

Poetry Series

Timothy Ogunsakin
- poems -

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Timothy Ogunsakin(6th March 1987)

A native of Odooro in Ekiti state of Nigeria who grew in Port Harcourt, Rivers state. He spent a little time in Ibadan, Oyo state where his education was slow down because of the challenges his mother faced. Timothy went to Ekiti state where he had the opportunity to further his education. At 14, he was awarded the best fine artist sponsored by Nigeria Bottling Company. Though a lover of Literature and Music but wanted to study Law. All attempts to study Law proved abortive and later study English Education in Adekunle Ajasin University Akungba Akoko - a Nigerian state university. His love for Literature made a him writer and have a great influence on his music career. He was one of the editorial crew of his fellowship magazines and bulettin. His love for music made him a well-known person on campus as a multi talented instrumentalist, a producer, a composer and song writer, and the CEO Enthral's Music.

A Mugger

A red headed mammal
But said to be a masked man.
Not a reptile
But lean on the wall with a head-tie
He focused heaven as Elijah expecting manner,
But brought not by a Quill rather a foliage grower
Nothing always raised his gun
But by threatening, no one seems to run
On the floor were the dim tight innocents' gore
But he said order from the leaders of the law
 You mugger! Can't you think twice?
 You call it contract... but turn the clan to flood of blood
 You and your sender, your co-mugger and your blood
Shall be cut off from the globe to darkness once.

Timothy Ogunsakin

After The Third...

After the inception, the snap
Seemed blur, unbiased
Indifference, his askance
Unnoticed by her stance
Perhaps more social than the media
And media than the space
His parliament resolved.

After the second, the snap
Cought a glimpse of her
In a plight her play mode
Indifference, his envy
Unnoticed by her frenzy
Like he cares...
The parliament debated.

After the third, the talk
As they plodded
From PPA they conversed
Her intuition arrested his soul
911, the parliament
Called to meet

After the third, the talk
She's the 'T' path
Of the Three part
Of the same point
That leads the future
Confirmed by the Trinity
After the third, the charming
Her smile's chime, lit
The lamp of love in his bossom
Like a baby, lingers
For the day, an euphoria
The day of substantial exhilaration

After the third, the him
A teetotaller, drunk in love
He called her teeny-bopper

For her love of fashion and music
She from born called 'T'
But never tee no one
Her mind teems with great ideas.

After the third, the snug
As snug as bug in a rug
The parliament is fizzy
Him the bug, she the rug
Together in a snug
And so her charming smile
Keep replay in the parliamentary
Screen, of his heart.

Timothy Ogunsakin

At My Mother Knee

At my mother Knee she told
'Out of the maternal pod you came;
The joyous cry multiplied,
Excruciating barren heart banned and
Loneliness was cast alone.
I lived like Elizabeth
Cos you make my joy of motherhood
Night cry turned watch over ewe'

At my mother Knee she told
'Each dawn you cry as a babe of pride;
I snigger with tears when you're down
Cos you throbbed my heavy heart with joy'

At my mother Knee,
She taught songs of focus.
Hard-ship she had at the voyage of life,
For me a lot she suffered
But battered always me words
Of prayer full life.

At my mother Knee I learned
The secret ingredients of greatness.
Alas! Destiny misfortuned her
To witness me on the board.
I did call her
The epitome of maternity
When she closed for eternity.

Timothy Ogunsakin

Betrayal

You have betrayed us.
We fed you sweetmeats such as
We hoped awaited you on the other side
But you said No,
I must eat the world's left-overs.
We said you were the hunter
Who brought the quarry down;
To you belong the vital portion of the game
But you said No,
I am the hunter's dog and
I shall eat the entrails of the game
And the faeces of the hunter.
We said you were the hunter returning home in triumph,
A slain buffalo pressing on his neck
But you said Wait,
I first must turn up this cricket hole with my toes.
We said yours was the doorway at which
We first spy the tapper when he comes from the tree,
Yours was the blessing of the twilight wine
The purl that brings night spirits out of doors
To steal their portion before the light of day,
We said yours was the body of wine
Whose burden shakes the tapper like a sudden gust
On his perch
But you said No,
I am content to lick the dregs from each calabash
When the drinkers are done.
We said the dew on the earth's surface was for you
To wash your feet along the slopes of honour
But you said No,
I shall step in the vomit of cats
And dropping of mice shall I deep my feet
We invited you to dine with Kings and Nobles
But you said No,
I shall fight the slaves for the left-overs of the world
We called you leader, and Oh,
How dare you led us apart
We chose you to shield us when we are debtors
But you betrayed our secrets.

Timothy Ogunsakin

End Of Misery

I gazed, through the window
Seeing the East coast meadow
Out of the horizon came forth
A yellow heavy light
Like it's dreg a twilight palm wine
Set to feast the bridal dine

Warm but fiasco breezed
Swayed away my breath ceased
In a dilemma of destitute
Brought down my attitude
Though, it's hard seeing the ending
When you're just beginning

Mystery a secret of misery
End of misery opens secret of mystery

You say NO when it comes challenge
You say YES when it comes courage
Cos the history of yesterday
The victory of today
And the mystery of tomorrow
Stamped in the courage of your marrow

Like a lonely child in the desert
Who sees life as nought but a concert
iTunes his guitar for enthralling tones
A drop of tears he owns
Sounds the gravity of his victory
After decades of miserable history

Mystery a secret of misery
End of misery opens secret of mystery

Timothy Ogunsakin

Home

You caress on me like a mother lulling her child
Your world is sweet and mild
I'm here but
You run in my thought

When I cried, you didn't give a damn
But you pampered me to be man
I was away but longing for your caring
No greener grass has land given
Than the lush on the threshold of Aletu
Odo oro, you're an Aletu
The mother of a mighty ocean
That can never dry but ever function

Odo oro! When I think home
I think you.

Timothy Ogunsakin

Insomnia

Every night do I have confab
And frends keep asking of her
 'When will she come...?'
I'm in keen to see the sonsy dame'

Every night do I see her musicality
Siting on the facade singing
 Her fingers on C-major
 Mine on A-flat
Both in chord alternating duet
 'My heart is yours...'
To you do I give my love

Every night do I see mindfully
The constant image of her face
Shining like one of the heavenlies.
I lingered over her face
But in the darkness of my doubts
She lifted the lamp of love
And I saw in her face
The road that I should take.

Every night shall be a day
 So say Fortune
The face of the African Angel
 Shall mine face
That her knees fall in submission
 Becos she's a been-to
Who sees me a responsible bloke
Whose future is translucent and promising
 The two shall one be
 And have same rhythm of love
Insomnolence shall then be horny night.

Timothy Ogunsakin

My Burning Heart

At the first sight meeting
When I look'd forward to seeing
The radiance of her smiling face
The pleasing clarity of the cadence of her voice

The bride going to her groom was her aunt
I stood gazing her slim movement like a soldier ant
That fails its obligation.

At the second chance sight meeting
My heart throbbed of a strong feeling;
There she was, at her grandfather's exit
Running intermittently for his rite.

I inquired of her
She is like her mother.
A tete a tete with her, absolutely abortive after departing
I became worried after parting.

Feeling her on my heart
Becomes Shadrach's hearth
That's why I shall never forget Jummie
The intoxicating freshness of her skin is my indomie
The smile I've yet to see on another's face;
The brighter and sharp eyes that see through gaze,
And quiver of my heart as it made its
Nuptial journey down to her own quivering hearts'

One day shall immeasurable joy and feeling of completeness
Sit side-by-side at arms length, gazing each other's happiness
One day shall my burning heart
Hold his lover heart to heart.

Timothy Ogunsakin

My Queen

Beautiful words fill my mind
As I compose this song for my QUEEN
Like the pen of Soyinka
My tongue is ready with a poem

You are the most beautiful of women
The perfume of myrrh and aloes
Are on your clothes;
Your Ivory ornamented decorated palace
Is filled with banquet of love

Amongst the children in your veins
Are sons and daughters
And on the right of your throne
Seated me the only son of a king mother
Wearing an ornament of fine gold

Bride of a new KING
Listen to what I say;
Forget the despiration at hand,
Your beauty has made me desire you
As your life emulates me

Seeing you on an attire
Made of gold thread,
In a colourful gown, you are led to me
Followed your bridesmaids and relatives
With joy and gladness enter they
My palace and give the utterance
'Princess shall surround your table
And prince to succeed your throne.'

Timothy Ogunsakin

One Day Shall Man Fall In Love

One day shall man fall in love
One day shall he proposed
One day shall he be a love-lorn
One day shall he remember his birth day
One day shall he remember his infancy
One day shall he remember his childhood
One day shall he remember his teens
One day shall man become a man

One day shall man fall in love
Or shall he not fall in love?
One day shall he has love-bite
One day shall he start to adore his woman's chest
One day shall he taste his woman's outer entrails
One day shall he climb his woman
One day shall he produce offspring

One day shall man fall in love
One day shall he be enriched
One day shall he be enraged
One day shall he remember his first love
One day shall he care for his household
One day shall man out-worn

2010

Timothy Ogunsakin

Ope

Long straighten askrew trunk
Smooth scratching trunk
Hanging chunky shaggy head
Crossing fronds lie ahead;
Its fingers pointed evil doer
To err is human, even in a corner
Virtue of fruit surviving
Man venomous eaten
All parts content man.
Alas! Nut borne Oguso who earn
Paraffin to fire-light darkness
And divulge open secret in darkness
An enemy of light
Don't strike me unsight

2006

Timothy Ogunsakin

The Coolness Within

They said your journey commenced
From Osun
I'm here but you
Run in my thought.
You caress on me like a
Mother lulling her child

Flowing under a roof of fronds,
Your silent song like an
Only voice in this desert.
Do I still see those cobras
Who come to kill their thirst?
(I wept when my kin killed one)

Regaling ornithology dressed
Grandier than Solomon
Singing as no choir of his
Father may have sang.
Gliding fingerlings unperturbed;
Fraternise freely under
The canopy of your green

Here's a host on paradise!
Here's a home to numbers unknown
Who make your cool a resting?
Here's rest, here's fills
The Macdonald of my father's flock
No greener grass has land given
Than the lush on the threshold of Al#7865; tu.

This brook has supplied
Generation of merriment
To generation untold.
Your world is wine.
Al#7865; tu! When I think home
I think you.

year 2006

Timothy Ogunsakin

Thief Of The Night

I never intended to,
But you stole my eye away
What's up! I know not
Night over reading
Becomes a jibe from friends.
In a jiffy,
Your wind whirls my eye
Then I'm motionless
What else do I know
What else do I see
What else do I hear
What else do I even touch, When....?
Because you've stolen 'em away
What? My sense organ?
Do I still have sense at all
No! Yes I do

2009

Timothy Ogunsakin

Tribute To My Late Mother

A royal and priceless among other jewels
Grown with prowess;
A motherhood epitome,
As an icon of a good home
U've traveled many miles bcos of the living
But many things U're leaving
The world is full of nought
Where many you've taught
Now, you're leaving to rest,
Leaving the rest for the rest.
Alas Mummy!
You turned Egyptian mummy.
Good night
Just becos of your rite

Timothy Ogunsakin

Where Do We Go From Here

Where do we go from here
Where do we go?
Where the future is punctured
A little ray in the tunnel
Cannot guarantee the dulce of morrow
The weak dying every week of starvation
Where the rich are like the shadows of frustration
Where do we go?

Where do we go from here
Where the giant is giant than the society
Where lives are drenched in horror
And innocents shivering of insurgent
Where parents are scarey of western education
The dreams of the youth are fantasy
Where do we go?

Where do we go from here
Where some have wreecked while trying
Some alredy gone while struggling
Where the graduates are laidoff
And are casualties of tomorrow
Where do we go?

WE are the future of today
Our lives must not waste away
Not be punctured but furniture
With virtue and beautitude
RAISE US to fish, and not deep us in beach.

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