

SONGS OF PEACE

**(A Collection of Poems and Art Works on Peace marking the first year anniversary
of IHRAF in Africa)**

Edited by:

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SONGS OF PEACE

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INTRODUCTION

When IHRAF Africa issued a call to artists and poets to submit works for this anthology in celebration of one year anniversary of IHRAF in Nigeria and in Africa, the only requirement was that the poems speak on issues of peace and sustainability.

The result of this call was a powerful collection of poetry and art from Nigeria, Uganda and Zimbabwe that makes the argument that poetry and art can bring about change and that peace is possible and on its way.

Songs of Peace is full of promise in the face of despair. In the pages of this anthology we are confronted by the trials, life, social, economic and political conflict that tears at daily existence. War, poverty, and disease touch the lives of all of us. No one is immune. And against all odds, against these sufferings the message of hope will not falter.

Mbizo Chirasha, a poet from Zimbabwe says, “my poetry is a catalyst fermenting your injustices into beverages of justice.” Poetry and all art is alchemical and spills into the city streets and countryside.

And finally, Oyinkansola Adesewa, whose poem “Songs of Peace” offers the title to this volume says:

*When peace is the language
We all speak
Peace is possible
When peace is the language
We all act
Peace is possible*

As part of this creative expression, art works from Christopher Idowu Samuel were brought into the vision. Poets and artist collaborating in a creative expression.

“Songs of Peace “is an inspiration. A statement of engagement from 12 poets and 1 artist. The African Chapter of the International Human Rights Art Festival (IHRAF) has done a service to literature and community with this anthology. This collection embraces a national community and a global community with the vision that we can make a better world together.

Wole Adedoyin

President

IHRAF AFRICA

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PAINTINGS TITLED "PEACE" BY CHRISTOPHER SAMUEL IDOWU

ETHIOPIA

See talking slums
silenced tongues
freedom silenced
hope killed
a bling of ghettos
collapsed humanity

mothers weeping,
under the compression of religion
trees dripping tears
Ethiopia your festering open wounds
you are my anger!

children burn in smoldering canisters of hunger
time opened new wounds of memories of old scars
chained on rocks of ignorance
you need a compass of decency

my poetry is a catalyst fermenting your injustices
into beverages of justice
you are my sadness!

your heartbeat bleached in political fermentation
rhythm galvanized in furnaces of cultural myth
laughter imbibed by the rude stomach of the gun
culture crushing under the weight of globalization

Mbizo Chirasha

DECADE OF BULLETS

Ouagadougou, Ouagadougou, Ouagadougou
See a procession of young mothers chattering their way
From water fountains in grenade torn sandals
And blood laced bras

Somalia, Somalia, Somalia
See the moon disappearing in a mass of gun smoke
Guns splitting the stars from the skin of night

Rwanda, Rwanda, Rwanda
This is a wound from which the pus of grief flows freely
Meandering through rock masses into the valley that lost its freedom

Timbuktu, Timbuktu, Timbuktu
I hear a rush of footsteps of sorrow
Rugged peasants carrying their compounds to far away valleys of flowers

Mbizo Chirasha

MATTERS OF CONSCIENCE

gulf of inspiration
oils the spin weave of my mind

rhythm and imagery my constitution
meditation my second bible after proverbs

iam apostoled by heart pounding drumbeat ritual of metaphors
pandamu! pangu! panda! pako! panda! pandamu! pa!
sanctified by breath choking incense of satire

[wordsmith chiseling thesarus rocks for jargon,
poet planting saliva in wombs of readers digest to reap diction]

political suspense
nutrition to my poetic conscience

social drama
fodder to my mental digestion

war
rabies that poisoned the tongue of Pakistan
and diseased the saliva of Afghans tan

corruption
polio
paralyzing penury burnt fingers of Matopos
and inflation butchered thighs of Zambezi

poverty

scabies eating away bare brown ,winter ravaged buttocks of Darfur

shrinking hunger sucked mango like breasts of Tutsiville

religion

measles blighting arteries of Vatican

bleeding yellow gums of Mecca

and shriveling hoarse breath of Jerusalem

Mbizo Chirasha

ROAD TO DAMASCUS

Granite faith exfoliated by superguns and sanctions whirls,
on this earth succumbing into dry spell of peace,
War-crats and confidantes skinning freedom from its people
Kofi drinking coffee with revolutionaries and revolutionaries in
Aleppo cafe on his way to Damascus

Daughters eating NGOs, GMOs, condoms and twitter
Bullet scorching the feet of super diplomats and mediators
Wikileaks castrating the reputation of this state

Opportunists and oppositionists eating asparagus and liver in candle light dinners
Selfish pseudo prophets calculating political matrixes, salmonella laced sugar tongued
Democrats cooking autocratic beetroot and propaganda pizza for media rituals and
puppets initiation.

Mbizo Chirasha

IAM A REVOLUTION

Tongues of their guns kissed the bottoms of our country walls
sand of corruption sedimented our banking malls
bishops munching rainbow chicken bones,
singing political verses

violence is a black disease
racism is a white disease
xenophobia is epidemic
blood spilling is endemic
dissidents studying theology
eunuchs graduating criminology
Afghanistan, earthquake of religions
Pakistan, volcano of political legions

corruption natural lotion applied in armpits heavy weights
extortion Vaseline shining on thighs on high offices
iam not revenging freedom of expression
iam bubbling with freedom of expression
iam constitution of word identity
iam poetry butter and bread
i see children blinded by propaganda peri peri
i see blinded nations

they ate the last supper Joburg
their departure never came,
even when the rainbow sun rose
iam in the drama of the state
my temper of dignity rise and sink
my children drank the apartheid poison

iam diagnosing them with freedom passion

iam tired of academics who loot
and intellectuals who shoot
Luther is my tight comrade
iam a cheerleader
iam an African phonologist
i was born from African sound
iam renaissance home bound

propaganda is the jingle of peasants
verdict is the slogan of exiled
iam a brand of poetic tomatoes
iam diving in trees of political apples

doubtful metaphors still dance out night in the glory of African sun
barometer of poverty boxed by Khoisan
rainbow streets bling with ghettos
so what the fuss, motorcades
no longer drive, village dust highways

rhythm of rainbow eaten by dogs
blood rhymes of freedom born frees sucked
by bed bugs
daughters depleted by social anorexia
babies whipped by cultural diarrhea
we are suffering from freedom malnutrition.

Mbizo Chirasha



ATEGUN ALAAFIA
(WIND OF PEACE)

I

Up high rightly above in sky
the sun sends light through clouds
and scorching heat upon men
as the nose struggles
for pieces of breath
while sandy dusts wreck the air
seeing nothing less
but blinded sight of moving sands
where misty cold air relics
as harmattan breaks lips
with missing wind hitting heat.

II

Confusion plots on visages
 of adults and infants weeping
 of elders and children mourning
as blood streams into
pores of ever thirsty earth,
skulls littering streets like
sacred shrines of chaotic cults.

III

Pieces of peace
all around cosmos squares.

I sit no more,
for the love of home.
I, a patriot

rise to shout

E je ko fe.

My nation dunks.

Men, women and children

cultivate daily remains,

harvest curses of the gods.

But, I march out

at the rhythms of fear

to podium where defiant tigers

were ushered to Earth.

So with my voice, I applaud

E je ko fe.

I will keep walking

on venerated terror rails

shadowed with blue death

overcoming with good cheer.

Ategun alaafia

E je ko fe.

I will keep chanting

till my voice is heard.

Notes*

Ategun Alaafia: It is from the Yoruba Language meaning "wind of peace".

E je ko fe: It is also from the Yoruba Language meaning "let it blow".

Tola Ijalusi

BLUES FOR GAINCOMING PEACE

At your feet, rebirth welcomed us
Revitalizing greedy buried unity
Reinvigorating joy in this nation
And laughter returned into every home.
Revival of love sowed revelations
Springing forth hope for better tomorrow
With all round reincarnated satisfaction.
At your feet we met renewal
A new era awaits us as we
Keep resting in you.
Leave us not, not again, not ever.

Tola Ijalusi

AWAITING PASS

Away,
miles away,
somewhere far away
in a land yet unsung
with esoteric foundation.
I explore my lingering thought,
jointly with you Papa and Mama
holding intricate innocent hands of your Sister
and arms across Brother's shoulders.
But, thought it is
weary wish it remains
as am left to battle
my greatest fear here alone,
here at home
awaiting pass, to come
resting in peace.

Tola Ijalusi

ESPIES OF TOMORROW

spear of sporadic shots
cracks clinging clouds,
fractures pitcher of today
defiled by reddish spittle.
Out light by night
dashed with blindness of
SHOCK COLD FEAR
floods fruits of this day.

But,
my eyes strikes another day
with time to spend,
gains to gain,
wars to win - a day
to live in peace.

Tola Ijalusi

OUR PLEA

darkest night of all
in fellowship - skin battles late cold
stars glows gloriously
pains grows victoriously.

We sing tonight
praising our cancers,
We mourn tonight
hailing our killers.

so we beckon GOD
to grant us grant
if not like yonder
but of days earlier.

Tola Ijalusi

THE SICKLE AND THE ACE

Well deepened with grace,
My quail, ink and this page on this salient trace,
Thy gleaning mind and its hanged on brace,
Give me music, give me dance for this genre shall entrance,
For the serene of spirit, soul and body elevates man towards that higher plane,
From those glorious heights do I in humility gaze,
For the conceited in mind only rummage in a dazy haze,
The violent in spirit wallow ignorantly in some insane craze,
Brains with high octane rave,
The shadow, the sickle and its chase,
When shall it be, that world where love alone is appraised,
Where unity and equity is the bane without laze,
If these lands were beautiful and calm who would say life was a darkened maze,
Who would say life was but a worthless phase,
The quiet of the heart detests the mischief within their riotous prance,
For mankind must its steps retrace,
With peace must war be replaced,
In togetherness we cement our future, our ace.

'The Sage' Anthony Edmond John

FOR GLOBAL PEACE

My content writing with this intent,
To break loose of those shackles,
My mind's formidable buckle,
From this tapestry thy salient suckle,
In agape love and unity's cocoon shall we our little troubles tackle,
For the soul purpose of this trip is to release thy mind from its chaos tethered shackles,
disdain all ill-conceived battles,
Mankind's many bustles,
You can't separate peace from freedom,
because no one can be at peace unless he has his freedom,
Salient words of the sage Malcolm X in full wisdom,
Great minds don't give in to tussles with muscle,
This blissful lustre,
In his divine words did this lines come to life,
To think is to create,
This is why thinking is the highest plane,
And to create, one must do this with an enlightened mind,
For without peace there is no creation.

'The Sage' Anthony Edmond John

ELEVATE TO LIGHT

The ease of this walk,
To meet behind closed doors,
Sweet of those talks,
As we laugh in bulk,
Agone days of bliss.

To cry and not sulk,
Or throes of that chaotic gore,
The slow of death's hurt,
Darkened relics of some cold war,
The pain stricken faces of those mummies in chalk,
As we in sobriety prayed for serene calm's kiss.

For at war only the dead is free from fear,
Our faith in those fallen tears,
Lessons from my forebears,
Anguish heaped in tiers,
To peace we swear,
Of peace shall we hear,
For only with peace can mankind heal,
salient ode to my comrades the quail, ink and this page as they reveal.

'The Sage' Anthony Edmond John



DOVE

season of peace
has given
birth to sustainability,
to every image
of personality,
free from mortal
frequently.

The dove abstain
not from its
successful reign,
share its wings of peace
to humanity,
the symbol of peace
without pain,
injecting sweetness that make
you sane.

peace,
product of
cooperation, merchandise
of correction,
commodity of affection,
suit your heart
without indoctrination,

peace,
its price like the buying
of a peanut,

its outcome like the down-pour
of rain.

oh! peace,
your presence a delight to eyes,
a messenger to the soul,
a fragrance to the body.

Momoh Ayuba Danjumah

VICTIMS

with their emaciated bone,
drenched in atmospheric zone,
lack of sweetness and nutrition,
in different angles deprive of fun.

there are victims,
of domestic violence,
confirmed by the weeping of the sun,
their ambition wiped out into pieces,
plague by absence of peace.

I'll look them in the face,
and leave a sign at their space,
forever relinquishing vigorous case.

oh! what have I become,
disruption in a combat with peace,
victims suffer the remnants of its feces,
but time heals the hardship of the victims.

Momoh Ayuba Danjumah

SONGS OF PEACE

Ki a fi Owo we Owo
Oun ni Owo fi nmo
Together as a nation
We can have the peace we desire
Owo ryokan ole
Gbe eru de or I
Peace is possible
When peace is the language
We all speak

Peace is made possible
When you love your brother
As you love yourself
Peace is made possible
When you like Cain don't think
Peace is made possible
When you like Cain don't act
Peace is made possible
When you, your brother's keeper be
Peace is made possible
When you know same red blood
Runs through us all

Ki a fi Owo we Owo
Oun ni Owo fi nmo
Together as a nation
We can have the peace we desire
Owo eyokan o le
GBE eru de or I
Peace is possible

When peace is the language
We all speak

To attain this peace
We must, in unity, join our hands

When peace is the language
We all seek

Peace is possible

When peace is the language
We all speak

Peace is possible

When peace is the language
We all act

Peace is possible

Oyinkansola Adesewa

DREAMS

Dream yet dream not too much
Waste not all your youth in dreams
For you will at evening wake up
Plant your seeds when the season is on
And weed your plants to remove excess wear
Sleep not when the sun glows up high
And dream not when evening comes
For at night your body will in a box be
And your dreams dead with their master in the grave.

Nsubuga Charles Benjamin

FALLEN STAR

It shined and colored the sky for a thousand years
But now it no more appears
Like a bird twittering in the eves it was,
Like a carols song on the eve of Christmas,
Like a fresh breath on the break of a new morn.
Like a dying knight, it faded and down, down
It came with a big thrust, but left no mark behind
No, not a spark of light; no one ever got to know
About its explorations in the sky.

Nsubuga Charles Benjamin

FOOTPRINTS OF INK

I know that tomorrow I will go
And a lone traveller I will be
But they will know that I was here
For I will have left a mark behind.
My footprints are shed in ink
And broadcast my journey on earth
I will always be remembered
With a sigh and an applause
Well, tomorrow I will be gone
But they will know I was here.

Nsubuga Charles Benjamin

A HAUNTED PRESENT

Now in my life, with
All success achieved, I am
But still wanting
And asking myself questions with no answers
Time has revolved
And a lot has changed,
New faces I see now yet
Zero feelings for them I have
In the present, always comes my past.
Remember the days we had together
Everything just seemed so perfect
But I was so ridiculous, never used the moments to
Express my true affection to you and yet
Can not stop thinking about you now.
Can it be that i will never forget you
And then just go on loving you to the end of time?

Nsubuga Charles Benjamin

THE CLARION CALL.

.
The labour of our
heroes past
shall never be invain.
But,
what about the labour
of a slain wrist
and bleeding veins
from a
mother
of five
without food for
today?
What of the labour
of a Nigerian
soldier
falling in the fight
against religious ideological
divide?
The flowing blood
on the floor
of our fatherland
cries for peace.
It cries for
peace.
Peace in the north
where human
life
has lost its
sanctity.

Peace in the south

where crude

oil

is what we eat.

Its cries daily,

it cries for Nigeria.

..

Akor Emmanuel

SHADOWS OF REALITY

If shadows where
the images
of living things
then the shadows
of my
thoughts
for my country
would not
remain illusions.
I have a dream
like martin
but dreams don't
breed reality
in my country.
Dreams of peace
and good
health care,
of infrastructure
and sound
education,
of a better future
for our children.
If only dreams ever became reality.

.

Akor Emmanuel

THE DISTANCE WAILING

I heard it from afar,
The beating of the Konga with its deafening melody.
I saw it from a distance,
The burning of the fire with its blinding smoke.

I heard them from afar,
The screaming of innocent dying children.
I saw them from the distance,
The falling figures of murdered defenseless women.

The lyrics of their dirge deafening my ears,
The melody of their dying songs haunting my dreams,
Their ceaseless wailing bringing tears to my cheeks,
The aroma of their burning meat nauseating my bowels.

The streets are full of their charred bodies,
The gutters are full of their flowing blood.
The cloud above gets thicker with their smokes,
Soon it would rain of vultures.

I can hear from distance the wailing of mother Africa,
Wailing for the slaying of her children,
And would not be comforted,
For they are no more.

From Nigeria to Chad to Niger,
Their restless spirits roam the forests.
From Liberia to Cameroon to Libya,
Their undead souls wander the streets in darkness.
I listened and screamed,

I beheld and cried along with mother Africa,
And would not be comforted,
For they are no more.

Day upon day they fall,
Their throats slashed with daggers,
Their wombs opened with carving knives,
Their heads rolling in painful whirlwind dance.

Men in their primes,
Women with seeds embedded,
Children in their springs,
Innocent, defenseless, unaware and dead.

We that are, mourn them,
The brokers turn their ordeal to debates,
The perpetrators claim responsibilities,
And the foreigners console us.

The daggers are wiped of blood,
The guns are cleaned and reloaded,
More bombs are made and bought,
And the wailing ceases not.

Competing with the sound of thunder,
Splashing like the sound of rain on iron roof,
Deafening, heart shattering and maddening,
The wailing of death from a distance.

Babatunde Idowu Ebenezer



THE BALL OF FLAME

Down, down, down and down and down,
It descended from the sky like rain,
Down and fast like a fallen star,
Bright and loud it came from above,
Bringing into memory the popular story
Of Sodom and Gomorrah in the Bible.

Furiously it descended like an injured Robin,
Killing everything in its path like thunder,
Scattering pieces of human flesh around like beefs,
Down it rained on the innocent residents like brimstone.

The Ball of Flame.
Among the torn inedible brown and red meats,
Flow the blood of innocents children,
In their sprouting period.
Men and women in their prime,
Taken by surprise their own sudden call,
By the sepulcher sound of the toiling bell,
Ringing beyond the seven black lakes,
Only reachable by a journey of no return.

Among the flown scarlet liquid of life,
Wallow the torn carcasses of innocent worshippers,
Joyously on their way home,
After a blessed and a cursed Sunday service?
Children at their neighbors',
To play with their friends but never again,
To set eyes on their caring parents,

Caught like others unaware,
By the deadly trail of the ball.

The Ball of Flame.

This must stop,
The night must be still,
The land request for water not blood,
The rainwater must be drinkable,
Not sour with uncooked carcasses,
Of abominable sacrifices to unknown gods.

The mourning must be aborted,
National flags, up they want to be hoisted,
Not upside down like a bat upon the tree palm.
When I take my pen to write,
Lyrics must flow not dirges.
When I raise my eyes to heavens,
I must give praises not ask questions.
Let my tears flow for joy not sorrows,
This music of tragedy must loose notes.

Peace must come back to reign in our lands,
Our children must wash the moon rise in peace,
And our maidens must go to the rivers unharmed,
Our youths must learn to hunt antelopes not men,
Nights must be filled with sounds of pestles on mortals,
Not blasts of bombs and shots of guns.
Let the rain fall again,
Let it fall on our lands,
Let it soothe our aching hearts,
Let it revitalize our waning energy,

Let it re-fire our lost hopes,
Let the rain fall on us again,
Let it come as in the days of old,
Let the rain fall on us once more.

The rain of peace.

Babatunde Idowu Ebenezer

ECHOES OF PEACE

But the wind of calmness will blow,
In your land there will be echoes of peace,
And your river of peace again with might will flow.

The giant white cock will crow,
And these songs of war forever will cease,
Then your beautiful black skin like diamond will glow.

Your corns in the fields will grow,
And your mountains you will no longer lease,
For the hands of your sons will be strong on the plough.

Oh beautiful Queen how did you get this low
To become an object of ridicule to your niece?
You whose apparel was a stainless garment of snow.

Let somebody tell me if they know,
How Africa became this abject and restless piece,
And her own living became to her a great painful woe.

The bodies of her daughters to the dogs they throw,
And upon her face the scare of dagger like a crease.
But the wind of calmness will blow,
And your river of peace again with calmness will flow.

Babatunde Idowu Ebenezer

THE REFUGEE'S VOICE

His voice for the hundredth time mumbles,
'Spare some change for the poor boy.'
His eyes twinkling even in the crepuscular light,
His discalceate feet hardly moving at all,
Yet he is moving.

Again comes the tiny voice amidst the traffic sound,
'God loves a cheerful giver.'
The metal porringer in his metacarpus gleaming,
Hundreds of limbs actuating around his tiny frame,
Yet none bothers to even halt a second,
His pleas though never cease,
No reply is heard for them.

Then comes the bellowing from canopy above,
Accelerating paws now scurrying,
But the voice would not bulge.
Almost singing now,
'Mother is sick, father is no more.'
A moving figure eased its stride,
Well-manicured fingers went into a pocket,
Followed by the dinging of a coin in the bowl.
A ray flashed across the street,
The mouth smiles!
Decaying fangs emit but yet sparkle not.

Almost only four legged in the hood now.
And those even are not waiting,
Yet he remains,

And from the canopy come the cascades!

Soon, his coal black curls drip,
His shred soaked,
And there is this look he wears,
Gloom perhaps.
But it is hard to say if he is crying,
With all his body streaming.

Then he glides down a corner,
To find a dryer spot maybe,
And lay his tired body down for a while.
But only for just a while,
For the hustling must continue,
Else the tree will fall!

Where would he sleep tonight?
Who would worry if he does not go home?
What would his dinner be?
Why does he have to pass through all these?
What is his offence to mothernature?

Hatred has thrown this fate his way,
Though innocent of the strife,
Yet he is not spared of the consequences,
The punishment of the sins of his fathers,
He must serve in suffering and pain.

He must wander and beg,
Until the olive branch is waved,
And blood in his streets is no longer shed,

When the sounds of gun will cease,
And the white flag is hoisted again.

He shall be free when we want him to be,
He will have a home when we give him one,
When we are ready to embrace each other tightly,
Even though our languages differ,
When we see in each other a fellow human,
And not an opposing religion follower.

Then the voice would no longer beg,
The body would lay on a mattress,
And the mouth would recite the beauty of its lands,
The African child would rise and rise,
To such enviable heights like his ancestors,
But only when we have peace.

Babatunde Idowu Ebenezer

UNFOUND TREES

We saw when the clouds gathered o'erhead,
We heard when the thunder clapped,
We felt the wind when it blew,
Our roofs shook when the trees fell.
But we know not where the flood swept the trees to.

Where could they be;
These trees with succulent breasts?
Maybe in the land of nowhere,
Where their erect breasts would soon sag,
Under the caresses of the barbarians.

Where were they swept to;
These trees with firm buttocks?
Perhaps, they are in the dark quiet forest,
Where their firm buttocks would soon soften,
Under the ravishing of the uncultured apes.

In where do we look for them;
These trees with angelic faces?
Maybe we will find them in the wilderness of shadow,
Where their innocent faces would soon turn gloom,
Under the canes of the uncivilized animal husbands.

We know not where they are,
We search for them not,
Their lives matter not,
Not when there is a feast on the rock.

Open the menu,
Serve the dishes,
Cut the cakes,
Pop the wines,
Toast to our good health.
Our century matters.

Pray, talk not of the fallen trees,
Let them vegetate in the wild,
Let them replicate in the shrubs,
Their flower bloom unseen to eyes,
Their spring aura felt only by animals,
Their fruit soiled and unfit.

There are enough in our gardens,
To keep us occupied for another lifetime,
To take our banter with smiles,
And shed bitter tears of sorrow inside,
Why then should we worry about these missing fallen trees?

Would these trees then be forever missing?
Their green leaves wilt without rejuvenation?
Shall we no more see any birds sing on them?
Would they forever be dead alive?

Babatunde Idowu Ebenezer

ABIYAMO

Let my verse nudge your consciousness
To the standing mirror before you
The sun shines in sorrow
The moon moans
The sludge of supremacy
Causes their nauseous nonsense
But you are the easement of all circumstances

The dialogue of naked soles
Caught on your tongue's lullaby
To sleep the heirs of men's agonies
Never feel as warrior, else,
Adversity overtakes your lullaby
Never feel inferior, else,
Nations lack your value
And run into chaos

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

GIVE ME THE FRIENDSHIP SEAT

Give me the friendship seat
That I may sit and ask you questions
Of your intimate needs and wants
You chased off the sky
The merry butterflies
You shake the mother earth
With hands of violence
And change direction at intervals
Knowledge indeed is haram
In a scripture you cannot hold

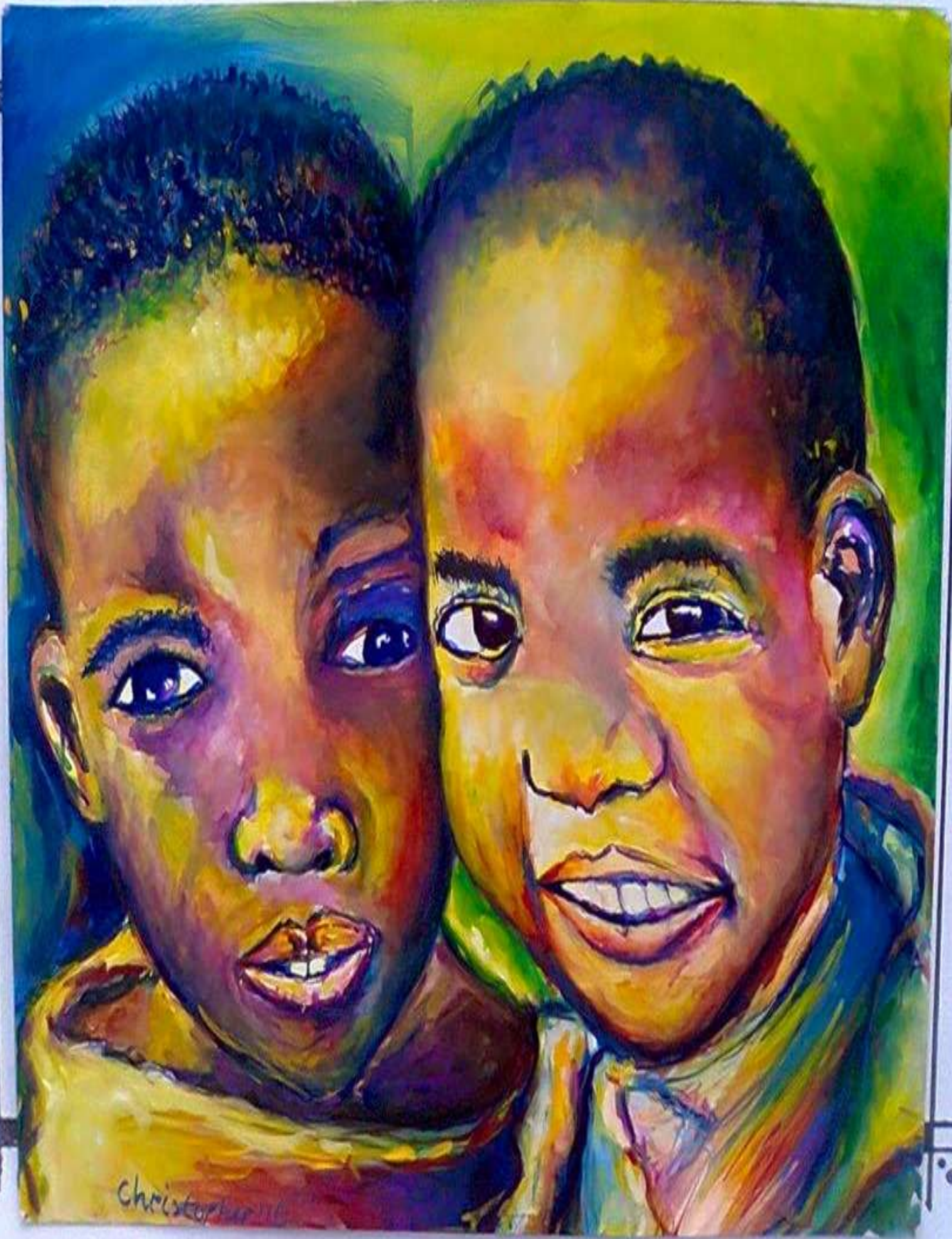
In which god's name do you slaughter
With ill notion on a peaceful land?
You cage souls in congested grave
With strikes of your rapid movements
Like mixture of thunder in heavy rain
Apprehension greets us at each dawn
We can do nothing but watch
You destroy the efforts of peace and love

You take over the whole length
With collective forceful storm
Nothing could stand on your path
You rise up and command attacks
To women and children; plants and animals
Though, no war ever ends on battle field
But if your bullets suddenly cease
Who will survive the earth?

Tell me, in which god's name
Should anyone be in ignorance?
Oh tell me, where it lives in your scripture
That knowledge is haram?

But, let friendship build a pillar
At the centre of this hate land
Where closeness once tied the neighborhood
Where daydreams die down
Where sad arrows strike strongly
Where women and children's eyes water
With silence of stimulating sadness
Let friendship fertilize our fears
And Peace and Love regain their positions!

Bada, Yusuf Amoo



Christopher

TIME OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The moon spread its scarf
On the black cold sky
Uniquely and perfectly
And veiled the earth
From crime and violence

Brothers,
It is time to master our consciousness
With peace that we are identified with
Beyond the universal calendar
And let peace be forever

Let the devil live nakedly
And the saints protect their virginity
Like a man who consciously cupped his hand
To protect his lantern against the wind
We all have a place up there

Drop the swords and the tongues
It is not fine to fight for God
If we put ourselves between God and His victim
We may receive blow intended for the offender
The sky is bigger than the earth

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

INTERNALLY DISPLACED

We are the displaced citizens of green nation
Warehoused at the back of northern explosion
On the hills, mountains, deserts, we are patted
Across the wharf of guff, we were pampered
Into partner with isolation
And joint group of syphilitic unison

When shall we go home?
To write our women another love poem
With our festering fingers
With the blood wells of our minds
Peace has forsaken us
We cannot find our wives nursing babies

Our home is our exile
We are the voyagers in a million mile
Accompany by a parasitic disgust
On the plangent path of lucrative distrust
Wondering if credibility would save our souls
From the pest eating us from the soles

We have travel a long journey
Through the wattle forest of sympathy
We have pass through the hot bloods of our brothers
Greeting the earth with grave letters
Though we lost our homes, we lost peace
But we will not lose our land, because we will find peace

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

MY HANDS ARE SHAKING

My hands are shaking
Like a frog under a cold pressure
Hugging the cold earth for warmth
I pray the wind dry into ashes
And fade into grey memory
Somewhere around history or forgetfulness

Alas, something is probing my heart
Something spectacular, something I cannot describe
Something, like line of a red blood
Escaping from the corner of a miniskirt
I know this probing will ever be unending
Until women are no longer victims of emotion

Crowd of thoughts run across my heart
Like Israelites crossing the red sea
Equality is faster than justice
And differences are left behind the crowd
Women marry women and men marry men
The world will die at young

But this verse will never end
Until men grow humanity on their heads
Like fresh hibiscus in a new dawn
The women adhere to metaphysical call of life
Where differences are recognize and honour
And justice mediate between all

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

SEVEN LINES AND SEVEN VERSES

She
Calm in
Solitude,
She folds her hands
Around her shoulder
As life swathes her in
Gloomy gown like star-less night

She
Lax care
From her gent
Mutely whispers
Unfinished dialogue
Engaging dumb patience
In marital; mental bound

She
Sometimes
Eat feces
Stinking, thinking
In careless jackboot
For fictitious future
What woman needs is patience

She
Married
With her heart
But mum and dad;
Family, friends, all snub

Marry' violence son of
Political jamboree

They
Children
Cry inward
Father, mother
In silent theatre
Built lethargic truth in
Solitary illusion

You
Flatter
In romance
Wood that binds it
To future is lark
I shall marry fine boy
In market of vigilance

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

JOURNEY OF THE BLACK AND WHITE MEN

On ruthless journey they embarked
Consecrating their bags in a skinny sack
For they are unknown oblivious dark situations.
In a swollen balloon they slept for nine moon circle,
But Differ are their potentials

Oh! What a loosed link
Could they ever think of separation?
One Negro and one White.
Fused their souls in same likeness
Variety they wore as skin.
The fetus feeds on the digested meals regardless of its races.
Your arrival is like a combat after nine months in the belly.

In ecstasy,
Swaying from region to legion
Black along *Iroko* Boulevard
While white along *Frangipani*,
But in the same short tuck their pajamas and shirt.

Black man with a twing in the molten fat dropped from roasting carcass
While white man with a fashioned vessel that could hold the twig and fat.

Should they go separated and walk in darkness?
No! It is a bitter truth;
Let them annex their treasures
if they linger to finish the journey.

Christopher Samuel Idowu

PEACEMAKERS

(To the unrest in northern part of Nigeria)

Show no lassitude towards the injustice
That has become a national ringtone
On every Nigerian's phone;
Clinging to rootless prefix.

Ask for their lies;
Give them the pail
To remit the monsters among the flies
Probably, they might fail

The anti-westernization
Who claims to be innocent in their deeds
I saw them use the media,
Even listen to local radio
Is that part of your confession "SHARIA encyclopedia?"
Or you possess courageous phobia
Like a dying Mario.

Probe the masterminds
Who rides on the street pathfinders

"why do you play hide and seek?"
With exorbitant knock-outs
That makes the land apart,
Eating up the heads.

Find antidote to the stolen babies;
Sieve the weeds from the seeds.

Give no more arms to the kind-hearted terrorists
Turn not our land to Republic of liars

Give us *garri* if possible
With clean water
And not rat for protein.

Grant harmonious Tribunals
Protect the images of our 1999's page
Toil not with blissfully sad issues
Remember that some go to school void of shoes

Plant for us peace
That will placate our hunger
After years of endless Boom!
Let's sleep with two eyes
And not one, in our shelters.

Rehabilitate the IDPs (Internally Displaced Persons)
Reconstruct the dead vivacious
And assuage those in pain
Regardless of our tribes,
Languages, culture,
We are peacemakers.

Christopher Samuel Idowu

STOP THE STORM ON THE SEA

*Aback I was caught at the sea-shore
As the sea rose to its frost
Spitting salty waters into my myopic lens.*

*On the sandy shore was my resting place
Before they sprang up amidst issues
That called for immediate amelioration.*

*“Stop the storm” I roared
You unruly fools, fighting on the endless salted body of water.
Disturb not the small species of your family;
For better are their cast.*

*Stop the storm
You big elephants on the sea!
Keep your devilish aspirations to yourselves and your calves.
Let your tooth devour not the babes in the shallow region.*

*Stop the storm on the sea.
Let there be calmness;
With supplications I rub my palms;
So, pour not odd stories into our buccal cavity.*

Christopher Samuel Idowu

DROP THE GUNS FOR GUITAR

*Drop the guns for guitar;
For the days of war are gone
When we chanted on bloody field songs of misery;*

*Drop the guns for guitars
For the pockmarks still remain,
Incognito in our isolated heart,
That stirs up the brutality of war.
What are they for?*

*Drop the guns for guitar
Let the rhythm flow through your sore throats
Where-in dried saliva floats
Like fish in a bath stream;*

*Drop the guns for guitar;
Let pens embrace bullets.
Without fear for harm
We shall go into the tranquil hall.*

*Drop the guns for guitar;
For vanity is your cast.
Let there be millions of laughter;
Wear on your face(s); the lovely telltale.*

*Drop the guns for guitar;
For souls are tired of crossing the bar.
Take up the strings; strike, and go jumping;
For sonorous voices are about to be heard.*

Drop the guns for guitar;

Come play with us!

With crescendo wailing pianos eulogizing the fallen patriots

With their innate drums.

Drop the guns for guitar;

For shoes are exchanging words at tap dancing;

Clean your war booties and take the lead vocal.

Christopher Samuel Idowu

TELL THE CAT AND THE RAT

*Obvious are their genesis hostility, gaiting fast for killjoy chunks of bread
Fathomable for their sane insanity
That ends one party in timeless death.*

*Tell the cat and the rat
How salvagious their marathon races around an empty cart
at an ego-centered pace.*

*Tell cat to thwart not the rat from having a peaceful gulp.
Plea! Atone your enmity with friendship
Make serene your silent altercation
Abrade not the masters' ship for your belchings are reductio ad absurdum in
manifestation.*

Christopher Samuel Idowu

DREAM IT [PEACE]

Token you gave to buy the lid,
But you failed to follow the lead.
Now is the time to wrestle with fist,
And celebrate our bloody feast.

Killing and slicing our joyous hood,
To calm all of our furious mood.
Forget not the fragrance smell,
Of all the blood you drank and sell.

Such things might make the day,
The night you see might not be same.
Forget the truth and pave the way,
For the light has come in path of shame.

Beware the butcher of human body,
Your legs is shaky and not sturdy.
The day will come for you to say,
Reason you smell of blood today.
Dream of peace today and see,
Reason for us to sleep in peace.

Adegoke Adeola

OUR FIGHT FOR PEACE

Judge not the one who lost,
We today have lost the race,
Creating corrupt space and
losing our face.
Time they said will heal our
wound,
Can a wounded lion be treated?
Unless tamed, it can't be fed.
We smell of rotten meat,
Our lies,deceit has aided war,
Unless we desist,our wound
will become sore.
Fate will never take their sides,
Thieves who wrap our treasure
under their attire,
Purposely to favour their
desire.
We will not let them be,
We got something to loose
(word),
And they got something to lose
(fame).
Our pens and mouth will not
stop,
Until your hears open wide,
And hear the murmurs from
our side.
Knot your ties and don't loosen
your turban,

Our spirit will soar with hand
on deck,
We won't stop until their
pocket is wrecked.
Are the speakers(mic.) and the
speaker ready?
For us today is good to say,
The limited number of their
working days.
We are happy to announce our
fight for just,
Ended successfully without the
shed of blood,
And to pronounce our word in
a peaceful world.

Adegoke Adeola



PEACEFUL ORLEAN

Inside the four-sided cart,
During a cool seasoned
weather,
We passed through New
Orlean.
Though it was cold,infact;
Enjoyment never cease to
tender,
On our way to Real Orlean.
We spent one night at the start,
Looking at the stars with
amazing readers,
But,eager to reach the beautiful
Orlean.
Happily we brought the mat,
Along to match the tune of the
peaceful weather,
Day-dreaming about how nice
is Orlean.
We raced in cart through
Mississippi lat.,
But in longitude,no crème la
crème weather,
Until we approach the entrance
of Orlean.

Adegoke Adeola

LIFE [PEACE]

Along the sea-sided part,
Waves and tides seem to part,
For creation of a lovely path.
I walked through the shallow path,
Seeing those beautiful parts,
Of the shady and blissful path.
For all I 've seen are just the part,
Of the said glorious part.
On my way towards rhythmic path,
I saw those amazing parts,
Making up the amusing path.
For I 've seen these historic paths,
And touched all the glorious parts,
I forever dream of the righteous path.

Adegoke Adeola

ECHOES OF PEACE

My soul,
My country, Nigeria.
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands winged sentries
All skillful in wars,
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crown'd with smiles,
And a rain of blessing,
The unveiling of a great vision.
The recall of glory.
And (O my soul awake!)
Pure love descends.
Great Values of peace, we need.
Let's encourage Truth and justice,
There grows the flow'r of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
The right step to prosperity.
Peace, a beautiful word.
Praying to our God,
For security of lives,
Peace is the cure.

Olawale Mayomikun Olugbenga.

THOUGHTS FROM THE SUSTAINABILITY SYMPOSIUM OF NIGERIA

Waste Not

Waist Got

What Not

What knot?

Tough knot.

“Not Happening”

Not Shaping

Lots Shopping

Lots Wasting.

Olawale Mayomikun Olugbenga

LIVING IN A CALM COUNTRY

Each picture is a comic strip condensed.
You stare at Santa Fina on her bench
And the palisades are packed - Locking up,
Eyes on the fence.
A change of element to wallow in!
Swimming – For all.
Come doves, come parrots.

The difference is the fact of time,
Such a lovely word that rhymes with rhyme – time,
Music composes the world,
Poems set lines.
All preaching peace.

Rebuilding Nigeria does not involve Architecture,
Or diligence of diction,
It's green, white, green,
Colors of peace and calmness.
Nature is calm.

Santa Fina,
A true leader,
Who, the gods love,
Unlike some people,
Sitting by the window,
Calm as a cup,
Blaming the government for everything,
Playing with selfishness,
Proposing rules for the game,
Putting the most outrageous clothes on the truth.

Right now,

Sitting on my couch,
Writing this poem,
My Cumming heart is pumping in the praise of time,
As Nigeria grows in peace.

Olawale Mayomikun Olugbenga.

PEACE IN NIGERIA.

It is just enough,
Too many in depth lessons,
Pain always asks for something,
Genius running out of ideas.
"Joy" wears light dresses,
"Loneliness" refuses dinner,
"Despair" sits at a crossroad.

These are just the climax of events,
Increasing the "Vital Impetus" in Nigeria,
Blissful equilibrium is just a special retreat in our country,
This is the moment,
When we need peace,
The labours of our heroes past shall never be in vain.
It's not too late,
We can catch the last rays of the singing sun together,
Together,
We can ensure Freedom, peace and Unity.

Olawale Mayomikun Olugbenga.

PEACE

When wars and conflicts totally cease,
In our country, there shall be peace.

People must learn to get along,
Not blame others, For being wrong.

They fight for control, Fight for land,
Some just need a helping hand.

We must rid ourselves of Vanity,
And embrace peace, through humanity.

Wars make children so much tougher,
Lose their innocence, while they suffer.

We should fight for peace instead,

Olawale Mayomikun Olugbenga.