

Poetry Series

**Chukwuebuka Adebayo**  
**- poems -**

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## Chukwuebuka Adebayo(14-07-1991)

A Pianist, folk guitarist, poet, A writer, A painter. Born On July,14 1991, Adebayo chukwuebuka currently lives in lagos..He is gospel music maker and poet

To a family of the Adebayos, His father's name is Pa Johnson clergyman and mother a trader. Sir Ebuka is best

known for his series of poems and songs put up by him, which focus on teachings and of his poems is written in his early quill still writes up to present.

The faith,  
That wins;  
Is not attained  
But obtained.  
Not a faith changed  
But rather exchanged.  
It is not suppression,  
Only expression.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# (the)nothing People

They do not lie.  
They just neglect to tell the truth.  
They do not take,  
They simply cannot bring themselves to give.  
They do not steal,  
They scavenge.  
They will not rock the boat,  
But did you ever see them pull an oar?  
They will not pull ,  
They'll simply let you pull them up,  
And let you pull them down.  
They will not hurt you,  
They merely will not help you.  
They do not hate you,  
They merely cannot love you.  
They will not burn you,  
They'll only fiddle while you burn.  
They are the nothing people,  
The sins-of-omission folk,  
The neither-good-nor-bad,  
And, therefore, worse.  
The good, at least, keep busy, trying,  
And the bad try jut as hard.  
Both have that character,  
That comes from caring, action and conviction.  
The honest sinner with God and Satan.  
They know the price of everything,  
But do not know the value of anything  
They scream about national character.  
But, given the chance,  
They live and practise family character.  
Or sell out their own quota and the character  
Or scatter everything, like the fowl  
Who says:  
Scatter and scatter lest another eat!

\_ - -Anonymous.



# A Dirge For You (Akinola Obadofin)

Forgive us once we die  
For through death, o God:  
All Men can come out while;  
From the troubles in this world.

what gain are of wants to man,  
In day of grace to finish his course  
Who knows that which is just in plan  
Butterfly that eats and bees that stores.

Evening shadows with flowers sleeping  
Man and death, Akinola Obadofin head reposes  
In comfort of silence and angels keeping  
The time right as day of toiling closes.

O thou who do make duo to part,  
Make the lost find the dead safe  
And give eternal rest to their heart  
Take far from us torment of grave.

Blessed be the maker that kills,  
Blessed be every sun that paints  
Blessed be rough storms that stills;  
Blessed be the true light that faints.

Dear is our love, we cannot change  
That makes us weeping more if we  
Think of you dad; measures cant range  
You were ours before and ever will be.

COMPOSED BY ADEBAYO EBUKA

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# A Lazy Man's Prayer

O God, I cain't believe it's new-day,  
Mystery art thy works, I cannot learn;  
Thy providence, no man can repay;  
With many treasures or which he earn,  
But Sire, O God, see that I quave-  
I slept o'ernight withno taste of food;  
Within my seared-neck, my throat cleave  
I'm now in kind of faint mood,  
How this I suffer an ox's type?  
My stomach cries and blood sickly seep;  
When even would my farm ripe?  
As barren lies my mother-sheep,  
Mine nanny-goats gives no birth;  
Blest me, For I ne'er begged before  
So I remit my heavy debts;  
I rely on my wife, bless her too more  
Pardon me, if it be my foul sin,  
Descend thy spirit, let it fill me in  
Thou art my father, I'm reborn!  
And today I become thine son!

#TOBYMOSES

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# A Man In His Prime

When he was a little child,  
There was no conflict in his heart  
He was so fearless and wild  
Now he remind all that have past  
When he was a youth in time gone  
And most of his nights are full of dreams  
The things he could have done, better done  
But now he say, O! life is not what it seems.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# A Soldier Man And His Country

.....That man was a commander of wars,  
Who fought and saved nigeria's walls.  
And his name was a roaring dust  
To the of a skilled captain  
of football dribbling across the field;  
\_\_\_But now, he's retired and so weak;  
Weaker than an old toothless woman.

.  
.

He's hungry and poor, he feel sick.  
Cups of tears drop down his cheeks  
Because his pensions were owed.  
He lighted his cigar and let out puffs  
He look up at the pale sun and smile,  
He remember his dexterous varlours  
and gave out a demonic laughter again.

---

•Sir Toby

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# A War All The Women Fought (The Aba Riot Of 1929)

Pooh! pooh! ! pooh! ! !  
Did you heard that?  
That was the sound of bullets  
The gunshots of the British soldiers  
On a sun-bleached morning of November,  
At the eastern heavens of my country  
A day the embittered toothless sheep  
Grew teeth and bitted the colonial masters  
The race then was taken by the cripples,  
And the swift ones turned flying and flying  
For nine or ten hours on a dull, cloudy day  
They bound their breasts and chased the warrant chiefs  
It was a war fought by all Ibibio and Igbo women  
Was though of stones and palm leaves;  
As they marched on with their mocking song,  
&quot;If we catch them, we will sit down on them&quot;;  
If we catch them, we will sit down on them&quot;;  
But it was a fight for light of salvation  
For the land of the igbos as a society;  
Against the abuse of widows in the villages  
The darkness of corruption of whites' indirect rule  
From the big taxes their past mothers never paid  
It was a stepping on a &quot;struggling snake battle&quot;;  
And on the night that darkened that dormy day  
Some pots lost their cooks at the Ewanga Opobo  
And their children rained many tears;  
For their patriotic blood been splattered  
On the day when you will tell this story again  
Remember to doff your hat for Nwa'anyeruwa,  
Remember to hail Nwago, Nnete and Udoma.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# A Youth And His God

Turn now to me!  
In days when thy desires are firm  
while the heats, the colds, the warmth  
Are pleasant to your mortal body  
when the years are not shortened  
when they are yet regretful to recall  
Before the day, when the shepherd  
shall tremble at bleats of his sheep  
And Climbers shall cease to tour  
for night is come and they are weary  
The oracle shall think too little  
and shall talk too much words  
when sons of the smith shall not wear  
Pendants because they are all rusted  
They shall fear for every bit of noise  
and sleep will become so difficult  
Seize joy in every days of thy youth  
For ages comes fast with lasting infirmities  
There Is no deeds sacred in man's existence,  
and their creator will judge every doings.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# All Will Become Love

Love's a sweetest song,  
With melodies played wrong.  
And the little baby's smile,  
Angelic but will last for awhile.  
Love is a father's heavy strike,  
And the very truth you dont like.  
Is the joke that your heart keep,  
Will let you to laugh even in sleep.  
Love be sweet in apple's skin,  
And in its green eyes that bitter sin.  
Love's what we were made from,  
And the very last we will all become.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Amn't Gone (Sonnet Ii)

When haters spew up, Gone's he!  
And their confession reveals who I am  
And once a friend moan where's me?  
O! my strap then devil drove of harm!  
For some will sing my good that is if  
You as a ruby would hold me to thy heart,  
I'm among the setting shadows of eve  
Amn't gone today, call my names fast  
Have soared above the hovering ether,  
I am with the sucklings who died at sunset  
And the old boys enjoying the hereafter;  
O love remember me but if all men forget  
Tell the world, Amn't gone today,  
And no life depart unless heaven takes away.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Amn'T Gone (Sonnet Iii)

I have seen it, but not how its looks,  
That mermen are betrayed by the sea;  
If they sails into angler's nets and hooks,  
Even leopards, giant elephants by dark tree;  
It be something so morose than grave,  
You turns your back, Speak of my misdeeds  
Accuses with your flatteries and rave;  
Let's shed tears but death for his greeds-  
If so, with harps, horns or loudy spide;  
Let no man sing of lamentation or sobbing,  
Pray but gods weep me to a bed laid aside;  
Over another fall of man only by sorrowing;  
May I count it as pity for my hateful misery,  
For your much griefs, tears is not necessary,

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Amn't Gone!

Certain, ye not can fight it for me  
For If tempest could fall a sturdy oak;  
Thy oath to hold it for me?  
But wilt clay long live than a crack?  
Dotes in waves, sweeties in gusts  
This olden planet once forbidden  
And withno giving a kiss to crusts?  
Not for me, for 'Twast fore-written!  
I may survive not b'witched hex,  
I may die on noon ye away from home,  
That mournful journey upto land of dead Rex;  
Shall open mine sins, en fiends upon rome,  
Who frove as foe, will share my owed debts,  
Weep not as nights will pardon my guilts.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# An Ideal Wife

Count your wealth, plentitude of gold,  
The crystals of the sea, weigh your jaspers;  
The goldsmiths refines them, if they are old,  
Buy it from menfolks that sells topaz;  
But an ideal wife's priceless than all  
Nor can be own with coral of cush;  
With precious jewel or onyx mined raw,  
Her grace is beyond a flower's lush;  
More fairer than emerald and turquoise,  
The rubies of ophir never can compare her;  
The cost for her surpasses jades and sapphires,  
Treasures there are, An abundance of sliver;  
Even ornaments and pearls are as common as rockbars  
Yet an ideal wife is as lofty as yonder stars

Such as tree is known by its fruits  
May like the virtuous apple tree of eden  
Yields a blessed kind of sweet fruits;  
As it burns, if fire in tent is hidden,  
So she is, loudy, injudicious, An uncultured wife,  
Like an old patch in a fine garment  
A tameless wanton, weird, full of strife  
A rod of scorn that strikens spirit with ailment  
Unmend, piercing deep the bones like swords  
But, how wise's an ideal wife, wiser than dove  
Which gives her hubby wits, healing words  
They are friends and he trusts in her love  
Youre lamp to house of he that marries her  
Who then's wise, that he could find her?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# And God Took A Sheet

And God took a sheet,  
Then wrote down his mind  
And men he gave spirit of wit,  
To gather it all with a bind.

And there in its pages,  
christ is its grand subject  
What awaits sinners as wages  
The happiness believers will get.

And these words too he gave,  
Read it to turn from folly  
Believe it to be safe,  
Practise it to be holy.

For it contains light to direct you,  
It is the map of a traveller,  
Staff that guides a pilgrim through  
and the christain's charter.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# And I See My Death

Holla, I see my death  
With my two mortal eyes,  
Brave though, I am a bit afraid  
To enter, to collect this voucher  
From the gate-keeper of death  
And cross this bridge to other side  
I've got few days to live earth  
So I can't tell be it day or night  
He is coming to take me away  
For i can feel a pierce in my liver  
A strange man in black mask  
Has struck me a big knife  
I'm seriously loosing much blood  
Are you to cry when I am done  
Or laugh loud when am gone?  
I'm going on a journey I didn't plan  
On a road I have never once seen  
My soul is at stake and I don't know  
Who would win the bet, devil or God  
Can prayer offered turn a fate around?  
Or your weepings, awful screams, pities  
Make it a lie, fail or be denied?  
Can my goodwork done extend its days?  
You can pity it, you can't avert it coming  
I've seen my death, it can't be cured!  
Only my grave and casket is not sure  
But when you hear am gone away  
Remember me even when you pray  
Forgive me and so your heart be free  
Write as many poems of death for me  
Sing and celebrate if it needs to be  
Pray my soul never be won by hell  
For the way am going myself can not tell.

÷TOBY MOSES

9: 31am

21 June 2017

(this is not a poem but what am feeling right away, your  
pity can stop it) .



# Baby's Song

There's a song little babies sings  
on the ease of mother's back;  
even if none plays guitar's strings  
The Soloing are oft loud and wack.

it's full of energy, brood and tense:  
as a great artist would earnestly jump,  
if hail by claps of thousand audience  
and with the hands, they'd grasp up and up.

The air, and beats their legs together;  
i believe them to see angels, they're angels  
that fly upon their heavenly feathers  
they know much musics, they're the church bells.

though i am always feeling hates,  
if no one none the mother help the chorus.  
to think that babies are illiterates,  
and rather let the grooves down to pause.

But there's beauty in their songs,  
if scholars would dump their books  
wise men would learn to play gongs,  
and the drumming be done by fools.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Bad Cohort

Every wrong manner and evil fault,  
Is answered to company of bad  
cohort;  
Like that blind man shooting a  
catapult,  
Aiming to cause others come to same hurt;  
So influences until you becomes  
firm,  
And even more notorious like  
them

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Banana Island

If i remember the night at banana island  
i cant hold back the smiling  
sitting in the heat of the commercial bus  
looking out into the third mainland ocean  
we were all on long tared bridge  
pointing to the fishing men on the boats  
that would be my greatest joy  
if I ever travel again to banana island  
Do you know that people build estates on waters  
tall and beautiful, i have ever seen?  
life is new here and the breeze blows cooler  
we party the whole day down  
I remember that we went swimming  
with those lagos slim girls  
splashing and laughing  
like we gave no care to our worries  
i think you have ever been to banana island  
strolling down its busy streets?  
music buffing from every corner  
everyone you meet smile atyou  
they are happy to make you friend  
they get you drink and tell you their names  
if I ever travel again to banana island  
I'll take you along, my dear.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Be Water

"Be like water making its way through cracks.  
Do not be assertive, but adjust to the cracks  
You shall find a way round or through it.  
If nothing within you stays rigid,  
outward things will disclose themselves.  
Empty your mind, be formless. Shapeless, like water.  
If you put water into a cup, it becomes the cup.  
You put water into a bottle and it becomes the bottle.  
You put it in a teapot it becomes the teapot.  
Now, water can flow or it can crash.  
Be water, my friend."- Bruce Lee

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Beatitudes

Freedom- -

For those that frees the bounds  
And wont cage a bird left unfed,  
They will guide a blindman's stick  
Any fork on his road will he pick.

Peace- -

for the gentle mind,  
who has scanned out the world  
And has taken all things to be,  
Nothing but vanity.

Ease- -

for the anxious yet to find,  
Over-troubled much of the past;  
Worrying even about today of we  
and next things to be.

Joy- -

for man contented in his heart,  
That takes food to his stomach;  
And will not store up as a foolish boy,  
Knowing all things God will destroy.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Bliss Of All Mortals

The wind blows comfort,  
But himself is not at peace.  
The sun always trek the Skye,  
Still his course are never complete.  
The rain falls all through Augusts  
Yet every planters still complains.

---

They say; Money is good!  
It be answers to all things  
And if you get it, you have all.  
But I have seen a very rich man  
Crying every day and every night,  
Then I say, 'what again is his wants?

---

They say; Food is sweet!  
And wines delights the lips  
If you take it you are satisfied  
But I've seen a child kicked by his mater  
She argued, he was fed to the fullest.  
Then I say, 'why do we need to ask for more?

---

They say, Marriage is mirth!  
And falling in love is blissful  
When you are in love, all is complete.  
But I have seen a wife who is hateful  
And will allday quarrel with his spouse.  
Then I say, 'why do roses hides snakes and love  
stings?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# B'ójútirí

B'ójútirí  
L?'nú wí,  
B'?iy? oko rí  
Gbogbo etí oko  
Pàtàpàtà ní'gb?  
B'or?? odo ri,  
A ke sí-o sí-o  
B'ewúr? bà rí,  
A ke m??-me?  
B'àgùntàn rí tí ?  
A fí igbe ìbosí s?'nu. (11)

Ùn bí ohún ojú rí  
L?'nu ng s?  
Kí se bí tí èèw?  
Bí ?bà bá s? tán  
Ìw?fa àsí s? tí? l?yìn  
?r? ?nu dúníyàn dàbì  
Kànnàkànnán tí à ng tá ní ìjù  
?nu omo aráye o m?n  
Bí w?n ng se k? is? tí ?  
À ní ko'rí ?ní o màsùn

Kí ?l?da ?ní o mà sì togbe. (22)  
Ohun tí mo m?n ní pe,  
Orí tí yío d'ade l?la  
Lèè mà sùn orí ?ní loní  
W?n ní ìbí kíl jù 'bí  
Ìbí tí à bí erú là bí omo  
Ng bí bo tí wú às?dá ní pínín  
Kosí ?dá tí lèé fí làkàye s?  
Ìye ?sàn tí ?y? omo r? kàn  
Yio o dà bí à bá fí b? íl? ?l?rà  
Gbogbo wá kúkú lá ng gbíyànjú  
Ko sí ?ní gbàdùrà ko bí'm?n ?l?. (33)

Sugb?n ?nu ?níyàn ní'soro  
?mo ádám?n I bá yè f?'nu  
Fá bí ígbín, aiye I ba r?rùn  
Omo ?niyàn ì bá yè fí orí kírí  
Bí omo ebí ng pá l'?yìn iya ?  
W?n I ba ?'ah?n ni dede ?nu  
Àgbà-àgbà níkàn ní à bá b?  
Bí à bá rí eyí tí às? nínú w?n  
Kí o má sàlaí foríjìn wá  
Torí bop?-boyá, ohún to p?  
Dàndàn yio padà dí ìre. (44)

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Boys On Skates

Boys on skates,  
Falling round the soft ices  
Bearing on heads dirty flakes  
Homeworks and stress in their eyes.

One busy jogging balls up the wind  
one riding his old skateboard free  
Another pushing hard from behind  
His voice as catholic bell hung down a tree.

switch n duck!switch n duck!paul!  
To the uphill, side of the slope  
Come on boy, roll withthe fall!  
Gonna catch you wima-lope.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Cast Is The Bait

Cast is the bait,  
Hold the rod in your hands  
strong  
As no world dare tell your  
fate  
Which your hook would  
come along  
Be sure your stand is firm,  
Maybe you might lift up a  
monster  
Still if you miss it, men may  
affirm,  
....."he tried yet cut his  
human-like finger! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Chameleon

Over Africa, On a windy winter,  
That downpour afore september;  
Which frightened at manifold time,  
Many dew-traces are yet on earth;  
It be chimps, rodent's pretty clime,  
When the woods were dried for hearth.

Scouted I, on that rough lanes,  
Likeas grubs, Humming cloy tunes;  
Lo! Came my way, A noble chameleon,  
He stripp'd out quietly amid crevices;  
I stood buried in fear, maybe I go on  
Glittering as jewellery refined thrice;

Wondered I, If him be royal king of gulf,  
His visage greener than unripped stuff;  
Winking his gladless eyes in its spheres,  
That flashed as strokes of demented thunder;  
Lifted `s heavy head marred of herpes,  
Slowly, Drew it back, Up and nether.

Perchance, he meant to greet me,  
Or share a smear of his sad life with me?  
If as he was betray'd by a brother,  
Through his heart, a zeal blazed;  
Speak to me, even your lips are bitter;  
His wordless mouth mildly disclosed;  
Like that an old man would spit,  
I Know thy shardy tongue's full of wit;  
But you look apale and suffer rash.....  
He looked at me and plodded he apace,  
Why you do chose to live as pariah?  
Shall I inquire of things in your grace? .

\_\_\_\_\_Why that way, O noble chameleon?  
why this clever manner, why yon?  
Within mine thoughts I queried,  
Do own you duo, or spare life?

Are legs hurt in thorns of weed,  
Or brutally trod on a large knife? .

For I see your heart full of hollow,  
You conceive all ground as shallow;  
Jeck! and so tread it with best care\_\_\_\_  
But of this no man shall take heed,  
Is there no one on earth, you fear?  
Go away, Go to your nest in the reed,  
Climb high and cloak in crest of yew,  
For other ruthless man may kill you,  
Or kick you away like a filthy cur,  
Come someday, wise man of sedge;  
Among all crawlings in the Pasture,  
You are wisest, If wise sons of men judge.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Chasing The Tempest

I've seen an antelope looking for okra,  
He is like man toiling to succeed with his valour;  
Weepings of oppress`d flows as runnels,  
And no comforters to be their channels;  
But better it is, A man who die at birth,  
Happier he's than eyes not contented of wealth;  
Why? , they saw no evils done in`s world,  
No fear O` death for men of old;  
Yet what lackest ne`er be countest,  
All`s like struggling after the tempest;

I read upon table `f my heart,  
Meanin`less! As vapour from the earth  
Solomon had treasures, All gone too useless,  
Of what use`s wisdom, when he died so wiseless;  
Love's deceitful, cherishes's foolish,  
And what do pleasures accomplish?  
If Man amasses marigolds, rare rubies,  
Than any great kings and provinces;  
Beneath the sun, nothing be newest?  
All's trouble to spirit, trying to catch a tempest.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Christmas At Church

At christmas time!

Church hall set paints for old grime,  
Joy flooding the day hold men all dutiful-  
Priests tread as flying angels in beauty blues  
There's smiles upon every little boys' face,  
A virgin play her fingers with flowers in vase  
Put one to her chest like a baby in her arms.

At christmas time!

A big black upright piano thus hymn,  
&quot;Holy mary bless all mothers' womb&quot;  
Fill the oil of our cup with moresome  
Our days and ages, these candles not cease light  
Nothing more pleasing, your peace is right!  
To see you someday shine so lovely in your glory.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Corruption In The Country

My country bank is built  
For robbers in suits to stay,  
See different saints comes and go  
Some of are Imams, some are pastors  
Politics is a game they love to play  
How many birds have i seen perched  
Looking hurriedly here and there?  
And they lifted something away;  
I saw them but never they saw me.

They can't do the business alone,  
But everyone in the country is scared,  
Cause if your head's been shaved  
It is ethically good that you do not talk;  
Cause you may risk your head to blade  
A gambler borrowing such heavy loans  
The robber making daily contribution,  
On a night that makes the days thirty;  
He may come with gun for all the money.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Cotton And Oil

In wafts, you do spread your white lints,  
Chases the sun to dry the baskets of fibers;  
Sons of crofters do pluck fuzz for mints;  
You are high as dove or chaffs i` winters,  
You are cotton, worthier than diadem of alloy,  
But if your whiteness is besmirched of oil,  
And by what dint shall it be pure as snows?  
Rejected, Lifted away by tempest`s tows.

Nothing's beauteous as utterances of wisdom,  
Those fairy gilds which falls nether like meteor,  
Away from sky, enholds simples i` whiledom;  
Fairer he's, of virtues than marigolds inheritor;  
As misers, Who's he that prevents his name;  
Modesty, requited with grace and fame;  
But Immorality gives as dogs in their pen  
And defiles as red-oil spilt on white linen.

He that slithers off a climb may fall;  
Who loses his feet from peak of mountain;  
Topples not but his bones dumped in pall,  
Ne`er stand to scrub away his clothe of stain;  
Cups are bring to brook free of grimes,  
Not a well full of dirts and dead-limes;  
And men do sets on tables, pure napery  
Not that veil, blackened and inky.

He exalted of great splendour;  
Upon zenith a` where he seat,  
Hidding himself in wretchs of stour;  
Let him brag not of his great feat  
Let him look back and call to mind;  
Men shall merry, if rose can turn rind;  
Or pinnacles can thaw down as candles  
For cotton and oil ne'er ally but bear blushes

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Crying Men

Evenso all men were made earls,  
Still they steal from themselves pearls:  
Him with abundance yet desires more,  
Than within his huge abode may store;  
As beggars are ne'er done of ambling:  
Greedy one risks his chance in gambling;  
Whilst yet thou know not this:  
That world's full of plenty vanities,  
And no thing priceless is e'er new;  
Heart gets charmed when craving induce;  
Thus contentment from little is fair,  
Wealth's boastful, wasteful, wild as steer  
But he not grateful upon mere penny,  
.Will ne'er be satisfied if he possesses many

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Curse God And Die!

If I was born about centuries ago,  
With vulgar voice and full puissance,  
Of bestial gallantry that laughs at woe,  
As who strangles dragons by their tongues,  
and throttled aleviathan with his manes,  
Fought hades and executed its banes,  
I shall lift my head yonder sky,  
Curse God and die!  
I know he shall summon me of this sin,  
Stay and give ears to his alibis,  
To be sure whoso that lose or win,  
Inquires him of what your demise is!  
He prove to me why spares the worse,  
And good men taken away by force,  
The just punished, it maybe trity-sacredness  
Those lacking scruples, for their stupidity  
I shall ask of nights full of loathing-evils,  
And sweet spring-buds falling,  
By windstorms and unfed weevils,  
Withering away at first-blooming,  
But if you die, withno his wit, O brother!  
And my judgment discarded, unanswered  
I shall plead my rebellion and repent,  
Then let men prepare for unbeknown-death;  
Young and old, Short and tall,  
Poor and rich, Great and small

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Devils In The North

Scary faces as turning of many waters  
Vulgar words on tv like of motor boys,  
the daily prayer of highway robbers  
thing that kills a blind man or decoys,  
Its cure from human being is very far  
Who hasnt escape bullets sprayed out  
The likes clamours every time for war  
To drink water or spit it from mouth  
I think you know one is stressful  
At our farm where roots are cut,  
There now maggots spread and rule  
Shedding blood for honor, friends and fault  
We are afraid of tommorrow and today  
These madmen may continue their way.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Do Not Die!

Do not die  
Wheeze back breathe of life,  
Open wide thine two eyes  
For healing's ne'er in knife;  
Nor needle that goes in either  
Black storms that come will past,  
So long- It's temporal;  
Naught below welkin stays last  
Things will get better rekindle thy hope;  
Lard pig may come flying high as nape,  
Cold slow snail may speed and lope;  
Wake, uncoffin thyself from this drape,  
Beggars known may come to give;  
The deserts lown may surge tide  
The dead may still again live;  
With strong faith, ride on, ride  
Just once more, you may- try,  
No man's birthed to die, do not die.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



## Doctor Matthew Adenuga{a.O.B}

In the town where my father was born,  
In the braveland of the brave-men  
A young lad in his youthful age,  
was popular as Doctor Adenuga;  
And a spoon to orphans, a servant to God.

He would nurse ailing hearts;  
feed them food with his last kobo  
In his sport short-knicker wears,  
you could see him got a round tummy  
but if he takes beers, i don't know.

Until a sad day in the june,  
when his green gardens were budding,  
his table full of meats and drinks bubbling  
Young Adenuga pinned his right foot on a nail  
he bleed and could not healed himself.

once again, he remembered one hymn  
that he's fond of singing most vigils  
"Emi ni o bori isoro o o o  
Boti wu k'ogun na leto o o o  
Oun se omo oloku beni i i i".....

Lying in his room with much pains,  
in his whole body, no sleep, no rest  
because there stood death with him  
At night, he was welcomed by angels  
To journey with his fathers, to meet his maker.

Adieu, the Great warrior of faith  
wealth could not buy you health,  
the earth and its things will end here  
O sleep has closed those kind eyes of yours  
and your head death's hand has laid in dust.



# Don't Cry, Mama!

Dont cry, mama!  
I feel the pain than you,  
Stand to your knees, papa!  
Ices are melting in my veins too  
Hells are blazing in mine brain  
Bloods running down my bandage  
Mama, breast your crying baby again  
Worry but less about this mangle  
You aren't at fault, papa!  
I will care for my swollen wounds  
Dry your teardrops, mama!  
Things will turn all better rounds  
Kindest heaven will soon rearrange  
Everything to its correct flange  
Someone is banging on God's door  
I know this isn't what you long for  
Though, this isn't the real CHANGE  
But another real Chain of bondage.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Dream (Sonnet 1)

Fly out, O dream, of your night-shell,  
Come down off the roof of wild sky;  
Foretell the fair fortunes and wish me well  
Attend so quick for the attacker's I,  
Sink into this soppo bonce, your wand  
I'm sure you will not, poor fool dream!  
Your spells at possum dare not stand  
Olde thief, that alone robs at moon's beam  
Hide no more in mirages, O monster of nights!  
Strewing ill-haps, all days and ope noons  
Thus seek men's breast buried in mighty frights  
Dream! Do you as falling stars cause sibyl swoons,  
With evil threats to madness enchants diviners  
The plague as it dreads sooks, saying some prayers?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Dream (Sonnet 2)

But dream, As of creed in mortals' wits  
Each trembles, if sleep brings him to bed  
Adores you like a god at heavenly portal sits  
To be his fair blessings, disguised in one's head  
Which heralds man's fate, too many thoughts  
Be it black-dooms, pretty-fortunes, green-lucks  
This had I debated, often been my plots  
That fortunes is as ease as plucking a rose from its stalk  
Or drains no sweat, As scattering grains to caught chicks  
Then how often shall your foolery be, O dream?  
By your crashed envisions, fouls and dreadful risks  
Of truth i sue you sometimes sail upon stream  
And bare glens, loughs withno bream nor pisces  
Let the panbearers ride, if steed do turns their wishes

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Dream (Sonnet 3)

Plain be beauty of thrilling dawn  
Shadow-black and Deep-grim of night  
Whose elegance glids, As of glittering sun  
What be the goodness of your immortal spright  
Show me the pure image of your pulchritudes  
Was it formed of moom's fawn or grass's green  
Much as rose's red, isle's gray, purple of thistles  
Like topaz in diadem or tresses of a royal queen  
Dear dream, surmise I you must be a king  
Who hangs but his unknown nest, so high as sparrows  
But what names a king, nabbed with his knave's ring  
Why climbing in through holes of windows  
Creeping, cutting hollow spaces of doors  
To scare men's nap in devil's mask and horrors

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Dream (Sonnet 4)

O dream, The Sword of Damocles!  
How long shall you fill past sorrows to memory  
The begone dolours, of falls, of defect stumbles  
Whispering to heart, the lamentable story,  
And would you ever be a clown, a Jester  
Bring here little moth which envy the eagle  
Hasten less the field, that fears hard winter;  
Neither the cry for petals be of stinging nettle,  
For one ne'er help over which men has no controls  
All's mystery, Death, Dream, poverty and pain  
But as for me, Dream hunts, Dream cajoles  
Like many hurling bolts of lightnings withno rain  
Dream! Your charm's such, Wheedle me so much not  
What help renders calmness upon the sea after a great lost

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Dreams And Shadows

Dreams, ....ushering shadows  
they move and step when we do  
they too cease, they scare away  
when we stop, when we stop hoping  
shadows, ... guiding lamp to our destination  
they keep us running forward on and on  
they leaves us happy with our dreams  
like little children do,  
Enjoy walking under the moon  
though we are bound to troubles and tears  
many sad nights when we lost sleeps  
we think of our fallings and wounds  
like wall-gecko, we lost tails...  
and also like them,  
we do look new and young in the morning  
we greatly believe much in them,  
As cool piercing music;  
from distance on a cold night  
though they seems backing us sometimes  
when we face walls and blockade in life  
fading away if we walk along valley of trails  
yet they make us look up at some wonders  
the stars that shines in our gaze  
the things that keep us dreaming more  
they make us believe in flying beautiful birds.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Echoes Of The Night

A strange man with big feet  
Tip-toeing the little stars  
smokes coming from his teeth  
As his laughter goes bass-bare  
Echoes of the night,  
Evil yelps of witches and wizards;  
Crickets and adders on reeds- bite,  
Rough snorts of the wild lizards,  
The Screeching of mating owls;  
Whales and Mermaids' raves,  
Monsters and vampires' loud growls;  
Screams from gulfs and graves;  
The war-cry of demons and gods,  
The clanking of their swords.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Elegy For A Nameless Child

The revelry of your birth,  
Came as latter rain on earth;  
With woo-hoo played from zither  
Sinking down every ears of livings;  
Trobbing abroad as clappings of thunder  
Quaking tombs to share the fair tidings,  
Passers-by stopped, a rush on and on  
Like team clad of finest ribbon.

Och! He's a young lad  
Lying on bed like tender lotus' pad  
Too soft and wany as ripped almond  
His cheeks dimpled not nor defined folds  
With churny visage as melted diamond  
Diddy eyeballs akin to muddy marigolds  
That swept round corners of the whole room  
Like of swimmer drowned in a gray doom.

Of a sudden his head he raised,  
Like all that went through his gaze;  
Were too fearful to bore just alone  
A barren silence across the wall,  
Clued us, He's breathless as stone  
If as a bullet landed in my skull  
I stood paralyzed, Ached-freezing,  
Lamed of words, Robbed of reasoning.

Paving this punt of fogged agony,  
Better to sail within than been loony

Along vale of my breast in bravery,  
Yet my bittered eyes betrayed me;  
Rending my sight blind and teary  
Throes broke my bones like dry tree;  
The pangs, The groans as uncontrolled whelp  
Like a stabbed man yelling for help.

O blood, Tears, Fires, clangors and tempest,  
Thousand maelstroms that scoopes a sad rest  
Deaths that gait by like clever thief  
How hasty's you, O time, O naked death;  
Woe's world, What an undone grief,  
A tata would smile his mother's dismal breath  
Even though soothing words never heal,  
Losses, cuts and wounds that bleed.

Aurevoir, Aurevoir, Little sacred boy!  
O come, come back, Play with toy  
Pay this honor to saints and cherub,  
Till we no more sing, cry nor whimper;  
Of our tongues, Hearts which you rob,  
Our merries, Our joy you fill but despair  
Little buddy, No cheers of mirth  
Wear your saber and club in right.

Fend for yourself, For yourself in heaven  
Like old-monster, Make your limbs seven;  
Climb rocks with your manly strength,  
If you travel along thicket or wood;  
Fend for yourself as valiant knight,  
You are brute to joy of motherhood;  
Goodnit friend, Fly back to dreads and wild  
Wish I know your name, O nameless child.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Epilepsy Of A Baker Boy

You could not have survived,  
Last night, you were almost dead  
when you fell from sleep and collapsed  
On this concrete floor, wiping your head  
Eyes squinting like turning rain  
Mouth vomiting something thick  
you werent listening to us anymore again  
you stretched out your legs like dry stick  
there hadnt no time to think well,  
we took cold water, sprayed you  
O jesu!you should have better compelled  
It really wounded you to a more highest hue  
the more you tried to fight it  
i'm sorry, i barely helped a bit  
I had no reason to do so, i only said prayer few  
That may God finally find you a way through.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Epistle From Death

Though, you may fret that I tarry  
But death held me down, Pardon!  
Like a wounded beast, He's angry  
As I wore no breastplate nor Iron  
Myself, Was afraid of his boiling rage,  
Yet I begged and he gave this page  
(6)

Bid everyone, To soon pay a visit  
To very last consonants of my words;  
Tell men to enjoy their brief feasts,  
What they pine for, Tomorrow becomes bywords  
That Life's but a sigh, A breath,  
Refer them, This epistle from I, death!  
(12)

Can men be compared with anything?  
Nothing but a drop of mixed-sperm,  
Even if they are barleys, Roses-budding  
Still, The same fate awaits them  
All from dust, All returns to dust,  
And as vapour, All begone, All lost  
(18)

Then mankind, Which meaning is life?  
The distraught, When life worries about itself  
Life! A madman that turns mirths to strife  
With every wealths man hoards to himself,  
What contentment gives earthly tastes,  
When all these do decay, Everything wastes  
(24)

Magical acts confounds, By evil charms  
Seeing an elephant from a hat disappears,  
Pleases the eyes, A trick full of shams;  
As night-moon goes, never in morn reappears  
So is goodies of Life, Short and fleeting  
Like fair wanton, Tempting and teasing  
(30)

Hark, Hark, Heed a wise man's sayings  
That the deeds of life are grievous,  
And a fool is proud of his hiddings;  
This is awful and It's also perilous,

If, His life is asked on a whim  
None is most miserable but him!

(36)

Whosoever sings a frivolous song,  
His ears too listen, To its clangorous noise  
Anyone who does evil knows, It's wrong  
Yet awaits whom to satirize him, So he poise  
Since none can reveal your mucky depths,  
Take this scorn, It's an epistle from death!

(42)

Which monkey can leap traps like our leaders?  
They enacts, themselves infringes the laws  
When widows profanes, they be their executioners  
If you errs, Who would check your flaws?  
But death's coming, To pluck you down nave,  
And make your home a cleft of grave

(48)

He that obeys statues is not harmed,  
I have conceded everything to be meaningless  
Like toy built of clay, crushes if crammed  
So are men, Weak, brittle, So firmless  
Cry of his name in his bounty field,  
When he's gone, but none would yield

(54)

O head of government, head of states  
The headmen, Jury, Our knights  
Whom do tour overseas and overstates,  
Farewell, Farewell, Man upon the Zenith  
That seat is as frail as dry-twigs,  
Once it breaks, All birds to sky, swings

(60)

Then said you, Elders gob smelt as swines  
This be another toddler singing berths,  
Even it's witless and lack rhymes,  
But heed to this epistle from death;  
If my requite is thanks and that's all  
My wish is greater, Though gift's small

(66)

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Epistle To Mine Mater

O Mine mater, faithful virg'n! ,  
Unto her, The glories b'given;  
Hath she b'sought upon her Man,  
Thou found, In eyes of wealthy nation;  
B'hold, On route of death, she travell'd  
Fought mi'htier wars, thus conquer'd;  
Brou'ht me home, laid me to her bed,  
Caress'd gently, Mine babyish head;  
Wrapp'd, In the warmness of her compass,  
Though in her hard days lay my genesis;  
Fortune futures, canst foretell her gloomy  
nights,  
Whence sleeps I, with playin' abacus;  
Saggin', down honey of her breast in my  
mouth,  
Meekly, I look up, the sympathy burn'th  
Through her eye, her breath;  
O fool me! , I hath to say thank thee amah! ;  
If I am ill, She'd fed on her tear  
Her griefs art meanin'less to her,  
On that Africa downpour in september;  
Whence every children cri'd for shelter,  
On streets, the hide 0'seek, jumps in  
loam;  
The howlin' and hellish Scream,  
Suffocates, The dreadful play of rim;  
As pup, I chill'd in her blossom,  
She'd be mine coat, mine jackets;  
On her Knees She prays;  
O thou callous rain, she quoths!  
Watchin' through the garment of clouds,  
That halos mine eyeballs;  
Those lullaby wilt slain me to kips,  
Thine carings art Incompar'd to angels;  
Nor canst give of the lazy moons,  
Thine wrought more, worthy;  
Or forty bags of shekel can pay\_\_\_  
Today a chap, Thou hast grown me wholly;  
Thine old affection, I feel, times I lay lonely



O mater Durst stay afar me,  
Come back, O mater, Come nigh, come!  
Thou virtuous creature!  
Dampness of thine arms, Lay Me;  
Blest, stand'th thee, thine names,  
'mongst thousands;  
Thou worth, a gard'n of lilies  
A basketfull of rare jew'ls,  
A coronett molten'd of glazin' stars,  
A kingdom built of chapit'rs  
Bravo! , Thou hast buy me prides,  
'Mongst kindred of kings,  
Whom, Thath dwelt on earth,0'sky above;  
Canst steal her heart from me?  
Dope me, So her, I disclaim or  
forsake....?  
.....Far it be!  
On royal chariot, If I ride, 'round the world  
Fear not, I shalt brace mine steed,  
T' Submit homages, 's epistle 0' lowly bid;  
Hither, standeth thine backyard almond,  
Thine integrity, wilt I uplift,  
Pledge, To forsake not;  
Thine far-fetched didactics to strampet  
Fear not, Ev'r Thine cleavage wilt b'mine cot;  
Fear not, Hark, At thine ear, Mine  
whisperin'  
Thine cherished son hath return,  
Mater! , Am back home with fain;  
Give to me thine kiss of life 'gain.  
Dedicated to My Lovely Mother  
#Sir Toby

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Eshiu

The most evil being, Eshiu!  
Threatening and ill-figured Devil;  
the giver of quick wealth  
Eshiu, Baleful dagger of death;  
Trickster of the whole world,  
Deals with misfortunes and odd;  
And proves yourself, A brute,  
To whom offers not your tribute;  
You do raise up the corpses,  
Drags the livings by their noses;  
Tho' your garden grows no flower,  
Assists in enhancing the Power;  
Derived from nature's herbs, greens  
God's linguist, Full of differs keens;  
The genius and master of languages,  
From mankind to sky-God, carrying messages;  
The prime negotiator, Divine messenger  
Negativities and Woes enforcer  
Lifts away sacrifices, at every gateways,  
In crossroads, lurks on highways;  
Where you dig accidents with spades,  
Elegbara! The arch-lord of hades;  
Orisha of unpredictabilities and  
chances,  
Who rejoices doom, at woes dances;  
The causer of calamities,  
You hampers all fertilities;  
If oxen breeds not the jenny  
Or lad impregnates not his Maiden

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Everything

Everything is nothing,  
yet everything cost something  
when you have got to give a thing  
hold back nothing,  
but give everything;  
when you try to hold back anything  
then you will loose everything.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Fairy Days

When all heads were quietly laid low  
On up soft comfort of my pillow,  
I imagined little, of the world I met  
Then mother gave me to this planet,  
When monkeys and men were brothers  
And large hounds be their wives' guilders  
With hot yams swallowed together in one bowl  
Hundreds of old Moonlight stories were told  
A blueish cloud, blessed moon and stars  
Chilly settled rains inside all sitting jars,  
Silent nights, you behold things glittering  
On most way to the stream, noisily dinging  
You could feel grounds full of cold shades,  
Wet and soft, so broad flowers lacking fades  
And their sweet perfumes filling the space air,  
In the woods, tender cades-there and here  
Kings'palace be made of few bricks and fond  
Many honey hives hanging trees' neck around  
The birdies were fed, new songs were heard,  
Every moments be as seen a hill of bread  
Merries-as if swindlers wins their big-bam,  
All hearts, they made to leap as young lamb  
Little girls backing red toys and not babies  
Boys ever-busy building their mud-parishes  
Justice and truth measured equal and fair,  
words drunk in single gourd, falsity so rare  
I wish hand of time could be turned back  
To those fairy days, considered as 'dark'.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Faithful Grave(Sonnet I)

`Tis noiselessness I felt therefrom afar\_\_\_\_\_  
Lets follow `e hot blown shara foehn to `t rest, hereafter!  
Art thou scared and afraid; O dare lover!  
Wilt thou lead me upto whereat crawlin ` briers; wilds roses growest?  
Show me, Where every spirits art embitteredst?  
Whither every silence uponst earth at dregs ` f twilight goest?  
Ow, Hither be whence son ` f man enjoys cold dreams!  
Tellt to me, who `s there; Knock `s marble rooms!  
Those tours withno depart; Isn `t hitherto `e pilgrims?  
Thither `s land O ` doom; A bed ` f dark shadow, Ho!  
`E quietude ` f the noon wilt benighted heavy dusk, O no!  
But oft quoths sweetheart `o love me, innit so?  
Shalt thou henceforth desert hither me? ,  
Or stand thou a ` distance and throw dust a ` me\_\_\_\_\_

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Faithful Grave(Sonnet Iii)

Truly, Men quoths thine walls art forbi'd n,  
And it be thy granary beetles and roaches feeds therein;  
Meknows, e'er art thou faithful; `Tis thou, trust I not `e bedouin!  
O! The dominion nature armourst thee; wast magical and fair!  
A claim o`er each creature; in so far as `em drink the air  
Aye, Thine impartiality; thath giv`a equal stands `f dukes and panhandl`r,  
Beseech I,0 help awaken uponst thy impure beds  
Awake `e sleepy saints, i' thine manger; Sharp'r than shards,  
Bravo! Bravo! thou; whom owns `e brave mens' heads  
Ne'er I choice to condemn thee; not mine, not mine mouth!  
Everyman ain't no time, To ruminatethy great worth;  
Thou slamm'd thy door of dust in`s face, and sentencedst him i'wrath  
O faithful grave, n`ver hast a cow!  
Pri`thee, Hast not a cow!

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Falcon On The Farm

There's a man who sits so calm  
With a big empty cup in his palm,  
And deep sores in his other arm;  
By the roadside leading to our farm.

With white hairs stained by age,  
Like the opening of a book page,  
We'd run pass your father's village  
And schools with all windows damaged.

Sweet and hasty we'd ride,  
In the bare wind of the morntide  
With Ko! ko! ko! of falcons in nides;  
To keep off silence from the other sides.

There's a river full of cockatrices and trouts,  
There are black spiders weaving their clouts  
And snails that have divided their mouth,  
Climbing waste places and trees about.

There are boys on the bank of this river  
Axing the rocks with all salts in their liver  
They are there for the kernels and silver.  
We don't know them and will we never.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Falsity

All the world is but a fool,  
Made to falsely believe myths as true;  
Which the gods formed to be such weak  
That do cringe too, If they speak;  
They set death for their fleeting life,  
Made lad live, merry with his wife;  
To dance and enjoy- very life's vanity  
Of that he never feel self-pity;  
You toil and toil and wander as stork,  
And you pursue like that of hawk;  
When life's conserved in the gods' stead,  
Must you lament over loss of dead;  
Mourning your doom, fate and grunk,  
Why not drink much milk and get drunk  
As you are object moulded from clay,  
Nothing but serve gods and to them, Pray  
To feed on beasts and till the earth,  
For this be chore, Man was given breath

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Father And Son

O my child, o my child come!  
Let my words sketch a sheet  
In your heart, let it build a rome  
Time's swift, it's a running feet  
Life is cold and an unclear fog  
Where it begun it will also end;  
We wear it as pair of scarlet tog,  
There's no mend when it rend.  
Bones shows no spray as flap  
But therein be a rotten decay  
blood is so warmer than a sap,  
yet within thousand worms lay;  
O Child, i call but you give no ear  
I shout your name, none say sire!  
Day comes by, if you find me there  
Looking at you, I won't be that squire  
I will hide in scary shadow of the night,  
You will call also, I will not lift my head a height.  
: Toby Moses

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Fly Without Fear

'When I was soft and young,  
My mother had thrown me  
In the air, up, up to the sky;  
Then I had mastered,  
how to fly high and safe  
And now I've grown up,  
i teach myself to fly  
more and more higher  
even in storms without fear.'

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Folly

Eye which looks is not holy  
No mouth that speaks is pure,  
Every Men's wits is good as folly,  
And too weak to err in each lure  
The gods made us intelligent as fool  
Our sights beyond its lids cannot see,  
A wound behind his neck, he can't view;  
Then whoso gecks do praise himself a smart-ree.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Frogs Sits On Logs

?

Frogs sits on logs,  
If you follow the bogs;  
Dead to both eyes,  
Going for the prize;  
With the outlook ungood,  
My mandalas not for food;  
Children sitting on edge of well  
Are their mothers burning out as hell  
I'm the last frog pushing from drinker  
I'll make it over more jumping higher.

.....

Only my inner child can I tell the true;  
Now that my friends dont like its clue.  
Trying the mirror to know how i show  
Preparingfor the wife i'm yet to know  
I want to do this, Just lemme see,  
To free myself once again to be,  
Who I was long ago, maybe a bit;  
Before the world had its say in it,  
I'm sick of angels and stars' wishes  
I want it to be a self-fulfilled prophecy! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Game Of Love

Like card-players desiring ace,  
Be it black, white or any race;  
Place one down- when one i place  
So unclean is every youthful days;  
When all loves is a burning lust,  
Lecherous suggestions is a must;  
Which heats the heart as fireburst,  
But if spinster and lad stakes their prove,  
Lust do turn genuine love;  
Strong and balanced as rock ne'er move.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Girls And Guns

Girls And guns

Boy and bombs- -

Two grenades' sprays had darkened the sky  
here and there- were crying for help  
Houses straining against houses,  
Thick fire surged to cocoa-house heights.  
the clashing, the swelling of dust and wind  
Nigeria-Every news are now reporting  
the hunt had done away with the chiboks girls  
another hard explosions piercing the air  
A little girl clawed out of the window  
grasping through the smokes with one hand  
holding her stomach with the other  
A man followed her up with a gun  
and fired her again and again  
the killing have led madaugiri army here  
but the bombers themselves have vanished- -  
in shambiza forest maybe, the police believe  
there is this assassin who headed the gang  
he had put the students into a big lorry  
and drove them to no trace  
in the past few weeks, reporter said  
those acquainted with him in the force  
have had him as an ex-trained soldier  
but his cohorts are young girls and boys  
how do you then hunt A-million gang  
if you kill one and a thousand seek your soul?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Glory At Dawn

A glory, a glory at Dawn!  
Glinting as moon's giant eyes,  
Gladful as queen in colorful dyes,  
Charming as scents of ripped musk;  
The goodness of many stars in dusk,  
A day adored by psaltery and horn;  
A glory, a glory at dawn!

The dewy tulips in autumn morn,  
A saucy fragrant of fresh rains?  
Springy nettles feeding birds with hains,  
An apple fig plowed by eve's blade  
Breeding canopies and lofty shade  
A thin daffodils with rich petals upon,  
A glory, a glory at dawn!

Of drought, graves that hides-unborn  
You remained as rock before tempests,  
Thunders, shakes, blew the starling's nests  
Some sad hues, musics from hell-holes;  
Sudden as if your death had come close  
No man healed, buried you nor mourn,  
In waste place, you decayed as melon.

Scud a gun unto the sky, scud a gun!  
And steal some jupiters, purple or blue  
Dance froing and troing and continue  
O what a merry and an end to misery?  
In presence of hundred kings this be;  
Every anguish and darkness is gone  
Now comes a glory, a glory at dawn.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Go Away Rain!

Go away rain  
Another day come again  
Every shadows wet and bain  
Some things you spoil and stain  
Do you think all men are fain  
To turn houses a floating train,  
Rooms are now pool, they have got to drain  
Go away rain  
Another day come again  
Or do you have something else to gain?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



## Gone Again(Ogbanje)

We have destroyed your iyi-uwa\*  
Yet you are dead once again  
But now that you are gone again,  
There is no tears for your death  
There is no shadowy rays to fear  
Now you've closed your white eyeballs.  
You the fiery son of a bullet  
Nwa idemili, nwa sina mmiri!  
Wait, dont go yet! Look up at that house  
Cherekwa nwa, Lezie ndiiche\* no ilo ahu!  
Fly not away yet to that evil forest□  
.....The woman calls you nkemjika\*  
She is so weak, she feel been cheated  
She is broken, she feel been shattered  
Don't do this to her again.....please. (15)

You make her spirit curse her chi\*  
Gini ka I choro, o bu ewu ma isi aturu?  
How long would you make her a fool?  
How long would you be a sojourner,  
That goes in summer and returns at winter?  
Why not stay to suck on her heavy breasts?  
Do not go down beneath that dark caves  
Ejezina! .....biko! .....biko.....ejezina!  
I should know you hear the whistlings  
Of Nza\*birds from branches to branches  
The noisy strikes of many snapping twigs  
Rustling footsteps coming through the dry leaves  
There is a demi-spirit there leaning  
Upon the trunk of that palm tree,  
His earnest waving is for you. (30)

He is not there, (31)  
Don't give him ears.  
Things are fine here,  
life is fine too.  
come here and stay, come and stay

Why would you prefer an iroko tree  
To mother's warm and softer bosom?  
Or share sleeps in the tiny-ants holes  
When other kids are eager,  
They eager to play with you?  
Things are fine here,  
life is fine too.  
come here and stay, come and stay  
come here and stay, come and stay.  
Come and make her a mother too.

@ Lagos state 2018 Sunday 4,

\*iyi-uwa: a whitelike stone which connects the ogbanje child with spirit world,  
but when digged out and destroyed the child would not die again.

\*Ndiiche: gathering of elders

\*Nkemjika: the one I have got is the best.

\*Chi: the supreme God

\*Nza: a kind of very little noisy bird.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Grandma's Story

In the 1800s, when i was born,  
In a log house old as the sun;  
Africa was as small hut by a shore,  
You could trek it through in an hour  
Many were years down the drain,  
I was once mad, a pampered bairn;  
And would not followed simple recipes  
I later burnt my lungs smoking pipes.

God had made door for that day,  
As a maid's fluid for a baby's way;  
Then I was just old as fourteen,  
There's a christmas i cannot clean;  
Off my memory, It was a big rout,  
I will tell you all what it was about;  
My father, drinking down his cold bocks;  
Asked me to kill one of his grown cocks.

He gave to me a flashing knife,  
And said, 'It's time to take his life;  
To become soup, cut his head off;  
And I will have for myself his bough"  
Caught with fear at a capon detached,  
He escaped withno his head attached;  
Running and suffering death and odds,  
Spraying all of the place with bloods.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Gray Blood

Gray blood,  
Flowing dirt and little rubbish  
Through my bones, So dry as rod,  
Out from languors and languish;  
Boiling summers and harsh winters be;  
Some sunburns know of these tales,  
It was heard, but now I see;  
That old men and snakes sloughs scales,  
But like baby birthed in days ago;  
Crying for milk and knew nothing  
With clueless heart and feeble soul,  
Gazing at stars, moon, wonderous thing,  
And shouts of lullaby, ho, hey and hee!  
Though comical but was witless to me  
Gray blood,  
From red turned grayier than ashes  
With heats which can dry up a flood,  
Murdering all men of their breathes  
After all brows with my life leaped,  
Naught again in this world, I fear  
So I do mock my heart that plead,  
That grave yawn, My death is near,  
For scions hopes unto dews or snow;  
As parleys too waits for wintry rain,  
But what hope have I to merry now  
When I shall sleep down the drain,  
Sighs and give away my breath  
And only rest that awaits me is death

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Hail, King Of The Jews!

Hail, king of the Jews!

A crown of hawthorns on's head,  
Offer him more bitzered wine from yews;  
Poor Nazerene, come do that thou said,  
To destroy this temple, made by man  
In three days, build a new not by man

Hail, king of the Jews!

He wails, ELoi, Eloi, Lama sabachthani!  
For shepherd's beheaded, and sheep withdrew,  
As one bereaved, is he calling Elijah again  
Like he feel another betrayer's kiss on's cheeks  
Or that vinegars spices some dead reeks

Hail, king of the Jews!

O, Away the high cross, Let him down  
Woe! Woe! , he saved others and his crew,  
Then save and fight yourself down  
That we may clean those spits on you  
Falling on our knees to worship you

Hail, king of the Jews!

Celebrate, For today Jesus is alive  
To hear this, O what a good news!  
May his glory ever and forever thrive  
Tell of his humble death, victories and splendor  
Of his triumphs, stories, fame and honor

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Halt Thou Rain, Giv Us This Day!

Ho halt, Halt thou graceless gushin` and  
sleetin`,  
The sunlit thus cryest to tour`bout and  
forthshin`;  
Meknows, Thou fallest withno but restrain,  
Whileto sowest lives on creepin` narthêx  
sittin` n Lain;  
Watch, T`its swan, The cygnets hadst swum! ,  
For kittens hadst curled in`em mater's warm;  
Halt thou rain, Giv`us `Tis day!  
B`thou courteous, whilst to be ev`n today;  
Pray I thee, mine maiden toingforth home,  
`Ersel, She'd prayed unto lucks, `tis day or  
some,  
Hitherto I`Lone, yearnin`upon my pillow,  
No tweets thither, O`sing throu`window,  
O Come, Make come mine love at journey,  
Abode, Am dyin' of `er affection nowt honey;  
Ere, I brace thee, we busy couldest play Aztecs  
balls!  
Plantin' soft amarantos, draw it as patolli on  
Walls;  
Mefeels, Thine comeliness of `tis ram in thy  
cleavage,  
Wreath me, Spread thy hugs like thath glory in  
tender foliage;  
Halt thou Rain, Giv us `Tis day  
Halt, For-on mine missy, thou canst pave a Way!  
Harked I, Not titanic, Sea is thawin`; Iceberg  
hadst frozen,  
Jonah drivest `e ship; `S legless shipmates  
albeit`re dozen;  
Tellto her, Ne'er thou board the merchant`s  
train!  
Medelights, She ridest home i'a little speedy  
wain  
Halt thou Rain, Giv us `Tis day!  
Or whilst I hearken of `er words she mayest  
say!

Perchance, thou keep on thy fluents unbroken,  
B` sure, Doth thou sprinkle those lavenders o`er  
the garden;  
A fresh drink `f ardor, Fill every jars to brim,  
My mistress comes forth, Halt, I put the house as  
knollin` and prim.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Here Alone

my heart aches  
Factories shakes  
No cars hoot about  
phones networks off out  
Smokes everywhere coming  
The whole world quaking  
Where is everybody  
Empty streets, i see nobody  
i am here alone?  
Where are the fine ladies gone?  
I am sinking in fear  
The demons are drawing near.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Home-Coming

Alas! Alas! A rain comest, down this heaven  
Hark, Hark as `e mad thunder barks;  
Throwing grenades of lightnings;  
Now `ose hanging stars are nomore

Alas, Alas, Like that rain he comest,  
Go, Go fledglings away to thy nest,  
Come in to gate, ye folks oer the east,  
No shadows, let no man again wrought;

This is time to sing our songs of sorrow,  
Come, Come, Ye anglers on lake that row,  
Save thy helpless life for the marrow;  
For it be when no shall seed or sow

Alas, Alas, petals dying, roses falling sund`r,  
For no man knows when it may pour,  
Raise thy eyes upon sky in every hour;  
Forthat tempestuous waves O`plethorar

\_\_\_\_\_It even may fall now, bye and bye  
All sucklings shall shivers`n cleavage,  
All rocks, hills wilt roll away and leave,  
Mountanes, temples; shall be razed and consume

When you see this rain falling,  
Shrubs on that day ne`er fain, Nor`ey clap or dance to its trobbing;  
Come floods, Come gales, nothing shall remain

Let all men watch for it comes anon  
No bees gather more honey, thereon  
Cripples shall fear and hop as stallion;  
No Fathers shall wait for 's children but run!

Those harvests in farm wilt no one bring to shacks,  
But if the rain comes, there be n'more famines,  
Lightenings that leave some thousand cracks,

Breaking graves to awake deads in sepulchres

Men who watch moon shall look dim and dran,  
Like they wash their faces in pool of blood,  
This is nothing but second coming of son `f man  
He may come as storm or fire, Tempest or flood

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# How To Die

when you are still a soft toddler  
If sucking the milks of your mother,  
Cease your sighs between her arms  
You will catch cold, sickness and harms;  
To Lay among her breasts and bosom  
Give her an ugly ache or maybe some  
If you wish to rest your head save,  
on the pillow of your broken grave.  
Or if at full man, win evil with good  
Your sleeping grave is your two shoes  
do not tie a rope on you neck either  
Death's on your bed, kiss and hug her  
The way to live life is the way to die  
How to weep is not through the eye  
if you wish to live, love nothing but love  
Eat no earthly birds nor ducks but dove  
the day we are born ere we give our first cry  
Is the virtuous, it is a good day to die.

Salte

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# I Am A Demigod

I am a demigod,  
is there anything too;  
Impossible for me to do?

.  
All of my words do obey me  
I am full of love, i feels and i care  
I am so true, so sweet and so fair.

.  
Though i am a god,  
I have human's quality and curve,  
Gets jealous like goddess of love.

I may tell you if you want to  
How sun rises and sets by the gray,  
How the world came to be this way.

I can tell you if you wish to  
My ancient father and his myths,  
And the stories of his heroic feats.

.  
And if you hear it that i vanish,  
I go to the God of life and all breathes  
Not among bones that pollutes the earth.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# I Am Not Mad!

I am not mad!  
I am not mad, Help me!  
Free me, I'm just a little bard  
Writing lines, As you know me to be  
Throw, O bestial devil, Throw!  
Your machete, Your kegs, Your sace,  
Roll, You bloody witches, Roll;  
Roll and throw, Your fiery axe and mace  
For I'm betrayed and tied up by love  
And my mockers barks at me as dogs  
My friends with jests round streets, Rove  
Untie me, lest i go down the bogs  
When worlds, mourn a lad in his prime,  
That lost his life as wilted-reed afore spring-time

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# I Beg Nowt But Fame

I beg nowt but fame,  
Bid thee hence, O death,  
For virtue I seek, not a name  
O come, draw away mean breath,  
Granting me, fame of thine  
Some what bounteous and great,  
That no man can hast as mine,  
Unto men thou doth giv' If they haste;  
Keep this oath, show thyself generous,  
Now I see men doth becomes famous;  
Honored, Respected once they Land  
And renowned If they live in Sand  
I ergo decide to dash thee my breath,  
Then thou requite me thus, O death!  
A deal of exchange breath for fame  
So hast I all, A fame, A virtue, A name

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# I Don't Know Why I Am Loving You- Love!

i don't know why i am loving you- love.  
i don't know why i do answer- yes  
i don't know why i am down for you  
I don't know why i write these words  
i don't know why i call them poem  
i don't know why i don't know why  
.....i don't know why i ask why.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# I Frown, If Others Beam

I frown, If others beam  
As goods friends do weep;  
But never go with him,  
To his grave and sleep;  
If he comes by night,  
To knock at their gate;  
So ghoully appears in sight,  
Tells them, he's the late;  
They say go-to-hell!  
Closes all doors, vents well

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# I Keep On Asking Why

There are manifold 'f awful grudges,  
That often troubles mine heart;  
And binding it for knowledges,  
Byond heavens and beneath earth;  
Some feelings I saddles are more braver,  
But I ne'er turne away from its Lion;  
So wondrous for me to tame or think either,  
I wonder at that lofty eyes of the sun;  
That do stand to mop-up oceans`n rage,  
Why are gauging clocks upon every walls,  
Toils to count-it-down for my days;  
And pray against me for blind nights?  
\_\_\_\_\_ Ofttimes, I wonder why,  
Tho' my love's quiet as tomb's walls;  
Humble, meek and like lamb, So calm,  
Yet roses'beauty do burn her galls;  
And do unplants them in Strife\_\_\_\_\_  
Her lips like fossils do glow;  
And her mouth full O`arrant lies,  
That she do swear to me astruth  
She thus girds herself and quoth;  
Truly, I love, ne'er would betray you,

I wonder why, At their worth\_\_\_\_\_  
Tho', the vermins are feeble people;  
But farmers withholds all hath he away;  
I wonder why, why and why\_\_\_\_\_  
Why sons of men are trustless,  
Who do cry in loud prayers;  
Against my quill `o go dead of ink;  
Ris'gainst me every mornies,  
To bewitch my head, full of foolery and bunk

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# I Know Why Birdies Sits On Roof

Albeit, Zephyrs silently blow east and west!  
Every walls stand as tho`ey conceives nowt;  
Birdies in that kind, fly retires gently  
on roofs!

Mayhaps, Ye knowest not why they doth so?  
But why they doth so and thus, I know;  
Forsooth I know why birdies sits upon roofs?

Birdies! They just dount sits upon rooftops;  
They eavesdrops covins and counterplots;  
They pry falconer's conspiracies 'gainxt them;  
Therewith suspicious feathers`ey doth sits;  
From zephyrs yon gently blow`ey spy secrets,  
Ife`en zephyrs travel bye and bye at its helm;

Zephyrs! just dount gently act as bedumbs,  
Believe me, they oft hast walking limbs;  
They doth lift and carries gathered rumors,  
By this, Parrot had learnt to shut`s tongue;  
If he suspects the hunter's gait from distance;  
Men tame not theirs, flatters mouth's doors,

Walls! Walls whereof hast hidden burrows,  
Truly, their ears art listening hollows;  
On walls men lean to gossip and blathereth  
Forget`g, birdies upon roofs thus discerns;  
This zephyr that passeth thus gleans,  
Every standing walls thus harketh

Sir Toby Moses

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# I Want To Live And Go

I want to live and go,  
But before i depart;  
In my brain there is a big hole,  
I want to fill with sciences and arts;  
I want to give reading to my eyes,  
Of the Unsolved, the Unexplained, the whys.

I want to live and go,  
But before i say goodbye;  
I want to feel the canada's snow  
That blue and cold Canifonia sky;  
Walk me through green texas hills,  
Chase round by my wonderful kids.

I want to live and go  
But before i go away;  
I wanna play with mom that ludo,  
Feeling i'm home again to stay  
I want to remake papa's bedrum,  
And wear it a very sweet perfume.

I want to live and go  
But before you say farewell;  
There is what i'll let you know,  
I've got two weapons hid in my cell  
A new pen, A barking iron in its sheath  
If i'm gone, lay them flat on my chest.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## If A Woman Loves You

Some gave theirs on will,  
Some with their crafty skill;  
Caught their strong pinyin.

Some with magical charms,  
Some with beggings and smarms  
Till the courtesy got deeper.

A gentle moving ship on a stillsnow,  
Sweet's the air coming in the window;  
Is the journey of a two true hearts.

Cause if marriage is a wall-lock,  
Then Love is no more an hammock;  
But doing all for your lover's gain.

In the end she will love you, thus  
nothing to her in life is more precious,  
Like chain Romeo gave Juliet while sinking.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## If Death Is Sweet(Sonnet For #patrick\_Poirson)

If death is sweet, a rest from this restless life,  
#Patrick\_Poirson, sleep well and lay your gentle head;  
If giving all roses of flower would halt swirling strives  
Why not we give everything, for all froing and toing to  
end?  
We only can much pity it, none can stop a coming train  
Death is such a debt, a disease; it can not be cured  
Clocks that counts is liar, man that foretells is a villain  
O those who can tell divers of lit and if it is off-turned  
if you love humble minds and sacredness then you must,  
Weep some tears for this dove whose wings is broken  
O come hither and let's mourn this lamp falling adust.  
For we are cheated, we are robbed, a gem is stolen!  
Since when death flew away with my brother and made  
us part,  
if people we love dies, I have learnt to sweat it out, to take  
heart.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## If E`en I Fall

IF e`en I fall,  
Fall I wherefrom crest doves doth chirps;  
Cold hands and feet hereupon astray slips,  
Like dry fronds, winter wind whereof plucked,  
Heart rendest broken, thereof a friend trusted,  
Or ego of me, cremated my soul wherewith woes  
As warblers piercest deadwood, slain by grieves;  
Fain not! Feast not! Wilt I rise aheight as sun is tall;

If e`en I fall,  
Pushed of slanders, Withno droplets of blood,  
Knock of calumny that beddeath than sword;  
If I stumble, therefrom shots of conspiracy;  
Thy viperlike tongue; similitude to bullet, so lethally,  
Blaze`g as coals fetched outta bars of hell,  
While am ne`er timid of what canst do the cruel;  
Fain not, Feast not, Wilt I cross the sea withno scull,

If e`en I fall,  
But upon `tis slippery mud, called earth,  
Lo! `twhere everyman mayest succumb, fall `neath,  
Swab`g dusty knees, Valiant ones only stand`st,  
If am away as pile o`dews, when flares com`st,  
Shalt I shineforth, Glean`g as arc of moonbow;  
Strength and hope burn`g thenceat Job`s elbow,  
Sores therein`s feet, yet arose fearless as wall

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# If You Betray Me

If You Betray Me

i can only do nothing;  
where a two road strays  
and to think left or right  
would be a mistake.

.....

If you betray me

i'll only remember the vows  
you kept with me alone,  
that many fires will not break  
Nor high waters gotta climb.

.....

If you betray me

To Me i gave you enough and all  
it took all my times and life  
And i never pooled it at bar,  
Nor cast a lot for shinny car.

.....

If you betray me

i can only do nothing  
i'll only stop and ask,  
if i have been the one  
who betrayed you or you.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## If You Merry With A King

When you merry with a king,  
Or gracefully with royal men- dine;  
Ne'er then to that table- bring,  
Your gluttony for the fresh wine;  
Nor greedily takes king's large  
claim,  
Lest his anger come upon you  
That you lack respect like the Jew  
And be chained up in burning flame.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Ihe Onye Metara

Ihe onye metara

? si na onye ?z? mere ya;

? kat?ro gi akat?, bo gi ebubo

Uru ?tutu di ya, n'?s? ?j?? niile ? gbara

D? ka mgbe ?b?ch? mebere ya amara.

? b? nk?ta, ? nagh? erizi

Nshi nke ya kamakwa ? lie ya eli

Egbe di ya n'aka, nku dikwa ya n'ukwu

O jizi efe n'elu, mgbe chi obula jiziri eji

? d? nd? igbu ma gbuokwa ka ? wee d? nd?.

Nan? onye nzuzu na-al?r? ?g? nye obodo ya,

Eze nke na-chere ka chi jiri tupu o puwa ije

n'ihhi na abum-?nu ad?gh? ebiri n'elu osisi

Onye akpu-obi n'okpuru nkuchi mu?nwu

Chefuru onye na-ah? site na nkpuchi.

?nya n? n'?kw? ag?,

Emewo ka ag?r? dakwas? ya.

Ugbu a ? na-ar?? otu nde ar?r??

Na-nu?kwaiyi, nakwa otu nar? ekpere

Ma kwuo si - bikonu, nke a b? nke mb? m ge me! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Inside The Bakery

Have you asked,  
The blacks who climb palm tree  
with their two naked hands  
Or the pointed nose white men,  
Who rush hot noddles to the belly  
with a thiny bamboo sticks  
It seems silly unless you are told  
i mean some sort of things  
Myself cant explain to a kid  
when i was a baby apprentice  
Inside the bakery,  
Where your agege bread is made  
365 days used to be too long,  
24 hours used to be too short;  
Where you would work as set robots  
Where all the arts of hell are learned  
You could lift hot pans with fingers  
At turning of flour and many sweets  
You risked your eyes to little salts  
Foolish joke everyone'd laugh at  
A wrong slang talked by bakers  
With eyes white as rolled dough,  
Fat guys who snored as pregnant pigs  
Girls who wont bath their roots for days  
Smokes were puffed by small boy  
And their lips black as downblow,  
We all lived as brothers and sons  
Because our half-cooked rices,  
Were shared together with joy

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Is That All There Is?

Is that all there is?  
Sealed in history,  
One day the world will perish  
Is that all there is?  
By one sumpreme God,  
And One doomed diss;  
Is that all for the world?  
Mohammed\_who splitted the moon  
That risen christ drank his blood;  
Is that all there is?  
After man lost his only life,  
And no rebirth after this....  
Is that all there is?  
Pains, disasters and wars  
Or luxuries, comforts, vanities that vanish  
Is that all there is?  
The bitter agony in hell  
The eternity of heaven's bliss  
Is that all, is that all?  
For me, for you, for mankind  
If we yield unto death's call?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Isaiah 24

The hand of the lord,  
Empty the world and lay it waste  
its inhabitants scattered abroad:  
what to the world befall this fate,  
as to the priest, so with the member:  
As to the master, so with his servant  
As with the maid, so to its teacher;  
As for the seller, same be for the merchant  
for the lender, So for he that borrow  
as with the taker, so for the giver of usury  
Bound everyone to toilings and sorrow,  
For it is said of the voice of almighty.

???

Roses fades and greens withers straws  
The earth is defiled by its inhabitants;  
they have all disobeyed the laws,  
and broken its everlasting covenants  
the land is under a strong divine spell,  
Its kindred, each bearing their guilt,  
The crowd are flogged and expell  
And very few are left behind atilt-  
All wines and minerals sour-  
The bottle has fallen the drunkard,  
Every worship places in closure;  
Drums and piano are mute and sad.

???

We moan our city in desolate;  
The gate of our countries barred,  
Horses and sheep halt their blate,  
Their owner has left grasses ungarnered  
Men that flew from sound of terror,  
Have been drowned into a deep pit;  
The earth is shakened in great horror,  
it sways like a cottage loosing its sit;  
The lord almighty in wrath has reprove

the powers in the heavens below;  
And kings in the darkest matter above,  
Lord God will reign as all earth will knee low.

@ 06.06.2020

For the coronal virus pandemic.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# It's Your Birthday, Olori Bunmi!

Let's throw something to My Ella,  
Good cheers, red turtles and ballons  
You beautiful and cute Queen Hera;  
We'll draw you as much more cartoons.

U can thank Greeks for this candle,  
German bakers have made this cake rich  
Close your eyes at the count of two,  
Blow them out and make a wish.

Think of how many nights,  
Jehovah in his mercies succoured;  
Sleeping and waking in mornny lights  
Think of events that has occured.

But no how things went crazy,  
you can always again try,  
Forget the person you used to be;  
Forget the riddles you think i lied.

Eat your favorite meal,  
Do what makes you feel like a tad  
We all celebrate you today, Bunmi  
Pick your calls and reply your card.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Joshua Hart

Do you remember a brave girl?  
She has been engaged by parents  
To a man who was full of blaspheme;  
But now she refused to marry him.

Men were angry, wanted her killed;  
But she said, 'Kill me, it is the body,  
That will suffer and not my spirit;  
I'll give it to death for christ's benefit.

Have you heard of Joshua hart of bonny?  
The first Nigerian to die for his faith;  
You could read it in your primary days,  
Christians who suffered in divers ways.

It was a great honor to be made bishop  
His diocese was big unlike ones we see today  
But was not wanted and treated as outsider  
I think this happened to Bishop Crowther.

As nihilists made more troubles,  
When he spoke against slave trading  
Or the ignoramus murdering of pairs;  
Or Dandeson killing the sacred gilias.

Being a slave, he worked so hard;  
In the 1880, when he came to Lagos  
He was said to be big teller of old tale,  
He died and now his own story too is detailed.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Lamentation

Not the dead or lost, I revile  
That I lament and mourn sore;  
Neither regret him gone to exile,  
This sun I shall see no more;  
Do I cry for and show pities,  
I groan for the land and sea;  
Kingdoms, nations and great cities,  
In dirt, I spue and wallow as he;  
Overwhelmed by wine and knows nuffin  
Even as bitter as a man would wail,  
Upon her lover laying in coffin;  
The pain like my foot ceiled anail,  
Woe to you, priests yet to come;  
For temples are polluted with vices,  
Prophets craft dreams, deception of some;  
They deceive, seeing nothing, divining lies;  
Whilst I weep, its because of thee,  
O ye maidens and maids not born;  
For the evils your eyes shall see,  
The land which you would tread upon;  
Is spoiled with lewdness and nudity,  
Where they shall press your breast;  
To bruise you of your virginity,  
Hew you down as twigs from its crest;  
Do not come, do not come!  
I will do these things for you;  
Men full of great shrewd and wisdom,  
Thus write much books or few;  
Your wits would naught bring;  
And your discovery be laughed at,  
Come not with summer nor the spring;  
Go you other world, divert your path,  
Serpents, wolfs, the land is not save,  
Mankind shall spike you as vampire;  
Stoning you to bare bed of grave,  
Cease, burn you up with fire;  
Have you not heard or been told  
Worse which silent ones have seen?  
Those buried beneath belly of sandcold



O hide till every chapt's turn green,  
Till the blue heaven yield black  
And stars give no lit but dark  
I know not why I lament for thee  
My burdens beas that set for conceived donkey  
And like from my heart its flesh is torn,  
Although I shall receive no thing in return.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Land Of Promises

Large is their tommy, and uniform can't be tucked  
The men are all in lines, push themselves slowly  
They are aged men- they are old soldiers  
these are men used to command- military power  
there at their faces, their eyes, the way they say words  
Their bodies are old, but there is strength in that room  
old men like them, robbed life from young  
&quot;yesterday's pot that causes today's death&quot;  
they are men whose names you already know  
they are from the land of promises-  
where they say milk perfumes the sky  
where every mountain murmurs oils  
Trees and flowers are full of drinking ale  
It's in the wall-posters that smiles at you  
then, not long ago, their manifestos were firm, fully understood  
now, but youths looks undiet and used  
like lasted culprit in a killer's prison  
and Didi's racks flatter than a chap's chest  
The Children of their land fights plates with street dogs  
Get them talking on the tv screen,  
the sweet word will go out immediately  
they again comb you head with promises  
For it is the only way the minors are fooled.

@20

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Let The World Blame Her

O, sheila, Sheila, SHEILA!  
She-ila, Sheil-a, S-H-E-I-L-A!  
What, O gracious wench?  
Rolling in this dust of shame;  
Alone here like old forbidden tower,  
Why the snorts as hungered antelope  
Sipping your sweats and tears;  
And yield no reply to many callings,

Ouch! Ouch! oh God of the world,  
O my joy, Her pride she find not!  
Alack, the purest gold has gone!  
And her virginhood is no more;  
Her long-kept virtue, Who blagged away?  
Of maid's esteem she cease even to bear,  
More is she, like a pretty rose-plant  
Flowering but upon a wasteland;

O fie! Fie is she, She's fooled  
Like Mother-eve before the serpent  
Now captured after long, hard siege  
That cruel dude abducted her away!  
Not here, Not here- Not here,  
No flower here yet disflowered;  
No not here a single virgin,  
Lives here nor there in Nazareth!

Let the world blame her-  
For her rare goodness she lost,  
She is now as much good  
As a cur which roves at streets;  
Caused bachelors going around,  
With dazed-head to chose a wife;  
Brazen Hubris! , beneath her breasts;  
There no atom of coyness grow,

Let the world blame her-  
Ofwhat hoaxed her to such crime -

For this disservices virtuous mothers!  
But why can't she wait of patience?  
That bridal night, upon her right?  
It is true she defiled the bed;  
And raise it up be as matted as byre

Let the world blame her-  
Let her be chained for infidelity  
Watch the whole of her body,  
All like burnt twigs been spent!  
But now you cry, then cry and cry,  
To where my \*maiden-head go? ,  
Ain't I been cheated of the mirror!  
Disforming me with messy colors?

In finest outfits and red ropes,  
You paint-up yourself;  
Could you then be as her,  
\*Even holier-than-holy mary  
For like brief delectations of life,  
Such fleeting as son of man,  
Would smile on side of his eyes  
As sun could piss on heaps of dew;

Your glories alike royal hag, Jezebel!  
You plucked the beets unto hungry squirrel,  
What a hateful disgrace on earth,  
That your lamplight is out;  
Aforetime the bridegroom comes  
Let the world blame her-  
Myself shall disvouch this offence;  
And verdicts her alone, guilty

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Life For Love

To die for love,  
To lose one's shell to reprove,  
Is beyond all morals and sacrifice  
Sincerely willing to pay any prize  
To lay one's flesh to be broken;  
Or nailed to the cross as token  
the blind is not who loses his sight  
but who do not wish to see right  
After death there may be nothing true  
The goods done may be of no value;  
but behind love is a flight into light,  
Where we come out and turn to the right.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Life Is A Poem

Life is a poem,  
Full of diverse rhythm;  
With odds and rigid verses,  
Lines written of restated stanzas;  
Many readers gets bored at the theme,  
Quitting at its long and regular meters;  
What a delusion of languages and hard tone,  
Disregarding ideas the poet hid at epilogue;  
Forgetting life is such a dense ode,  
Only who can persevere discerns the message

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Life Is Stupid

They say life is blues or a funk,  
but i argue that he is stupid.  
the play he makes is a noisy junk  
he weirds a youth to a pig, and the old a kid  
i have too a step i learnt from my dad,  
that makes me either drunk or half-mad.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## L?j? Ti Iya Agba Sun

Omije t'oju mi poro-poro b? sil?  
L?'j? t'omo Moradehun l? s'?run  
?kan mi dabi ikooko ti a s? lul?,  
Nigba mo gb? igbe ?kun l'?nu  
L'?kun

Ti t'omode - t'agba fa 'juro,  
Nigbati mo ri ?p?-eniyan bi  
?wara-ojo

Ti w?n ng y? k?l? l? wo m?nria  
ni koto.

.  
. .

Se bo 'ba gbej?, iw? af?f? ti  
'nr?,

Ki o ma se si ariwo tabi kikun  
Bi ko se ti ewe-igi ti o ng w?  
J? ki gbogbo ?iy? oko dak?  
didun

?m? eniyan i ba siw? pakaleke  
di?

? j? ng se daro, atupa ti o subu  
lul?

Ti ile fi dabi ahoro inu erup?.

.  
. .

Aw? osumare ti o di akisa  
Ko s?yin ojiji ti o bo sannm?n  
Ookun duuru olohun didun ti oja  
Ti orin fi dabi ariwo ?m?de ti ng  
han

? j? ng se 'daro, ? j? ng k?dun,  
Alanu kan ti o l? s'?run  
Iya mi agba, m?nria-moradehun.

.  
. .

Mo ni ? m?n s?r? iku, e mi o beru,  
Igbin tori iku s?ra ? si ikarahun,



Agb?n s?ra ? d'omo iya ?tu,  
O se bi ib?n le pa e  
f'?gun  
Sin gb?r? tori iku buruku tin pa  
ni,  
O gbagbe faka-fiki 'ji,  
At'agbara ti ng gbe gbogbo 'gi.

.  
. .

Mo ni kilode ti ?m? ?da fin sun,  
Ni w?n gba ti w?n o tun ji pada?  
Kilode ti ?m? eniyan fi ng  
sunkun,  
B'ojum? eni ba re 'wal?-asa?  
Bi enipe a o ni pada gbe wa dide,  
Ko ba j? 'ya sare l? irinajo eti-ile  
Ng o ba kuku ma reti ?j? ti iya  
oode.

.  
. .

Sugb?n iku wole, O mu ?nire L?,  
A kuku b? 'ku, iku o gb?ran, iku  
fariga  
O ni gbogbo igi lo dara ni'ju  
lot??  
Sugbon tani ninu aw?n ?m? ?da  
Ti ng j? pade ododo l? 'ba ?na,  
Ti yio asi fi sil? lalai ja,  
Tabi ?w?n goolu ti yio f'?s? re  
k?ja?

.  
. .

Ki l? o fi se 'diw?n fun mi?  
Ki lo le t?'ja l'?run bi omi?  
Tabi ?m?-?y? l'?run bi 'gi?  
Mo ni o dabi eemi ti mo un mi  
O ju ti if?nu-konu eniyan l??  
Kini o le da bi ololufe mi otit?,  
Ta 'lo le se bi iya-agba tabi ti yio

j??

.  
. .

Iya onidodo olododo,  
O fi ran s? si w?n loko  
Gbogbo ero oko fun lowo;  
O ta dodo fun w?n l'eko,  
O fi f?k? f'?m? r? f'ara eko  
?m? olore, ti f'awo b'omi f'?r?  
lodo  
?m? akin bi asa, ti o gb?d? sa  
fun riruu odo.

.  
. .

Sun re o, ?m? w?n ni'le L??si,  
Olojo tay? m?nb?, ??l?rin ?w?l?  
O f'?rin s'?fin di'? lo fi  
If? s'?ru d'omo a un pe say?y?  
Itura at?gun ti lana ni'ju fu'?m?  
?de  
Idunu ojo ti m'ara gbogbo ewe-  
oko d?  
Anu kurukuru ti ba 'gi igbo wo  
gbogbo ?gb?.

.  
. .

Maa sun, Oluf?,  
Maa sinmi, k'oo si maa gbadun  
Ni'bi ti ko si ?kun di?, ?rin di?  
Ni'bi ti iro iji lile kii ti dun,  
Ni'bi ti ko si aar?, tabi aal?  
Ni'bi ti ogo ti ng dun k? k? k?  
Ti ewe-ododo sin f? l? l? l? l? l? .  
o d'ar? o.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Love-A Hidden Snake In Rose

Before men and sun at heaven-toward,  
Love sworn then, I vouched and believe  
Her most oath, To ne'er be such froward;  
As all loves do bring and thankly receive,  
O why mine love give hers like adder  
Drenched me in blood, To peck her face,  
I be singly placed low in grave rather;  
Of her smiling at my black disgrace,  
Whilst you and death shall sheath your dart;  
Even when they mean to speak me truth,  
Will better trust men's belly for their heart;  
Neither pluck roses Nor touch its sweet shoot,  
All ignorances I surcease on this awry note,  
That love is a hidden snake in rose

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Malaria

I think,  
he'd gradually dug his hole:  
Along a finger-sized of my window  
Last week he had came too often,  
Almost everyday, he'd been biting me  
And leaving me some serious warnings  
As a seer would do over a lurking doom  
He had his plans but i never yielded  
First it came as a joke nobody laugh at  
when i felt a dizziness i couldnt relate  
Like nobody knows how it feels within  
For a virgin to free her monthly pains  
As the dead too dont know it well,  
how helpless their mouth be at death  
And the night in which i think,  
The devil snatched the details from him  
Was this last night i felt all my bones  
Got weak from this hell flogged sweating  
It refused to stop untill that day broke  
The man i am seeing in the mirror is not me  
At last i am sick and i am going to die?  
Is anyone praying for me in the next door?  
O what can the living do?  
Well, i am waiting for my concoction  
To be cooked??  
Some herbs and a little barks of trees  
Cooking up slowly on burning smokes  
An african man would always survive  
I think i am right if i say,  
this is the worst malaria i've ever had,  
i mean this rainy season of year 2020.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Many But Few

I've seen Little,  
Observing an old beetle  
Dragging itself along,  
A long-decayed log  
Things below horizon and plain  
Mystery no word could explain  
A span spent brief, undone  
A windy flames Of holy sun,  
That made apple field grew blight  
Myriads moons, shady and ghostful night  
A fed beast that halt not to leap  
And hungered but a meek sheep  
One and half scale robbed as two  
A ruling fool, wise in servitude  
Evils that came so slow  
Much tears shed out in woe  
Birds that qurrelled on tree  
Over a dead little bee  
Fathers, instead of farming  
Teach their children gambling  
Snail beneath a lake a-warm  
Demi-owl flying in man's arm  
The same but wealthy lass  
Hid their purse from beggars  
Beyond a mountaineer's view,  
I've seen many but written few.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Me-In The World Now

if the clouds let its bullets and bolt  
Now i doubt it to be for a rain,  
when i hear from miles noise of a sort.  
Mine liver drops from its brim,  
And I Look for the wall-clock,  
to know what says the time.  
The days are swift and fleeting  
tommorrow is a hell to be built,  
and its sun too deadly to walk in.  
he cuts women's head like a knight  
his shattered teeth are so rooten,  
i fear to look at sky for moonlight.  
you will find little children's blood,  
and media-men will report nothing  
the next morning in all our hood  
i think evils when strong breezes  
sweeps along my door and window  
whistle rough, upon the dirty seas,  
my heart wars sorrow of things i see  
i run and hide for men in black kits  
they're police, they will arrest me.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Mortality

Mortality, A book not read by the astutes-  
It's a fool's voice known by multitudes;  
A Story not told by our grandfathers  
A lullaby not to be sung to toddlers  
Life's Mirth no heart has merry,  
Struggles continues as powers tarry;  
\_\_\_As none has lived so wise to finish his task  
So, the day death is your turn- -you don't ask.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Mysteries And Lies

There's a place no legs have been,  
Neither hill-climbers have climbed  
Nor any seers in dream have seen.

There's a language i wish to learn,  
I heard it's of those who whispers  
And chant with witches and fearn.

There's a voice screaming my name,  
Far from the thickest of the forest  
But i'm afraid to answer as i'd claim.

There's a tree where the wind hang his nest  
Very weak but has ten lives of a man  
I think it's standing along the east or west.

How do cold shells hatch and turns fins?  
Just as the insect that walks on legs like man  
And some men that flies on heavy wings.

There's a black crow on the farmway,  
It sucks out children's eyes if they are left alone  
Just like mysteries and lies if not scared away.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Newton's And Newts

Newton's and newts,  
Have got somewhere;  
To spread their nests.  
Here's a fool and his frats,  
They have got no where,  
To hang their big hats.

Where little girls and boys,  
In each hoods and streets;  
Backing babies instead of toys.  
Here stand a gossoon,  
Looking at her lover;  
As she put her beauty on.

Where cray and crabs,  
Have made their early spills;  
To hills flew all the squabs.  
Here's a fool by the tree,  
Watching all the fishes;  
Dancing up and down the sea.

Where ants and mouse  
Have got some flours,  
Stored in their hillhouse.  
Here's a fool who won't plow,  
Waiting till the green bannanas  
Will all turn soft and yellow.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Nights And Lanterns

Today i've got flying off a high mast  
I shouldn't have pursued it so fast  
I felt there's my healing life got me;  
In and out as stone washed by sea  
Now my head's sleepy, my soul's dimming  
Dreams in my mind, my lantern's flicking.

Conversations forgotten, faces strange  
There are things we can not change  
The mess, the coins we hid in decks  
When we'd fight over chickens necks  
Darling, dont you think of past gone,  
They make your bed feels like bones.

Goodnight love, I draw my curtains down  
I think all powerful men up the town;  
Must have done just like the same,  
Maybe sleep is more of a disclaim  
That we cannot helplessly do it all;  
Let me a wing to a valley recovery falls.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## None Born Mad

They enacted wedlings, instructed the maids,  
To don and show their nakedness;  
In skimpies, Pitch away those staid,  
Since our wenches found no shameness;  
With that nor blemishes of mind,  
I have myself ruminated upon it;  
Even if they were born blind,  
Should've been a law stood against;  
'Fear sometimes to see my fellows,  
With painted hairs like a trigon;  
And jeans full of grotty hollows,  
Think my words, not to scorn;  
Not as who later lose, drops the card  
For I have seen none ever born mad  
?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Nothing Blind As Ignorance

Is there a doom mysterious as hell?  
Is there boulder not crude in appearance?  
Do valued nugget not enthralls as evil spell?  
Is there any blindness as ignorance?  
Which but from realm of shadows,  
Bound to enchant each man within this globe

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Nothing Gold As Sun

Nothing gold as sun,  
Nothing fills as air;  
Nothing like fire- burn,  
More than dishiest sun-so fair  
Thy eyes are glittering topaz  
Thy smiles spreads lilly,  
One is my moon, millions are stars  
Thou art me, I am thee.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Nothing Phony As Nothing

Nothing twirling as earth  
Nothing shadowy as ignorance  
Nothing worriuous as mystery  
Nothing bewitching as vanity  
Nothing so sweet as mortal sin  
Nothing brief as man's life  
Nothing phony as nothing.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Now Or Never

The earth is washing away,  
Its stones gathers no more;  
The giant sun is dying down,  
That any moment from hence;  
It might take the world along;  
When all else will be gone.  
And every mortals' tasks be done  
So give me your love now or never!

Like a sounding lightening in the sky,  
Slashing through but swiftly disappearing  
Such brief is mine death and life,  
Any hour i might breathe my last;  
You know the doomed world we are in?  
.....As If we even don't belong here,  
I see no one to trust but you alone  
So Give Me all your love now or never! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Nwanyi Di Oku(Sexy Girl)

Nwanyi di oku menu m ebere  
Biko wepu anya gi n'aru m, wepu anya gi n'aru m  
They are charming and too gay  
for me, i'm afraid to look to them.

---

It's as daring that of mighty warlord  
I am feeling blubbery chokes, I want nothing grease  
I feel heavy yokes, i am sweating blood!  
Hills are falling down, come bear it seas! .

---

I feel smokes and my heart's shell  
is impatiently melting within like I'm riding  
Riding, riding on the hot bars of hell  
I'm charmed, I can't think of nothing.

---

Nwanyi di oku menu m ebere  
Si n'iru m pua, jegharia kwa; biko si n'iru m pua  
Your thighs are like joists of god-frey  
And breasts as two sweet pawapaw.

---

It slay, but I wonder how to tell you;  
How would I tell you, you to go away from me?  
i'm burning, i'm on fire, give me rescue!  
I'm floating a-wind, but a perch I need.

•Toby Moses

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# O Life, O Woe, O Foe

Mock no man of his woe,  
Everyman has his intimate foe  
Read these lines, solemn and low:  
For a spirit is been bereaved now  
We have a fiend, you quite know  
Life- will cause you rejoice-ho!  
As little child should fain-O!  
Whom pater call for food to show  
But will forbid him to eat so,  
This is tragedy of never-merry soul;  
I wonder as you wonder how.....  
Why all earth enjoy snow,  
You alone sees sun glow:  
See our hands have hole  
That we do lost few or whole;  
O Life, O Woe, O foe we were bound to?  
If any punishes you with blow,  
Take no offence, Let him go! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# O Little Bees

O little bees!

Let all the buzzes give peace,  
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees;  
Keep mute, Every hums be at ease,  
Where have you all Zoomed,  
To see if the flowers' buds have bloomed?

O little bees!

Let all buzzes give peace,  
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees;  
Watch your sting and mind the grease,  
Are all your tasks ne'er done,  
Then fetch in vine groves, three or one

O little bees!

Let all the buzzes give peace,  
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees;  
why so hasty as rough western breeze,  
Upon dreary travails and moils unpaid,  
Which men requites you with sudden raid

O little bees!

Let all the buzzes give peace,  
Ever-buzzing, Ever-buzy bees,  
Poor bees! As Poor poets like I will accuse;  
Too strong to toil, Too weak to eat,  
If your nectars ripes honey, Men do plunders it.....

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# O Sweet Lady

Things happens that they ought not,  
Like rainfall on monkey's wedding  
Like a poet's ellipsis withno dot;  
Did you see those bloody killing

On yesterday's newspaper too?  
But do not be afraid, O sweet lady!  
You will always see me next to you  
These are what myself dont know, baby

Like you eats your lipsticks every morning  
Why you likes me to whisper things to your ears,  
Like a child's love for a hug and lifting  
Why you wastes hours deciding your wears.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## O! Never Say Ye Lovest Me

O! Ne`er say ye lovest me  
O! Ne`er say ye lovest me,  
From cozen nurtured i` thy heart's lee;  
Sweetly as caesar`s clown: thou oft-speaks,  
O! Ne`er say thou lovest me  
O! Ne`er say thou lovest me;  
If thy eyne art of whom visage  
If thy eyne art of whom visage,  
Doth drawl praises and bare as many shrieks;  
(6)

Whereupon thy sin pul`ing thee thereto hades` lake  
Whereupon thy sin pul`ing thee thereto  
hades` lak  
Whereupon thy sin pul`ing thee thereto hades` lake,  
And merely if thou blames thy pledges as mistake  
And merely if thou blames thy  
pledges as mistake;  
Covertly whilst shalt thou run on thine hee  
Covertly whilst shalt thou run on thine  
heel,  
Fiery faun roars; Whence pierced-devil yell  
Fiery faun roars; Whence pierced-devil  
yell;  
Then hate me e`er only if ne`r thou afraid of hell,  
Haste not, Haste not love, likeas steed tied to wheel  
Haste not, Haste not love,  
likeas steed tied to wheel;  
(12)

If soe`en all figs on nature grows but raisins,  
Heretofore trees` arms fettered unto stormy gales and rains  
Heretofore  
trees` arms fettered unto stormy gales and rains;  
Know thou, every sons of adam heavily art bound  
Know thou, every sons of adam  
heavily art bound,  
Flow`g seas, every vales turnest honey-wines  
Flow`g seas, every vales turnest  
honey-wines;  
Therein moilsome, With sweat dropp`g from their holes,  
`Tis thence they eat; gathered their almond  
`Tis thence they eat; gathered their  
almond;  
(18)

Whilstsoever all the ilke and world`s an ice-field  
Whilstsoever all the ilke and  
world`s an ice-field,  
That`s mystery of life, All the world must yield;  
`Twould be a naked feet we wade through all  
`Twould be a naked feet we wade  
through all;  
Fie's beauty and distraught upon beautisome of mine!  
For `ey shalt wither as grass: wilts as pine  
For `ey shalt wither as grass: wilts as  
pine,

As dreary as summer with sun maketh roses fall;

(24)

Lo! Never is't deathless as colleens' age,

Hidden malodour of flowers art as dung i' glade;

'Tis thenceward that ill-taste of love unveil  
'Tis thenceward that ill-taste of love unveil,

Eke, Belike bedecked delineation and portraits doth fadest  
Eke, Belike bedecked delineation and portraits doth fadest;

Thusly goest pulchritude away virgin's breast,

Mayest avow collect thou moon; the rocketeer neil  
Mayest avow collect thou moon; the rocketeer neil;

(30)

Flails not thereof; why 'tis gleam of purest tan?

Gladdens thy lofty eyes not, Neither its roan  
Gladdens thy lofty eyes not, Neither its roan;

Stars gilts, fine art gilds as costly diamonds,

Flashing, yet no enow pleasure of a saved love  
Flashing, yet no enow pleasure of a saved love;

O Love, Ne'er starest nor clamour to have  
O Love, Ne'er starest nor clamour to have,

Uponst runnel's osier, Uponst evergreen mounds;

(36)

Amidst young rocks, fortified caverns full of ariled  
Amidst young rocks, fortified caverns full of ariled,

Thither be no stand of apples thy lips doth willed  
Thither be no stand of apples thy lips doth willed;

Tarry hither, for my love 's right; mine heart intent  
Tarry hither, for my love 's right; mine heart intent;

Forsooth, As magnet wiltn't disown'r darling iron;

Fastened and tightly sealed inward and upon  
Fastened and tightly sealed inward and upon,

Each so dearly and close to next  
Each so dearly and close to next;

(42)

And canst pass betwixt no air  
And canst pass betwixt no a  
And canst pass betwixt no air  
And canst pass betwixt no air,

Hold my hand, 'cause tapered

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Obedience

Not tired eyes with broken heart  
Expressed with thousands sighs  
Wars and woes that holds its dart  
Not life full of much wants and cries  
Not heavy loads, never expiring groan  
Not piercing stripes and torturing rods  
Much meaningless complains and scorn  
Not amen of a fool that serves two lords  
Not in many books nor wits of the wise  
Not restless works, not much suffering  
Not much prayers not many sacrifices  
It's true in ignorance we bear much burden  
God, yet remains merciful and kind be  
But our obedience is all he need.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# On A Prophet's Death (In Memory Of Prophet Oyelami, Baba Alasepe, Ikire)

Wide and far his tours had been,  
Where men picked what they could not carry  
Disasters he had forsaid, wars and mean  
In his holy record, heaven's map be;  
That the street is narrow, bends no points  
Now the prophet is gone, the weight of sin is sold  
But his words has stayed and took eternal joints  
And the life he lived, very little is told.

The clash of belief, he had fought:  
Those who failed to accept his god  
Never let the case rest at court,  
How he knelt to wail like a stud  
O Lord! drag these heavenly sheep to me  
Though the devil's strength, world's pursuit  
For reasons that were not supposed to be  
Made them to their plans more resolute.

Blessed lies the head of this cleric;  
Faith in God's religion which so,  
Defended he till his health got sick  
Here heaped some stones to lay him low.  
For the death he embraced with loathing  
And since he lived life opulent but raw,  
Trode the pagan's land who wears no clothing  
History is his picture I can draw.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# On His- - Birthday

Written for ISREAL ADIMCHINOBI

## ON HIS- - - BIRTHDAY

The first day- - -you were heard.  
that tuneful sound, the soft slicings  
Out of your piano- - - we all were glad  
And walked you home with ovations and clappings

.  
. .  
.

You remembered that glorious evening  
You and I met, that woke the desire in me  
When you: Isreal Adimchinaobi was singing  
With those half-bursteds drums at the abbey

.  
. .  
.

I was happy to share you my edges and bends  
And that of yours you also did explain  
though been my mentor; we both became friends  
Taught my little bird how to soar above plains

.  
. .  
.

Your friendship has filled my dream  
Beyond what pen can write in word  
Far beyond waters that fills up the stream  
For walking you my s to the lord!

.  
. .  
.

You woke my rains awakes roses  
I am climbing heavens and shooting the stars  
My brain now see clear beyond my noses  
What the requite of your goods done are

.



.  
.  
If i fail to kiss you at your face?  
If i fail to give you the best i can do  
I have heard you mean to dance with your date\*  
To blow love into the air from many candles

.  
.  
.  
To cut and share the sweet sugars of your bake  
Because #today is really you D-day  
My throat is me a bit i will take  
and merries all the day  
Be happy and be gay!  
Today is your #birthday!  
How old will you even be today?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Our Second Anthem

God of creation, direct our cause,  
Guide right all our leaders course;  
Help our youth the truth to know,  
In warm love and honesty to grow;  
Great and lofty heights we attain,  
To build a nation where justice reign  
But why do they want us killed in all region?  
Is it because we are not of same religion?  
Can't we just live together in peace,  
Can't one just pursue his brother's solace?  
Why can't every prisons be empty?  
Look what they have turned the nation to be?  
The children fights over a broken pie,  
And no shirt worn under their father's tie.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Pamin'ku (Wayward Wife)

Pamin'kú!(I)

O si fi suuru se ?s?;

K'?b? ton ny? b?l?,

Le to ? j?un?

Ìjà loni l'?la, jaga-jìgì

Ti mu ? ru p?l?b?

O da bi aja ti nse aisan.

Bi ko ba si Nile, (ii)

A dabi pe a ko akisà kurò n'iná

Bi o ba wa l'ò?d?

Òd?d? a paiya sókè

Bi at?gun lile tiko r?jò.

Ok? ?rù, Àlè ijamba

Gbogbo ?bí ?k? ni of? ? ri.

Il?kun ile w?n-a ro gbámùún, (iii)

Ir?k?k?, hilàhilo l'?san, l'oru

O ti s? ara ? di asíwín;

A ma das? bi ?ràn igbo,

B'?k? wí ení, A wí ?gb?run

Ojojum?n sáá ni ìjà ko ni'simi

Ariwo gè-è ki tan nile w?n.

W?n -ran- w?n -ran, Ara o bál?(iv)

Ah?n r?-a jo bàlà-bàlà;

Enu r?-a ro pàkà-pàkà,

Irun ori ? dabi ti ?dajú eléw?n

Orun-un mu-un, ?gbin akitan oko

Alapa'ke o le w? f'?m?

De'bi ti yio ba f? eyín ?nu.

Aw?n ?m?de tin yà fun ?(V)

Bi ?ni y? fun ìjàl?-èrùn,

Aw?n iyawo'le a fi ?w? t'?ra w?n

Bi o ba sèésì k?ja l'ojúde.  
W?n-a p'òsé shùún-rún-shùún,  
Aw?n àgbà a wo ?sù ù,  
W?n ní o ní'gberaga.

Aigb?k? ni Ak?'gbà. (Vi)  
Al?s?-m?k?-l?run o léré  
Es? p?l? ni ko se ile-aye  
Suru, it?riba ni irin ajo aye gbà  
Bi a ba pe'ni ni onifun raii-raii  
Onifun na a si pa'fun ? m?n.  
Pamin'kú obinrin, tunwa r? se.

.  
.

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@tue, may 19 2020

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Passengers

passengers in life, all we are  
Passing thro'crooked earth together,  
Up, up and down, up and down- -  
Time, our faithful driver - zooming on;  
One man is dismounting and waving goodbye  
Two and three, rushing in from aside.

Passengers in life, all we are  
each man alighting at somewhere;  
Some at where their gods 'stops the helm'  
Some for a reason known to them,  
surely everyone has where his journey ends,  
I too will soon get off like my friends.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Patience And Greed (A Tale That Turned To Parable)

An avaricious man, for numbers of reasons,  
Most of his friends were just as him too  
Greed the father of patience and a trapper  
Tramp so lacking, seemed Lazarus was better.

As if the cost for any error in life  
Was several whippings and knocks on head,  
But as far as I can cleanly publish;  
Patience graduated as a skilled brickie.

He heaped them vows not to tarry,  
Poor wife of greed had welled down tears  
And asked in prayers for him "Go well my son";  
To feet patience rose, headed for the downtown.

The world, for him, moved too swifty.  
There he made money like anyone there  
Enough that a heart would lavish or give  
But thought of his parents won't make him live.

Since to look at times was dark,  
At his arrival in the village that day  
He agreed a verdict with his mind  
To rest his weary head behind.

Before I save a stranger floating a-coast  
Or create life for a walking corpse,  
What his kind of man is, I must clue  
The king must ask who fathered you.

Allow me! O king, said patience;  
I don't know where I came from, either  
Iflew away when my father wasn't fifty  
And now I myself is two-and-thirty.

You will wash your body, o stranger  
I'll make you sit, as my slaves will usher  
At where my friend dwell, you'll remain  
Sleep some hours and find your home again.

So there in he laid, that cold night,  
A lantern and just a coat was given  
Where doors and windows spared patience hooked  
And asked that a meal should be cooked.

Many minutes passed and nothing was done,  
The spouse were there, the man had heard them  
Muttered, what should we offer this stranger?  
For how say we too are sick of hunger? .

But for their grumbles moved his sympathy,  
The stranger opened his bag full of money  
Removed, and gave a note from it's brim  
The old man said nothing but only stared at him.

Between the sleep of that night,  
The life of the man with no name was trapped  
Greed and his wife stabbed him in the face,  
And was secretly buried like a nut-case.

In morn when dews on earth were few,  
And on natural things the sun had shone  
The king rode out to Greed on his horse  
To prove him whom the stranger said he was.

How he claimed his name to be Patience,  
Greed to be his father, a son of this soil  
That he flew away when his father wasn't fifty  
And he himself is now two-and-thirty.

You see our tale has turned parable,  
That a Man's ill whim for wealth is evil,  
As Greed with a rope jumped his wall,  
Who knows, if he is gone to end it all.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# People's Hope

While everyone affords to hope,  
All eyes were made to dream;  
Could hopes survive and dream cope;  
And with our hands achieve them  
In a land full of scathing repressions,  
With selfish autocrats in each positions  
I watch events as they fall and rise  
Since myriad challenges faces market's grain;  
An unstable economy, that distorts price  
Credits and loans now hard to obtain  
That plain picture, I have no idea  
The fate of tommorrow's children would be

It's a knowledge, We all even say  
Such flopping of men's hopes and dreams  
Be heaped on poverty of the day,  
This lack of opportunity in large reams  
Has often been people's strong notion  
There's but one thing out of mention

More brains is never the need,  
The youths scours where world is white;  
When old thinking still yields a seed,  
The public reliance on share of national pie  
Hopes and dreams may be tossed in fluid,  
Yet not for men that makes their hands build

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Petals And Blooms

Petals and blooms,  
Brides and grooms;  
Ornate upreared graceful and broad,  
Sweet, blushfully near meandering ford:  
From flushed bed, good all fresh;  
With fruits appears as angel's tress,  
The world, withno them is bare:  
O'er-dusted, veiled, naked and unclare  
Fertile or barren as fowlless woodland  
Lads like me shall one day pluck one in his hand.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Pooh Earth

Pooh earth!  
Why did you pray,  
and birthed a poet like me?  
Why so careless to grow him with fishes?  
Look he has turned this foolish.....  
who plays and swings heavy word?  
As naughty child running with sword  
Now he jokes at them around  
He is got a brain round and,  
He is lack human's tempers,  
He writes on black papers  
For only the blind to see;  
fools to know, the learned to disagree.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Poor Shepherdess

A poor shepherdess, Days of yore  
If her asses bleats at grains' store  
Whipped them with her heavy brass  
Grain's for me and for thee-grass!  
But after the shepherdess died  
And the grains no one to hide  
The shepherdess was in grass-lain  
And asses ate all grass and grain

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Potboiler

Lost in the jungle  
One little monkey finding his rundle  
Sick sticks' barks weakly chipping  
Woods' dead leaves sadly dropping  
Beneath an igi iyeye's crests  
Canopied by some quails' nests

---

There dug a green old still lake  
Can't tell if therein lived a single hake  
No legs of man has his way found  
Or set eyes on its shapeless bound  
Restful shadows all over creeping  
Strange two fearful footsteps squashing

---

Coldness, silences and evil's blind dours  
The featherless squirming on their fours  
Countless ghosts missing their graves  
Grey smokes puffing from empty caves  
Heavy black plovers' monstrous cawing  
Rotten skeletons of an anaconda lying

---

Hollowy well with algae covering about  
A thick polluted fecal smelling out  
That a jungle wanderer ushered me home  
it's a lie, touch me I'm reading out a tome  
I was lost and sought for days or more  
Lost like you too on these lines, pore

---

This jungle wanderer is just a hunter  
And this poem too is just a potboiler.

•TOBY MOSES

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Que Sera Sera

Must i always ask my father,  
The date he gave birth to me;  
How he got his list of problems solved  
Or where he found the girl he loved?  
But i say within myself I wont,  
Tommorrow is not ours to know,  
And a singer too once said,  
Que sera sera!

Must i agree with a demon  
To escape from death?  
Or learn the skills to fight  
Just to claim myself a right  
But i say within myself i wont,  
Tommorrow is not ours to know  
And a singer too once said,  
Que sera sera!

Must we seek saints in this robbers time?  
Or must we hope our lords could turn saviour  
To search for golds in hill of mere sands,  
To find lucks in back of our two hands  
We may wish but they wont,  
Tommorrow is not ours to know,  
And a singer too once said,  
Que sera sera!

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Room In The Roof

Room in the roof  
The corner of crime and misery,  
All youths' age of rebellion proof  
A day to stroll the streets free;  
And walking back late all night,  
Emmanuel was one of my rellies;  
Being aggressive and full of fight  
But the ties of trust and much brekkies  
His father gave to him made it hard  
To resist the devil of stealing money,  
Betting being what made him better bad  
Fear of these acts made him more guilty,  
Then he decided to run away to the state;  
Where he got for himself a room in a roof  
Feeling ashamed of breaking the faith  
Of his father that cared for his duff  
At that night he builded himself valour;  
He could smell the flowers through the door  
To see his friends burst into laughter  
And him again siting beside his father.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Rose Beneath The Cross

Life is an enterprise.  
And Love but a merchandise  
A give and take comprised  
For all men, Pain is the prize  
To those in mornrise  
With tears, burning their sacrifice  
Lifting their heavy crosses, they compromise  
And move it huge, small, some of slim size  
Many drag theirs, some have theirs sliced  
All heading to a place where skulls are cruised  
Knowing before it could turn beauty rose,  
Everyone must to submit down a cross.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Shit We Dont Eat

There is a shit we don't eat,  
to my younger brother's dog,  
Is the best meal to break a fasting  
A prayer was said by a kid  
At church today, We all laughed  
Until we shed tears like drunkards;

On the expressway,  
there is a fat deep hole  
but nobody sign it out  
or place a caution board;  
I walked close and looked down at it  
and saw inside millions of dead souls.

I came across a cat in the shrubs,  
And later found him that night  
hovering with wings on the black sea  
There is an handwriting on the wall  
Written with a black charcoal,  
though it is bold but I am not cleared;

is anyone else stopping to read it?  
Or we say the one who wrote that,  
Wore rags, he must be a madman.  
Because he is from an unknown way  
But he is he sitting on the half-moon  
He is planning to destroy the world.

he is the thief coming by-to rob,  
the man of the house is a fool  
to stand and watch the window  
with a pistol and a big barrel?  
When he is coming with no guns



But by the shit we don't eat.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Simple Poem

I've found a simple poem  
It's just an easy rhyme  
Or call it music if you want  
It's just a simple poem

"To live this life is free  
To hold its gold is a fee  
Naught will stop what will be  
Just live it the same like me."

I've found a simple poem  
Will turn you again to its verses  
Like a painted word in today's paper  
Will make an old man clean up his glasses

"To live this life is free  
To hold its gold is a fee  
Naught will stop what will be  
Just live it the same like me."

I've found a simple poem  
Of monk that kiss and house that flies  
To fool the sense in human's theory  
Will not make you doubt simple lies

"To live this life is free  
To hold its gold is a fee  
Naught will stop what will be  
Just live it the same like me."

I've found a simple poem  
Of a black bird and a fairly yellow fit  
Both vowed to another, Beauty was true  
But in Love's heart there was deceit.

&quot;To live this life is free  
To hold its gold is a fee  
Naught will stop what will be  
Just live it the same like me.&quot;;

I've found a simple poem  
For the young, old and weary  
The bruised, whose wound is deep  
To relief weeping mother, may be.

&quot;To live this life is free  
To hold its gold is a fee  
Naught will stop what will be  
Just live it the same like me.&quot;;

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Song Of An Unwinged Bird

I wish I could fly,  
Fly, up, up, up and away  
In that warm and unstill sky  
Like that strong eagle, so gay.  
Oh well as all the buntings do!

With my feather flashing wine,  
in the orange paint of sun;  
How long will I long and pine  
That from the purplest rayon:  
Looking down, down at the earth?

Observing hidden evil deeds  
Of men\_\_\_watching their toils  
I could show which sows seeds,  
Or ill-weeds upon the soil;  
So scorn of truth for lies might halt.

I wish I could fly,  
Fly high, to join those broods  
On toppest mountains so high,  
Picking my grains from redwoods  
As joyful as withno swink nor haste.

I wish I could fly,  
Fly above, the oceans' waive:  
Throwing my game in zephyr and tide  
Time when summer is gone, I dive  
And sojourn in place unknown to men.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Song Of Yuletide Eve

SONG OF YULETIDE EVE

#SirTobyMoses. (2012)

Atwhere herd of crescent saturn lies, offa`ay I come,  
Sing`g and sing`g mightily coo! , coo! , coo!  
Long-after springy of summertide  
Resonant`g, Peace! , Peace! , Peace! what a goodly echo!  
Wonder, Heaven is full of dance, beautous cheer  
Let`em hence be free; All so crews and saints discharge

`Tis immortal skylark of god, I chirp, that is`y, I chirp and fly  
Lo! A jingling nature, countless mistral neptune,  
On his wings, he chirp abo`yellow tunglen therewith joy  
And brightened`opart, draws upon earth come shine;  
Merrily, Merrily be roundst cluster of coronas that clings  
Tender rodor swim, swim i`mixture of purple flashings

O gentle winter wind, Blow upon more bigger thrice;  
Of fain ho, ho! , Together wherefore count we stars ether  
`Tis slays gaze`g yonder, For mona drop blaze  
Then`ey wilt jest and derail; if thou doth all number  
Begad! Wander`g wolcen hast paused, That he lost its own way;  
O mercy! he hath forgotten call`g the sun to play;

Ole! Ole! Ole! ; When therein tavern at bethlehem,  
Him too whimper`g, thence intrigueth herod to mown;  
Grazing oxen watched oke borne little and calm,  
Worship Jesuse, king of kings crowned to o`erthrown  
Shepherds, Magis celebratedst yon nit; Khrist is divine,  
Blow, O world; Blow horn with a bow; He`s alive!

Eh! Eh! Fair engels torch but`r virgins`waxes,  
And cause`em glow aslike oped venus`beacon;  
Lit`t up, so every nation's eye\_\_\_\_\_ witness  
With air of life, Mothers fill thy kids`balloon

Paint thy flights moon-marigolds, Ride skylark, Ride!  
All shadows resings a song say`g, Rejoice, `Tis eve o`yuletide,

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Sonnet Of Love

## SONNET I

Now I thoughtfully consider love,  
With admonitions from lads who took the risk,  
Of so-fair charm, which dragged him as chained slave,  
He begged her fingers ringed in such brisk;  
Oftentimes of nature, Mine curiosity do ask,  
Nothing but would this fate defeat me too?  
The spring's green, yet petals wilts if they bask  
My prime be halted by a mistress I woo,  
If love's divine, were vamps made to slay valiant men?  
Yet solitude's bitter, devious kisses is dreadful,  
A man's wound punched with mighty keen  
Why lust a holy crime and lecherous hunger sinful?  
For I perceive death sweeter than incurable disease,  
I hate to be Loved by a maid's tease. (1)

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Sonnet Of Love 2

## THE SONNETS

Show not my eyes that mysterious world,  
To fall of fairness, Many by desperation rise:  
There falsities lives, truth razed of fiery scold,  
Many in their seductions, Many in their tricks and disguise  
They flock as stars, so grows their devilries as tares,  
Many win riches, fame like tiger of his predation  
Many chastises as gods, grant to evil deeds spares,  
Many leap the bar from tyranny, hail of oppresion  
Fashions muzzles for varlets and men below stairs,  
Ye calumny plucked from darkside of Jupiter  
As notorious wolf dies, his bloody cub enliars,  
O slaughterous friend, Take me not thither  
Where veracity belates, Justice receives prizes,  
Prisons and graves that hides myriad of filthy vices

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



## Sonnet Of Proverbs Xiv

### SONNET XIV

If you have assured surety of no doubt,  
Or struck hand in pledge for another;  
And so ensnared by word of thy mouth  
Or what you said or argued with a brother  
You have been trapped; then do this.  
Free yourself, free yourself now  
Since that you have fallen into his,  
Hands and entrapped of what you owe  
Go humble yourself. press your plea  
With your no sleep  
To your eyelids like a slouthful flea  
Little slumber never let your eyes keep  
Be sure you are free, like a gazelle from a bowler  
Like a fowl from the snare of the fowler.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Sonnet Of Proverbs Ii

Take heed of your father's directions  
your mother's, never count as vain;  
a garland to your head are instructions  
each adorn your neck like golden chain  
and when sinners comes and say,  
in ambush, lets wait for someone's blood  
and harmless soul, let's waylay  
that we swallow them alive as flood  
join not them, don't give in!  
they will say- come, throw your lot,  
of which their feet rush into sin  
upon their paths set foot not  
for their end will come in a while  
much quick like a twinkle of an eye.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Sonnet Of Proverbs Xii

O! do not go nigh her door.  
Lest you give to whom is strange  
And your years to whom scants all  
your own wealths from your range  
And toils of yours enrich another man's tent.  
At the end of thy life you later groan  
When all of your body is spent;  
How I hated discipline, you will moan?  
How my heart spurned discretion!  
Why my teacher I had failed to obey?  
And listened to their very correction  
Of utter ruin, now I have come to pay,  
The cords of sin held me away;  
And my great folly led me astray.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Sonnet Of Proverbs Xiii

From your own cistern, drink!  
A running water from your well  
Must your spring dispersed its brink?  
And your stream overflow its cell  
Why not yours alone let it be?  
And your sweet founts be your choice  
That your share no stranger with thee  
But your wife in which you ever rejoice  
Your beloved wife of your youth  
A loving doe, a graceful deer- -  
Let her breasts than apple fruit  
Satisfy you always, hug her so dear  
Be ravished in her bosom a lot  
And not the bed of a wanton, a harlot.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Sonnet V (Amn't Gone)

O but deepen not yourself in sorrows,  
Yet to fill yourself with guzzleness;  
The melancholy of my doom, pitied woes  
Lest despair lambates, more gushings oppress  
Sprinkle on your head not ashes nor soot  
That i may suffer no vitriols from all men  
Nor bitterly groan or raise your voice as coot,  
so is uncultured to uluate and scream in your den  
Fairer that i become moss upon the earth;  
Than your weird sighs, brooding tears i behold  
To bare your head or wear a mourncloth,  
For this be the custom of the world;  
For the righteous mortal shall die,  
Same soul who sins in dust will lie

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Sonnet Vi(Amn'T Gone)

When am vieled in rusts and heavy stones,  
Mulch my cairn with melange of wreaths  
Behind a yew, hid and plant my bones,  
Defend it from her, keep the secrets secret  
So its bosom, remembrance it ever give,  
Of a black cone and the black quill;  
That was ill of lust and thus not survive  
Whose wrong fears of death wraithed and kill,  
Until a naked grave balked his tender honors;  
As scorch of wild sun makes chives trim,  
As dry tinder to fire losses their vigors  
There no hot wind nor flood strikes him,  
Where my love would put no sweet roses upon  
For tempest if blow, blows all, all begone!

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Sonnet VII (Amn'T Gone)

Let maters care for their grizzling bairn,  
And the dead bury their dead head  
If be man that slay me to eye-watering cairn;  
Gouge no eye for eye, yet wish him no ill instead  
When not every deads has but earthy graves,  
Some were throttled, with rancours, cruel loathings;  
Many a man not foiled nor dead of warwaves,  
Yet whom right halberd avenges those blood-floatings  
That bails injured souls from their unseen anguish,  
They are villein praying for shadows of dusk,  
Or weary slave snoozing for a vim-replenish;  
For i am like them, Nothing but dry useless husk  
Am good as not grass, worms or crawls of earth,  
Let heaven judge men, evils, deeds and death

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Stealthy

STEALTHY

Think not of folly but wise,  
Mink slinks for vole and mice  
That winks, Ne'er of cowardice,  
And stealthy of a cat,  
Is not for peels but rat  
As well as steal from pots, fat.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Strong As Death

O that love, which loves you!  
Is such strong as naked deathe  
And how pleasing you are too  
If it makes you moan in lieu of breathe  
You can't escape, you are into its charm!  
Its flames, many waters cannot douse  
Its warmth, like you wear earth in death's arm  
And your whole life it will take control  
if you flirt it or play it as dice  
it's not all men throws the ball twice  
so treat that very love, I mean  
With Most respect and much dignity.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Sweet Bunmi

Like a smoker to matches  
I've sold my heart to her  
I will go everywhere you go,  
No doubt, I'm the cowboy  
And you are his guiding rod;  
SweetBunmi, you let me swaying  
In between halt and hits  
I feel lifeless, i am floating  
In midst of hell and high waters  
She will make pits in my sky to cry  
She will drop tears so i can smile  
She will switch on the sunlight  
I dont know anything about you,  
But i want you to predict my future.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Tale Of A Cruel Governor And His Minister

A minister ridden by an evil will,  
Down a dark cell he was led  
And governor held the reason and seal,  
To bring him out for a behead.

Just before the death sentence nearer crept,  
Princess and priest had came for his pardon  
As hole dug by many mice gets no depth  
They vexed the governor, he gave warnings to everyone.

The night he could face the bitter odd,  
The governor danced, rested but lost his wake;  
News-finders came by, but minister left them no word,  
But only swore never again go to politics.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Tale Of Poverty

I have tasted,  
and drank from its cup  
nothing as such so bitter.  
i was once the cold body,  
Wrapped myself In White clothing  
but the grave rejected my corpse  
i have once pretended my head dead,  
Liveless.....Lying straight in state.  
Along the Public streetway,  
where every feet walks bye  
but every one avoid the road  
and cross over to the other lane.  
i have felt a kind of hunger  
that death could not beg from me  
my stomach had once cursed me,  
....and i heard it loud and clear.  
Days of a year were hellbound  
I pray they ceased to come-by.  
i am a shame to street-beggars,  
when i pass them by, dropping no coin  
they shakes their head and hide back their tears  
i am their reason they thank their gods  
little children make me their friend  
all for the scrumbles i'd take from them.  
i'd doubt my dreams to be true,  
because i think they come from my much thinking  
of course, i must be sick of malaria.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Temptation

Dead and cold,  
Too dear to be sold  
It's devil's gemstone,  
No! not a topaz but cone;  
Oh so fair and charming!  
How I wish it is mine?  
how do one turn down this invitation:  
they call to be temptation?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Ten Virgins

Before my skin grow pore,  
I think that the seashore;  
Is the best place i had been,  
Walked far from home as teen.

We played volleyball round free  
The sun, the cold breeze, the sea;  
In our newly cleaned white jean,  
Knee pops, Hip pose, hands lean.

We built sand-babies with big ears  
Laying back in our half-nude wears  
We were many as ten but virgins;  
We'd drink down our whole gins.

There's a kite we'd surfed,  
Just be sure you don't get roughed  
There's a pack of rope we'd tied;  
Just be sure you ain't pulled from the side.

If beauty could ever remain  
I wish those funs again to begin  
Who knows the world the nine have gone  
Or did i killed them with my watergun?

Lazy old ages, Before you die  
I think that the seaside;  
Is the best place to be,  
If you wish to live happy as we.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Black Ghost

The ghosts of Africa,  
Trundling and scuffling around;  
Upon purlieus, hut-tops and facia,  
If thousands rain of stones pound  
Call out, search but none found;  
Was believed there's reasons for it  
That purveyed sorts of cleasing rites.

Such quaint-wont of folks then,  
That wore them with terrific awes;  
Even elephants laid not such in den,  
Neither young koalas in their cases;  
Not in Africa, Perchance of frightful lours  
Or the terrors of yon disastrous hours.

No child dare played ten-ten\_\_\_  
Nor any sheep raised a bleat;  
Like a Lackey, A martyred alien,  
What made them fools of this habit;  
Were those joyless gales from iroko trees,  
The black lurking cats, skulking witches.

That lanced and feasted on men's blood,  
Conveyed to murder at such scary time;  
In gaunty graves, dells and deep-ford,  
How as spider be in snowy clime?  
Were cowards' heart spurted by fears and cold  
With whom by daylight proves to be bold.

The imagination of this make-believe,  
And untrue sciences, great superstitions;  
Some indictments which many conceive,  
And infer today withno reservations;  
To look mirrors at night may burst calamities  
Devil appears therein, Wring you for this!

All of these beliefs were observed,  
If you walk under a scorching sun;

With his heavy strap, long-conserved,  
From pole to pole, bourn to bourn;  
A ghoul shall brutally flog you  
And be compelled to serve a monkey-push too.

At noontime, never brush your teeth,  
By this, your mother foams and die;  
Squash not your spittle with feet,  
If so, you suffer harsh throat-pile;  
Your father forgets to punish you  
When your eyelashes are hid in his shoes.

Playing kids in Africa ne'er whistles,  
Some says, It wakes, maddens the devil;  
Rages the spooks, and that cobras bristles,  
Call it evil but It's for no evil,  
Our lack is nothing but to promote,  
Obey, Respect tradition in Africa and remote.

#SirTobyMoses@2015

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# The Curfew (Oro)

Death has ridden-by the palace!  
with horse and his hunting arrow,  
and dragged the king to no trace  
Another king is to be enthroned.

who weep or sing him Lord! Lord!  
who's the next to dress him in his deathbed?  
To Feed on his heart, drink his blood  
Drink it, With the skull of his head?

The dogs are out barking here  
Like baby-rabbits having their prayer  
the old ones with arms crossed there  
The Gome! Gome! of town-crier's heavy metal.

Moving about and about, everywhere  
wondrous and loud, it is growing  
The death-news has flew to marketsquare,  
The terror to pack every goods and sellings.

And Now, the moon is fading to red  
there's still human-killing in my countryside  
This time, seven heads is demanded  
to make for king a cleansing sacrifice.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Death Of Chiwendu

Handsome you, Chiwendu, long times pass  
As warden cars passed wont remember;  
Your dear life as kyanites set in glass  
Chopped and fell like a weak timber.

Chiwendu died, the most violent men lives;  
Calmy ghosts rising from every corners.  
Darkness calls them out, charm that gives  
People that suffers seizures to their makers.

Mummy, i cannot find my holy chain  
Tell all the holy-marys' that you see,  
His burns, drowning, falling again and again  
He'd tried kill himself by jumping off a tree.

His legs would only ache and nothing much  
You shouldn't have drank the mosquito spray;  
I know it was shame and people's stigma touch  
But you should've waited for your healing day.

I remember one hell you went so raw  
A prolonged convulsions and muscles jerk;  
Chiwendu, i wish to write these lines on wall,  
Where no sun will fade away, what a gentle breck! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Evil That Man Do

The evil that man do  
he says it's of another man;  
and will fling the fault at you  
gainful though, the ill-game he ran  
As when days favoured him.

he was a dog, he never eat,  
his own feces but rather bury  
Guns in hand, wings in his feet  
to fly on dark winds along gallery  
He has lived to kill and killed to live.

Only a fool fights for his country,  
A King keeping late nights parade\*  
for a curse never settles in a tree  
and giant under a cloth of masquerade,  
Forgets the one who sees through mask.

The hurt in leopard's legs,  
Has brought upon him hunger.  
now he plead a million begs  
a little swears, a hundred prayer  
and say- please, this is my first time! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Faith That Wins

The faith,  
That wins;  
Is not attained  
But obtained.  
Not a faith changed  
But rather exchanged.  
It is not suppression,  
Only expression.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Farmer's Song(From The Book, The Found In The Lost World; My Upcoming Adventure Play)

(Song)

Let the sun be drunken,  
Of our salt sweet sweat;  
And the soil and the earth  
All our cutlass and blades blunten.

\*

\*

...The whole world is gone holiday  
I'm going to plant my yamseeds  
I will pill, I will till and I will fill  
I will not defer not even a day.

\*

\*

It gladens me, it is my daily exercise  
Our hoes have made our hands heavy;  
Stronger than the sons of egyptians,  
Come and dine with me at no price.

\*

\*

I eats the choicest, full are my cups  
Let us feast and drink, for tomorrow we'll die  
Do not be idle my dear sharpest blade;  
You are my heir if I die, you will bury me up.

\*

\*

No dollars to sew the frock a skiver's rend  
Hooohooh, but I am rich yes I am rich!  
Greater in forth of greater men  
I'm a friend of so many friends.

\*

\*

.....when they were lazy to sow,  
It was I who increased their fathers;  
The whole earth may betray their brothers  
But not my iron gold not my honest hoe.



# The Fool I Wish To Be

Madman's rest, a old drunkard  
Flight for fight- a poor coward  
A beggar who still gives free  
that's the fool i wish to be  
A spirit that dwells in a lamb  
That never choose any to harm  
Or sheep of meekest head  
Not a tiger with grey beard  
Fools who suffer in brain, bends  
So I e'er forgive if men offends,  
And neither like Lion, roar  
Nor bark like dog or boar.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Forbidden Fruit

'Before i tried my bite of it  
I felt uncivil and churlish,  
I never taught of leaves as clothing  
Neither a hide from tunics of a boar  
.....I was free, yes I was free;  
Smooth-floating round, sliding around  
Like as of a little naughty child,  
Running nakedly up and down  
streets, no world scold my nasty play  
I felt no shame, no shame it pleased me.

---

We were two but love made us one  
I was an angel and he was immortal  
We were like two beautiful fawns,  
He was sliver-blue as a new moon  
And i was red and gold as setting sun  
We were adam and eve in old eden;  
We were sacred, the first to taste love  
A day i asked for something different  
I sought his favour, my heart desired it  
I wanted it but he told me I couldn't have it.

---

The more and more he tells me  
More it made me more desirable.  
I sensed he was frightened,  
Seemed he was withholding  
Something tasty from me.  
Yet I pressed for it even more  
he cautioned as a doctor would do  
his patient that I couldn't eat it.  
.....I felt light within as he kissed out  
Golden thousand lotus from my opened mouth.

---

He brought it out of his bag  
It looked bold and straight  
like a spider dragging its web  
He spoke tongues, tried the magic  
and he turned me into a tree



with roots growing above  
and branches waving beneath  
He threw a stone, a stone at me  
And I fell for him a ripped fruit  
As he groaned loudly like a ape shot in the chest.

---

His snake bruised my head,  
I loosed my immortality to 'yama'  
I ended up dying that day;  
and was buried without him  
To spread roses upon my grave  
Nothing is holier, 'I taught  
I felt less guilt and less innocence  
I remained beautiful and untainted  
despite the muddy and all dirt;  
He spat on me, despite all that was done.

÷2017

•Toby Moses

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Great Wager

Men Wise and brave to this table,  
To bet(of) that which you profess;  
You're blind...i might cheat the gamble  
I am deaf, so unpack all the chess:  
let those who can see and hear,  
The Justest judges; kindly should be  
To show atheists page skipped in fear  
whose wits taught, learned them to agree,  
like no God who gave light and life;  
As by preacher's(old-saw) of hell's fire,  
Caused me await whose fingers ain't five  
To redeem mankind, schemed in his quire;  
Through water, spirit, thunderstorm or blood  
Of sure, we both lose when we die,  
if at the dusk of life, there's no God  
But if there's, ye atheists lose and cry  
And when this table is turned overdown,  
Everything, everything i win, even this crown! .  
# Toby Moses @2015

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Lost Sheep

Shifting time a bit more backward,  
I think that's the greatest progress  
To bring backward things forward  
It worth nothing but a simple digress,

There are lies my heart dont keep,  
Like they should not need my sincerity  
Nor the quiet meditation of a sheep  
Or any theory that doubts God's dexterity

I have wrongly felt i know things i did not,  
And i have repeated my woes more than once  
Seeming my knowings are not well taught  
I think this is more foolish than ignorance

My pastor do claim to have a faith  
But never once worked wonder works  
With him i have formed a strong trait,  
Just like a lamb to the other flocks.

A gasping survivor and prey with scars  
Looking for lighthouse to rest my roam  
I have got lost and wandered too far.  
O christ, search for me and i'll come home.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Man Who Killed Jesus

Good heavens wilt bless this fair sleuth,  
Who kill`d Jesus, Hast I probbeth and grabbeth!  
Wherefore now, know I, Whom`s deadliest murderer,  
`Twasn't Judas slew him, wherewith smacker;  
Hurled, thou a codiote, hid thy face as harmless donkey,  
Oh come all, Shalt hang we this cruel fey?  
Why did you slain the begotten son of God,  
One Who saved`s folks, therefrom sin's rod;  
To bow for no idols, wrought by heathen  
Whom preach`d truth, paved way`o heaven;  
Wrought he tokens and countless miracles,  
Yet he healed o' sabbath, The Kikes Lambastes;  
Told them he came not to condemn the law,  
But save us from teeth of death, even from his Jaw

And why may he fred the nabb`d fornicators?  
To equalised hissself as God of our ancestors?  
He forgot, We are motals and he's divine  
Why say then the heaven, world was thine;  
The world where truths are vieled with darkness,  
And our handiworks needs no lightness;  
Men's heart qua depth of blind hades,  
So it wasn't yon dragoons whipped him wades;  
None knew of the perfidy, Not john Nor peter;  
Albeit, you remained mute as lamb afore`s slaughterer,  
But now I know who the murderer is,  
Let's not curse, Judas nor James for this  
For all mankind rejected, smote him their sword,  
Aye! , Lo, The slasher is the whole world!

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Old Woman And The Vegetable

Do you say poem or a fable,  
Up the hill, lived an old woman;  
and the green vegetable  
How desperate was their plans.

For time, the old woman  
Planned to cook vegetable, yet there  
The vegetable had a more deadly-than  
but she never knew what they were.

For the vegetable said,  
In so far she wasn't joyed of his living,  
Once she cooks him up, that instead  
He would ached her stomach till dying.

And to her basket, She fetched the green  
Having cooked him up, she took to eat  
My stomach! my stomach! holding her spleen  
But vegetable asked- you want me die, so you feast?

Should we do(what we are never sent)  
Kill our fellows when we pray to live?  
Who then would this guilt be bent?  
The vegetable or the old hungry nymph?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Rabbit

He Was a good carrot-munching animal  
my friend's father sold him to me;  
for much bargains and some thousand naira  
Like a slave struggling for fetters free

There in a cage- -I brought him home,  
but times went by and we turned family  
Nights and every morning, i'd come  
Rome miles, for his cut of green barley

and eager the wakeful bunny'd twirl  
His nose like a toothless aged-woman  
Before the bite of his fresh meal  
pure, pious, slow, clean and hale- -

like a virgin maid before a mirror-frame  
From the head down to his cottontail  
he'd groomed himself party-ready the same  
His world, his imaginations, the quiet lay

his straight antenna-like ears, the black glowing eyes  
his humane heart, his loneliness, his humble soul  
Lavish me times kneeling by his side  
and made my secrets known to his earlobe

but there was nothing else i had,  
than to let him go and tell him bye  
like locked grain of sand from the hand  
than to cry and cry and cry

Than to yield to my mother's solace  
raising me up in her dearing cheer,  
On a morning I walked to his cage

That I could not find him there

But behind his death was a foe  
My brother's mad dog who'd bite  
Ate him up and took to his toes  
In the middle of the night.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Rich Also Lack

Why that the rich also lack,  
With money load up in sack:  
Unpeopled and beggars also give,  
Who in much naggings do receive;  
That Kings and princes do cry,  
Be not as plague for their pride;  
Looks Scares, the blind also dream.....  
Tells underworld's emptiness and grim;  
The righteous falls and dies away,  
Twice or thrice, satan also pray:  
Above sky and the world down,  
Things comes slow and hastily return  
Long was it and will be again,  
O'er and o'er but earth will remain;  
None else knows the reason why,  
Why all things to nothing's worthwhile! .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# The Sexy Pastor

Right On my TV screen,  
there she sit with her bible  
neatly opened on the table  
she started and say,  
the topic of mine sermon  
is'ungodly dressing is  
an abomination to god  
but all her own assets  
were out from her white bra  
and horny and ready for hot sex.  
with her creamy tits partly shot out  
her wet legs were naughtily spread  
now i have seen,  
what i dont want my eyes to see  
and things i have believed to be idols  
i have meet a satan on the holy altar  
the whole mountains are upon my head  
now i am grieved and confused  
and i cant tell what it is kind...  
i am watching a pornography  
or a biblical preaching?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## The Sonnet 2

Come not here, Not there- -O adulteress!  
Do warlord fights when laid therein grave?  
Rove away, Rove away, beauty of slyness,  
O preying death, Give me no seductive wave;  
Of umpteen wreaths and glammers outward,  
Painted granites, glossy veneer of marbles;  
And yet dead bones, rots and decay inward,  
She's a tombstone, Her graces are sad fables;  
Sweet as honey, On a bed veiled upon cavern  
Cloying to teach git a game that cost his life,  
Come not here, Not there- O undear maiden!  
The brief mirth in immoral wife?  
Myriad are the sufferer of your unkind plot,  
My life is a green bud too heinous to cut  
(2)

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## The Sonnet V

Its flits as flag planted upon a mountain,  
Waters of river running her banks through;  
Swirling o'er and o'er, froing back again,  
And as restless flower on tempestuous pool;  
Why wood-yellow sun, bare-moon high there  
Haltingly turns, slowly as travels the earthworm?  
Whirlwinds comes and quickly returns nowhere,  
Things changes thus fades to no arty form;  
Clock that counts is a deluder and a cray!  
For the universe covertly do deflect,  
Like hank of entwined clouds on sunny day;  
Weird but this eso teric knowledge i suspect,  
The world's rested upon an orb of pendulum,  
Swaying around, round as that dangling plum

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Story-Teller

Hopping shadows, coldy nights  
Bottomless view, imaginary heights  
there are many commas in my story  
They were written in tears and worry  
The walls i built for it are falling apart  
Feeling alone but taking the very path  
i am the story-teller nobody tells about  
Feeling rejected but i have the mapout  
It come unawared but i am going on  
My slippers are old, i'll drag them home torn.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Trinitarians

And on that day,  
A pastor had just preached  
On existence of the trinity,  
And he said all these words:  
Jesus is equal with God,  
He is equal in power, authority.

and position with his Father;  
he said he's one with him  
because he abide in his Words,  
and did his Will in all he did.  
Then a man stood and argued:  
My friend, do yourself more good.

One wouldn't climbed a tall build  
And jump, even animals won't do that  
Go and read more about the Bible,  
Then think about the things you read  
and ask many questions.  
dont throw stones and hide your hands.

Till you question things you are told  
your knowledge is not really your own  
but of the person who taught you.  
what if the person who taught you errs?  
That is how to gain deep knowledge in life  
And some waited behind to ask him why.

But he gave his words, he said:

Jesus himself never told his disciples  
To pray to him, but to the Father  
Many considered and hold unto it as true!  
A man also said, i dont believe in denomination,  
and separation of body of Christ.

It makes Christianity looks weak, unreal  
In the eyes of people to be converted  
Or to be called into its Light.  
So let everyone choose the God,  
they will serve and cling to their belief  
Just as Rahab and Ruth.

Another man sitting too close to him  
Stood and said, even trinity is nowhere  
Nowhere to be found in the Bible  
so it's gibberish to argue about trinity,  
There is no trinity, it's all a lie  
You've been looking in the wrong turn.

All is said well but all i know is,  
It's a concept of salvation and not creation.  
There's a stage to every belief we hold.  
There's a stage that once we reach,  
Nothing can take it from us,  
Not even sickness or death.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The Wounded Tree

There was a tree of my ecstasy,  
And its ways you too will applaud;  
Its arms, did shield sorts of canary,  
If storm blows away earth and skies:  
And the tempests and ungentle flaw,  
Frights brave ones to find their hides

She's out, blasted wet and cold,  
Losing those never-blushing flower;  
With sweet fruits blooming manifold  
After the bolts are gone, old and young  
Sowles and bends her green hands lower,  
Some whipped her clubs, scythe and prong.

Oft stones, Some cuts her with knife,  
She cries sour saps, night and day:  
Bleeds ugly pain like a labouring wife,  
Her barks peeling down as bulwark of troy  
She grew worse, her roots turned gray;  
And as mushroom kicked by little boy.

She fell, her flowers, fruits, nests\_\_fell  
No soft wind blew, upon her gount lave  
No man came around to raise her upwell  
All buntings flew, no sounding tune nor trill  
O tree! you are hurt for good things you have  
Like virtuous men slashed, lying queit and still.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# The holy Vigil

It is wednesday again,  
Any guest coming at mid of night;  
Would not meet momma at home  
Cause she is gone to the holy vigil  
And all of our doors too are locked,  
And the windows too are well knotted  
You sleep well and have a great respite

Stars twinkling, moon happy and full  
Till the sunrise we are staying awake  
Watching the clock as it count round  
And our warm heads and weak legs  
We would shake as spiders on their webs  
You could see Samuel by the drums  
And pastor gingling the bell many times

And the noise travelling through the night  
As if monkeys hold a big wedding  
Now I am feeling ill of attending vigils  
But i do remember what i once was,  
The shepherd holding tight his staff  
My brothers also have gone too far  
Last year my mom went but never called us again.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# There Is An Empire

There is an empire,  
In that empire no mortal lives;  
On its lane no human travels,  
In that empire, no day nor night;  
Upon its sky, no darkness nor light,  
There's no burst of rains and dew  
No woods, Nor green grass strew  
Yet no drought nor dearth of food;  
There no man sets stones apart to build,  
But in that empire there a hidden throne;  
And an invisible emperor, On that throne,  
Some unseeable gladiators, beside the throne;  
Unseeable gladiators beside the throne,  
Invisible emperor on that throne;  
Hidden throne in the empire,  
No man sets stones apart to build;  
Yet no drought nor dearth of food,  
No burst of rains and dew;  
No woods, Nor green grass strew  
No darkness nor light upon its sky  
In that empire no day nor night,  
No human travels on its lane;  
No mortal lives in that empire,  
This empire is in the world to come

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# To A Little Girl Murdered By Her Father

Have you tasted a sack of bee?  
if she sings, sweet was her voice  
Little girl, you were tender jelly rose  
Before the rude hands squeezed you  
You were but a soft fall of snow  
Before the earth smutched you,  
He knocked you kicks and blows  
Before you fell and died that night.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# To My Brother (Oluwaseun) In Death

Dekko, dekho! my cniht stumbled as giant sculpture,  
Altho` doughy yet fell likeas ancient colosseum;  
Chest-binded leak`g dust; Trampled below her toe,  
To war, To war; she doth matches withno mece nor fultum;

Extreme in parade; A rapier sharper than lion's fang,  
Crafty lamb; Slayed thou big fox with scythe of grim-reaper;  
Seeds of delilah; slay me not t`is day, O gorgon, O hag!  
Fairy as lily of dale; All promiscuous men doth suspires after;

Therefrom a crowd, thy lovely visage thus wheedleth,  
As ringlets madest of aureates, Oft-tempt`g to heist;  
Lo! cannot men live withno her seraphic kisses and warmth?  
Great be a man dyin' a bachelor, This he is the greatest?

O lord! Whither, Whithers my cniht, my brother?  
Thou gone upto a place; The sun goest afore twi-lit?  
Sapientwith sweet sin plus seduction; she won`r hanker,  
Much as satan kills e`en can ne`er creates a mere maggot!

Verily, Verily, I knew my brother wast temptedst of vagrants,  
Still, if he remainedst him stand and succumbed not;  
`Ewouldst hast been mightier than many stronger tracts,  
`Ewouldst ruled over universes and the whole planet;

Right and o`er every nations and their king\_\_\_\_  
And upon golden moon, thither he hath`s seat;  
His bedstead amongst crystal tunglen  
I only scribed a dirge but she killed thee, O cniht!

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# To My Mommy

Mommy!

You are the creamy moon,

On the night

of a new year.

The whole world run happily

Round the streets,

screaming your name.

Mommy!

You are the broad warmy sun,

On the morning

Of every church day.

All priests bend their knees solemnly

and pray for you

shalom! shalom! ! shalom! ! ! .

Mommy!

You are a beautiful woman,

As a little sea-eyed girl

Dressed in purple.

Holding a rose in her hands

all the children love

to pick your cheeks.

Mommy!

I am alone gazing at the old photos

The sweet memories

Are coming to my mind.

Mom don't worry about me, i'll soon be home

i love you mommy from my heart

God and all the saints knows it.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# To Youth That Sleepeth

One chased up by masquerade  
Would give all his best run,  
No complain untill distant is made  
Till the fast busy chaser is won  
Comfort is not an option for a prey  
Nor for one behind the mask  
But demons do give up their chase,  
if you scare them out of the dark  
It is true many have triumphed death  
They gave him no space of breathe.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Toby-The Tombdigger

Wish a tombdigger, i was made;  
Carving caskets, with axe and spade  
Who could sing the most bitter elegies,  
A lissful pity for quick monumental obsequies  
And within my closed doors, i laugh:  
The straiteneds, may plead to pay me-half  
When he must embalm his poor father;  
Would go console, make mothers less sadder  
When their impish son wears a big rope,  
As hoaxers, do give raring but doubtful hope  
In death of such unjust lord or tyrant,  
That thousand haters unbless and rant  
At me, to engrave his stone, rest in peace;  
Yet if their tears rush and gush more seas,  
I would have it as sweetest testimony;  
Each day would my prayers wish all men a coffin  
Even with my solemn love for a dead friend,  
I would shroud him grave to rejoice his end.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Transfiguration

Here I was- lovelorn.  
Nursing my wish for farandole.  
After that cold shady rain,  
When all men pick their walks  
And the old ones gaiting by;  
Like little chicks crossing gums  
All earth's gullies turned sealet  
The night was very damp and quiet  
And its hovering was as snowstorm  
Few flies and colubrid could hiss;  
The moon's cloak was densely soaked  
All the stars were beaten so wet too  
.....And lost away all their disco lights  
That night you came home, O dear love.  
That night you came and hugged me up  
You came- you came calling my names,  
You brought home some flavorful flowers  
As your soft hands combed them in my hispid  
I stood springy as the height of a tree  
You folded me tight to your warmth  
Crossed your neck and kissed my ears  
As you cleft me 'tween your two boobs  
I felt a bursting of spark deep within me  
I held you hands, then we transcended  
Disembodied into the heavenwards,  
I became cherub- you turned harpyja  
You put out your wings and I clung on  
You led the tour and I simply followed  
You asked me questions but I couldn't answered.....  
Just because your mouth was wordless  
And I couldn't understand that language  
I spoke my thousands oaths into it  
And your many faithful vows into mine.  
We jumped boundaries of many worlds  
Some lands were berries, seas were liquors  
We saw countless fine supernatural arts;  
We saw flying men from the smokes afar  
And we beat feathers together to greet,  
Some tweeting musics, lights and polished bodies

But O! that night faded into a morning,  
I woke up, but you weren't beside me.  
I am dreaming or you never came home?  
But if you have come home, come to stay.  
So I pray the rain bid us such a night  
together, if not forever but once again.  
✕Sir Toby ~2017.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Turpitude

'A wicked man,  
will inherit fiendishness  
He that have wrought of turpitudes  
Do make its harvest of corruption;  
So it's death,  
to share a bottle of wine  
With a friend,  
who has refused to forgive  
You of your offence'.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Two Things

Two things, I Pray For  
O God b'yond heavens!  
Harken, For Pray I, Two things  
Fame nor Honor nev'r gives unto Me;  
Lest, the ruthless wench swallow me up as grave;  
Whom her teeth art cuttin' as shards;  
She thath delightest in killin' kings,  
Slain my soul in the gates,  
And share my flesh to young eagles,  
But Disown me not purple wools and silks,  
B'fore I cease my breathe,  
Two things hast I demand of thee,  
Give nether me poverty nor riches,  
Lest am filled up O' strong Wines,  
And profess I, thine word art Lies;  
Sweep away thine teachings as dreams;  
For affluences art not forever,  
Nor crown to every generation ether;  
Lest, Forget the laws, and quoth I, Who is God?  
But Withal bounty portion, Feed mine gourd;  
Lo, A sand is more weighty,  
And a stone ev'n heavy;  
But the slanders of a liar is heavier than,  
From lies and vanity, Let me Abstain;  
Let Me be Poor nor havin' lots  
Lest I tread in dust thine tablets.  
Amen!

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Wallahi - -Na Lie

Wallahi- Na Lie

Ebri Mallam sef don wise;

Allah! My prend na di prize

Awa-ra-wa wey get beta date

I go pass you for di gate,

Sii down hia mek you wait;

Elo Lo mu lowor nibeyen fun

Chere M ebee a ka m bia, i nu?

You don com lagos fom mugun

Gofment promez, you turn neck

Lotto result na wetin yeu dey check

Na yur mumu go mek you reck,

Wallahi- na Lie

Aboki Sef don open eye,

O boi, na so naija tek bi.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# War

Not only in jun,  
Excuse every pun;  
Ask any german hun;  
It do starts with a run:  
Getting intense as sun;  
Barking out fire as gun,  
Bloods and bullets on dun;  
War is not a cake or pone,  
No one ever prays for one.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Warring Peace

Thinking how the world would make peace,  
Is like waiting at new-york for titanic to reach;  
It wont while your heart would blow,  
Thinking of its sad news, you know  
To erase an ink with a pencil,  
Or try to know where the word travel  
where then do you start to alter?  
it is always a near hit to a dark matter  
but peace is made for the deads, wars for the living.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Wells Withno Waters

Wells withno waters,  
Outspreading our outskirts  
Breeze blown billows,  
People piloting pits;  
Semiotics scouring scientists,  
Recent religions revelations,  
Trading tawdry testimonies.  
Luring lying lips,  
Subtle seducing spirits;  
Popular possessed prophets  
Myriad miracles manifesting;  
Sheep-slaying-shepherds,  
Devil's deceptive doctorines;  
Teaching teachers today.  
Seeking some sidetracks,  
Thousands think they  
Tell the truth,  
False formed faiths;  
Common christians claims,  
Good Gracious God;  
Save saints' souls.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# What If It's True

What If it's true  
that this day we see  
will be the last to come  
and there will be nothing else  
we will call the marrow.

what if it's true  
that we will turn to statue  
when we cease this our breath  
when our body is given to the sand  
and a mere story will then be told.

What if it's true  
that our souls then is immortal  
it is still alive on the surface earth  
whispering and wandering  
on the four wings of the wind.

what if it's true  
that something so strange  
to history will soon happen  
when the preacher's foretell  
will then come to pass.

what if it's true  
that a fiery warlord is coming  
he once fought the hills and the seas  
he has fought many wars and won  
and his men were known for it.

what if it's true  
the world will lost all to him  
he will run after her and kill her  
he will not spare his children too  
then after will he set his new throne.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# When Men Slept

And when men slept,  
Enemy and his legions crept;  
sowed tares amidst wheat,  
\_\_\_other closed under their feet  
while some opened the soil:  
with spider darned owl's foil,  
And rats chewed crop in barns  
and wasted every of their earns;  
Dogs barked at strangeness in sky  
cats with glowing yellow-like eyes,  
Stood scarily hunting upon graves;  
Bats flew in and out empty caves  
And mother of vampires sitting afar,  
plucked down thousands precious star.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# When We Die

When We die  
Do we again lives on?  
when darkness shuts our eye,  
Are we in new body- reborn?  
.....

When the holy-killer kills\_\_\_\_  
Where does our spirits- wend  
If breathe from our nostrils;  
Takes wing and off- ascend?

.....  
If it flies away as unroped kites,  
If blackness covers a lamp- doused:  
Do flesh and soul but reunites?  
Atwhere the yellow flame goes?  
.....

Must death at all times bereave,  
And flash his teeth of conquest?  
Is any world lying a-yond grave  
Or below after our breast we rest?  
.....

Are we only decayed by heat of sun  
Turns mushroom, flower at night  
Blooming upon wood and bourn  
Purple, red, green and White?  
.....

When We die,  
Do We the thought of life- lose  
Or feel for our mourner's cry?  
Have We any other chance to choose?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# When We Were Young

When We Were Young;  
And i guess that wasn't quite long,  
Crying was an habit we all grew,  
we talked to cats and we knew  
How to jump at flying plane;  
we go falling round, happy and insane  
We go hide and seek, hide and seek  
Good was every friday, it ended the week  
At church we'd danced the choir's song,  
Do you remember when we were young?

\*

You remember when we were two?  
dragging away our mommas' shoes  
Checking out our fits in her dress,  
We made much stains and sticky mess;  
Talked much nonsense when we were wrong  
one may say, it because we were young.  
we turned to grow naughty bones,  
Climbing trees and throwing stones  
Boys comes building up house of ashes,  
Girls goes cooking up pack of trashes.

\*

Together we cut, shared our ice cold  
we never worried about growing old,  
we were too lazy to read our writings:  
we had no good care for everything,  
Victor knew, Mine was to play football,  
I and Tobi always desired it- afterall  
To be the best star we could be;  
Flying our jersey like those in tv  
but all our dreams faded away,  
we traded them for another by the way.

\*

Now ourselves have changed,  
And things left behind look strange  
we have lost the memories of events,  
the real beauty of places we went  
When we let our legs to kiss of the sea,  
When we climbed the park sliding free;

they are what we talk now if we meet  
Or cry hard about in our secret,  
as we watch our old photos one by one  
Because some of us feels we are now alone.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

## Where Is- -All The World?

Where is -all the world?  
Those we played together in mud?  
Where are those days we had funs  
Along the streets where we had our runs  
In the naked harmattan of every december  
Would Laolu, Lekan, femi, mayor still remember?  
Is anyone of them also thinking of me?  
Can I still trust one if now I see?  
One more, give me one more life  
That is free from fears and strife  
Like the one I had when I was six  
When I could go in through and pick  
Some ices from the thunderous rain  
Setting block to cause some floods drain  
One more calming through night  
Peaceful, withno dream to fright  
Like that I had in mama's lap after that rain  
When I thought\*no maid at labor feels pain  
O moon come shine long and much plain  
Before the marrow will come here again  
What is this stinging my heart so rough?  
Someone come turn this music box off;  
Let me tell if it be choir of men's solo  
Or some demons whispering to my soul  
For this is too heavy and isn't raw!  
And bloodily digging on my brain  
's skull  
Let me only hear a piano's note whisper  
Or something before my eyes disappear  
I want to yield slowly those angels' calls  
I need a voice to speak from the walls;  
Where is -all the world?  
Those we played together in mud?

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Who Kon Sabi Finish

who kon sabi finish  
Who dey claim right  
Who kon say him sabi  
Pesin whey dey waka  
Kon still dey look back  
Who know how back tek be?

...

When darkness kom for night,  
Plenti secret tins dey happen  
Whey chikini pepu know am  
Na when you join bodi with dem  
Na den you go know am  
Who kon wise finish?

.....

White cloth wey dem tye with black  
Na who know tori wey dey di head  
Butterfly wey dey envi leke-leke  
Forget sey him no get cloth pass one  
Mek man no tek mouth baje pesin own  
Cox nobodi fit say how tins go leta be.

.....

Wheda good or bad, man go survive  
As you dey beg mek e be for you  
Na so i dey pray mek e be for me  
Mek man no spoil anoda pesin own  
Tabi carri pesin own join him own  
Cox God wey dey judge mata still dey ervun.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Who Wilt Preach

Who wilt preach,  
In all wisdom, Warning everyman;  
How say you withno thoughts of breach,  
To defend Justice and Scan;  
Every scandals and filthy vices,  
Without receiving bribes or Prices?  
Would hearts think it once?  
To speak of the past regicide,  
Than he dies of his conscience;  
Slave rather live dumb, An Imbecile  
He knows truth has noplac to stay,  
And whosoever shuns evil, becomes a prey  
Who wilt preach,  
Ambitiously against Injustice and dishonesty;  
Appease righteousness to our reach,  
Pleading our case with integrity;  
Standing up to check, The course of Law  
Sharpening that sword, On federal-crooks'Jaw  
Who wilt Preach,  
And never leave the He-man but spaces;  
Or, either, turn a Running-ostrich  
Unveiling falsities, With some shows of paces;  
As engraved upon altar of all men's tongue  
To bravely proclaim it, With bells and bong

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Why Can't I Change

Why Can't I Change?  
or something,  
just change me.  
Why Am I too weak  
that i stumble and stand up  
every day i try to walk?  
why do I follow the way  
thousands of men go.  
why not i stray,  
to the road not taken  
why do I choose to wear rag  
when there is for me fine cloth?  
do i need to return like a dog  
to my vomits again,  
to get myself satisfied.  
why is it hard for a man to be free,  
why is my salvation been dragged,  
or does it not belong to me?  
or the one who gave me is a liar?  
can't just something  
strange just happen,  
can't love just fall down  
for me like a heavy rain  
that hurry a tiger  
and antelope to share a hole  
or i am fated to die this way,  
why can't i change  
or something just change me? .

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Winterfall

O sweet winter fall, fall again  
Fall this season, kind and plain;  
The earth await you with fain:  
Much planters need to plant grain;  
Little boys up the streets-complain  
To get those grasshoppers slain,  
Green frogs suffer a large blain;  
They want a pondbed at river-ain:  
O sweet rain, O sweet winter rain  
Fall hie but harm no violets in lain  
Lest all mankind turn unkind as cain  
To scold you and not refrain.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo



# Within And Apart

## WITHIN AND APART

Things fall, Within and apart,  
That everyone bear a part  
Of each tragedy and sad art,  
Sages who claims to be smart;  
Cannot surmise but a fact,  
Who know, If the gods' act?

Like hungry dogs, After a mouse  
Which hound these dreadful woes,  
Firing us daggers, Like their foes  
Corpses belike litters at every poles;  
Alas! Cryings, Tears of bitter souls,  
Rushing as if an estuary flows

Chukwuebuka Adebayo

# Wrong Turn

I've chosen the wrong turn,  
what i dont see has made me run  
Im following this blind man away  
now everyone could have their say:  
Feeling confused, now i doubt my belief  
My head says stay, my heart says leave  
It seeming i am in the middle of a poke  
my friends now dont laugh at my joke,  
my reasons are clear but no one tend  
To ask me where this turn would end.

Chukwuebuka Adebayo