Iwo when a new day broke
And the sun was igniting its power
In the horizon, when the town just woke
With spiraling smoke on short towers,
Goats were bleating, corks crowing
Little ones, stark naked, in ecstasy
Played with the nature, the crawlings
Were elated by their mothers' back delicacy.

Green Natures decorated by meek waters
Neat and clean finely added more
To the offer to the eyes without altars,
Colourful flies in millions had their shore
On the beauties of the alluring figures
Who gave the sights a sweet company
That added more to their vigorous,
The team's joy, Muse, should be many.

There Prince Olufioye was welcomed by
The King and chiefs, sons and slaves
Urging him not to later say a bye
For obvious was his undaunted bravery.
The crown from Oyo he in his hand bore
Announced his noble peaceful mission
And that he didn't emerge for any war
Nor come unlike others for a division.

'Dear King, ruler of this loyal nation,
All the Princes and Princesses, Chiefs
I with my small wandering nation
Salute you as we come though in brief
From Oyo through the buses we pass
Looking for a land to settle our long legs
And to rise to grace from the poor grass,
So, your Highness, a single route be beg.'

The crowned head on the high throne
Pleased with the Prince and his people
On whose foreheads greatness shone
And on them all he saw a new people,
Then with worthy wit released his reply
That portrayed friendliness and humility
Quite enough for them on to rely
As they did to the inherited divinity.

'Denying seeing an elephant is a lie
Even to that blood-y thing in the womb,
Talking to me, dear Prince, is the tie
That joins your father though in tomb
And me. That royal symbol says
A lot about you and your able dream
And I must not support you less
Now that your bright glory beams.

'Building a name takes a stream
Of pains mixed with boiling sweat,
But there will be joy when the cream
Comes and on the path is no death.
It's a pain-gain journey of life
That can at the later end either fend

The traveller within himself strife
Or all the sheer shames of life bend.'

Well said, for the King they bowed,
Then the bards' tongues rented the airs,
Rendering the eulogies of then and now
Moving all Iwo's bloods on their chairs.
'Iwo Olodu Oba Omo ateni gba ore',
They began to chorus in one voice
Their ancestral songs to the core,
Then, there was no foreign choice.

Before the traveller was a long table
Which carried Eko, Akara and other
Good things to devour, fresh, not stable,
Before they in their journey went further.
Their desert tongues got deliverance,
Their plaintive stomachs ceased the protests
And their inaudible, poor utterance.
They ate and drank as if in a contest.

Fresh palm tree blood and its glory:
White foam in neat, ancient calabash
Was gulped to end the tongues' story
After libation to the Gods to a crash
Avoid as the watery food flowed
Down to the grumbling fleshy tanks,
These they did till corks crowded
After which they said their thanks.

When all the village had gone to rest,
And the whole nature got their beds,
Some high they had their nests,
Towards a silent chamber Olufioye was led
By his Host, with a burning lamp.
Behind the King Olufioye slowly walked
Like an about-to-be-muttoned lamb.
There the two Lords nobly talked.

'Dear Prince', the Oluwo commenced,
When the two had got their seats

Facing each other: a sign he's revered,
'You're about to set a new feat
In this world of ours. You have come
Thus far, very far from to have a name,
Listen to my words and the gnome
And in the mission you'll have no shame.

'In the dreams there will be some storm
Raging and rocking the sheer sea
On which you travel, this is a norm,
Tempest comes before the glee,
And above all these, my son, rise
With your oar and mind strongly,
And not be drowned by their size
As this will be, my son, very wrong.

'Many a foetus dies before birth
And flowers before becoming fruit,
Yes, some see it as a bestial brute
My son, life itself, to me, is a mirth.
Stand still even if the wind howls
Let not the waxing waves shake you,
Pains, fears and tears may grow,
But your lofty dream will come through.'

The words watered his heart more,
He greeted the King once again,
A blood-father he took him for.
He began to talk but from the main
Which drove him out of the Empire
To a new land he did not know,
With a divine order not to retire
Nor in the journey down slow.

'My Lord, my journey isn't a tour
In the wilderness of tension and terror
Nor its end, sir, I pray to be sour
Or full of fear and furore or error.
I rose to wear my father's shoes
After he's gone to his ancestor.
All Princes jostled but only two
Had theirs resisted the compressor.

'In vain I sweated, struggled to win
The seat, all sacrifices, Father, were
Taken from me. Yet with no sin
Cowardly, my lot fell through on a mere
Soil. Tears became my only drink
And branded sorrow my daily bread
All my hopes, joy were on the brink
And my poor life on blood red

'My heavy heart heaved hairless wings
And flew to where I never know
Though to Akiriwaye I hope a king
Become when my poor fate glows.
Aole in the tussle, Father, was favoured,
And I had my hope hit the high rock
Even though a thousand clamoured
I be the next King without a mock.

'Being with Aole in Oyo is sacrilegious,
Sometimes amounts to a deadly treason.
Hence I have to be very courageous
To elsewhere have my saint season
With some in me who have beliefs
And to me show acquiesce and love
All which have been my reliefs
Even though the path is quite rough.'

His eyes loosed their full lakes,
Ah! A once happy Prince behold
Muse, these were not for empathy's shakes,
But the stream of his life to hold.
Leaving a Kingdom for a possible doom
In such a manner with no destination
Could perhaps make depression loom
Or integrity upon a valid evaluation.

'My son, if eye can tomorrow see',
The host began to reply, and said,
'Life would have been easy for you and me,
'If good and evil could be read,
Easily we would find our paths

Out of the numerous before us
And stop on our lives boring maths
Your present is better than what it was.

'I said this because plain are your goals
Almost secured despite the various odds
On that land you'll soon set your toes
For by your sides are all our Gods
Whose piety, shields cover your journey
So far among the acrid nature and wilds
Which are these days, Son, very many.
Forever in the land shall be your Guides.

'Distance can't stop a hen from reaching
Her eggs, a heart can't be away from his place:
These have been our forefathers' teaching
Taken though like laws as a grace.
From today on we sign a mutual accord
Sealed not by hand or blood, but truth,
And between us, Olufi, there be no discord,
And our sons and daughters shall like the fruit.'

He smiled, his rising joy knew no bound.
He bowed before the crown's beaded feet,
And beaded hands raised him from ground
Back to the brown oval oak seat.
In unity the two men's hands confluenced
With cheers beamed on their appearances:
They each other positively influenced
Even after the travellers' disappearance.

The new day arrived more brightly
The travellers slowly left their beds
Made of bamboo and somehow lightly
Their moved when to the palace led,
Where heavens through the host king
Rained blessings and abundance on
Them: he was one of the many links.
And happily, comradely they rode on.

Muse, so cheerful, charitable a giver
The king was. A load of raw fine gold,

The lion's old hides and canned liver
Neither to be, then and now, bought or sold,
A heap of clothes and royal beads,
And money were given to the Prince
To please some more immediate needs:
He had been foretold by Akiriwaye since.

They resumed their journey with a heart
Of reaching their destination much sooner
While looking up to their main part:
Akiriwaye on whose words to faster
Move because remaining was a few
Miles to hoist their folded flag
And make their name, fame new,
None anymore seemed to nag.

'Oh you Prince! Where this piece falls
Shall you build beautifully your first hall
Where your children, wives friends and all
Others shall gather upon your clarion call.'
On his departure this was foresaw
That that which them all were led
Would on his shoulder carefully crawl
And thence lay for itself a lasting bed.

There where it fell should the nation
Rise like the morning sun in the east
As promised as a would a creation
Then, there they should have a feast,
Unto the Gods offer their appreciation
With rites, burning flesh and libation,
Call on all his father's father's father
And should not attempt to move farther.

Amidst the Philistine trees they found
The special mappy Piece missing
Hence, they were divinely bound
To there despite all the hissing,
Groaning, protesting even from his blood
That the wild wasn't meant for man
Because soon, they thought, a flood
Of animals might sweep away the clan.

How short could human mind be?
Just once threatened it forever frail
Oblivious of the not-far-coming glee.
It sees green light yet chooses fail
For once before it is ephemeral threat
Behind which lies the sought honey
On which it's placed its very best.
And so renders a waste the journey.

Their voices roared days and nights
Propelling him to their tune dance
Or else prepare for many fights
With no hope of giving him any chance.
Shaggy, impotent, and very weak
They held the land was. And never
Would they take it not being sleek
Or else they would denounce him forever.

Where could legs go without the head?
Or the diving fish without the sea,
Can the blind be without being led
Or the unvocal ones who can't see?
Can the clay question the moulder?
When it comes to games of wit
Can the younger challenge the older?
He was never shaken by it a bit.

After many blurred and blue moons
Still at the foresaid place in the wild
They began sickling the bountiful boons
With smiles that made them mild.
There in ten folds they apically grew,
Plants conceived, and bore sweet ones.
Then, there would be a need for a crew
To pilot the newest land as one.

Prince Olufioye became the first Lord
Steering the wheel and enormous affairs
Of Gbongan (shaggy land) with a board
Of chiefs taken and coronated with fair.
At the heart of the village was a Palace

Where the Prince-King led and ruled,
And rewarded gallantry and valiance.
With the old Oyo edicts they're glued.

(Narrated orally by Chief A. O. Faboade, a Prince)

Timothy Faboade

Of A Nation

Though we started very late
After our numerous mates
Who came to from heaven
Bring us forth to this oven,
We threaten the largest size
We hope to like morning rise
When we've been driven
Into the world and given
A fine, newly minted, name
Said to be full of fame.

We got a face and colour
After numerous years
Of our birth branded with fears
Among our peers we've dishonour.

She left when we're about to crawl
Gave us many growth laws
And went to her far away bed
Leaving us to fetch our bread.

But a long rope ties our legs
So tiny and very very weak
To the extent that we've to beg
When our secrets leak.

Sixty later, we can't try to walk,
Our loud voice isn't heard
Though noisily we talk,
All the laws on us are hard.
Far there she and others laugh
At us and our ailing strength
That takes us to no length
Of the road and its half.

Our Moseses are our brothers
Who like us need more wonders
As we strive to be out of the wood
And build our own nice hood.

Timothy Faboade

How Do We Know

How do we know friends
When things go smoothly
How do we know fiends
When we are in the woods
How do we know truth
When we can not think of lies
How do we know lies
When we can not see truth
How do we escape the cyclones
When we are solely lone
Amidst the dreading drones
And see beyond our nose
How do we know pains behind smiles
That beckon us from many miles?

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Love And Oath

'Sweetest and best of all Brides,
Listen to my mouth and my vows
In my dreams, you by my sides
I blissfully have: like egrets and cows.

'My love-thirsty tongue your love
It's meant to all living ears to air
And my heart at yours stares.
A flawless love to find is tough.

'Like the beautiful, fresh morning
Springing from the very far Heaven
In my abode you'll have a haven
Void of any form of earthly mourning.

'Oh Lady, upon truth I make my
Vouch for you and only you
Behold the days gradually passing by,
Please, let all my dreams come through.

She broadly smiled and replied,
'All my life I intend to give you,
Upon you my heart has relied
And I love you to make it new.

'My beauty I cherish so much
From now till Heaven comes
And that alone I greatly clutch
It covers all my sums.

'A Heaven and its Throne I want
In my earth from the very man
Who shall be at my back and front
Left and right and with me stand.

'A common wife's dominated life
Never suits my special taste
A man I'll never and never strive
To please, not in my haste.'

Timothy Faboade

A Symbol Of Poverty

They shoulder all the world's woes,
They are the symbols of pains,
They reflect from their heads to toes,
Suffering and penury in plain.
They beg for bread from their Mother
That caters for the few others
Who are in contrast with the ones
Whose feeble hopes are gone!

Their convoys are the teeming flies
That have a fiesta where they lie
Like withered, pestered leaves,
They curl with their heavy griefs
Hovering on their heads are vultures
Waiting patiently for their flesh
That have no desirable futures
Unlike others' that are ever fresh.

The rickety bridges offer shades
To their skins that have already faded,
Every night they roost on the floor
And put their sorrows for that day on shore.

Barred from schools, they litter the streets
Begging the lucky ones in the assorted fleets
For their daily meals in the sun and rain,
And the few treat them with holy disdain.

Their tattered rags in the unfriendly winds
Billow to film their peeping bones,
They sing with melancholic tones,
Yet to them the few are never kind.
Some have foods with many seals
Queuing to get the ephemeral gifts
And tomorrow when the present shifts
They hope to get from another seal, meals.

Give these innocent ones a new life
Their tears beg for pure clemency,

Perhaps they've erred in this Life
Where they should life in decency.

They on the streets struggle with dogs,
Famished goats for rotten breads
Flung into the bins and filthy bogs,
Their lives have already shown Red!

Give them knowledge and Book,
Part them from the poverty's hook,
Give them fortunate souls
And cover their sun-burnt soles.

Timothy Faboade

Husband's Temper

He picked his broken heart and said,
'To where, Lady, has your soul fled
Back to the altar or Dido's bloody shrine?
Wait! And stay for an age with mine!

'Lady, listen, to here you're not bound
Though as if you're you sorely sound
I'm not a hilarious, hunting hound
To a nice home miraculously mound.

'If flying away suits your livid interest
And the affection you'll more detest
Upon all the fondly love I invest,
Fly away, fly to have another union test.

'Large for you are my dear dreams
Full of bright, light, mighty beams,
Behold their rays and heavy gleams
Coming like a blue, humble stream! '

Timothy Faboade

Regret And Renounce

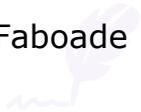
'In the whirlpool I had my bath
When looking for that perfect path
To tread and lead me to another life
Birthed by a union to make me a wife.

'My eyes were inaptly blinded
As I up my heart quickly winded,
And I am led or dragged to this wood
In which I have the bereaved mood.

'That cursed day, Lord, I now rue
All moves to make me glad fall through
For my mind has travelled away
And forced the onset Love go astray.

'Let my body be where my soul lies
Unto my newest heart I want to fly.'

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

From The Altar

The task of making a flawless choice
In the midst of a stream of options
Echoed and aired by struggling voices
Calls for patience without option.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

The Choice And The Woman

Endless can human desires forever be
And the great Desires' fire
Can outweigh and beat a sea
And ruin many an unbeatable empire.

They will for at least an age be high
Like the Nepal stone and Eiffel Tower
Which poke a finger each at the Sky
For theirs are height and power.

With a choice, the mind should
Be sealed and like a gate shut,
And nothing, idea or matter, should
Unseal such once it's shut.

The alternative's eyes, glowing faces
Lure and fake the floating mind
That at one spot swings and sways
And as such they the mind bind.

Muse! The inspirer of many bards
Consecrate me, a naive, to write
And red inks on my blank cards
As I rise to make man right.

Nature in its infinite mercy on her
Bestowed and kept a great treasure
Of beauty that all eyes were
Made to adore her with pleasure.

She sprang like a fair, fine rose
Full of incense and morning dew
That makes butterfly's abode new,
And the Sun, too, posed its nose.

She weighed more than a load of raw
Gold, not on the scale, but eyes,
Her rare figure added much more
To make the eyes not to bid a bye.

From her infancy through childhood
She was an emerald, new and fresh
Like the newest comer to the world hood,
Who has glory in pure heart and flesh.

She grew like lily in innocence
With a fortune spent on her skins
Treated with Arabian breath and incense,
A pride and gold to her kiths and kins.

Her Absalomic hair, which shone
Like status cast in brass placed
In the sun, many a plaiter phoned
And with flowers it was laced.

Her cheeks, so succulent without a spot
Or an earthly, distorting mark,
Execpt the one she Heavenly got
Oh Heaven! Bear witness and hark!

The learned bards their precious inks
While painting this Dame lost
Their brains searching for words to link
This brightest with corporeal were tossed.

Oh! A million tongues were nothing
To hallelujah this gem gifted to the world,
An eye-soring, heart-upsetting thing
Known to be only good as a word.

Clad in wealthy cloaks, ornaments,
Branded in chiefly, cherished beads
She grew with no known confinement
Like a product of a healthy seed.

Then, among all many maidens
She stood upright and out,
While for beauty others wandered about,
She'd the attention of all eyes as a maiden.

If still by then being a living mortar,

Aphrodite and Venus out of envy
Of this gem might grow many
Enmity that would make them falter.

As her moon was becoming full,
She became the only shrine of Love
Though then she was as meek as dove
And to herself many Adams she'd not pull.

Kings of various near and far towns
Their heralds they sent for her hand
In a marriage, but none of these crowns
Could with a ring this finest finger brand.

Like long, thick drops of rain
The Chiefs' sweats for years looked
Just to a place in her heart booked,
And they rumbled, stumbled in vain.

Many a man of great noble birth,
Whose fixed gaze was on the lady
With a heart of winning the maid
Came to add to the thoughtful mirth.

Tillers who built a pyramid of yam
Placed their heartily bids at her feet
Vowing to all her needs meet.
But who or which could be a scam?

The orators employed their tool
Lying in-between the mouth thorns,
But all their songs were mere wools
In the wind, their love pieces were torn.

Men of wood and clay, known for creation
Without breath of life too presented,
To get their ailing luck cemented,
Many shapes of hers for love sensation.

The task of making a flawless choice
In the midst of a stream of options
Echoed and aired by struggling voices

Calls for patience without option.

How can the sky Lord, Jove be free
In this mild tussle or Juno, his queen
Of both hatred and envy for who'd been
So turbulenced to make a forced knee?

Would Paris have courted Helen, a Princess,
The main fuel of the mythical melee
If this fairest of all was at the age be
And have rare peace in excess?

In the whirlpool of sweet tongues
She had her hourly, quick bath
Though oblivious of the path
To walk all the rhythmic songs.

All made Love-rites for her heart
That was being tempered like waves
On the sea, so she opened up to pave
Ways for the suitors to enter her heart.

Having the stainless, fearless one
As her own was her only dream
And not until that, she'd not be done
Pointing to their faces the planet beams.

She visioned her later days with ecstasy
As the suitors continued to stream in,
To garner this, she added more efficacy.
Her goal, never, was thin.

The scent and blossom of the bright
Flower planted where water passed
Spread and flew higher even out of sight
Unto the minds of the ages past.

How could this trending Lovers' clash
Be halted and fiery swords sheathed?
That bouquet of flower they almost smash'd
When the swords fled their sheaths

Oh fair Angel! To your heart listen
None of all before you was faultless,
In your decision be dauntless,
And never try to it quicken.

Her labyrinths were disastrously deaf
On the path of suiting her precious self
After the unquenchable intoxication
Of pride of being a Bride beyond elucidation.

To emotional crash she's driven
Blind to the dooms that herald fame
Thought that for her no way for shame
For unto her all Adam souls were given.

Legions of legs flooded her home,
Which could beat the ancient Rome,
With flowers, diamonds, silvers, golds,
In many millions, weighty folds.

Sated by all these, she put on smiles
And convinced, all the luck-testers
Both near and from myriad miles,
Her seeming humblest heart they'd not pester.

Her drivers to the world more gifts,
From these men they received
And every day comically deceived,
The sharing almost ignited a rift.

Oh! Fairest, finest of all damsels
Never be buried in these luring tinsels
That would only blur your sight
And shred your endowed might!

But she seemed to be a deaf dog
That would never hear the hunter's call
Because she's was meant to fall,
And perhaps herself could bog.

All eyes conferenced on the maiden,
Who with Adamic options was laden,

Watching and waiting for the groom
Who should be with no known doom

Like the Pavlov's dog, the poor salivated
At the food they couldn't smell.
From the norms they dared not deviated
And their hearts they couldn't tell.

Their feelings died in the wombs
And buried in the darkest region of mind,
Darker and smaller than any tombs
Because the pride price they couldn't find.

Years rolled in, years rolled out
She grew like others in age
As words never ceased from mouths
Then, she began to settle for marriage.

But what of the sinister of the Affair
Alluded to be from the Jointer, God
Who they all expect to drive with fair
What human race has given a nod.

Of all the men there was one
Whose lots appeared heavier
Than the rest present and gone
And even quite than others steadier.

He came to her ever busiest door
Every morning and when night arrived,
He left for home with nothing derived
Save her fixed words to love him more.

Several sweet love hymns he wove
For this lady, he became a nightingale
So, he sang scented songs of love,
That through her heart heartily sail'd.

His great god-given face grew famous,
His name flooded all the lips,
In the quest, he made many men slip
And die in all ways so conspicuous.

By earth and heaven he severely swore
To be in love with her even before
She arrived in this whirled world
And that the love's beyond word.

'Sweetest and best of all Brides,
Listen to my mouth and my vows
In my dreams, you by my sides
I blissfully have: like egrets and cows.

'My love-thirsty tongue your love
It's meant to all living ears to air
And my heart at yours stares.
A flawless love to find is tough.

'Like the beautiful, fresh morning
Springing from the very far Heaven
In my abode you'll have a haven
Void of any form of earthly mourning.

'Oh Lady, upon truth I make my
Vouch for you and only you
Behold the days gradually passing by,
Please, let all my dreams come through.

She broadly smiled and replied,
'All my life I intend to give you,
Upon you my heart has relied
And I love you to make it new.

'My beauty I cherish so much
From now till Heaven comes
And that alone I greatly clutch
It covers all my sums.

'A Heaven and its Throne I want
In my earth from the very man
Who shall be at my back and front
Left and right and with me stand.

'A common wife's dominated life

Never suits my special taste
A man I'll never and never strive
To please, not in my haste.'

Her demands she wittingly tabled
Before the standing to-be groom
Whose heart never bred lethal doom,
The subject of this thought fable

When the night light was blue,
They sat near a mild, fine lake
Feeling all the nature and its hue
All for blind Love's sake.

Birds sang and musically whistled,
The breeze came gently on their skins,
Against one another they nestled,
Love, if plain, doesn't amount to sin.

'At my threshold you'll be in a Queen
On whose command all shall be
And your wishes in your mind so keen
My commands, too, shall be.

'The moon in the sky and the star
From one another are never far
All other ladies I will quickly bar
And their aged approaches mar.

'The proud sun before you shall bow
After I present you to all
That you're the mother of my Hall
Lady, I'll build your dreams now.'

The two lovers' tonic talk reached
The blossom of a happy ending
And wholly, stainless Love they preached
As the duo's hearts together were blending

Towards the altar they found their way,
The creams of the world graced
The most awesome and joyful day

That was expensively and lavishly laced.

Crowns, swords, pens were present
In all forms of best of all attires
With grandiose golden presents
As priceless as sapphires.

The crawling ants, insects of the ground
Dined to their very vessels' bound
Excess wine poured on the floors
And much more in the massive stores.

Then, at a corner was one aggrieved
Melancholic, looking like a bereaved
Brooding, lamenting like a war
Victim subjected to loneliness law.

Neither wine nor cake he would take
But the tears flowing like a river
In his heart when he saw his rival
He thought to be nothing but fake.

He forced out some hexed smiles
In other to mask his sinister,
As he ringed the former spinster,
Who posed in different styles.

The wishers', couple's joys were
his pains and deadly heart-stroke,
A crooked finger to them he poked
Where the elated souls were.

Sober, he healed his huge wound
Having on the rise his downed hope
Which was about to ground.
So, he thought to cut the tied rope.

When his tolerance reached its peak,
He bowed to the humming pressure,
And at the back door away sneak'd
Hoping to meet her in the future.

With everything he served the Wife
So she could love the union,
He almost became her minion
In their celebrated married life.

Ah! What goodness lies in Marriage?
Had they pictured the mirage
That gathered at its huge back
To make the union like wall crack?

Slowly, the Love began to fade
As a hyper-washed, aged rag,
It's vanishing beneath the shade,
Then, the Prince began to nag.

Flowers, diamonds, gold, the plaintive man
With lines, verses and rhymes sent
And near her villa he went
Where men had been bann'd.

Remember Chaucer and his Tales?
Then, this should not be new
Though on this is the pure dew
Covered by black, big veils.

The other outside she lovely eyed
And the one clustered to her iced:
There's love, but no compromise,
A backbone of the altar Promise.

She thought him to be much better
Than the lucky man who gave
Her nothing but much more fever
And her interests waved.

And how could she her way out
Find to have the beckoning alternative,
Sometimes in the castle she'd be evasive
And she'd no voice to shout.

A hell she created in the heaven
Its priceless peace she wilfully whirled

As she moved to make it an oven,
She every day and night curled.

Exhausted of all patience, one day
The weary husband to her chamber
Went. There she was with sorrow lay
Having nothing good to remember.

'Oh my jewel, my beautiful glory,
Tell me your tear-furrowed story
That makes everything seem gory
Perhaps I need to say a sorry.

'Pour out, my lady, all the grievances,
Listen to my plea with no defiance,
Loose your full dense mind's bank
To fill in my yearning ear's tank.

'Who's troubled your tender peace
And shredded your heart into pieces
Why will our young love sneeze
And yet-younger, union freeze? '

Lips glued, tongue stuck to the roof,
Would she need more proofs?
She released the flood of tears
Flowing on her cheeks with fears.

Ah! Muse! Would man for the second time
Though of different climes
Be blinded by blemish, faulty Love
Whose corner stone was rough?

'Oh Sweet Lady, my Love is pure
Unity in our union is very sure
And forever I'll love you,
Please, let my dream come through.'

He helped wipe the rising torrent
For he wanted to know her woe

That turned her to a ferocious foe
Be it then, later or perhaps current.

When she eventually dispensed the flood
That retarded her peace in the castle,
She goofed and mired her mantle,
Oh! Let the nip be in the bud!

'In the whirlpool I had my bath
When looking for that perfect path
To tread and lead me to another life
Birthed by a union to make me a wife.

'My eyes were inaptly blinded
As I up my heart quickly winded,
And I am led or dragged to this wood
In which I have the bereaved mood.

'That cursed day, Lord, I now rue
All moves to make me glad fall through
For my mind has travelled away
And forced the onset Love go astray.

'Let my body be where my soul lies
Unto my newest heart I want to fly.'
Poorly and weakly she announced
And his good name denounced.

Shouldn't there be perfection, Muse,
In what the Heaven holily fuses?
Or in its highness free fair furore
On the blessed, canonized love shore?

He picked his broken heart and said,
'To where, Lady, has your soul fled
Back to the altar or Dido's bloody shrine?
Wait! And stay for an age with mine!

'Lady, listen, to here you're not bound
Though as if you're you sorely sound
I'm not a hilarious, hunting hound
To a nice home miraculously mound.

'If flying away suits your livid interest
And the affection you'll more detest
Upon all the fondly love I invest,
Fly away, fly to have another union test.

'Large for you are my dear dreams
Full of bright, light, mighty beams,
Behold their rays and heavy gleams
Coming like a blue, humble stream! '

The withered Love finally died
Divided into two separate sides
The two hearts voraciously vied
And so the celebrated, hyped union died.

She couldn't offer the cheap sacrifice
Of satisfaction and contentment,
Their deficiency, in man, a vice,
That's to the poet, an amusement.

After a moon more, she left his Domain
None of her wealth was retained
As the solemn family divorced
And halted the once coveted rejoice.

With just five collars in attendance,
The second union was sealed
And another life she bent to wheel
With no trace of former redundancy.
Behind the door she started the journey,
Her expectations so large and many
From the new, hidden marriage
On a frail, feeble, poor Carriage.

Before she woke up from her slumber
The latest focus became weak
Although she seemed much humbler,
Her failure was there for her to speak.

'You're such a cursed ingrate
With an outlawed, hexed fate'

The other groom, tempered, roared
After the beast in her had soared.

He had no appetite for many words
Yet she was terrorizing his world
With various grudges tabled before him
Making the life of the affair to be slim.

He wished he'd never met the Fluke
Which had on flesh became a fluke,
Tormenting and whirling his sored soul,
Creating in his heart a deep hole.

The two after just two years
Characterized by complaints and fears,
They dropped the impasse and cut
The rope because of her one but.

Why couldn't she be an Elizabeth,
And join the league of Virgins,
No man married the first Beth,
She could have evaded the jinx.

Choice is never made when it's dark
Or at that moment when dogs bark
Or at a time when the wind howls
Or at a time when the irked sea howls.

She tasted more than a dozen
In the course of pleasing her mind
That was later like fish frozen
She thought the world was never kind.

The beauty, beleaguered, became vague,
She grew to look like a vile vulture
For she suffered from a poor culture,
Wouldn't she, then, nurture the plague?

All the agile heaven gifts down fell
All pride and glory deeply sank
All these, her dooms, were to knell
Before her life turned blank.

She floated in the turbulence of shame,
She lost in the discontentment game
And got bizarrely burnt in its flame,
Having been stripped of the fame.

Her tears surpassed Noah's Flood
She rolled direly in the regret mud
And brooded behind a big mask
Wailing, crying and weeping were he task.

She wished she had had a satiable
Tongue to sing satisfaction songs
Perhaps her marriage could be viable
And as envisaged last very long.

That ends my tangled, tangential tale
Whose head correlates with its tale
And the two air what I want to say
For today and any other day.

Timothy Faboade

Evening Quatrain

How do we make a blind
See what's totally dark
To him or to find
What the Night parks?

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Drama In The Wood

Dreams die in the dreamland
Before our dead eyes
Raised before the skies,
They die before they reach moonland.

Awaken, total darkness of daylight
Welcomes us back to the abyss
Nothing yet goes amiss,
Saying it's all about night.

Drowsing, we rumble for the road
Full of shells, blades and thorns
And several withered corns,
Thinking we're not woed?

Yet over there is the Morning
Of fair, fine bliss and joy
While ours is Night of mourning
Some cry like a little sad boy.

Ah! When do we offend the cloud
Whose eyes are secretly hidden
But voice heard so, so loud
In our ears, poverty-ridden?

The cloud's tears away sweep
The foetus in our hearts
That in the night bleed and weep
After we've lost our paths.

Little children fall like withered leaves
When stomachs become empty
Grey hairs blown by mere heaves
We beg, Lord, for empathy.

Young bloods, famished, in the floods,
The glories of our dying hood,
When the nips outwits the buds
Get dried up in the thickest wood.

The Moon hoards its gifts
Morning seems rather far
Night never wants to shift
And unto the doom we're barred.

Stenched, we continue the journey
Of no bearing or guiding maps
And our worries and woes are many
To get some claps.

The whole wood like sea we row
Our fleshes tears like rags
As we scuff like aged stags,
Yet the cocks would never crow.

The Jungles waiting for preys
Patiently in ambush in the wild
Finally! Many have come their way
Before the beast, we're mild.

Timothy Faboade

Nation On The Brink

The pilot, though seems very neat
When the ship is set to sail
With many passengers in the fleet,
The tide is fine, yet our hearts are frail.

He assures us all of a fair journey
On the wide, calm, blue sea
Yet our fears, tears are so many
Not of him that drives or the sea.

As we row the friendly watery way,
We feel the bad odour spreading
Among us, making us sway.
Towards division we're heading.

Different fingers of different sources
Of the once exploited Black Race
Are pointed to make the odour worse
The odour the pilot wants to lace.

'Unto your house, wretched, go
You're making our journey slow
A clog in our rolling, fast wheel
Go and let's enjoy our meal.'

Another whose earth offers wealth
Which though useless can be
Sprays some special threats
Roaring to halt the ship at a wee.

Then the fleet is set on division
Yet the sea, gentle, remains calm
But the Pilot, losing the vision
Projects an unknown false alarm.

A people is on the brim of brink
Caused by differences in tongue
A nation on the verge of sinking
After the composition of hatrey song.

Timothy Faboade

A Word On My Belle

That ethereal being, fairest of all,
Whose smiles are weightier than gold
And her name all gods divinely call,
As the brightest sun in noon she's bold.

Like the morning dew on bright flowers,
Or like the happiest, mildest dove
Though known like the Eiffel Tower,
She's the humblest, best to know.

Unlike Helen, the lone doom of Troy
Or Dido, the hexed love-victim Queen
For her sole Suitor there's joy
Which forever by all shall be seen.

Can't she be a rival to the Moon
Served by a faithful team of stars
Or the lighting Sun many a Noon?
A lady adored by the Sun, Moon and Stars.

Her God-given beauty above the Four Rivers,
Like a sweet incense of cinnamon spreads
Yet she's not proud to any and the Giver.
Some say she's a Rose, Hibiscus bed.

Where she treads, Love quickly springs
Her words cheer the Suitor's heart
That she honours like Byzantine Kings.
She's the Eighth Wonder of the Earth.

Timothy Faboade

The Two Births

His making made the Maker work
All the Angels on the deck then
Had their Holy Hands for the work
That saw the coming of all men.

The Maker parted with some breath
So precious for the First man to live
And through him all can breathe.
Yet unto him disdain we can give.

The Second Man with Hossana came
But through the cursed race he did
For the First has lost the Holy Grace,
Wouldn't such way the second bid?

The Second with noble, humble birth,
The Book says, shall return the glory
And change the first way and story
Of all that to the Maker are a mirth.

Can any good come from the cursed
Blood in which the Second spent nine
Moons? No. Let the expelled First
Remain outcast and Second shine.

God, provoked in the Garden, cursed Adam
Yet the fruit of him he blessed
Yes, with Him are blessing and damn
He dispenses when pleased and vexed.

Timothy Faboade

Corruption

A beast from desert with eruption,
Coming with stuttering, stunning wings
Of destruction and unknown disruption
That it coarsely, ear-soringly sings.

When it lands with a big boisterous bang
Its pieces on all there and here
Faces it staunchly glues and hangs.
It swings far, very far and near.

Both the able doctors and the sick
The beast-disease wilfully infests.
Our cakes like water it licks
As we lose to it all our invests.

In our stomachs it's a tapeworm
On our strength a fluke, a leech
All that make us look lukewarm
And our face it slovenly bleaches.

From shrines to all the altars,
To the young and old heads
Among the dead and living mortars,
It, like unbottled oil, spreads.

Corruption has come, come to stay
Among us all, good and bad, rich
And poor all the unknown way
To dig for us a waterless ditch.

Timothy Faboade

Erosion

With ugly, daredevil, red eyes,
faster, more furious with burning anger,
along the roads of bigger sizes
with no destination or known Hanger,
he runs, faster, much faster than cheetah.
All hills, rocks and stones it dares,
making them all whiter and weaker.
Without digger, he digs wells and holes
sit in and on them royally without chairs.
All roads, paths, streets and ways
he hijacks and swiftly away
sweeps many heaps of dirt of ages.
Erosion, a crawling water being, a cage
cannot contain its sheer mirage.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Lizy Ii

Since inseparable are snail and its shell,
Indivisible are hunch and hunchback,
I'll the big blabbing love's bell,
For you I'll make fond slack
Together our doting hearts will melt
Either in the fiery fire or frosty ice
How can these be felicitiously felt?
This is not in any way meant to entice.
Let's make all real and not abstract,
No longer I can go in daft pretense,
Show to my proposal some deference
If indeed you nurture me in your heart
As you swear by heaven and earth.
Save me, I say, from this confusion cell

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet On Marriage Vii (Voice Of A Divorced Woman)

'I gave you life, you showed me death,
You made me hungry, I baked you bread.
I found you peace, you brought me wars,
I bestowed you grace, you set me laws.
I decorated you a glorious Groom,
Yet you littered me with shameful doom.
Had I not enough heavenly strived,
To make you, Ingrate, enviously thrived.
I made you a coveted crown,
Yet you turned me to a clown.
In my tears you got your gains
While I writhed in million pains.
From your house I am forever banned,
And myself my griefs will be manned.'

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Lullaby For My Child

The Sun has gone to bed,
The howling wind has gone to sleep
And fishes retired to the deep.
My child, just be royally led
To have your holy, fair rest
On my soft hairy chest
And tomorrow on your mother's breast.

Oh my Child! Oh my Child!
Towards the dreamland
You will gently slide,
Ride with a sweet band
To have your beautiful rest.

Behold the birds in their nests,
There in nature having their rests,
On the hays their heads are pressed
For a night that's the best.

Oh my Child! Oh my Child!
Towards the dreamland
You will gently slide,
Ride with a sweet band
To have your beautiful rest.

Let the moon, stars in the sky
For hours stay awake
They're the guards of the night
They'll retire when the sun wakes.

Oh my dear child! Oh my dear child!
Towards the cool dreamland
You will mildly glide,
Ride with a melodious band
To have your holy rest.

The tempest has ceased,
The sharks, whales, are done
With the watery feast

To the deep too they've gone.

So, my dear, wonderful child
Towards the flawless dreamland
You will royally ride
With a sweet, melodious band
To have your sole rest.

Timothy Faboade

Sonnet On Marriage Vi

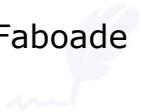
Then, their frail hope weary grows,
Unto the Founder they pour their griefs
Every moon they have failure shows
Perhaps the union will be in brief.

The womb becomes a dead tree
Dead to all the watering and weeding
When will the union become three?
The third will end the womb's weeping.

Millions of fertility test every week,
They count moons till they can no more,
Then like a poor chair it creaks
And they sign to gun the law.

All and the related ones expect the fruit
That the Holy Union widely suits.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

The Black Water Avengers

When the black water was got
At the deep, watery region,
All limped to get their slot
Forgetting the will of the Union

Away they threw cutlass and hoe
Hurried to the rig with digger
Oblivious of the later waiting woe
For they wanted the land bigger.

Amidst the National struggle
For the individual insatiable wealth,
Wrapped faces come to bugle
When out of their reach is the wealth.

All the thirty-six, indolent, poor fold
Their crippled hands looking up
At the stream of black watery gold
With their bottomless, giant cups.

Pressed to the wall, nightmares,
Language of the whirled government,
On the rich rivers they give chairs,
Out of reach is the denouement.

Rockets, guns, bombs they hire
Setting the pots of the black water ablaze
Behold the curly smoke after fire!
Who can stand to have a gaze?

The wealthy water mixes with blood
Of the men erected at various posts
Where the gold flows like flood.
Yet, the victims are the poor hosts.

The Aso Rock's pockets becomes empty
As it loses daily million barrels
To the Deltans' living aged enmity.
And the whole nation becomes barren.

They emerge in the rustic, messed Creek,
Roaring, threatening the sandy Rock
Which, being lazy, has a desert stock
And to the Avengers pretend to be meek.

In their fiery eyes are sharp blades,
In their stony hearts are protests
Ah! The Rock is losing its Shades
And it its many a child molests.

Timothy Faboade

Sonnet On Marriage V

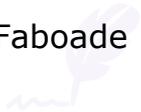
After the nuptial knot is tied
Before the collars, the cold altars,
And all the joyous waiting mortars,
The duo begin a new life so wide.

Every night the man sows seeds,
Under the watch of moons and stars
Taking her to a land, very, very far
And with Faith they remove the weeds.

The farmer patiently waits to reap
What he sowed on the deep hairy land
Bereft of the known earthen sand,
The seeds too towards the region they creep.

Many a fail of the seed brings a trouble
Leading the union to its first shamble.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

How Do We Love And Hate

How do we love and still hate?
When the cold fire of love burns,
Hatred commando-like turns
Towards the open heart gate.

Today love flows like a blue sea
When another breaks, like a flood,
In my vein is the black hatred blood
And the two sides of a coin I see.

Both spring from the same fount
And the same route they take
And an impression intend to make
But on different records the two count.

One, we, as if troubled, praise
The other at a Calvary we brutally nail
For we never desire its heartily sail
Yet, the first only has a momentum grace.

How many can host love for long?
Or who hasn't widely open'd the fleshy door
For hatred and its divine, mild law?
Yet, love we do profess on our tongues.

Timothy Faboade

A Text To My Belle

What words cannot describe
Are better left for the heart
On which they can be scribed
From thence they can start.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

The Deep And The Lord

In the dark, silent windowless room,
Where all wealth of many ages,
And the raw and refined glory zoom
Lies the soul's prison in a cage.

A room built on just six feet
Which the world can only afford
Despite the many fair fine fleet
Which is unto the world accord'd.

There in their legion, in the deep
Dug by some able arms and hands
Dwell Great termites in the creep
Ready to devour the gifts of lands.

On the gutless gifts they have a feast,
They're the Lords of the dark Empire
Which both Heaven and Hell rewires.
All fleshs are reserved for the beasts.

Timothy Faboade

Lust And Love

Out of the Five all ideas spring,
Either immediate or remote,
The Five to the mind are a King,
Though they are for long demot'd.

Can world be without earth crust?
Can the sun be without the sky
Or man without the said dust?
Unto the mind the Five stand by.

Yet Love higher is heavenly praised,
For it bears good fruits in the mind,
Nailing from where it is raised,
And its flaws we never care to find.

Through the Five, Lust gets its way
To the ever-yearning, frail vessel
And towards the mind it sways
And there a new being nestles.

The soul of Love solely lies
In Lust, who is deeply despised
Without attending to the ties.
This, out of errors, we since devised.

If an averted evil the pure Lust be,
What then of its praised end, Love
Which from its origin can be rough?
Or can water part with the sea?

Timothy Faboade

Drowning

Like a little fair bird
Caught in lime twigs
Where its mother can
Only wait and watch,
Below the level of the
Bottomless, deep sea,
I, a non-aquatic, be.

As the little one struggles
To escape and fly away,
The more it's entangled.
As I, a poor terrestrial,
Strive to shark the deep,
Deeper and deeper I sink.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Anthem Written On War II

When the sun in the East rises
In the morning before the world wakes
To look for and prepare its daily cakes,
I hope for a day devoid of crisis.

Upon my roof is no hungry vulture,
The day's dream looks so real
And all that I for ages nurture
Seem to be near my heels.

Like the lofty galaxy in the sky,
The whole of me, with the ray of peace,
Has its joy high, so high
For I think the tempest has cease'd.

Many days have been full of dark
When thick, dark stark smokes
From the incorrigible metal sharks
boomed and offered heavy yokes.

The stuttering guns are out of sight,
Well, maybe near, I think, is a solace,
Could the lethal stone have lost its Might?
In them man gets his glorious grace.

How many deads can I count?
Ashes are the short and tall hills
Beyond words porous pains sprout
While the sharks and stones thrill.

Where the stones staunchly drop,
Nothing forever shall live there,
They harvest man like ripe crops
Yet, at one camp there's a cheer.

So, the earliest, brightest sun brings
Pleasant, melodious, rhythmic songs.
But will man to these dance and sing?
For he possesses a bile-like, vile tongues.

Then, hovering is an electronic bird
So ugly, eye-soring, and callous a beast
Clad in a mirthful military shirt
And on the sky having a bloody feast.

Its balls of saliva in the space patter
On many million heads like fiery rain
As they drop and rain, they clatter
In and on the cursed world of vain.

At noon the sun hides its boon:
The beautiful, peaceful dream is lost,
Night, again, arrives without the moon
Can the world still stand the cost?

Timothy Faboade

A Lament For My Brothers

(For the victims of NIS recruitment exercise)

They struggle, grumble, rumble, mumble,
Pacing around like a cathedral bell,
The weaklings poorly on stones stumble,
The cause, though known, I can never tell.
The scuffle is for their daily bread,
Questing for what is totally out
Of their real length and breadth,
When their weak strength goes out,
The beleaguered, famished ones die
Just because of their quest for fortune
They lay on the altar their lives
Having danced to paucity's tune,
They fall like withered lifeless leaves.
The few cabals show their grins
Pretending to console the bereaved
And happy that their wealth is green.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet On Marriage Iv

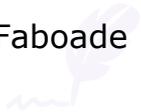
He that has a good wife,
They say, has God's favour
And upon his soul and life
Is the coveted divine flavour.

Yet the favoured one here
In the divine union knows
Nothing in it but godly fear
In which he prowls and howls.

What's it in this world that's perfect?
Some asked in defense of divinity,
I say whatever from Him in this vicinity
Should be without a known defect.

That which Heaven makes should be holy,
But its manifestation here is a folly.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Silent Complaint

The sore will never stop pouring pus,
The more it's refreshed, the more
It reproduces though not fruits but pus.
When the wound is healed
The spot will remain forever peeled.
Punches on the sight every blessed day,
If the eyes don't go blind, and become stale,
They wouldn't see vividly again, so goes a say.
To foreign lands the fresh crude cakes
Are being pillaged to though.
Rendering small the black bough.
A butcher's son battling with bones,
For the fresh succulent flesh are gone,
A clothes seller's daughter fancying with rags.
They are as productive as the stags,
So goes another say.
You can't create terrific terrors,
Forget naira.
You can't in the account cause errors,
Forget naira.
You can't explore the heavy nights
With various sticks that talk,
When there's no light for the nights,
Forget naira in your sour stock.
I won't have my head if I should talk
For the servants of servants are raging
Not that they haven't had their wages.
The callous ones on the power corridors
Parading themselves as nothing but saviours
Deafening their ears to my words
For they aren't in my world.
Don't tell them I say these:
They're the ones breeding honesty,
They're the ones nurturing sanity,
Although this can be seen in brevity
At different centers and banquets,
The natives of the streets are the villains
On our face as a people they're the stains

Timothy Faboade

Walnut

Brothers of a curly mother
Share a thick sealed border
Against one another
They lock the one door
None seems to bother
As they manage the war.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Morning Quatrain

To the wall speak out
Verily I say I shall hear
For the wall lacks no ear
Nor bereft of a lively mouth.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet On Marriage Iii

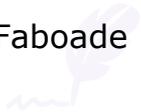
'Man', said He, 'Shouldn't alone be,
For him, from his ribs I'll create a holy help,
Who shall look like his real self
And the two a couple shall divinely be.'

Against loneliness man never a voice
Raised nor desired a God-made love,
Which after forced became hatred and rough
And later turns out to be World's Noise.

'Lord', he defended, 'the woman the fruit
She gave me to blindly, briefly eat
After she'd been blinded by the crawling Brute,
So, before you, I can't stand on my feet.'

The first God-made family led to the first fall
And an eternal, inherent burden for all.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Fame Grows And Dies

How short does Fame live?
How ephemeral can glory be?
Unlike bees they lack a hive
To dwell for all to have and see.

Muse! Imagine a glorious man
Celebrated and honoured among
The neighbours and his clan
For he was so valiant and strong.

Many wars he had mainly fought,
Swords, guns, arrows and bows,
In his domain couldn't be sought,
None of his type can be found now.

He was not only brave, but so kind,
Despite the fact that he was rich
As an Emperor with no bind,
Many he fed with bread and fish.

Unto his name he booked feats
And for his source many wins
And for foes trembling feet
And enormous wealth for his kins

He dined and merried with crowns
He himself was considered Royal
And forever he swore to be loyal
Unto his house and the town.

With one oar he paddled his home
More diplomatic than all of Rome,
With honour he treated his slaves
But among them he hated the naives.

From East to West, North to South
His name and lineage freely fly
And his feats filled every mouth
And as Abel's sacrifice occupied Sky.

After several decades of the Field,
He determined to rest and retire
And quench the guns', bows' fire,
In his brown roof he hanged the shield.

Muse! On a white horse he rode
And as Jesus, he was saluted
With bronze, silver and raw gold
None of these was ever diluted.

Muse, what can outshine these glories
And the amuse in the aged stories,
Many a lady wished him her husband
For they too desired Fame on the land

Still agile and able, he embraced hunting
Which had been his childhood game
Which he loved to play with stunning,
Through this, he amassed more fame.

One day, when all Natures had
Up waken for the beautiful day,
He called his beaded hunting clad,
For the game of Fame of May.

With him were ten able hands,
That carried his arrows and bows
They all left after the first crows
To tour for leisure the wild lands.

There was a thunderous, cheer
When his spear caught a deer
Struggling in the thick wide web,
Then they knew it would be well.

The unlucky beast the hands shared,
Towards the North they ploded,
Tired, though happy, they fared
Then, the muse musely unfolded.

Resting was a boisterous jungle

Being, trumpeting with his tusks,
That that day was a brawl and bungle
And like chameleon caught with tusks.

His breath flung the heaviest men,
Suspecting they came for what's meant
For him and his wide, large domain,
So, he stood to attack them and their main.

His four pounded the calm ground,
Furiously burning he swiftly rose
Moving towards where they're bound,
Hell-bent to fight with his metal nose.

Others, terrified, took to their heels
From afar, their wide mouths ajar
They watched the war with zeals,
Predicting who'd take the star.

Behind leaves, dwarfs and trees
They laughed when the men fell
And at the Lord, a terror of the seas,
who never ceased to trumpet, yell.

'Where is our valiant, wise Lord',
Wearily, asked a nervous ward
Helplessly seeing the Titan coming
Towards the men, so, so funny.

Behold the fearless, fairest mortar
Swearing to ground the grounding mortal
That was ten feet away the ten
Beneath a big calm tree and its tent.

Where two Elephants, they say, fight,
The innocent grasses bear the burden,
Two Elephants were at a very sight,
The tussle must be graciously golden.

'Oh you ugly, senseless beast!
Today my good people and I
Will on your flesh have a feast

Unto the gods offer your eyes.

'You've got your days end today
Let all the forest and jungle shake,
Let them all hear what I say,
Let all the sleeping ones now wake.'

The two angry Lords' fiery faces
Met, the jungle's bragged the more,
The men's recounting hunting law
He stored in his head in many phases.

The two warriors bravely fought,
All including the men stood still
This, Muse, never could be bought
Or could a poet tell all's there ill.

Wounded, the man-Lord in pains
Groaned, moaned, panged and bled,
All over his clad were red stains
Oh! What unto this him blindly led!

The beast-Lord in triumph boasted
The Trumpeter's anger the more boiled,
A weakling, he thought, he hosted:
The weakling's blood to be soiled.

Like thunder it struck his mind
That with him was a god-given cap
Lying where he couldn't then find,
But the priceless was on land's lap.

The Goliath was ready for the last hit
Tightly he held his heinous fist
The throat he longed to slit
Ah! Muse! How can I get this mist?

The ailing men on the myriad dirt,
Cried for they thought slaying Death
With his stunning, dolorous mirth
Has come with no seen sweat.

The all-men-loved, dying Being
Being adored even by some gods,
For himself some dirge sang,
He hoped his soul would lose abroad.

The gods, like Zeus for the Greeks,
On their golden, beaded throne,
On the mythical cap light shone,
The cap was, indeed, a sleek.

They rose to save their lovely son,
Hence, commanded the scared sun
To aid the godlike, noblest soul
Which the Great Heaven ready to know.

Later, he found the cotton gem
And this pleased all of them
With the frightened forest friends
For near was the Fiend's end.

He held it calmly and very weakly,
Drew closer to the Giant's long beak,
Slapped the tusk with the treasure
Ah! He fell by the little feeble pressure.

Muse! The sky's face covered by dust,
Trembling was the strongest earth crust,
Behold the pudgy fleshy Mount
Oh! He lost in the man-beast bout.

Upon all other creatures, total power
I give you to be like the Babel Tower
Before their sights and poor hearts
You shall rule them and the earth.

For it's writ, man shall dominate animals
Though the domination can be minimal,
Or absolute, it's the Almighty's wish
That their flesh be man's own dish.

The news ran faster home, spread
Like a harmattan fire in the wild,

Nothing of such had been ever read.
An hour later, the world was mild.

Cymbals, drums, flutes, and songs
Accompanied the flooding people,
Who eulogized the man, so strong
Shoulders high he's carried by the people.

Hundreds men dragged the creature
And sacrifices were made to the gods
Who saved the Lord from the creature,
Homeward they joyfully plod'd.

The King with his staff that known day
Surprisingly stared at the struck thing
Taller than his abode, best of its days,
And then honoured the fearless Being.

For a month, they trooped to eat and drink,
Leaving him nothing to about think,
His brutal wounds were quickly healed,
After that, Muse, all were sealed.

How does Fame grow and then die?
What makes it live for a while
And then to the unknown place fly?
Its extinction brings the bitterest bile.

Had he known his later ill Fate,
Would he in the present have Faith?
Later, new stories were falsely made
And his name began to quickly fade.

They said he that could kill an elephant
With an ordinary cap in the forest
Would use his breath to kill an infant
And adult all who lacked a fortress.

In vain he strove to debunk the rumour
And to redeem his drowning image
And his life, that's becoming a humour,
In futile he attempted to patch the leakage.

While still alive, his precious name died,
He died before real Death came,
Under his own shadow he hide
And with regrets he swallowed the shame.

All deserted the loved, fine hunter,
At home, in the farm, at the four rivers,
With sorrow he licked the sour butter,
And pondered on how Life differs.

He's interred while his upset soul
Was still ailing in its aged prison.
None was with him, he was sole
Destroyed, he couldn't even reason.

He wept in his heart, wailed in his head,
Tears, sobbing, became his daily bread,
Away from him the whole world fled,
Then he remembered what'd been said:

'Fame, wealth and glory are fake,
They come for plenty pain sake,
Deception, betrayal they plan to make,
And put their loved ones' lives at stake! '

Warning from any mouth he never got,
Perhaps he might escape the lasting dot
Which came like a twisted, knitted knot.
He wished he belonged to the have-nots...

Timothy Faboade

World Wails

She rolls and rolls in the pool
Dug deeply by the ones she keeps
With innumerable destructive tools,
Just to suite the insatiable needs.

From the hexed forbidden tree
Lying at the heart of the lone Garden
They get the tools for fun and free
And unto her, the host, a large laden.

Her eyes blinded, ears deafened,
Hands tied, legs fettered, she curls
Her promising existence threatened,
Though growing sparingly in the hurls

Her beautiful glories in morning wither,
Descreation, a tool, they a part employ,
Her face, with mess and dirt, they litter.
For her ruins the jinxed tools are deploy'd.

Timothy Faboade

The Alien Faiths

It tears and divides us apart,
Along several parallel lines,
Branded with Love, it starts
And from the dark, shines.

Said to be from Almighty God,
We widely open our large doors,
Welcoming the alien with a nod,
It preaches Grace under Laws.

We, taught, submerged our name,
We claim absence of our Father
To adopt the stinky Holy Father
Who takes sacrilege for a fine fame.

Unto another my brothers pray
As a duty Five Times a day,
Conceding to the Five Pillars,
And the Taker of no rivals.

Each sprang from the torn Arab,
Difficult to be tested in any lab,
Under force and threat of Hell,
We bow as we hear the Bell.

We are being fed with bitter breads
By the hidden hands in White,
All the costs lie on our heads
We never foresee the dark light.

We receive new cry-like tongues
As we bury in the space our songs,
This we exchange for the Faiths
Not suspicious of the bestial baits.

For the ages past we our stories
Cherished unlike their Gods,
They said, loathe the stories
And our ever-caring, loyal Gods.

Now two choices before us are
Each projecting the vague Heaven,
There above, very, very far,
Better, they say, than our father's Haven.

Like a leaf on the sea we float,
Rowing on a tempted boat
Like the Turks we slowly sink
In-between the heavenly links.

We stumble, rumble for a choice,
Envy and eyeing the alternative
Because there's none not evasive,
So, the two and we become toys.

In the unity, we ambush one
Brotherly and godly another,
Yet in the heavenly asunder,
Each holds to have wily won.

Guns, daggers, mouths and Books
Form the brutish lethal hooks
Used to catch like fish our brothers
Yet in love we hate them further.

Ah! The tear brings a lake of tears
In the Peace brought there's fears
Ah! Behold the Holy and Saint flaws!
In the Grace brought there's laws.

Difference and barriers absence
Then before the cunning coming
Are felt when our fallen fence
And after, they're busy strutting.

Timothy Faboade

What Makes A Feeling

When a tear drops,
An ocean in the mind,
When a word finds
Its ways without a stop
In the spread mouth,
A million in the heart,
When a tongue about
Turns to stun-start
Its laments and regrets,
Legions of protests
Have flooded the gullets
When a face detests,
A high hatred has soared,
What riddles lie beneath
Emotions and how it's lawed?
For anger to find its sheath,
The ears have gulped words,
For teeth to have a show,
The heart is a nice world.
Though these we deem to know.

Timothy Faboade

Sonnet On Marriage Ii

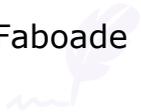
Thousand choices before me
Each presenting its possible best
Hoarding its other side for me
Each jostling for my chest.

Each I attempt to take seems
Less better to the rueing rest
Which my doubting mind deems
To be better than the best.

One I'm for my heart to take
Many have scaled through
This and live with what they made,
Then what rib is the true?

I don't want to be another Adam,
Whose rib cost world the great Damn.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

God, A Decider

Unto some a nice name is given
The riches of the world they enjoy
By treasure and pleasure they're driven
Gold, silver, bronze they enjoin,
Unto them we bestow ethereal fame
They live a lustful life of their choice
They kindle kingly their riches' flame
Embellished with incense and noise.

Yet, many, ill-fated, blessed with curses,
Whose heads carry all world woes,
Are created to indigence and woes nurse,
The favoured they are to give shows,
Shows of folly, agonies, pangs and pains,
The Creator, in His Mercy, with love
Bestows them struggles of legion vains
They're to enjoy life though rough.

All are from Him, the caring, kind Lord
Unto some He faces, His blind back
For ages, such back which is broad
They pray, yet like vulture lordly lack,
Still all the riches assembled in a fold
Branded and handled over awhile
While the accursed bend before mold
And reap nothing but the best bile.

Timothy Faboade

Impatience

MUSE

Impatience is a living Being
Sometimes he is a throneless King
And controls madly other beings
Who his tuneless musics sing.

Long ago, there lived a man,
Farming thrived in his clan
In this he found himself a name
For in his huts yams were lame.

One morning he on his bed rose
Perceiving roasted yam in his nose,
He summoned his two jolly friends
Who he vowed not to anyone lend.

Towards the farm he got his way
Boasting to make best of the day,
He went to make the land for May
Despite his muscle that's gray.

He on a dwarf hanged his cap
Letting the duo have a nice nap
While he with cutlass and hoe
Began the day's beautiful show.

Two thousand ridges made his aim
Among his peers this feat he did claim
And binding by no health law,
He prided to walk and work more.

The sun rose and set on his head,
From head to toe was a river of sweat,
Obeying orders of his hands,
The two friends bite the lands.

Thirsty, from the river he got water
Ah! Behold the agile aged mortal!

Unto him the birds built an altar
For they thought he couldn't falter.

After a thousand he lost the count
Though enjoying the raw wild sound
That kept his lone listless company,
This, Muse, is, to poets, quite funny.

The Night beat loudly its first gongs
All creatures began night songs
While towards their homes they plod'd
Leaving him behind with a nice nod.

The second echoed in a dark voice
This mixed with moan of his groins,
The two friends were ready to retire,
Can a day work make an empire?

To the calls he gave some deaf ears
Saying the Dark wasn't that near.
How lofty could human desires be?
In bondage he thought he was free.

Many a time he dared mild Nature
All in the name of his high venture,
He saw the Sun roosting in the West,
Yet, he was hell-bent on his quest.

Aim got, he prepared for home,
The aftermath formed the tome,
Which though folly it may seem,
Its witty end you'll soon deem.

'Where is my beaded brown cap? '
He asked while studying the land map.
' Where is my fortune-taking cap? '
His voice echoed, costing trees sap.

He climbed trees, worried resting leaves
To the lost cap his heart cleaved,
' Birds, trees, insects, hear my voice,
The kingly-made cap isn't your choice! '

They all grudged against his words
For they weren't for his proud world.
Muse! How do the underrated think
When man in impatience kingly sink?

'Oh! You ridges! You're never exempted!
And, listen, tonight I'm really tempted
All of you I'll in a jiffy disembowel
And take my cap in you with no trowel.'

Flat all the tall ridges lied,
Yet the costly cap he couldn't find,
The more he was worried in mind,
Like with the cap he wad tied.

With its might Night had arrived,
Could his heavy heart be rived,
He would, just for the missing jewel,
'Cos for it he could be in a duel.

He sank into a bank of tears
He wailed and poorly mourned
He torn his cloudy heart for a mere,
And in a hurry wasted the Bourne.

When the bank dried, his eyes opened
Ah! He stumbled on the deaf dwarf,
His ribs as a result got broken
Because he hurried to unhook the cap and dwarf.

Timothy Faboade

Pain

I hear a morbid, horrid voice
Full of wings, feather and strength
Entering all including the groins
Moving from breath to length
From head to toe, toe to head
Jarring all nerves and souls
With which it wants to wed.
Spasm, tears form its goals,
Short of words, he only groans
Grinning, gnashing, he cries
With plenty poor croaking tones
Asking from where it freely flies.
Bones ruptured, flesh punctured
Leaving eyes to release the water
Its gains Pain in man nurtures
The tears and fears of the mortal
Flowing through the weary eyes,
The bleeding and brooding of mind
Spreading through to its lies,
Are its ways he can never find.
Choked, he squeals, and shrills
Yet a foot his voice can't tread
Where he's, stagnant, he remains still,
Thinking pain brings a bed.

Timothy Faboade

People Of Poverty

They are the flags of the streets,
They are the glories of the roads
Which every nights with dirty sheets
They flood with their heavy loads.

Their sojourn begins in the morning
Which full of nothing but despair,
The cloudy day ends with mourning
When a pair of them pay death's fare

The sun rises and sets on their heads
Wobbly like a gunned antelope in wild
They stagger to their eye-soring beds
With a prayer to God, their lone Guide.

Their foods are the contents of bins
Which they struggle to vainly get
And grab the crumbs with their grins.
Like Lazarus' their lives are set.

They make the rich-rex eyes so ill
When in the sheer shabby shrouds,
Coats that costs them the least bill,
With which they are broadly bound.

The creaky bridge gives them house,
There they put to rest their woes
For a while with no worry or grouse
Because unto poverty they bow.

Their tattered clothes billow in the sky
When an angry, hexed wind whirls,
Howls where they sickly stand by
And some like weak snakes curl.

Upon them should be no blame
They are designed for what to be
Yes, designed for no honour or fame
Against poverty they have no gree.

Timothy Faboade

Let Me Sing

The stream of song in my throat
Barred from flowing like a sea
Dammed to forever in it float
Is howling and humming like bee.

I have a voice of nightingale
To be heard on the hill, land,
In the sky and beautiful vale
Though I come with no band.

The wind is ever free to blow,
Fish enjoys its diving in the ocean,
Let my rhythmic songs flow
And my drums, piano on motion.

All for my musical concert here
In the world of mere words
Are prepared to give and cheer
The labyrinths and singing birds.

Let me now sing I again say
And my voice echoe million miles
Here my lute, tuba and harp lay
In diverse forms, means and style.

Trees, flowers, even morn with ears,
The moon and her companion in the sky
All at me for songs patiently stare
Thinking I could be a sly.

Would these, very agile, lie waste
And my voice in prison for long be?
What of the lines and rhymes I baste?
Let me sing and enjoy the glee.

Million ears and hearts I hope
To please and make so happy
When my beats foam like soap,
Babies ready to dance in the nappy.

So, I say it again, let me sing,
My tongue blessed with songs
Meant for slaves, serfs and kings,
Let me sing even if not for long.

Timothy Faboade

Between Lie And Truth

LIE:

On this land, in this world,
I remain an important part
Though I manifest in word,
I alter many poor hearts.

TRUTH:

Ah! The alteration brings woes,
You confuse many friends
To self-make many foes
For them in deceit you bend.

LIE:

It's my innumerable, able desire
To rule and turn the globe
And for myself build an Empire
When I possess the deep lobe.

TRUTH:

How do you plan to do this?
To use hook, line and bait
And make them your Date?
What's the Fate of this?

LIE:

Many you never at all know
Though in many mild minds
You claim to sheerly show
The means you can't find.

TRUTH:

But you live an ephemeral life
All the Empire and wealth down
Will lie like leaves without life
And your royalty will be a clown.

LIE:

Man will build me many more
You're such a sour meal

Taken with myriad moral law
Bereft of how the heart feels.

TRUTH:

Yet to me no room for deception
My legacy talking for me
Is quite beyond words and expression
There you let your con be.

LIE:

Oh! Dear brother, what pleases
Man in you and your laws?
You torment them like hot breeze,
But they find pleasure in me more.

TRUTH:

They do that in their own blindness,
Ah! My love they take for hatred,
Change to inhumannes from kindness,
Hence, deceive themselves and kindred.

LIE:

Mine is not to ever lament
Even though I may later lose.
Mine is not ever to repent
For my way the heart will choose.

TRUTH:

Let him have today his choice
Let him shun now my way
Let him be deaf to my voice
Let few take what I say.

Timothy Faboade

Anger

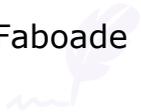
It roars like irked, wily waves
On the flooded, bloody seas.
It like a snail coming out of cave
Walks with a great hot breeze.

It pierces numberless calm ears
Downward towards the hearts.
With anger, its victim's mind it steers.
Its short, lethal time is hard.

What wage can settle any rage
When it turns an old to a child?
Anger when loosed in the cage
Boils in mind like hellish Tide.

Oh! The profits it leaves can't be told
When it becomes calm and cold.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Lie

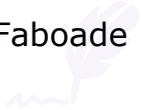
On many a watery tongue
From here through to there
It's an arousing, rhythmic song
Many ears see it as being fair.

It soothes many a weak heart
And like morning dew on flower
Pleases the poor, childish heart.
It rises in the ears like the Tower.

Ah! It lasts for an endless Age
Runs faster than a furious man
A handful sees it as a Mirage
As Truth bemoans of lacking a fan.

I have seen both Truth and Lie
And know where the two lie.

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Before God

I sleep and the treasures fall
Out of vanity I search pleasure
And in this I lose my all
Without a plain measure.

A feeble heart of rocky stone
I possess against your love
Which is divine and lone
Ah! Lord, this life is rough.

Freely I get, freely I lose
Prodigal son I can be
Sins there are but a dose
Bars the gate against me.

My white garment you desire
Is now a Harbour of stains
I merry in one main mire
And lose the heavenly gains.

I slip and the Love dies
Not to come back like Him
I stumble and the glory flies
Making my bright life dim.

Before the Beast I bow'd
Begging for that You own
And gently I am cow'd
And barred from Your zone.

In me the new Adam soars
Ambushing Jesus, Your Son.
I'm lost in Grace and Law
Soon here I'll be done.

What awaits me there, Lord?
Before you I wish to come
To join the Angels' board
And add to the holy sum.

Let me shoulder my Cross
And for others, Lord, He can
My soul the Beast shall toss
Till you lift on me the ban.

I soberly weep in my breast
When my infernal bed is lost
On your celestial cheerful chest
Which is got without a cost.

Can I take the baptism again?
The Grace in Your hands
I take for lust and vain
I'll soon return to the sand.

Then your thundering anger
That in abyss patiently waits
Shall descend on me, a waste.
Forever, before you, I'm a langer.

Timothy Faboade

Sonnet On Marriage

Sonnet on Marriage

In the listless life of marriage
Which cunningly attracts many
Denying its legion of mirage
Are pangs and pains in its belly.

The dark journey's possible end
In the world of truthful lies
All for a little time seem to bend
Hoping to keep for an age the tie.

Like an agonized man in mask
They keep on smiling in pains
All struggling to save the union task
While counting their loss and gains.

Though if it actually comes from God,
I refuse till eternity to give it a nod.

Timothy Faboade

Timothy Faboade

A Cry Of Placenta

From inception we're friends
There in private living together
Thinking nothing'll put us asunder
Till I'm seen as a vile fiend

Through me you wine and dine
I connect you to the outer world
Against you I never raise a word
For I see you amicably as mine

For nine moons you lean on me
And I kindly providing all you need
Nurturing you like a mustard seed
Hoping soon to have with you a glee

You grow head bowel and limbs
Through me you hear medic's voice
The planters plan to buy you toys
When they see you on me limp

Uterus and its wall are my witness
Their sights see my whole care
Must I be rewarded with this snare
For being kind even in my distress

Obeying the wilful wish of their Lord
Who tells them I belong to the grave
They with a blade cut the fleshy chord
And with tears I part with the Naive

Beneath the ground meekly I lie
Seeing him blessed with a damn
Having learnt the world is a sly
He regrets but happy I am

They lure me out of my hood
Cut my fleshy strength and might
For they want him join their hood
And enjoy their unnatural fright.

Timothy Faboade

Anthem Written On War

They see their brothers' blood
In the street flowing like Noah flood
Cakes from the auto birds
Make their story analysts' mirth
Day in day out shells are dropped
And slowly their number is cropped.

Beautifully they are caged in camps
Receiving daily meals with stamps
They are far away from their lands
Which are being cared for by the bands
Who never like pianos, drums but bombs
To the melodious cries they are dumbs.

In cold, on shaft they knock doors
Begging to remould the entering laws
On the floor they drop their pride
To unknown norms they are to abide
While their heritages are being pillaged
In their various restive native villages.

At homes are their brethren's bones
Whose clothes are burnt by drones,
On these flies have a glorious feast
Praying for more cakes from sky beasts.
To these woes we wobbly tend
And out of sight is a near possible end.

Timothy Faboade

Between Life And Death

Tiny is the thread
That links life and death
A second there is Life
A swift in Fate brings a knife
That shreds the weak link
Then the boat of Life sinks.

Wailing ends the sweet birth
When the old child wears the shirt
Morning's joy ends in the night.
Are Life and Death not a knitted mirth?
Life bends under Death's Might
In a twinkle of an eye like a slave.

Grey and green trees bow
To the wind then and now.
Yes, they never rise again
And they know all is in vain.
The fragile thread has been cut
The cutting is like a cracking nut.

It makes body and soul part ways
Each goes its own destined way
One underground plods its way
The other into the sky flies away
That marks the end of life
For the end death never strives.

The mouths that sing and praise
Alas! Also lament, cry and wail
All when the weak thread is cut
The wholeness of life has one but
Which makes it so undesirable
And those who lean on it inviable

Weaker and weaker it becomes despite
Our lucid failed effort to end the fight
And meditate between Life and Death
Perhaps the two can give a notice

And man no longer will appear a novice
When Death comes with its death.

Timothy Faboade

Lines Written In Early March

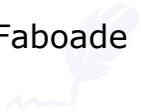
A drop in the sea I may be
A waft in the wind I may look
And dafter my wit to you looks
I have in me hope of a glee.

Your milder tongue is a fire
Burning me, making you mad
Your fresher lips are so dire
Thorning me, painting you bad.

Your salivas are stronger than a bomb
Sweetnening some hearts, sending me to tomb
For you think there is nothing I can have
Gladdening some hearts, condemning your half.

Many more drops can make a big sea
A load of waft can make the wind retire

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Forgotten Shrine

Behold the besieged raffia falling,
The feeble walls bowing to winds
And their invaluable mural fading
Like wafts in the whistling wind,
The contemptuous sun scornfully patters
Against the god's scurvy head,
Thorns, termites, conspicuously compete
With the remnants of the forgotten
Rites in the choked African shrine.
A host of ravens and vultures
Pay regular visit to the somber shrine
Perhaps the god's flesh is ready to
Defiantly devour detrimentally.

We connive with the pink lips
To blot His extensible existence
From our altered mound memories.
This alteration gathers in his back
Some chameleonic shrewd neatly packed
Laws to chastise the god, though He
Flinches, He remorsefully stares
At his blood being fed by some
White hands with the unleavened bread
During the imported conspired consecrations.
He is stripped obnoxiously naked during the
Empty clangorous creaky crusade of
The chameleonic filthy fictitious Saints.

Timothy Faboade

Exiling Festival

I did enjoy the warm waves
Of the torrent talking drums that
Coaxed the beaded waists
Rotated in all the cardinal points,
The right rites for the gods,
The scented embroidered clothes
That join hands with some friezes
To canvass envies from the sojourner
Bizarrely.

NOW

The sojourner says sarcastically
That all the past are frivolous.
He serves my table with unleavened
Bread in a frosty mood with the rabbis
Watching me pitiably crumbling
The repellent bread under a pretense
Like a gleeful outworn mole.
I show my thirty-two to embrace
The savaging holy laws in the book
While thick bushes are explicitly
Soaring higher on the bare head
Of the shrine of my felling festival.

LATER

If I throw up the bitter, salient
Sacraments and the rabbis
Having seen I couldn't swallow
The braggarts' bread, he would,
As he did to my father, whip
Me and angrily expunge me
From the crooks' flawed fold
Which because of I leave
My festival unfastened,
What will I cordially cuddle?
Worsening the cloudy condition,
I can't identify the spot of joy

Of my incommunicado festival shrine...

Timothy Faboade

A Song Of Hope

A Song of Hope

(composed when in despair)

You will still get through
You have friends but few
Believe someone is for you
Even if the problem looks new
Your hopes remain like dew
Though the road is due
Just believe someone is for you
Even if none is around you
You will still get through

If your sun refuses to rise
And the moon is out of sights
And the stars hoard their light
If darkness rules your day
And you are being led astray
And things become so grey
And all this makes you frail
Because you think you will fail
You will still get through

You will still get through
You have friends but few
Believe someone is for you
Even if the problem looks new
Your hopes remain like dew
Though the road is due
Just believe someone is for you
Even if none is around you
You will still get through

Sweetness ends the bitter leaf
Though today you are in grief
You are so severely snared
And for you are not cared
Your harvests are tares
Which make you shed tears

But there is hope there or here

You will still get through
You have friends but few
Believe someone is for you
Even if the problem looks new
Your hopes remain like dew
Though the road is due
Just believe someone is for you
Even if none is around you
You will still get through

Instead of Life you see Death
On which you hover like a bird
To people your life is a mirth
And in shame you bury your head
You will still get through
And your life will become new
Though none seems to have faith
In your present hexed Fate.

You will still get through
You have friends but few
Believe someone is for you
Even if the problem looks new
Your hopes remain like dew
Though the road is due
Just believe someone is for you
Even if none is around you
You will still get through

You will attain your lofty dream
Present with you is the gleam
Though its manifestation is slim
You will certainly attain it still
You still need to be brave
Though you are near the grave
Do not appear a naive today
For the challenges can be tamed
You will still get through

You will still get through

You have friends but few
Believe someone is for you
Even if the problem looks new
Your hopes remain like dew
Though the road is due
Just believe someone is for you
Even if none is around you
You will still get through

Life is not a bed of rose
Eyes can see the edge of nose
Verily, You will still get through
This is not false but wholly true
Believe something is for you

You will still get through
You have friends but few
Believe someone is for you
Even if the problem looks new
Your hopes remain like dew
Though the road is due
Just believe someone is for you
Even if none is around you
You will still get through

Timothy Faboade

Lizy Xx

Aback, my soul travels away from its host
With just a peculiar priceless goal
It leaves haphazardly without a notice its host
Just to go to adore your dauntless

Timothy Faboade



PoemHunter.com

Tell The Suitors Of Tomorrow

Please, tell the suitors of tomorrow
To consider her joy and sorrow
Tell them loudly to let her cater for
Herself just to avoid her flaw;
Please, tell the suitors of tomorrow
To consider the danger on her brow
Tomorrow is not sure of her existence
Tell those hiding under her pretense
Not to anymore waste their bride price
On tomorrow and her plunged pride
Since yesterday's hope is futile
Tomorrow's fate may be villainously vile
So, tell them to act assiduously now
And they won't fall with tomorrow's flaw.

Timothy Faboade



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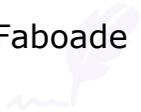
War Sonnet

WAR I

Like worn-out clothes their bodies char
Fires from the frightful suckling barrels
Give them the glorious, gracious garlands
They are now the Lord heroes of the lands
Smiling at the far-fetched laurels in their graves
Though without brazen befitting burials;
Lucky are those left monstrously maimed.
They do not care about the longevity denials.
Some go sullenly without some solemn songs
Save the mourning and somber from tongues
Tongues of the troubled real victims of wars
Who surge in their grieves at their bloods' flaws.
The error horror of gun-duel proudly never ceases
And its agonies freeze them like ill-fated fishes.

Faboade Timothy A.

Timothy Faboade



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