

Poetry Series

**Babatunde Aremu**  
**- poems -**

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## Babatunde Aremu()

Has Bachelor of Arts, History from the University of Lagos and Master in Managerial Psychology from the University of Ibadan. I have deep interest in writing because it helps me to pour out my inside thoughts and experiences. Poetry is a powerful way of expressing these. I love using Yoruba proverbs to drive my thoughts through. This will be seen in my work. Equally, my christian background and life experiences influence my poems a great deal.

# 2015

I am neither a prophet  
Nor am I a clairvoyant  
But I have enough experience  
To look into the seeds of time  
To determine which one can grow or not  
By events of previous years and now  
I can predict the coming season

2015 is on the way  
If you are in another land  
You may not know what's in stock  
2015 is pregnant  
The billboards herald her coming  
Posters reeling our fake promises  
Are being designed by curious artists

Our political lords are battle ready  
Their garments are well ironed  
Their instruments: tricks, intimidation,  
Deception, maiming and bayonets  
Are well incubated and sharpened  
To maintain their dynasties  
They zoom up and down  
Like an owl that flies at midnight  
They neither sleep nor rest  
Until 2015 is bent to their wishes

Babatunde Aremu

# A Song To My Childhood Friends

Twenty kids cannot seat together  
Listening to the same folktales  
Continously for twenty years  
We diversely came to the world  
But are entwined by providence  
We were of the same age grade  
So we jolly together  
Hoping that our company remains

## II

We were trees of the same species  
We hope to become a thick rich forest  
That will have deep tap roots at village square  
We flocked together like birds of the same feather  
We ate from the same plates  
Our escapades at riverside were daring  
We traversed the farmlands barefooted  
Our thirst were quenched by Erefon streams  
Our beach was the famous Ogudo pond  
Life was beautiful and natural

## III

Day after day gone bye  
Reality stared us glaringly  
Our destinies are different  
We dispersed like seeds  
Some to grew luxuriantly in new lands  
Few were stunted by in their new worlds  
Few were blown away like a chaffs  
Never to be seen by others again  
Never to return to the land of our nymphs

## IV

Now that I am of age  
I miss my old closed pals

Few of them I now see  
Many are far away abroad  
Seeking for golden fleece  
Hoping to return home someday  
I searched for, fewer I saw  
The more I tried, the fewer I see  
But I'll keep searching for my childhood friends  
For us to relish the good memory of old  
Oh! friends shall we meet again?  
When will the twenty kids  
Gather together again  
To share real life stories?

Babatunde Aremu

# Abuja: A Paradox

Abuja, centre of opulence  
You are the ocean  
Where tributary rivers flow into  
Your garden is full of fresh waters  
In your pots are big meats  
Your ornaments are precious black gold  
Honey flows through your streets  
Opulence encompasses your lanes

Abuja, you are a solid rock  
Full of steel and iron  
Power resides in your rock  
Destinies are made or unmade  
Abuja, you a paragon of beauty  
Your endearing face magnetizes  
Many scramble to suck your big breasts  
But only few are satisfied

At the vortex of Abuja  
Opulence flows like River Niger  
And the nobles are drunk in their riches  
Deep down in the periphery  
Ghettoes spread like wild fire  
Abuja is a bride for all  
Queens and kings come visiting  
They forget their empires

Abuja, a powerful city  
Your fame goes beyond Africa  
Your glory is noised abroad  
In you is riches, honour and respite  
Yet some dwell in squalor  
When she sneezes  
Other states catch cold  
Abuja, a land of paradox

Babatunde Aremu

# Accusing Fingers

You are the cause  
I am not, you are  
They are the culprits  
They are not, you are  
Other tribes are responsible  
No, its your tribe  
The West caused the war  
No, it originated from orient  
Colonial master retards our progress  
Yes, but the neo-colonialist are accomplices  
The eastern ideologues caused poverty  
Not at all, its the capitalist greed  
Your religion caused the crisis  
Far from it, its yours

The drama goes on unabatedly  
Across the cyclical globe  
Fingers point to another  
No one accepts responsibility  
Everyone wears Adamic garment  
Everyone sanctimoniously claims innocence  
We are all responsible  
Each one deposits a quantum  
That crystallised into igneous of rots  
No one is innocent  
No one is a saint  
There are motes in our eyes  
Every nation, bloc, race, tribe, tongue  
Are by commission or omission reponsible  
The other four fingers point to the owners

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# Alien Walls

We are fettered  
Fettered by alien walls  
We are barricaded  
Barricaded by strange walls  
Our ancient walls are pulled down  
For these alien walls to thrive

We are walled with terror  
We are entangled with hatred  
The eyes of our love are blind  
We are now walled about with  
Sentiments, corruption, racism,  
We are encapsulated by greed

Our feet are chained  
With walls of mistrust  
Our peace has being gullotined  
With barb-wires on the walls  
We are helmed in and asyphiated  
By the alien walls around us

We urgently need help now  
To pull down these alien walls  
We need fresh air without wall  
We want our oneness, trust  
Peace and dignity restored  
For the sake of our unborn kids

Babatunde Aremu



# And She Died At Last

She is beautiful like Cleopatra  
Excellent like the queen of Sheba  
She exudes hope  
She is promising  
Highly exemplary to colleagues  
A pride to the parents  
A succour to many  
A hardworking, focus, conscientious,  
Morally upright lady  
She is ever humble  
She never fumble  
Each step taken  
Is towards greatness.

But alas! she is no more  
She vanishes into thin air  
Not through sickness, suicide,  
Poison, bullet nor accident  
But through the hands of gangsters  
Who molested and mangled her  
She was violated  
The evil that befell her  
Is evil on womanhood  
It is evil on mankind

Her death is not in vain  
She paid the supreme sacrifice  
To put a stop to women violation  
Rest in peace, sister  
Rest in peace, great woman  
May the world stand on your side for ever

Babatunde Aremu

# Angels We Need

Often we gaze into the sky  
Longing for the descension of the spirit  
Oblivious of the angels around us  
We discontence the God-sent in our midst  
Going afar to seek for the invisibles  
Angels are around us  
We often pretend to be unaware of them  
They are our relations, neighbours,  
Colleagues, acquaintances, friends  
They are beyond colours  
They are beyond borders  
They even transcend tongues or creed  
Let's embrace them wholeheartedly  
They are the real angels we need

Babatunde Aremu

# Another Preaching

They came before preaching slavery  
When slavery was no more profitable  
Missionaries were despatched to Africa  
To evangelise the 'dark world'  
We concurred and accepted their preaching  
Cunningly they scrambled and partitioned us  
They colonised and pillaged our resources  
We were subjected to indecent treatments  
Yet our heads are not bowed  
We continue to maintain our identities  
Our values remain sacrosanct  
Alas! they have come again  
They are preaching again  
Man must marry man  
Women must sleep with each other  
They are dangling their aids  
Africa must compromise her values  
It's all part of human rights  
They want us to embrace bestiality  
They want us to offend our ancestors  
They want to enslave us again  
They want our conscience enslaved  
'But we refused to be  
What they want us to be  
We are what we are'  
A people of moral conscience  
Africans are normal people  
We cannot compromise our identity  
We are determined to maintain our sanctity  
Nothing shall tame our chastity  
We have no apology for this  
This is our resolve, we stand by it  
Let them keep their new found love  
We found ours long time ago.

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# Another Year

Its another year  
A new season is borne  
Old period expires  
Never to be seen again

Its another year  
New hopes are birthed  
All land rejoices  
Fire-crackers brighten skies

Its another year  
A year of hope  
A year of great expectations  
Innumerable resolutions are made

Its a new dawn  
Stars twinkle brighter  
Moon flangs its rays on earth  
Joy swallows all landscape

Its year of new wishes  
Horses will ride cars  
Castles will be built in the sky  
We just wish and wish

The journey of 365 days  
Has begun in earnest  
In a twinkle of an eye  
The year will pass away  
So, its time for action

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# Are There Believers?

We professed divine mandate  
We speak for the Most High  
God's mind is our minds  
We are adept in memorising verses  
Recitation of holy scriptures is our pride  
We quote verses upon verses  
Our appearance is sanctimonious  
We are authorities in piety  
Our views are Godly  
Our tongues eloquently preaches virtue  
We are truly the angels of God  
That seats with the cherubims  
Eating spiritual foods with seraphims.

Behold! What we are outside  
Is different from our inside.  
What our lips professed  
Varies with what are confessed.  
We say peace where none exists.  
We annihilate each others  
In the name of our faiths.  
We are intolerant of each other.  
Greed, selfishness and avariciousness  
Are our three square meals.  
We kill in the name of God  
As if God is unable to fight.  
We seat on the judgemental throne  
Adjudicating on God's behalf.  
We are just fake believers  
Maquerading as true believers.  
Where are then are true believers?

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# Ark Of God

Let us carry the ark  
Let's carry the ark with love  
Do not defy the ark  
Live in the ark  
Let the ark be your shield  
The ark is precious, powerful,  
Beautiful, instructive, divine,  
Penetrating and sharper than  
The two edged sword and arrow  
It breaks bondages and cedar  
It looses chains and fetters  
The ark is the word of God  
Is ever new on daily basis  
It delivers and saves  
So, let everyone carry this ark  
Let all imbibe the Word  
The ark is life  
The ark is God's imperishable jewel  
Wear and adorn it always

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# At The Front Row

What is after the sixth number  
Surpasses the seventh number  
He who must lick the honey in the rock  
Must care less on the fate of the axe

Many request to be made kings  
They like the garments of kings  
They want to be called his majesty  
But the clout to serve is not in them

Many wants the crowns on their heads  
Yet they detest the process of making the crown  
Many never realised the crown is heavy  
He who must wear the beaded cap  
Must be skilful in in serving

Although the front row looks sweet  
The front row may be tempting  
He who must lead  
Must be ready to forgo all  
There must be no veil  
The front row is without facade

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# Atioro

Atioro, ever busy bird  
Stop flying a little  
Rest a while  
Your flight is good  
But a little is good  
Remember, a bird killed  
Because of a small seed  
Many of her species  
Will perch on other seeds  
A little rest re-energizes  
So, take it easy  
Take a leisure  
Atioro, dutiful bird

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# Away From Scam

When agidigbo drum is beaten  
Wiseman dances with care  
Knowledgeable man interpretes carefully  
He who does not want to witness evil  
Daily runs away from trouble  
I have learnt to skip like calf  
I have decided to run like antelope  
I will scamper as a mouse  
Fly away from the snare of tricksters  
Who sends mail to my box claiming to be super rich  
Attributing great wealth to his generation  
Seeking for the fort to download  
The long forgotten wealth  
He changes tricks daily  
He wears different gowns hourly  
I have learnt to be careful  
I have learnt to shine my eyes  
My eyelids are widely opened  
I have invited contentment  
To guide me to discern  
Whenever scam beats its drum  
To enable me scamper like a mouse  
From the snares of these scams

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# Ayanmo (Destiny)

Ayanmo, man's integral part  
Created as man's twin being  
Ayanmo is invisible but real  
What man has been  
What the created is  
Whatever someone will be  
Is in the palms of ayanmo  
Ayanmo knows our tomorrow  
Ayanmo unveils itself as wishes

Ayanmo is irreversible  
Ayanmo is divinely ordained  
Ayanmo is sacrosanct  
Whether things are alright  
Or misfortune reigns  
It is ayanmo  
Ayanmo takes accolades  
Ayanmo takes blames  
Ayanmo, the myth above gods  
Rather than offer sacrifices to gods  
Ayanmo is to be worshipped  
You have your ayanmo  
I have my ayanmo  
We are all mirrors of ayanmo  
Our ayanmo is in Olodumare's hand  
No humanbeing can alter it  
Ayanmo is our destiny

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# Be Good

Be a good person  
Goodness has no tribe  
Goodness has no village  
Goodness has no other name  
Goodness thrives on any land  
In the desert  
Goodness is oasis  
In the wilderness  
Goodness is a pathway  
Goodness is required anywhere  
It is food to man  
It nourishes the giver  
And gives happiness to the receiver  
Goodness is pleasant  
So be good

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# Beautiful Moon

There are billions of stars in the sky  
There are trillions of lamps on earth  
None glows like the beautiful moon  
At your uprise the world glows  
Your appearance reveals God's glory  
Your incadescent light brightens the world  
Your short monthly appearance  
Reminds us that God is light  
You are so constant from creation

You have no turbine  
You have no connecting wire  
Megawatts has no relationship with you  
There is no socket on the wall  
Yet you are afar glowing the world  
You neither burn nor hurt  
That's while some tell tales under you  
Some use you as a periodical guide  
Some see you as a symbol of worship  
I see you as God's created beauty.

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# Because I Am A Special Man

I am a special man  
Addressed as a gentleman  
My posture is calm  
Inside me is ruggedness  
Despite the daily storms  
My mind is fixed on success  
'cos I am a special man

My liver has furnace of determination  
Communities tagged me the head  
Much is expected from me  
My loads are too heavy  
I am to provide for the family  
I am to fight for the society  
'cos I am a special man

I am special man  
I am a warrior  
I am a fighter  
I fight for peace  
I war against the enemies  
I laid down my blood for peace  
'cos I am a special man

I am a special man indeed  
Not all men are special  
I am special to the woman  
A real mascho man  
My absence makes woman solitary  
My presence brings candour to her  
Her joy is complete in me  
So, I labour daily to make her joyful  
I am a priceless prince

I am special indeed  
Out of my loins come the kids  
I am a guiding light to future leaders  
A role model par excellence  
The kids like to be like me

The children wants to have my coarse voice  
In my eyes they see determination  
In my posture they see strength  
Courage exudes from me to them  
With me they can face tomorrow  
'cos I am a special man

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# Best Woman

Do not say I am biased  
There was a beautiful woman  
She was the best of all women  
An epitome of selflessness  
My first sighting was hers  
In pain, she bore me  
The fluid from her body  
Was my first food on earth  
I knew no one except her  
She introduced me to others  
My first identity was hers  
Her kind words assuaged me  
Patiently, I was schooled  
She understood my needs  
She was vilified and bullied  
Yet she was unperturbed  
Her inner strength  
Gave others strength  
My life without her  
Would have been 'Icabod'  
She was my fore-runner  
Who sacrificially lived for me  
Oh! mother, I miss you  
Continue to rest well  
From the hard work of life

Babatunde Aremu

# Betrayal's Trademark

Face beguiled in innocence  
Outlook constructed as a dove  
within is multi-coloured like chameleon  
Outwardly appearing friendly  
But deep down is a foe  
Surreptiously eaten deep like termite  
Cunningly slides like a serpent  
Biting his innocent victims  
With its virulent venom  
Injected deep into the bone marrow  
Leaving behind a prostrate being  
Before finally showing true colour  
That's betrayal's trademark  
A deceptive friend, beguiled foe

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# Blood On The Streets

Just last night  
We shared 'isi-ewu' together  
We dipped our hands together  
Inside the same clay pot  
Savouring the taste together  
With our calabashes clinging  
We hoped to repeat same  
Till our age is old

Alas, there is a news in the air  
Randy gangsters pomp their magazines  
Killing many, maiming countless souls  
Innocent shoppers are guillotined  
Like pepper-soup chickens.  
Our streets were laid with bloods.  
Bloods of greats and mighty  
Runs like endless Lagoon  
Innocent shop attendants' blood  
Flows like virulent oceans

Don't make the mistake  
That this is isolated  
There is fire on the mountain  
In Asia, Africa, Americas, Europe  
Innocent blood cries aloud.  
Students are killing students  
Religious bigots shooting ceaselessly  
Political lords are at dagger drawn  
With stains of blood in their hands  
Our streets are afraid of itself  
Because mother earth is polluted

Babatunde Aremu

# Boko Haram I

B - Book reading is devilish

O - Only evil people reads western books

K - Knowledge is satanic

O - Only infidels acquire western education

H - Hack down those who seek western knowledge

A - Annihilate the Westerners and their associates

R - Return the world to medieval age

A - As it was in the Hobesian period

M - Man must be forced back to crudity

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# Boko Haram II

My dear parents,  
Read this letter carefully  
Its revealing my life ambition  
Although I look gentle but I'm crude  
I like to be rugged  
Just in case you don't know  
I intimately detest western education  
Are you suprised about this revelations  
Despite all the degrees I have acquired?  
Well, that was my past misdeeds  
I don't want any one to repeat my mistakes  
Don't sigh about my turn around  
I have just discover by divine revelation  
That western alphabets are satanic verses  
For my future, I have a plan  
I am using religion as a pretext  
To cause mayhem, behead, thrust out foetus  
Scorch houses, ruin cities,  
Loot treasuries, kidnap children.  
There shall be hues and cries across our land.  
Through the oceans of blood in our land,  
Prophetic mandates shall be fulfilled,  
A new nation will be birthed  
Where it is forbidding to read alien books.  
My mother, don't worry about me,  
By the time you will read this  
I must be in the jungle  
Where human lives does not matter!  
I am no longer yours, good bye  
Commander, Boko Haram Brigade

Babatunde Aremu

# Bring Back Our Girls

Wailing! Wailing! ! Wailing! ! !  
Beclouds our streets  
Tears of sorrows  
Floods our habitations  
Across the globe  
Outcries pervade the air  
The world is angry at this cruelty  
This human haram is inconceivable  
Why would a right thinking man  
Whisk away innocent girls  
In the thick of the night  
Why would self-acclaimed Allah-man  
Engage in this human haram?  
This is the worse haram  
We will not tolerate it  
Our angels must be back  
Our beautiful girls must be  
Brought back unscathed  
To bring our damsels back  
Is a task that must be done

Babatunde Aremu

# Celebrate Our Children

Let's celebrate our children  
They are our inestimable garments  
That wraps us when we are old  
Let's rejoice with the young ones  
They are our bundles of joy  
Let's appreciate them always  
Not just for a day per year  
But every day and moment  
We owe them a duty  
No amount can purchase these wonders  
Let's protect and defend them  
They are our future and destiny  
Let's embrace, cherish and cuddle them  
Let's encourage and train them aright  
Let's be their compass  
And Show them the right paths to tread  
Celebrate with the children  
It's their time and season  
Celebrate with our future leaders

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# Changed Destiny

Nature orderly sets the sky  
Empowering sun as day king  
And moon takes charge of nights  
Stars are ordained as rays  
All bringing joy to the world.

Alas! man came on board  
Diluted light with darkness  
Christened black as white  
Turned the destiny of okro seed  
Into a distateful gall.

Man created his own world  
Coloured the natural peace  
With total confusion  
Setting brothers against each other  
Bringing bloodbaths and hues  
Into once peaceful world

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# Circle Of Promises

Promise! promise! ! promise! ! !  
That's all what they give  
That's all we have.  
Every four years,  
We are circled with promises  
Our air are clustered with lies  
Echoes of deafening fake promises  
Are laid as baits to cajole us  
Banals coloured with lies are displayed  
Castles are built in the sky  
Just to get what they want

All is a circle of promises  
Instead for the coconut leave to become tender  
It becomes harder as it matures  
The more they promise,  
The more lies are told,  
The less we get.  
Once they get what they want  
They bolt into their chambers  
Where they become lords to us  
Never to reckon with us  
Until another season of deception.

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# Come Back, Brother

I have brothers  
Yet I know them not  
They live far away  
In the hearts of Americas  
Down the lanes of London  
In the far east sunshine  
Seeking for the golden fleece

I have many brothers  
Yet they are invisible  
I am not acquainted with them  
Yet they wire currencies to me  
Vide the Western Union  
I cannot touch them  
Because they are far removed

I longed to see my brothers  
I longed to touch them all  
Let me embrace them once  
Let me see them face to face  
Come back home brothers  
Come home to roost  
Come home to rest  
Come and take your deserted thrones

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# Cracked Walls

This house is not built with hay  
Nor is it constructed with mud  
Its bricks are well burnt and cured  
Its foundation is on a solid rock  
Yet the walls are cracked  
Not caused by denudation or tremor.  
Greed, hatred, insecurity and dishonesty  
Engineered these visible cracks  
But let it be known, this house must not fall  
This heritage must be preserved  
Else the unborn will shout woe  
That once a solid house laid in ruins

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# Crazy For Fashion

Birds do beautifully display  
Their feathers in the skies  
Lions proudly show off  
Their brittle hairs in the jungles  
Peacock flaunts her feathers  
Around the courtyards  
Snails are comfortable in their shells  
Man, God's image is confused in himself.

Man is ashamed of Godly nature  
Crazy outfits are designed  
To display nookies and crannies  
Skins are bleached to change colours  
Tattoos are engraved to flaunt around  
Hair colours are changed  
Like the garment of masquerade  
Man, never satisfy with nature

Man's insatiable craze  
For fashion runs like oceans  
He has a face-lift,  
Do liposuction and implants,  
Have a tummy tuck  
And even brightens his teeth  
All in the name of fashion  
Its just crazy fashion

Why this rat race?  
Why tampering with natural beauty?  
Is God no more perfect?  
Are these really fashion?  
No, they are destrucion  
In the name of fashion  
Its just fashion crazy

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# Crocodile Tears

We shed tears  
Demanding for justice  
Wailing for equality  
We condemn autocracy  
But nations lord it over nations  
We condemn terrors  
We detest wars  
Yet we produce deadly ammunitions  
We sell to the belligerents  
Weapons of mass destruction  
We cry aloud for unity  
We sigh against oppression  
Our dirge for eluded peace  
Is overshadowed by our inimical acts  
We see the world as one  
Yet we promote race superiority  
We say God is the same  
But we practice bigotry  
We cry daily for world order  
But more blocs are created  
Why cry for what we don't want?  
Why these crocodile tears?

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# Damn Too Busy

Space of time is choked  
There are clusters of work  
No one is less important  
No divided attention  
All task must be done  
The deadlines are crazy  
No more time for me  
My interest has no place  
I am just damn too busy,  
Damn too busy  
Just stay glued in a chamber  
No more recreation,  
No more relaxation,  
No more social interaction,  
All is just work and work.  
But I really want a break  
Else, my original self  
Will be totally lost  
In this ever busy world

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# Dark Streets

These streets are well laid  
The edifices are glamorous  
Their roofs symbolize opulence  
The flowers are well-fed  
Oozing out good scents like the Arabian perfume  
Thus making passer-by to become immobile  
As the day retreats  
The beauty of the streets wither  
When sun closed her eyelids  
As moon's full circle is past  
When stars become stubborn  
The streets suddenly turn dark  
Poles of electric are dried up  
Its wires become dry like old leaves  
Having clustered ropes in a thick bush  
Swallowing up the beauty of the streets  
No light, no more vision nothing shines  
The glamour is gone  
Total darkness is lord  
Its opulence is now unseen  
Till the dawn of a new day

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# Deep In You

Deep in you  
Walking through me like a channel  
Flowing through me like a funnel  
Pouring out your water torrents on me  
Sinking your virtues deep in me  
This is my dream and desire  
Like a surging mass of water  
My quest for thee is irresistible  
There is a deep flash of your light  
That I cannot do without  
I thirst after that refreshing water  
Pouring out from the eternal throne  
I want to be soaked in your thought  
Word, acts and exemplary leadership  
I need you to guide and direct me  
So, come and fill this emptiness in me  
Come and make me your sanctuary  
That flows out to bless and redeem  
Come, Holy Spirit of grace  
I need you more and more  
Submerge me Lord, come sweet Spirit

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# Demon-Crazy

Yes, they are honourables  
Yet they are crazy  
Crazy for violence  
Using the hallow chambers as rings  
Exchanging in fistcuffs  
Like Hogan Bassey and Dick Tiger  
They are skilful in the 'Rambo art'  
Than the real hero actor

Yes, they are distinguish legislators  
Yet methink they are insane  
They are as brutal as demon  
Brutal against each other  
Brutal against the citizens  
They have no mercy for peace  
With their retinues of thugs  
They kill, maim and destroy  
Yet they claim to be democrats  
Where are the true democrats  
These ones are demon-crazy

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# Do It Well

Whatsoever is just  
That is laid in your heart  
Whatsoever that is right  
That is within your power  
That which is pleasing to God  
That refreshes the soul  
Pursue it with all vigour  
Obtain it with great joy  
Do that which benefits mankind  
Do it well,  
Do your best  
Its right to do the right

Babatunde Aremu



# Don'T Contain God

God is beyond limits  
Our godliness must not be contained  
Inside sanctuaries, temples, synagogues,  
Mosques, shrines, altars or grooves  
He must be seen in all facets of our lives  
If we are God's people indeed.

Babatunde Aremu

# Don'T Look Down On Me

Don't try to look down on me  
Never think I am nothing  
My colour or race does not matter  
Neither is my physique a determinant  
My present status does not foreclose me  
Come near to me, smell my worth  
Inside me is a king  
Words of wisdom resides in me  
I am a future noble  
You are mistaken  
To use my today  
To judge my tomorrow  
So, don't look down on me

Babatunde Aremu

# Don'T Look Down On Those Children

Cherish those kids around you  
Who looks tender like new leaves  
Never look down on them  
They are precious seeds  
When properly planted  
Will become giant trees  
That forms evergreen forests  
Inside those children is greatness  
So, harness their talents  
Never look down on those children

Babatunde Aremu

# Doubt

There are reservations within  
There are webs entangling us  
There's neither trust nor believe  
Minds uneasily lie on the fence  
Confused on which way to take  
There's a reign of suspicion  
Our worlds now thrive on doubts  
There are wars of doubts within us  
Science validates discoveries now  
Tomorrow they are scientifically invalidated  
Alliances are formed today between nations  
But they enter into fratricidal wars tomorrow  
We cackle together in the hallow chambers  
But we throw missiles to each other outside  
Our worlds are polluted with doubts.  
Tribes deal cautiously with each other  
Homes are not feeling better  
Colleagues at work doubts each other  
Employer doubts the employees  
Friends stab each other behind  
Friends today, enemies tomorrow  
So, we are encircled in doubts  
There's mistrust in the atmosphere

Babatunde Aremu

# Early In The Morning

It is a herculean task  
To go down the riverside at dawn  
To fetch cool water  
But its coolness refreshes at noon  
A palm frond is better weaved  
Early in the morning  
Ere sun shine dries it up  
Eyes that will see at old age  
Does not itch constantly at young age  
If a man must be great  
He must learn early to work hard  
During the morning part of life  
Whatever we will be tomorrow  
Depends on the type of foundation  
Laid early in the morning  
So, if you want a better tomorrow  
Lay a solid foundation  
Early in the morning of your life

Babatunde Aremu

# Earth To Earth, She Returns

She is from the dust  
This glittering skin  
Looking beautiful for ever  
Has to return to earth, now  
As her spirit flies away,  
Her soul is still,  
The vocal cord is no more sonorous.  
No more new garment,  
No more latest jewelries,  
Oblivious she is to happenings.  
Then, her body is returned  
Earth to earth, she returns

Babatunde Aremu

# Eko Se Pataki

O se pataki  
O si je pataki  
Ile eko dara pupo  
E je kaa k'aju  
Si eko wa  
Nitori ojo ola wa

Babatunde Aremu

# Elegant Lady

She is elegant and beautiful  
Her legs are as smooth as the moon  
Her eyes glitter like the morning star  
Her nails are like the tilapia's fins  
She loves to enjoy  
And wears the best Arabian perfumes  
She now in love  
She has tied the nuptial knot  
She cherishes good delicacies  
But does not know how to cook  
Now that she is married  
How would she cope?

Babatunde Aremu



# Emergency

Emergency! Emergency! ! Emergency! !  
Our world is under emergency  
Our world is besieged  
Not by ravaging soldires  
But by all of us  
Children are in haste  
To taste adults delicacies  
Elders are no longer patient  
We all wants it by short circuit  
Everyone wants it quick  
The world loves it quick  
No one wants to climb  
The trees from bebneath  
Yet all wants to reach the branches  
No one wants the food properly cooked  
We want bread on the table  
No more baking  
Fast food is now the most nourishing  
No one wants to walk  
Everyone loves to fly without wings  
Alas! the world is a hurry  
We are racing against ourselves  
We are racing against nature  
Our world is beseiged!

Babatunde Aremu

# Exam Fever

Oosh! Its examination time again  
There's butterfly in my stomach  
My veins are nervous  
My confidence is waned  
I have little time  
For myself, friends, leisure  
All my life is around this matter  
As I looked at friends  
They are in same shoes  
All the pupils in my class  
Have something within them  
We all don't like examination  
Because of the stress  
We all go through  
But it is a must  
We must go through this fever  
Again and again,  
Till we become life masters

(Written by: Esther Temilola Aremu, 11 year old)

Babatunde Aremu

# Fake Promises

Read their lips  
They are modern sophists  
Skilful in promising heaven on earth  
Its their trademark  
To say we are important to them  
When they need us  
They come to canvass for our votes  
With Greek gifts in their hands  
They pretend to know our plights  
With mouths full of fake promises  
They swear to high heavens  
That fountains will spring up on our lanes  
Roads will be smooth without pothole  
Streets will glitter like heaven's  
There shall be gold and silver at the roadsides  
Castles will be built in the skies  
No more joblessness, hunger or lack  
If you believe them  
You are on your own  
Read their lips  
They are laced with fake promises

Babatunde Aremu

# False Embrace

Jackals cuddle joyously  
At the sight of each other  
Lions sport together uninhibited  
They neither prey  
Nor slaughter each other  
Even chickens does not perk on itself  
But I have seen one thing  
Man, who claimed God's image  
Is blind to Godly love.  
Man pounces on each other  
Constantly he wars against himself  
He relishes in discords and terrors  
He engages in fights and wars  
He is skilful in balkanising,  
Scrambling, oppression and discrimination  
He sets nation against nation  
Yet, he pretends to love  
Embracing with sharp thorny hands  
Kissing with poisonous arrows  
All I see is false embrace  
There is no more genuine embrace

Babatunde Aremu

# Far Beyond My Childhood Dream

As a child  
I had a dream  
That one day  
I shall reach the cloud  
So, when birds criss-crossed  
I dreamt of flying above them

As I grew older  
My teacher taught me  
That the cloud is miles away  
That the cloud is not the zenith  
There is more beyond the cloud  
I must excel to soar beyond the cloud

As I advanced in age  
My childhood dream  
Diluted with my teachers teachings  
I resolved not only to reach the cloud  
But to discover life beyond the cloud  
I abandoned the ordinary for extra-ordinary  
Daily I march on towards excellence  
Although the road to the top is rough  
I am undaunting in going beyond my childhood dream  
For my childhood dream  
Is little compared with greatness ahead

Babatunde Aremu

# Fast Lanes

It is a season of quick match  
No more slow match  
We are now on fast lanes  
No more marathon race  
It is time for fast tracks  
Everywhere is shortcut  
Shortcuts to the tops  
Only few wants to wait  
Majority are for fast foods  
No one wants to burn their fingers  
Many wants bread on the table  
We all love it by flights or elevators  
Ladder climbing is archaic  
Riding gradually is time wasting  
We all desire it quick, quick  
It is now or never  
We are in era of neck breaking speed  
The slow lanes are emptied  
But the fast lanes are now crowded

Babatunde Aremu

# Football Is The King

It is not just a game  
It is the king of sports  
Not just an inflated round leather  
It breeds life and passion  
In motion or at rest  
It draws attention to itself  
Babies cry to caress it  
Young boys love it  
Beautiful girls kisses it

Football is a game of fame  
It breaks barriers  
Kings cherishes it  
Servants serve it as dinner  
Nations seek for its honours  
It turns the poor to nouveau rich  
When the game is on  
Joy is released  
Ammunitions are buried  
Enstrangers become friends  
What a beautiful game  
Now, Africa is your turn  
To entertain the world

Babatunde Aremu

# Forgive Me

No one dare interprete pigs squeal  
No art can know the heart contents.  
When I offend, you ask me  
For there lies our friendship root  
Try not to hold me in your heart  
Call me and let me know.  
Forgiveness is a good drug for amity  
Forgiveness is a tonic that unites  
It is the manure for flourishing.  
We are bound to diasgree  
Know that true friendship solidfies when we talk  
Frank talk based on forgiveness may be bitter  
But know that from bees that sting  
Comes the sweet honey  
Let us learn to forgive each other  
For there lies the world peace

Babatunde Aremu



# From Me To You

From me to you  
From you to me  
Let the river of love flow  
Let's network the world  
With life-wire of love  
Let's share this sweet aroma  
Give it without pretence  
Across families, tribes, regions,  
Creeds, nations and boundaries  
Pour out this good water  
Baptise the world with love  
Let the drop of its rain  
Soak all the earth  
Let's give unequivocal love  
To our world

Babatunde Aremu

# Fulani Herdsman

Handsome slender tiny frame  
Strong-willed like a steel  
Simple and gentle in outlook  
Resolute inward as a soldier  
Always traversing all settlements  
Living in tents in the jungle  
Searching for greener pastures  
Daily to please the herds  
With a stick, bow and arrow at hand  
He is willing to fight  
Just to save the sheep  
Sometimes he wins the war  
Sometimes his life is terminated  
Yet, he is undaunted and not bothered  
He is just satisfied doing  
What he is good at.

Babatunde Aremu

# Generosity

Open those tight fists  
Do not hold back  
Make your palms transparent  
Release that dime  
Be a blessing  
Wipe tears away  
That little drop  
Is what someone desires  
Be an answer to someone's prayer  
Be an instrument of succour  
Sow that seed impartially  
Don't delay, cease the moment  
Be an angel to that poor soul  
Remember, whatsoever you sow  
Shall return to you in folds

Babatunde Aremu

# God's Own Country

There was a country  
Popularly known as God's country  
It's not located in the celestial  
It's established in the terrestrial  
It's a reincarnated garden of Eden  
Ordained to be a paradise here  
A replica of kingdom of God  
Truly the land was Godly  
Full of good virtues, love, wisdom,  
Knowledge, joy and kindness  
In science, astronomy, arts, philosophy  
She towered above other countries  
Her glory was envied by others  
Her people were revered by all

But suddenly, the forbidden fruit was tasted  
A once great land was descreated  
Vices began to emit into atmosphere  
God was put aside at schools and public  
Once a prayerful country becomes prayerless  
God's ark was completely removed from public glare  
The ancient landmarks were thrown down  
Now her streets are awashed with guns, gays, homosexuals  
Unnatural use of man is celebrated atop  
Her youths are engrossed in vices  
What a sudden turn around?  
Let them know that their fore fathers are crying  
Saying: return to the days of old  
When God truly owns the country

Babatunde Aremu

# Good Character

I once sojourned in a land,  
Seeking for solution to my bewilderment.  
The more I probed, the more I was confused.  
Why do some fail where others succeed?  
I called upon the deep to open my eyes  
Suddenly, I found honour as the offspring  
Of good character,  
I also discovered that success  
Is embedded in good attitude  
I then concluded that:  
Good character is the torchlight to our paths  
Good attitude is like a garment we wear daily  
Through which people measure us  
It is the mirror of our lives  
I now know that good character  
Is the backbone of success  
Your father may have plenty  
Like the Atlantic ocean  
Your mother may have fleet of ships  
You may have great inheritance  
If you lacked good character  
Your success will be like putrefied eggs  
People will run away from  
Like an isolated leper.  
So, in all your ways  
Be of good character

Babatunde Aremu

# Good Family

When you see a man behaving well  
People are curious to know his family  
When a naughty interacts  
His source is easily identified  
Good family is a big attractive tree  
That offers shade in rain and heat  
Good family bears good branches  
That produces good fruits  
Good family has its firm roots  
Which nourishes and beautifies  
Good family gives birth to good nations  
In peace, good family is there  
In war, good family endures  
Good family wipes away tears and sorrows  
Loneliness is absent with good family  
Security is guaranteed with nice family  
He who has a good family  
Is half done in life  
See a man dancing on the street  
No need to ask if his family is okay  
If you have a good family  
Sacrificially hold on to it  
Never allowed it to crack  
Pass the baton to others  
To enable the world get better.

Babatunde Aremu

# Good Name Glitters

Beautiful like silver  
It glitters like gold  
Its a gould  
That is magnetised to cloths  
Good name is light  
Illuminatig our pathways  
Good name is pecious than the best ornaments  
Flagrant than the most costly Arabian perfumes

If you have good name  
Favour will be yours  
Nations, tribes, races  
Will give you honours  
You will be toast to your family.  
Cherish your good name  
Go extra mile to preserve it  
It speaks in your absence  
And frames you life for ever

Babatunde Aremu

# Greed

Greed is a twin of graveyard  
Its never says enough  
Never ever filled to the brim  
Its never contented  
Greed is voluptuous  
Always quest for self alone  
Like vultures haunting for caracass  
Greed is restless for more  
Ever tight-fisted  
Ever wanting to amass more  
Till it becomes bloated  
With materials unneedful  
Always seeking vanity  
Until its labour is naught

Babatunde Aremu



# Hail! The Prince

Hail! the prince  
Hail! the man for all seasons  
He wears noble robes  
But chose the manger  
Heaven heralds his coming  
Angels announce his arrival  
Magi recognises his kingship  
Earthly rulers are trembled  
On his enthronement

Hail! the prince  
Hail! the lifegiver  
Hail! the eternal prince  
He lives in eternity  
Sitting at God's right hand  
Making atonement for us  
Healing the brokenhearted  
Blotting out our contrary ordinances  
He is our redeemer  
Who lives in you and

Babatunde Aremu

# Happy Birthday, Mandela

An enigma, a patriot  
A lover, a global citizen  
A soldier without sword  
A generalissimo without blood stain  
A dogged fighter sans hatred  
Indefatigable boxer without foul  
A neat campaigner against apartheid  
A focused nationalist and forgiver  
A workaholic who failed to rest  
Now that the golden crown  
Is laid on your head,  
Now that 'its now in our hands'  
Work no more papa, just rest  
Celebrate each day with angels  
Just be happy as an accomplisher  
We shall celebrate you till eternity  
Rest on, Madiba  
Sun re o, Ma jokun, Ma je ekolo  
Ohun ti won ba n je l'orun  
Ni ko je o,  
Happy Birthday, Mandela

Babatunde Aremu

# Harmattan

Whistling foggy wind blows  
From the sahara desert in Africa  
Across the savannah grassland  
Deep down into the tropical rain forests  
Covering the tropics like a sheath  
Dust rises to the air space  
Skies becomes blind and blurred  
Rivers congeal along their courses

Cool dry harsh wind blows  
Descends harsher in the morning  
Recedes daily at noon  
Giving way to sunshine and heat  
Making a bold return with fierce knocks  
Like a desperate stranger knocking the door  
From October to March  
North-East wind oscillates  
Between cold and dry heat  
No one dare open the door ajar  
For this harsh wind  
With sobriquet known as harmattan  
That blows across our land yearly

Babatunde Aremu

# Home Is The Best

Great rivers have their sources  
Lion cannot forget the jungle  
Where ever ship sails to  
It must be anchored at the coast  
Where ever I am  
Home is the best

Yes, home is the best  
I cannot forget the rain forest,  
Sunshine and beautiful hills.  
At our productive backyards,  
Trees clap their hands  
To the rythm of cool western breeze  
That soothe nerve than any opium.

My home is my origin  
Where my placenta is buried  
In the productive womb of the soil  
That produces abundance ceaselessly.  
Kolanuts in our farmland  
Produces yearly round  
Our cocoa is the chocolate  
That is relished globally  
My home is a great place

What would I become  
To forget my homeland?  
Where brothers are real.  
Where neighbours are no strikers.  
Where peace greets on the streets,  
Fishes swim in rivers flawless  
Crabs stroll to salute one another unhindered  
My home is beautiful indeed  
It is a place of unparalleled joy

Babatunde Aremu

# Hope In Limbo

Doused conflagration delivers ashes.  
A harvested plantain tree  
Gives breathing space for suckers to thrive.  
The transition of a great monarch  
Revives sinew of hope on heir aparent.  
A great man transits  
Bequeathing great inheritance to successors.  
A leading horse in a race  
Beckons on other horses to increase speed.

I ruminated over these sayings;  
I was imbued to think about the youths.  
Like a clairvoyant;  
I peeped my third eye  
Misty vision beclouds me  
Palpable despodency clothed me  
Looming confusion beckons on the future  
Planlessness of past years  
Is about to birth anarchy

I sighed with great pain.  
I wonder if others  
Are seeing the same.  
I wonder as the elders  
Nonchalantly attend to the future.  
Elders are around  
Yet the heads of new babies  
Are not properly rested  
At the back of their mothers.  
The youths are in pains.  
In pain of joblessness.  
In pain of docility.  
As early morning breaks daily;  
More confusion powdered young faces.  
They wandered about for nothing  
Their energy and potentials.  
Are being buried as days go bye.  
Hope bleaks the more daily

I watched in disbelief  
How elders are at marketplace  
Yet babies are improperly rested  
Behind their mothers  
We blame the youths  
Forgetting our traditional roles  
We spared the rods  
Breeding future rascals  
We extremely copied human rights  
At the detriment of our children's future  
We failed to cultivate the fallow soil  
Leaving wild animals behind  
To ravage our youths.  
We cherish our careers  
Leaving a porous future  
Our cosmetic joy of today  
Is ruining hope for future  
Hope is in limbo.

Babatunde Aremu

# How Did We Get Here?

How did we get here?  
I wonder why we are here  
From the place of glory  
We are suddenly lowered into gory  
Its mysterious we are now in abyss  
A once sanctimonious people  
Who walked in love, peace, unity  
Honesty and fear of God  
Now drinks water of corruption  
We are also dagger drawn against each other  
No more trust, no more respect  
Our cherished cultures are polluted  
Our white garment are soiled with palm oil  
In the name of modernity  
We are now far apart from each other  
Our minds and hearts now varied  
Everyone now bear their 'crosses'  
Things are not only fallen apart  
Everything good is now strange  
In the land once adored  
How then did we get here?

Babatunde Aremu

# How To Enjoy Life

Life is enjoyable  
Life is good  
If we are real  
When we see a life  
As a light cotton wool  
That's spotless and clean  
Life is nice  
When we don't carry excess luggage  
That are not needed  
Life is good  
When we are satisfied with God's provision  
We will enjoy life  
When we allow God  
To dictate our pace  
And put our trust in Him

Babatunde Aremu



# I Am A Civil Servant

I am a civil servant  
That's not my real name  
I am a baptised civil servant  
This name puts bread on my table

I am a civil servant  
Codified to obey a set of rules  
Straight-jacketed to obey my masters  
For a monthly stipend as a reward

I am a civil servant  
Ordained to oil the engine of politicians  
Who lords their policies on me  
To serve like a chef at a banquet

I am a civil servant  
My sobriquet is a bureaucrat  
I am constantly accused of red-tapism  
'Cos of my insistence on procedures

I am a civil servant indeed  
My masters blame me for any misdemeanor  
My people accuses me of collusion  
I am just a scape goat at both ends

I am a civil servant par excellence  
I am just a loyal and dutiful citizen  
No nation can survive without me  
Yet I am hardly appreciated  
I am seen as rodent in a farmland

I am always available to serve my country  
I am ready to serve the political divides  
I am an unbiassed umpire  
Soldier go, soldier come  
The barrack is immovable

I am a loyal civil servant  
Used like fresh rain water in the morning

Thrown away as dirty water at night  
Condemned to paltry periodical pension  
To survive for the rest of my life  
That's my reward for being a loyal servant

Babatunde Aremu

# I Am Colour Blind

I can see clearly  
My eyes are very sharp  
My inner sight is sound  
Yet I am blind  
I cannot decipher the difference  
Between blacks, whites, reds and suchlike  
I cannot see the tribes  
I am blind to what divides  
I am blind to intolerance  
I cannot see contentions  
But I am not blind to love,  
Unity, peace, joy, goodness  
And suchlike that makes us one  
I can see all under one umbrella  
That's what I see  
So, let everyone be colour blind  
But let all see what binds us together

Babatunde Aremu

# I Am My Poems

If you want to know me  
Read my poems  
If you want to understand me  
Painstakingly meditate on my sonnets  
Do not just flip through those lines  
For they have living spirit  
When you enjoy those imageries,  
Rhymes, similes, hyperboles, onomatopaeid  
Reflect deep on them  
I pour out myself in them  
I am in them  
They are in me  
They are my whole  
If you want to know the poet  
Read his poems  
The poets and the poems  
Are entwined

Babatunde Aremu

# I Am Not Alone

I know I am not alone  
There is a witness in my heart  
His manifest presence are obvious  
His hosts are around me  
Teleguiding every move I made  
He is always there with me

When I stumbles  
He bears me up  
I am hemmed before and behind  
By his cords of defence  
He is my impregnable fortress  
That never break ranks

He is always with me  
He perceives my thought  
He knows my desires  
He lightens my dark paths  
And prevents me from blindness  
He knows me in and out

My creator is my companion  
My steps are teleguided by him  
Before my words are uttered  
He knows and answers ahead  
His banal over me is awesome  
What a marvellous companion!

My wisdom, knowledge, prosperity  
Joy, peace, health and uncountable blessings  
Are generously donated from his throne  
What will I render to Him  
He is just too marvellous  
His companionship is incomprehensible

Babatunde Aremu

# I Don'T Know Why

I don't know why  
I cannot just explain  
It is still a mystery  
Why birds flock together uninhibited  
Why ants crawl in columns orderly  
I am yet to come to terms  
Why animals are more peaceable  
Than man who claimed rationality  
I don't just understand  
Why man cannot live in equanimity  
Why do we abuse, discriminate, maim  
Kill, manipulate and do much evils  
Against fellow human beings?  
Why are we trigger joyous?  
Why can't the world be at peace?  
Still, I don't have the answer.  
Someone, please help me.

Babatunde Aremu

# I Know What You Know

I know what you know  
I am not inferior to you.  
Do not look down on me  
We are all homosapiens.  
Divinely created as God's image  
God rates us all equally.  
I have sights like you  
I walk like you  
I think like you.  
I may be black,  
I may be white,  
I may be coloured,  
I may even be red  
I am God's creation  
My senses are the same like  
Differences in skin pigmentation  
Does not make me inferior  
We are the same  
So, deal with me on what I know  
So, deal with jewels inside me  
Relate with me on my knowledge  
Deal with me according to my capacity  
I will reciprocate the same  
We are bound to respect each other  
I am not cursed  
My generation is not cursed  
My land is not cursed  
I am endowed like you  
My ancestors land is blessed  
I know what you know  
I am not inferior to you

Babatunde Aremu

# I Love Lagos

Have you ever been to Lagos?  
Or you are just visiting?  
This is 'Eko Akete'  
The home of wisdom  
Where ocean clap hands with the Lagoon  
Making melodious sounds deep in the sea  
Ships berth ceaselessly at the wharf  
Delivering precious goods from other lands  
Lagos, the home of gold for the industrious  
No one welcome visitors to Lagos  
You are just on your own  
You may be Black, white or coloured  
If you are bold  
You will reap the fruits of the land  
There is no partiality  
However, Lagos does not tolerate 'suegbe'  
Lagos is not a place for the slot  
You just have to be up and doing  
Lagos is the home of excellence  
This is Lagos  
I just love this city

Babatunde Aremu



# I No Longer Stand Alone

I once stood alone  
Abandoned by the rest  
The world stayed apart  
I was rejected  
For holding on to truth  
My words were like bitter gall  
But as waters rolled under the bridge  
Washing away lies once embraced  
As the wind blows  
Exposing the anus of chickens  
The forgotten truth re-emerged  
My words are now golden  
Glittering in the hearts of many  
I now know that if lies travelled for years  
A leap by the truth in a day overtakes  
The truth of yesteryears  
Is now a model for today  
So, I no longer stand alone

Babatunde Aremu

# I Still Love Her

I remember my meeting her first  
She was tender and slim  
Her attractive smile was adorable  
Her steppings were queenly  
She was like a heavenly angel  
I fell on my knees  
Craving for her love  
At first she refused but I persisted  
At last she concurred  
Before long we were at the altar  
Obtaining licence to make her mine

After long years of being one  
Going through thick and thin together  
My love for her is waxing stronger  
She has been a great mother  
She has been a wonderful queen  
She is my comfort  
She is my consolation  
Although our ages are tall  
Our togetherness are long  
We are stricken in age  
I still adore her more than before  
She remains my love for ever  
She is is still my love

Babatunde Aremu

# I Want To Be A Lifeline

There is a line  
Line that breathes  
Line that grows  
Line that gives life  
That's what I want to be  
Transforming lives for good  
Wiping away tears from faces  
Like Mother Theresa  
I want to cloth the naked  
Cuddle the downtrodden  
Give hope to delude men  
Turn the rejects to paragon  
Paste smiles on squeezed outlooks  
At critical moments,  
I want to be a lifeline.  
This is my dream;  
That is what I want to be.  
Help me, O'Lord

Babatunde Aremu

# I Want To Meet You

We have never met  
But I wish we met  
We have never spoken  
I wish we can talk  
From afar beyond the borders  
You made much impression on me  
You speak to my mind daily  
Through those lines scribbled  
On narrow pages of papers  
Those lines are too powerful  
That I want to know you more  
Beyond the pages of papers  
Sometimes you seems a prophet  
But I know you as a poet  
Who makes me to cackle, scream,  
Or hiss and cry  
Your lines sometimes are like a bitter gall  
Too bitter to swallow  
Yet they exudes wisdom, knowledge and truth  
So, I found it difficult  
Not to listen to what you are saying  
The more I read those indelible lines  
The more I want to meet you  
Just to behold your face  
And say thank you for those lines

Babatunde Aremu

# If You Love Me

If you love me  
You will go extra mile  
To love what I love

If you love me  
You will criticize me  
When I erred

If you love me  
You will defend me  
When I'm unjustly lampooned

If you love me  
You will be with me  
When everyone deserts me

If you truly love me  
You will be my encourager  
When I'm tired of making efforts

If you love me  
You will love all mankind  
and will not harm any

Don't tell me you love me  
If you can not quench my thirst  
When you have a springing well

Don't tell me you love me  
When you hate my neighbor  
And create a division between us

Don't say you love me  
If you are racial and abusive  
when you detest the less privilege

Babatunde Aremu

# Ijare Elewe Obi

If you are in Ijare  
Assist me to bring kolanut  
Bring the albino breed  
Bring 'abata' and 'Gbanja'  
Tell my mother to give you  
The kola that is cured in leaves  
Let me use it to appease my head  
And to ward off evil and afflictions

Ijare, the kolanut city  
The entrepot of kola  
As heaven's streets are laid with gold  
So are Ijare streets laid with kolanuts  
Kolanut is wealth in Ijare  
The Ijebus come from afar  
To scramble for these precious seeds  
The easterners worship these rare seeds  
The northerners cherish it as rich delicacies  
Ijare produces kolanut with leisure

Ijare, the origin of kolanut,  
Ijare, home of peace,  
The abode for all.  
The land of armistice  
Where treaty of friendship is sealed  
Foes are made permanent friends  
Ijare, the land of love  
Where neighbours are brothers.  
If there is any place to be  
Ijare is just the right choice  
Surrounded by protective hills  
When I look at Alaje hill  
I see the wonder of God  
What of the Erefon spring  
The mysterious Ogudo pond  
Are all reminders of  
The great work of our ancestors  
Great Ijare, great people  
Life is in Ijare

The source of blessings

Babatunde Aremu

# Imitation

The road to the top  
Lies in originality.  
Its good to emulate good traits  
But to digress from originality  
Is to travel on a meaningless trip  
That makes our talent latent.  
Many are habitual imitators,  
They write, talk, eat, dress, dance,  
Even sing another person's song  
Silencing their golden voice  
Exchanging gold for brass  
They forever bury originality  
Under the earth crust  
So, they go down the road  
Where they are unknown forever  
Never to realize their originality

Babatunde Aremu



# Indolence

Early morning cock croaks  
sickens the mind  
The sound of morning bell  
Wearies the body  
The footsteps of early risers  
Irritates the ears  
Causing him phantom ailments  
As columns of men file out  
He fears the lions outside  
He's woken up staggering  
Accompanied with wobbling legs  
Swollen eyes, aching head  
And weak hands  
Just a moment thereafter  
His potent flippant mouth  
Shoots the elephants down  
And broadcast his shadow accomplishments  
As a eunuch whose wives are afar  
The indolent fields are afar  
His fields are greenish at harvest  
At mealtime, he hangs around  
With a cup at hand  
Seeking for crumbs from others' tables  
Soon he becomes a reproach  
And a perpetual liability

Babatunde Aremu

# Ink Is My Blood

I am a poet.  
There is ink in my blood.  
I flow through lines  
As a river meandering its course.  
My blood is ink,  
Ink is my blood.  
I give life to the depressed  
I flow to educate  
I flow to enlighten  
I meander to caution  
I wriggle to chastise  
I correct ills in the lands  
I flow beyond borders  
I flow through out the world.  
My ink flows ceaselessly after my departure  
It flows to the land I never tread  
My ink is my life.  
My ink may look ordinary  
But it is a potent force.  
My ink does not faint  
My ink is my blood  
So, enjoy the drops of my blood

Babatunde Aremu

# Just A Smile

It may look ordinary  
But that smile is pleasant  
To take away those strains  
Exude that inner joy now  
Lighten up the earth with those smiles  
Let the world draw strength  
From that infectious nice gift  
Just your smile can transform the earth  
Your smile can break those ancient barriers  
All we need is your unpretentious smile  
It does not cause a dime  
So smile to your world  
Make the world a pleasant place  
With just a smile

Babatunde Aremu

# Just Before Dawn

Just before dawn  
Ere light glows  
Just as cock crows  
Before the early morning bell  
When earth still snores  
I saw her beauty  
Just natural beauty

Just before dawn  
When silence reigns  
When the cloud is gentle  
In the silence of the dawn  
When no bird sang  
No frog croaks  
Neither is there hooting  
Nor blarring of horns  
There her beauty is revealed

Yes, just natural beauty  
I mean nature beauty  
The clouds move in columns  
Arrayed with twinkling stars  
Brightened by large crescent moon  
Giant trees clap their hands  
Dancing joyously to the cool breeze  
That oozes out from the invisible

Man snores deeply  
Oblivious of the beauty around  
The beauty of the dawn  
Is the beauty the world needs  
Where peace, joy, gentleness,  
Tolerance and ordeliness reigns

Babatunde Aremu

# Just Say I Love You

When you meet someone on the way  
Just say I love you  
The voice of love is golden  
The tongue of love softens  
Like the balm of Gilead  
When you say I love you  
Barriers are broken  
Mountains are thrashed  
Life becomes sweet and pleasant  
So, don't hold back  
Just tell someone now  
I love you.

Babatunde Aremu

# Just Say Thank You

A little thank you  
Draws out more blessings  
So for today you able to see  
Just say thank you  
For that position you are  
Learn to say thank you  
For those who admire you  
Say a big thank you  
To those you meet perchance  
Say thank you  
Never get tired of thank you  
For it soothes the soul  
It brings joy to the world  
So, say thank you now

Babatunde Aremu

# Ladder Of Life

Fix your eyes on the ladder  
Ladder that takes to the top  
Climb it step by step  
Don't be distracted by cobwebs  
The ladder may be bumpy  
That should not bother you  
He who must lick honey inside rock  
Must not mind the fate of the axe  
So climb the ladder with integrity,  
Courage, love, piety and integrity  
Never forget those you left behind  
And the one that help you to climb  
Remember a river severed from its source  
Will dry up along its course  
Let God be your guide  
As you mount the ladder of life

Babatunde Aremu

# Lateness

Lateness is not good  
Lateness is dangerous  
You lose valuable things  
Opportunities are wasted  
Time lost and never regained  
Lateness is an ill-wind  
Blowing adversely against  
Our future destiny

Written By: Esther Temilola Aremu,11 year old)

Babatunde Aremu



# Legacy

Their yesterday,  
Was lived for our today.  
They fought good fights  
The manacles were unchained  
With their tears and bloods  
Many were maimed, harassed and jailed  
Their dignities were rubbished  
Just to bequeath us worthy legacies  
Of being born free and living free  
All their lives were wrapped in fighting  
For freedom of our papa land  
Their writings, music, poems  
Betray their burning heart desires  
They fought a good fight  
And laid on us crowns of freedom  
Now that they are sleeping  
Let us not disturb their rest  
Let's uphold their tenets and desires  
Let's keep marching on  
Let no tongue divides  
Let no religion nor politics  
Rubbish their good legacies  
Let the baton of total freedom  
Pass to the next generation  
Let us sow good seeds globally  
So that those coming after us  
Could enjoy total peace

Babatunde Aremu

# Let Her Live

Woman is the compliment of man  
Woman the great partner of man  
Woman the backbone of man  
She is complete in herself  
Out of her bowels flows rivers of life  
From her life begins  
In her breasts  
Lives are preserved  
She is just precious  
She is the Achilles  
That lays the golden eggs

Yet everywhere she is in servitude  
All over she is in chains  
Man's powerful jackboots  
Stamp her down daily  
She is not to be heard  
Ever humiliated, intimidated, knocked and kicked  
Ever trodden down like a pebble  
Her substance is belittled  
Her labours are trivialised

Yet her head is unbowed  
She remains dogged  
Always marching on with her dreams  
As if nothing is against her  
She is still available  
Submitting to her husband  
Loving her children  
Stabilising the world  
Let's give her chance  
Let her live  
She has a lot to offer

Babatunde Aremu

# Let The Music Play On

There is a music within me  
No one hears it but me  
No back-up soloist but me  
It is neither sang by a physical vocalist  
Its trumpets are blown by the ancients  
Its lyrics are written by invisible hands  
I enjoying listening to its percussions  
When I am sleeping  
It keeps playing in my sub-conscious  
When I am awake  
It re- vibrates in my soul  
Year-in- year out the music echoes  
Before I was born the music was  
After me, the music endures  
My music is filled with love, kindness,  
Forgiveness, temperance, peace and joy  
This music heals broken-hearted  
It unchains those in bondage  
Seasons may change,  
Instruments may be modernised  
But my music is incorruptible  
My music is in the word of God  
My absolute trust is built in it  
So, let the music play on

Babatunde Aremu

# Let's Be One

I have one desire for you, brother.  
I have a wish for us to be one  
I have the dream for my country men  
That we will be one one day  
We shall be one.

Fellow country men, remember  
That a single finger  
Cannot lift up a heavy load.  
A bunch broom is not easily broken  
If there is no crack in the wall  
Lizard cannot penetrate

Remember, fellow country men  
A tree cannot make a forest.  
The unity of tributaries  
Makes a big river.  
The conglomeration of big rivers  
Becomes a mighty ocean.  
We all need each other.

Behold! How pleasant will it be  
For our brothers in the north  
To dine with us in the south  
Inside the same calabash.  
How wonderful will it be  
If we speak with a voice  
Its better for us to be one  
Than each to pitch  
Under different tents

Babatunde Aremu

# Let's Hope Today Remains

Let's hope today never slept  
And the sun never set  
Let's hope the sky remains bright  
And the stars twinkle forever  
Let's hope the jubilation continues  
And banter is exchanged like currency  
Let's hope we speak with a tongue  
And the cardinal points are focused  
Let's hope this convoy  
Is like that of bees  
Moving together to produce honey  
Let's hope we are like a bunch of broom  
That sweeps away debris from the land.  
Let's hope today remains.

Babatunde Aremu

# Let's Sheath The Swords

Misty fog convulsed in the sky.  
All land is coloured red  
Given birth by hatred.  
Innocent carcasses littered the streets  
Oozing out horrid smell.  
Birds perches on birds  
Of the same flocks  
Vultures now swallow each other  
Lions prey on lions  
Oddities reign in all nations.

Help! all hands are stained  
Like a butcher.  
Races are dagger drawn  
Brothers maim brothers  
Belligerent tribes strike each other  
Blood flows like the hurricane  
Our white garment is stained.

Mistrust, mistrust, Mistrust everywhere.  
Hatred darkens all heart.  
Pretentious love dwells with us.  
Beneath our beliefs  
We race against each others  
Nations roll out weapons  
To claim territories  
Power is amassed  
At points of bayonets  
Confusion reigns in the globe.

Someone help!  
We are ebbing to bestiality  
We need help  
We want peace in the world  
We want to caress each other again  
We want to sleep with two eyes closed  
We are famished for eloped good neighbourliness  
We need foes to be friends again  
No gain in these pains

Let's not descreate the world anymore more  
Let's sheath the swords.

Babatunde Aremu

# Letter To My Children

My dear children,  
The world dedicates a day  
To make you happy  
All day and night  
Twenty-four hours a day  
Seven days per week  
365 days a year  
My love is for you  
A day with me without loving you  
Is boring and incomplete  
So, my children  
My love for you  
Pervades all season  
Day and night cannot  
Debar me from loving you

Babatunde Aremu



# Life Is A Game

Life is a game  
The spectators are watching  
The referees are guiding  
Keep to the rules  
Never run foul of the rules  
To avoid red card and early exit  
Ensure fairplay to avoid caution  
Avoid vicious tackles  
You will enjoy the game to the end

Babatunde Aremu

# Like The Rain

I am like the rain  
Neither foe nor friend  
Whosoever stays under the sky uncovered  
Shall be automatically drenched  
So, I'm not for the left or right  
All I care for is justice, honesty,  
I admire Godliness and transparency  
Integrity is my bedmate  
These virtues are not negotiable  
In them I live  
In them I rejoice  
If you lack these virtues  
Be ready for my pen's venoms  
This is the hallmark  
Of a true poet.

Babatunde Aremu

# Limited Time

I now know why  
There's season for everything  
I now know why green vegetation  
Suddenly turned yellow and withered  
I have discovered  
Why strongmen lose their steam  
Become weak, black hairs are now grey  
Straight back is bent and curved  
I now can tell you now  
Why strong legs are ached  
Only to be supported with walking sticks  
I now know why  
There are ten kings in ten seasons  
Everyone has got his season  
Everything is time bound  
None can go beyond his time  
All have limited time  
Our lives are time bound  
So, make proper use of your time

Babatunde Aremu

# Little Weaverbirds

I planted my palm trees  
To make my environment beautiful  
And to enjoy natural scenery  
Little weaverbirds came  
Seeking for their nests  
Before long, the fronds were peeled  
Revealing the veins of the branches  
I was angst with the little creatures  
I rued over the devastation  
I pursued and cursed the tiny birds  
Yet they care less and persisted  
They kept on weaving nests upon nests  
Before long I began to see their beauty  
I admired the dexterity of their art  
Their resilience amused me  
They flocked together to weave and work  
All of them sonorously shrieked in unison  
Curiosity overshadowed my anger  
From the little weaverbirds  
I see odds situations turned around  
In this little creatures are resolve,  
Peace, unity of purpose and togetherness  
I learnt that no family or nation is built  
Without challenges and odds  
I learnt what first bring pain  
Does not necessarily end in pain  
So, in little weaverbirds I've gained  
A lesson that endures for ever

Babatunde Aremu

# Loneliness

It is colder when alone  
People are warmth garments  
That keeps us warm in the cold  
A tree that stands alone  
Is vulnerable to whirlwind  
There is no life in loneliness  
Loneliness is void  
You are lost in loneliness  
There is no identity in loneliness  
Two is better than one  
Three is God's completeness  
A multiple of people around  
Is a great blessing  
Wealth is incomplete in loneliness  
A rich man devoid of people  
Is like an ensnared lion  
Show me your people  
I can tell you  
The expanse of your wealth

Babatunde Aremu

# Love For All Season

Its not just love for today  
Neither is it for this week  
My love towards you transcends this month  
It is not an annual love  
Neither is to mark an event  
My love to you is from my bowels  
It is like ever springing well  
From season to seasons  
My love for you never waned  
It is love that never died  
It is love for all season

Babatunde Aremu

## Lover Birds

I once passed through a love garden  
It is a familiar garden  
The flowers are purple and bright  
Their scents are like the Arabian perfumes  
Suddenly, I noticed two lover birds  
Lurking their feathers together  
Deep inside the beautiful flowers  
The two sang together sonorously  
They flaunts their colourful feathers  
As strolled through the flower beds  
Into the temple of love  
To the admiration of on-lookers  
Some of the admirers have  
Passed through the rituals before  
Some are hoping for their days  
All eyes gazed on the two lovers  
As their cupid eyes rolled  
And their bicks choroused:  
'I do, I do, till death do us part'  
As the two signed the dotted lines  
Their feathers were raised up  
At the altar of love  
To pronounce them as one  
Never to be two no more

Babatunde Aremu

# Maya Angelou: Angel That Sings

Out of the peasant stock  
Without silver spoon nor jewel  
Under intensified winter cold  
Deep down in the ghetto  
A child is born  
She is just one of those slave kids

Before long this little angel  
Begin to mutter some words  
It looks meaningless at first  
But she continued to mutter her lines  
Her resolve will not make her keep quiet  
Until she is listen to by the world

Her indomitable spirit remain unbowed  
By dint of hardwork, self-denial, patience  
Hope, doggedness, she dared the odds  
Stroking her nibble pen on pages of papers  
Like a fountain of waters  
Wisdom exudes from her write ceaselessly

Her lines begin to mesmerise kings  
Nobles' mouths are agaped at her recitations  
She becomes a darling of queens  
By her wonderful art  
Her name is mentioned at banquets  
Every woman wants to be like her  
Because she is now a 'phenomenal woman'

Now, keep on singing Angelou,  
Age cannot deter you from singing  
Death cannot prevent your recitations  
You just must sing those sonnets.  
She must continue singing with angels  
Heaven cannot afford not to listen to Angelou  
Maya is an angel that sings for ever  
So, sing on mama, sing on till eternity  
Your lines endures for ever  
You are still singing, Maya



Babatunde Aremu

# Mercenary

Dexterious warrior without border  
Highly unconventional in the curious art  
No allegiance to any land  
He is a venal soldier  
No heart of love  
No vein for affection  
He wanders across nations  
Fighting for no cause  
Ravaging and pillaging settlements  
Leaving behind sorrows and tears  
There's no remorse for killing  
There's no regret for bloodletting  
He is just moved by pecunary rewards  
His trade is to be hired to kill  
So, he is named: mercenary

Babatunde Aremu

# Monday

Boisterous, busy, hectic  
Industrious, efficiency  
That's Monday.  
Although Sunday is sacrosant,  
Monday is the Lord  
That preclude other days  
When Monday sneezed  
Other days freeze  
A smile on her face  
Reflects on the week's countenance  
Always love by the diligent  
Constantly detest by the indolent  
Monday, the mobile wheel  
Which propel other days  
On the direction to go  
Monday, the unique day

Babatunde Aremu

# Money

I need money  
You need monoeuy  
Everybody needs it  
There is no need for pretense  
One without money  
Is like a horse without hoof  
Money makes a young boy  
To send the elders on errands  
It makes a toddler  
To become the most honoured  
A nation without money  
Becomes a beggar amongst nations

Money resides beneath rocks  
And above the skies  
From ancient days till date  
Man is never tired of money  
The quest is insatiable  
Many crazily search for it  
And ended up enslaved  
Some kill to possess it  
It sometimes come without hazzle  
Some have it, some don't

Money is like a stranger  
When it comes to lodge  
And it is treated well  
It continues to abide  
If treated shabbily  
It develop wings  
And flies to another tree  
Money is good  
Money is pleasant  
However, the greed for money  
Leads to damnation

Babatunde Aremu

# More Time

Its available all through  
Yet its not enough  
As its hands tick away  
We crave for more  
To do this or that  
We try to manage it  
But it slips away gradually  
We wish we have more of it in the past  
We hope to have more in the future  
Our desires for more of it  
Is like an open selpulchre  
That's never say enough to corpses  
We all need more time.  
Young, old, rulers and subjects  
Constantly yearn for more time  
But we must know that time is mobile  
It is a 'passing moment'  
That waits for no one

Babatunde Aremu

# Motherless

Some have mothers  
Some do not know their worths  
Mothers are worthy and precious  
Than the most priceless gem  
Mothers are our beaded crown  
That are not transferable  
Nor could be auctioned at market square  
Mothers are not shares in the stock markets

Do you still have a mother?  
Then cherish and cuddle her  
A day is coming  
When her up-rise you see no more  
Her sonorous vocal cord ceases  
Only to re-echo in your subconscious mind  
No dirge or tears could wake her  
Hordes of sympathisers' hues  
Will be immaterial at such a time

When your mother transited  
You are suddenly weaned  
The breast milk dries suddenly  
No more tete-a-tete  
No one to share deeper feelings  
No woman calls you my child  
You are left spineless  
Without the usual pillar  
You are used to rest upon  
Now life realities become transparent  
That one day, we must all transited  
So, if you still have a mother  
Hold on to this invaluable asset

Babatunde Aremu

# Mr Soldier

Mr soldier is woken by the beagle  
Left, right he is marched on by the whistle  
The sound of the whistle  
Is a clarion call to duty  
Off he goes  
Leaving the wife only with a goodbye kiss  
And the children with a wave of hand  
Whether he returns or not  
Does not matter to him  
Mr soldier must obey the call  
The love of fatherland supersedes all  
As a mule sanctioned to cultivate  
Mr soldier is drafted to quell riots  
The man of war is commanded to war  
He must stop the terrorists  
He must go after the rebels  
He must maintain peace abroad  
All his life is service  
He is ever dutiful  
He is always battle ready  
Mr soldier is a sacrificial lamb  
If he is victorious  
He is a hero decorated with epaulets  
If he is terminated at battle  
He becomes an effigy  
And he is tagged as unknown soldier

Babatunde Aremu

# My Best Neighbour

He is worthy, reliable, kind  
Gentle, patient, ever faithful  
He is an embodiment of love,  
What a wonderful neighbour  
He is a good counsellor  
He drops his sweat for me  
When I am confused  
He directs me aright  
He lightens my paths  
And show me the correct way  
My best neighbour is not fickle  
He does not change his location  
He came to rescue me and he did  
There's no deceit in him  
His word is sancrosant  
My best neighbour is a friend indeed  
Who neither discriminate nor reject  
Upon him is laid the crown of righteousness  
He is always there for me  
He is Jesus Christ, the messiah  
Who laid his life down  
That all may have salvation  
He is worthy of my praise!

Babatunde Aremu



# My Friend Is Gone

Delivered by two mothers  
Ordained to be siaseme twins  
Co-joined perchance at nymphs  
Cleaving together like the unbroken cords  
We climbed mountains together  
Taking giant steps to greatness.  
We paddled the same canoe  
Through the murky waters.  
Our dreams were the same,  
Our aspirations were inseparable.  
Consistently we washed each others back.  
What a great companion.

Why do you suddenly eclipsed?  
Why embarking on a journey of no return?  
Why translating into the celestial  
When there are more to be done here?  
Why did you depart unannounced?  
In order to dine with with the cherubims?  
Why not wishing me bye?  
You were my great companion  
A worthy friend indeed.  
Adieu, my worthy friend.

(IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL ADEBANJI OJO ALADESUYI)

Babatunde Aremu

# My Heartthrob

When I was young  
I learnt to kneel down  
Questing for divine help  
I consistently besieged God's throne  
Praying for good home  
Requesting for a mother-wife  
Who will be a Godly jewel  
I longed for that woman  
Whose surname is peace  
Whose second name is joy  
And the middle name is love  
I hoped for an answer  
I waited patiently for manifestation

Heavens opened up to me  
Heavens honoured my petition  
God listened to my prayer  
He bequeathed me with an angel  
Beautiful and adorable damsel  
Ebony black with dimples  
Endowed with unpretentious smiles  
With beautiful gappy teeth  
A paragon of beauty within and without  
Spiritual and believing  
Ever on her knees  
Constantly seeking God's face  
That's my heartthrob

What do I owe God for this gift?  
I will cherish her  
I will adore her  
For covering my nakedness  
I will protect her  
For all the sacrifices  
I owe her comfort  
For polishing my crudity  
I will also refine her  
For massaging my ego daily  
I will aim for the great height

And travel extra mile  
To make my darling comfortable  
Oh! what an angel 464from God  
My heart throbs for my hearththrob

Babatunde Aremu

# My Innocent Child

My child is innocent  
Innocent of the world around  
Her tenderness Shows innocence  
Her beauty betrays her hope  
Of what the world holds for her  
She believes her world  
Ever trusting and faithful  
She loves everyone around her  
Colour or height matters not  
She sees all as one  
To her, I am a refuge  
What an innocent child!  
How I wish everyone is innocent

Babatunde Aremu

# My Lovely Weekend

Seven days are in a week  
Five are boisterous  
I love the serenity of weekends  
Less traffic, low noise,  
Reduced fumes, more funs  
As trees clap in rhymes  
The cool morning breeze  
Ushers in fascinating aroma  
Couples, families, friends  
Neighbours and many others  
Sports along the streets  
To keep shape for weekdays  
My weekend afford me to party  
Visit parks and friends,  
Relax and shop with my lovely family  
Or enjoy and revel with bossom friends  
Sometimes, its a period of deep reflections  
To get close to my creator  
I don't like my weekend being wasted  
Because it's a divine gift

Babatunde Aremu

# My Police Friend

My police friend is wonderful  
He is very pleasant in relationship  
Yet he is sensitive in his dealings  
Outwardly he looks simple and calm  
But he is a super cop  
Highly skilful in detective art  
Always watching and searching  
So as to bring culprits to book  
By his trade he seems suspicious  
When I pay him a visit  
It is my duty to entertain him  
When he seldomly visits me  
I am scared of his motive  
Some see my police friend  
As cunning, dangerous, vindictive,  
Brutal and wicked  
But I see him as Kind, obedient,  
Dedicated, patriotic, sacrificial  
He is very protective of the citizenry  
Although he is rarely appreciated  
My police friend is a necessity  
For maintenance of law and order

Babatunde Aremu

# My Wish

My mind wanders  
For some wonders  
Desires flood my mind  
Where I am  
What I am  
Where my eyes is seeing  
Goes beyond the present  
So I constantly wish for something  
Some are achievable, few are real  
A lot are by faith  
But somehow the wishes keep coming

Most times I wish I am the best  
I wish I am Numero Uno  
I wish I am a king, president,  
Senator, business mogul  
I wish I am powerful, great and rich  
I wish I have children and large estates  
I just keep on wishing  
But I have realized that wishes are only real  
If opportunities are tapped  
If sacrifices are made with great patience  
If those wishes are Godly inspired  
Otherwise our wishes will remain dormant  
Just like a weird passing dream  
Before we realize the wishes are gone

Babatunde Aremu

# National Cake

There is a cake to share  
It is called national cake  
No one bakes it  
No one fries it  
It belongs to our fatherland  
It belongs to all  
So everyone must have a share  
Everyone struggle to share it  
No one wants to be left out  
No other food can compare  
The cake is irresistible  
They just want to have their portion  
What happen to fatherland is irrelevant  
All they want is their portion  
They want the national cake  
To build their personal estates  
They love the national cake  
To become one of the nouveau rich  
They are desperate to have it  
Just to milk the cow dry  
The future of Fatherland matters not

Babatunde Aremu



# New Day

New dawn births new day  
New morning, day and night  
Makes new day complete  
In the womb of new day  
Sun shines, moon brightens  
Stars twinkle, thunder strikes  
Eastern wind blows,  
Western moonsoon flows,  
New rain wets the earth  
Plant grows, tree claps  
Flower blooms, bird sings  
Fruits ripen, man harvests  
Before long the day is gone  
The night comes  
The new day is rested  
Another new day is expected  
Another new day is birthed  
So, the circle goes on and on  
Life continue unabated

Babatunde Aremu

# Night Season

Night dark lonely season  
All is silent and isolated  
Visions are blurred  
Everyone retires to his chamber  
Leaving you on dark alley street  
You are deserted and abandoned  
Our journey through is lonely  
Relations, friends, colleagues,  
Neighbours and acquaintances  
Most times deserts you  
All for us to carry the cross alone  
Its just night season

Yes, night season do come  
But don't allow its dark nature  
To make you loose hope  
Press forward with your dreams  
Tarry there, never quit, it will be over  
There will always be a dawn  
That ushers in glorious light  
Soon, the night disappears  
And is completely forgotten  
Its just a temporary season

Babatunde Aremu

# No Faction

When the political lords bickers  
Do not be deceived or perturbed  
There is no real divide between them  
They are two sides of a coin  
Democrats, Republicans, Aristocrats, monarchs  
A little to the left or a little the right  
Western or eastern ideologues  
They are just the same  
Their bickering is farce  
Its scene in an act  
Outwardly they are foes  
Yet are well-knitted  
In their skills and resolves  
So, you see, their faction is a farce

Babatunde Aremu

# No Need For Envy

Cattle egret's white colour  
Worries the young sparrow  
Yet the sparrow is beautiful  
Eagles dexterity in the sky  
Catches the domestic hen's attention  
Yet the hen is fed freely  
Lion's roar amazes elephant  
Yet the lion is envious of elephant's size  
The rat complains of small eyes  
The owl shrieks against big ball eyes

I wonder at the created  
Always at cut throat at each other  
Not contented with divine providence  
Constantly warring to outshine others  
Oblivious of their divine endowment  
They shoot for others possession  
Some loose their senses  
Just because of envy  
Some stab their kinsmen  
Just to displace violently

I wonder on why man is envy  
I heard that the sky is too wide  
Two birds have no reason to collide  
Everyone has a value  
That others have not  
Yet they are blind to their values  
Always shooting at others values  
Thereby loosing their own values  
Just because they want others values  
I wonder the more

No need for envy  
It's God that gives  
You have your beauty  
I have my own gift  
All we have  
All we are

All we will be  
It's in God's hands  
It is not by scheming  
It is not by skill

Where some work hard gaining a little  
Some reap effortlessly working a little  
All is in God's hands  
No need to be envious  
All you need is grace  
Just look around  
Find and fly with your grace  
Do not fly with envy  
To avoid being disgraced  
No need to be envious.

Babatunde Aremu

# No Vacancy

This throne is mine  
There's no vacancy  
Lion has no rivalry  
In the jungle community  
My competitors are time wasters  
This sceptre of authority is mine  
No one can wrestle it from me  
There's just no vacancy

Be warned!  
No electorate can remove me  
I own the necessary machineries  
Incumbency favours me  
State's funds are in my custody  
I am doling out quid  
To bribe kings, princes, chiefs,  
Imams, pastors and herbalists

Even militants and hoodlums  
Are being mobilized  
To demonstrate in my support  
They can vandalise and maim  
Just to silence my opponents  
Soldiers are battle ready  
The police are well- oiled  
To defend this throne for me

So, you see!  
There's no vacancy  
QED

Babatunde Aremu

# Nostalgia

Pap caterer will always  
Imagine the whitish porridge  
On sighting the green leaves  
A poacher longs for prey  
On seeing his weapons  
As thunderstorm echos  
The husbandman remembers  
The fallow soil.  
Hunger catalyses the desire  
Of the scavenger for birthplace.  
Slaves have homes  
The distance is far.

I want to see my root again  
Where serenity reigns,  
Where brotherhood prevails  
Where nature smiles perpetually,  
Where fresh waters never ceased.  
I long to eat from mama's pot  
I long to dine under the roof  
Where unity prevails.  
I want to go back  
To the land of peace  
Where bias is anathema.  
I want to share  
The moonlight tales, again.

Babatunde Aremu

# Not By Strength

Whatever we are  
Its not by strength  
Whoever you are  
Its not your power  
I may possess Solomonic wisdom  
You may dream more than Joseph  
He my be intelligent than Albert Einstein  
Only the grace covers you  
Without His grace  
You are naked

Never boast in your strength  
We have seen kings dethroned  
We have seen princes walked barefooted  
We have also seen the lame  
Taking the prey of the mighty  
So, never boast in your strength  
For strength without grace is useless

Babatunde Aremu



# Nothing But You

I look front and back  
All around me is you  
Whatever I have been  
Whosoever I am and will be  
Are all from you  
I owe nothing without you  
My breath is yours  
All I have is from you  
My life, job, family  
My accomplishments  
Are your hand work  
You have been so good to me  
What else would I say  
Lord, you have done it all  
I have nothing to offer  
But to worship and adore you  
All I now want is you  
Nothing but you, Lord  
I owe you everything  
I am so grateful, Lord  
Imela! Nagode! ! E se pupo! ! 1

Babatunde Aremu

# Obey Instruction

My little children,  
The word of the wise  
Sticks like magnet  
Whoever obeys instruction  
Is a prince in royal apparel  
The one that disobeys  
Is like a prince in slavery  
A disobedient child  
Will watch his masquerade  
Dance naked at the market square  
He will be like a monkey  
That climbs tree beyond its branches  
Obey good instruction, Children  
Obedience is key to your future  
It is like the incandescent light in the dark

Babatunde Aremu

# Oshodi

The sighting of an elephant  
Is beyond sight seeing  
Eagle's flight is incontestable by hawk  
Greatness is above physique  
Oshodi is a unique land

OShodi is sleepless like a duck  
Oshodi a rich land like the ocean  
No land can boast of your wealth  
Human heads spread like trees  
Legs are like grasses in the savannah

Oshodi, the nerve centre of Lagos  
Traffic hoots ceaselessly  
Merchants thrive like a palm tree  
Planted at the river side  
Only the industrious survives in Oshodi

Oshodi has two faces  
Oshodi-Oke is at the top  
Oshodi-Isale is down the bridge  
Strangers are confused where to disembark  
Ceaseless hooting confuses newcomers

Oshodi the entrepot of Lagos  
You are like the internet connectivity  
Pointing to other parts of Lagos  
Oshodi is a melting pot  
Your identities are mixed  
Who ever comes to Lagos  
Must pay you homage  
Oshodi is a unique city

Babatunde Aremu

# Our Roads On Earth

Each trip commences with a step  
We all have trips to make  
We traverse different roads in life  
As one goes up  
Another goes down  
Some go through long roads  
Others have shorter paths to tread  
Our daily trips are divine  
As we journeyed towards life trips  
Some roads are bumpy  
Some are smooth  
Some have stamina for marathon  
Some move faster in a dash  
Either long or short  
Trials, challenges, obstacles  
Are features to wrestle with on our roads  
We need to be resilient  
We need to damn odds  
Whatever lane of the roads we are  
Steadfastness is needed  
Our trips on these roads  
Shall end successfully  
If we hold on to God..

Babatunde Aremu

# Our Uniqueness

Why I mine created?  
Why I mine living?  
Luxurant vegetable  
Knows its worth  
In the garden  
Lion's uniqueness  
Is seen the jungle  
The sun, moon, stars  
All have their specialty  
Ruling and reigning  
In the skies  
We all have our spheres  
Where each one is endowed  
To usher something unique  
And make formidable impacts  
That's why we are born  
That's why we are living  
That's our uniqueness

Babatunde Aremu

# Pack Of Lies

Whatever height lies ascends  
Any distance covered with lies  
Whoever is cquired with lies  
Just a minute truth will unveil  
And scatter packs of lies

Babatunde Aremu

# Paint Me Not

Paint me not black  
Let me remain plain  
Don't change my colour  
Don't change my character  
Massage not my ego  
Call me my real name  
Tell people who I am  
Not who I am not  
I like it real

Babatunde Aremu

# Papa My Original Teacher

Papa is my original teacher  
The strong tread  
That ties me to the earth  
Papa is my source  
That conveys me  
Vide the bumpy roads  
Papa is my light  
That illuminates my paths  
Papa is my coach and guardian  
Who to taught me to read world map  
To avoid missing my tracts  
Papa use of rods  
Showed me how to cross the seas  
He forsakes his merriment  
To teach me about life  
He schooled me to greatness  
To exalt my horns  
Papa is an encourager  
Papa is my original teacher  
Who tutored me to greatness

Babatunde Aremu



# Patience Rules

I am told that idea rules the world  
The real ruler is patience  
Patience owns the planet  
The child of patience is idea  
Without patience idea is aborted

Patience rules the world  
Patience is gradual and steady  
Yet it always leads to victory  
Although the snail has neither hand nor leg  
Patiently its destinations are reached

Nothing can be attained without patience  
It is with patience  
That snake climbs coconut trees  
An ant invested firewood  
Is fetched with patience

Patience is profitable  
Whatever you desire in life  
Let patience be your watchword  
Only the patient can milk a lioness  
Kingship is attained through patience  
Royal crown is perfectly fitted by it

Hurray! patience is the champion  
Patience is it!

Babatunde Aremu

# Peace At Last

Once terror reigned  
Men prostrated at altars  
Women wailed for elusive peace  
Pastors fasted for heavenly peace  
Imams called for spiritual intervention  
All yearned for equanimity and peace  
But despairs, frustrations, sorrows  
Created hollow in our minds  
Grenades boomed on our streets  
Gunfires scared us from our homes  
All hope was lost  
No one trust anyone again

Pronto! From the the blues  
The news of peace crept in  
The terrorists are embracing peace

Could it be true or not?  
Is a fairy tale or reality?  
Suddenly the echos of guns ceased  
Weapons of bloodshed become silent  
Warriors signed armistice  
We all chorused 'peace at last'  
We all shouted 'peace at last'  
Brothers now embrace one another again  
We all now heave for peace

Babatunde Aremu

# Pen Robbers' Cult

Ink from the nibs  
Drops of pens  
Stain the plain sheets  
Like the venom of a snake  
Our resources are poisoned  
Into their individual pockets  
Via bribes and kickbacks as proceeds  
From the drops of their ink.

It is a league of pen robbers  
It is a clique of robbers  
They are clientele of rogues  
Sucking the nation dry  
With the nips of their pens  
Till the land is depraved  
By the arrows of their cultic pen  
They steal our precious black gold  
And wreck havoc in the land

Babatunde Aremu

# Pleasantry

Just embrace me  
Let me cuddle you  
Let's all be happy  
Pleasantry exudes great joy  
It is injurious to be cold  
It is bitter to be withdrawn  
Draw near me,  
Let me feel the warmth  
Let us exchange banter  
Let us break this barrier  
So as to make our world pleasant  
Oh! How I wish that  
All will be totally pleasant  
Our world would be a pleasant abode

Babatunde Aremu

## Poem(S) Speaks

Those smaller tiny letters  
Are sometimes scribbled in haste  
But are borne out of deep thoughts  
The lines do speak volumes  
It pierces like two-edged sword  
From generation to generation  
The lines speak beyond the poet  
Teaching, encouraging and rebuking  
Poems are like words on a marble  
Divinely inspired to speak for ever

Babatunde Aremu

# Point Of No Return I

Elmina Castle, point of no return  
I was there in the Cape Coast  
Deep in the heart of Gold Coast  
The ancient castle of slavery  
Where deeds and misdeeds were committed  
A castle where blacks were sold,  
Chained, brutalised, depraved,  
Beaten to death and fed to fishes  
That's Elmina Castle  
A Castle where man's mind was seared  
Where my ancestors were squeezed  
Through an apperture of no return  
Where they were verified through Atlantic  
Never to be seen again by their kinsmen  
Elmina Castle, the place where blacks disappeared

Babatunde Aremu

## Point Of No Return Ii

Pursued, captured and kidnapped  
Merchants negotiated the price  
Agreement reached for a dime  
Were sold as articles of trade  
In exchange for mirrors, salt, and guns.  
For mere material things  
My ancestors were chained  
By their brothers and sold  
To the white merchants  
Who perforated and key their mouths  
So as not to eat their sugarcanes.  
Their legs were chained  
Like goats to be slaughtered  
To forbid them from escaping.  
The bold ones were flogged,  
Lacerated, imprisoned and famished  
Until there was no spirit in them  
The beautiful ladies were raped  
Resulting into delivery of mulattoes  
Some cried for freedom  
But their cries were unheard  
Some sobed in mute  
With rivers of tears of sorrows  
No one was there to comfort them  
Without dignity they were whisked away  
Vide the virulent currents of the Atlantic  
Never to be seen in ancestral land any more  
This is our history, the story of man's misdeeds

Babatunde Aremu

# Politicians

They know the truth  
Yet they tricked the truth  
They see the truth  
Yet they are blind to the truth  
They hide the truth  
They have phobia for truth  
Always denying the truth  
They preach truth  
Their truth is veiled  
Laded with politricks  
That is their truth  
So, read their lips  
When they speak the truth

Babatunde Aremu



# Posterity

Actions are forever  
Whatever is done today  
Becomes tomorrow's history  
Our acts are preserved  
For a bequeathed future  
What is said, written and acted  
Are securely engraved  
In the palms of posterity

Babatunde Aremu

# Postponed

Let's crack these nuts now,  
No, let's delay the exercise  
But we agree to crack the nuts now  
Yes, you see em, its not safe now  
Why is it not safe?  
As you see;  
There are rodents around  
Even weevils are thriving now  
This season is not good for cracking  
Besides our gardeners cannot guaranty protection  
So, the safety of the seeds is unsure  
But they have assured us that  
When the hurly-burly is done  
And the marauders are fizzled out  
We will queue for the cracking  
So, for now this is postponed, QED  
Remember, I am holding the bayonet  
You either take it or leave it  
No more discussion on this issue  
This is postponed.  
The umpire is so directed

Babatunde Aremu

# Powerful Lady

She was born with no spoon  
She walked barefooted as a nymph  
She bathed naturally at riverside  
Sat under the umbrella tree  
Savouring tales by moonlight  
She waved to aeroplane ceaselessly  
Travelling along the village airspace  
Hoping one day she flies

Dreams do come true  
Nymph do metamorphose to adult  
Now she dwells in the palaces  
Now she dines with princes  
Now she dances with queens  
Now she is tendered by maids  
And accompanied by retinue of guards  
Youths rever her  
Elders bow down before her  
She is a powerful lady

Now she is intoxicated  
Now she is a demi-god  
As the first of the ladies  
She is cut off from the root  
She now flaunts wealth  
Changing skin like chameleon  
As she becomes more powerful  
She raves like whirlwind  
Uprooting whatever is on her paths  
To attain sensous desires  
She damn any consequences  
Just because she is powerful  
Now who will tame her?

Babatunde Aremu

# Pride

A stone cast into the sky  
Must surely fall down to the earth  
No matter how greenish the grass is  
It is a rich delicacy to herds  
Monkey defies instruction to be cautious  
It ends up climbing trees beyond branches  
Pride and damnation are borne twins  
Accolades based on pride leads to fall  
Beauty anchors on pride vanishes  
No proud can see God  
The rewards of pride are  
Shame, dishonour, rejection....  
Pride descreates throne  
A king with garment of pride  
Will end up naked at market square  
A prince riding on a horse with countenance  
Will be trodden upon on the street  
If people are hailing you;  
If the world urges you on;  
Beware, make yourself humble  
For no one queue behind the proud  
A word is enough.....

Babatunde Aremu

# Procastination

There's a desire to go ahead  
There's a strong urge to act now  
Yet nothing is done  
Many occasions I keep postponing  
Deferring the necessities till later  
The mouth keep doing it  
Mind urges me to go for it  
Time ticks past gently  
With nothing tangible done  
Nor achieved  
Before long,  
Opportunities are wasted  
Leaving me with biting fingers  
With opportunities lost  
Never to be regained for ever

Babatunde Aremu

# Red Alert!

She is a beauty to behold  
Like a masquerade on display  
She is wrapped with attractive garment  
Her Arabian perfume oozes out ceaselessly  
Her jewelleries shine like oriental sunlight  
The eyeballs glitter like a refined diamond  
Her skin is as a succulent tomato fruit  
She is damned too attractive  
Beware she is a compost  
Decorated with fresh green grass

She locates herself in thick darkness  
Down at the street corners  
Her wares are displayed for stray dogs  
Like a hunter on expedition  
She pounces on her preys  
Like Delilah she bewithces  
Making strong men to genuflect  
Dragging them into abyss  
Let all be at alert  
Because she a red alert

Babatunde Aremu

# Rest

Running up and down  
Does not automatically translate to huge wealth  
Only divine providence brings profit  
Yes, there is dignity in labour  
But labour without rest  
Is like burning cigarette from both ends  
As you lour, take time to rest  
Rest to take stock  
Rest to rediscover  
Rest to acknowledge  
Your achievements and failures  
Don't burn out fast through ceaseless work  
A bird that dies because of one fruit  
Leaves the fruit for other birds to eat.

Babatunde Aremu

# Rise Up, Nigeria

Nigeria,  
Giant of the blackworld  
Created as a trigger  
For the development of Africa.  
On your skies  
Are the brightness of the sun  
And the illumination of the moon.  
Within your belly flows the Niger.  
Inside your womb criss-crosses Benue  
All meandering to form a confluence  
And proceeds to the Niger creeks  
Excreting great alluvia  
That makes our land fertile.

Nigeria,  
Beautiful land of the savannah  
A land adorns with evergreen forests  
An earth crust emitting ceaseless wealth  
A land that vomits immeasurable blackgold  
Making nations to flow to you daily  
For their survival  
Nigeria, great nation!  
Nigeria, good people!  
Other nations romances you  
They wish they are like you  
They dream to have half of your resources  
Nations hope to have your resources

Rise up, great nation!  
Stand up, good people!  
African nations look towards you.  
Blackworld beacons that you take the lead.  
Do not allow these talents to waste  
Stamp out corruption in your midst.  
Rise against violence.  
Let schism be foreign.  
Let's join hands together,  
Let's take our place, again  
Arise, Nigeria,



Arise, great people.

Babatunde Aremu

# Season Greetings

365 days we greet  
Saying hi to each other  
But one of those greetings  
Is special laden with love  
Heavens herald it through  
White snow in temperate area  
Or cold hazy dry harmattan in tropics  
Its a global greeting sans barrier,  
Kings, presidents, nobles and subjects  
Are elated to offer this special salutations  
The atmosphere becomes electric  
Colours of lights and garments  
Differentiate this annual greeting  
Its a merry season that unites  
Heralding the birth of the Messiah  
Christ is the reason for the season  
A time of shared joy and love  
A season of remembrance of God's love  
Its Christmas once again  
So, let's share this joy with all  
Let this love permeate all  
Let it exceed just a season  
Let it be for all season  
Merry Christmas!  
Peace to the world.

,

Babatunde Aremu

# Season Of Letters

I never knew that elders are good letter writers  
Until the tabloids are awashed with their missives  
I never knew that those in authority writes long sentences  
Until some pages were exposed to the citizens  
I never knew that our leaders are petty  
Until their inks started flowing like River Niger  
I never knew that elders are good at accusations and counter accusations  
Until their letters formed a confluence  
Like Rivers Benue and Niger in Lokoja  
I never knew that respected statemen vituperates  
They are busy writing verses(angelic and satanic?)  
Yet none of their lines provides solution  
They are all busy healing pimples  
When the whole body is leprotic  
Of what use is their letters?

Babatunde Aremu

# See What They'Ve Done

Can you imagine what they've done?  
Can you see the impacts of their acts?  
We told them but they refused  
They were completely adamant  
They removed God from schools  
And spared the rods  
The children were spoilt  
They made the children 'free'  
Free to disobey the parents  
Free to arrest and sue the parents  
They are even free to carry guns  
Indeed they are now carrying guns  
Into the schools in place of Holy Books  
The hale of their gun shots  
Cuts down the innocents  
The blast of their grenade  
Kills and maim on the streets,  
Cinemas, race courses, parks  
Now we are asking what is wrong  
Well, freedom is not always freedom  
The 'liberty' to deny God in schools  
Has manifested violence on the streets,  
Home, politics, campuses and all over  
Now see what you've done

Babatunde Aremu

# Simply Me

I am a good listener  
I heard my elders say  
The generation of goats  
Does not keep malice with pastures  
The flocks of sheep  
Has no adversary in market place.  
Cattle-egret becomes a celebrity  
Community of birds are envious  
I have no foe  
I take life very easy  
Keeping one pace at a time  
I am simply me  
Always ready to keep friends  
Many like my guts  
Others condemn my audacity  
But I am simply me  
Through trials  
I am myself  
Never fret about tomorrow  
Having faith in the creator  
That is whom I am  
I am just simply me

Babatunde Aremu

# Sing Again

When winds are boiterous  
Sing a hopeful chorus  
When skies are misty  
See not the rancourous storms  
See the rain coming soon  
Sing again for the new harvest  
Sing for new heavens  
Sing and rejoice  
For there is hope  
For a cut down tree  
When srinkle with waters  
It will bud once again  
So, sing again.

Babatunde Aremu

# Sitting Under A Cloud

The cloud is thick and misty  
Not that the rain is about falling  
Its an ominous cloud  
Its a terrible thick cloud  
Raining hales and stones  
The storms are fierced  
Yet, everyone is non-challant  
Sitting comfortably unabashed  
The cloud is embarrassing  
There's a deep sense of dereliction  
Couple with solemn irresponsibility  
Now we're walking down the road  
Deep into thick darkness  
The future is bleak  
Yet, our nobles are unperturbed

Babatunde Aremu

# Sleep

As automobile engine  
Simmers down after an arduous trip  
My spirit though is willing  
But my body is jetlagged  
I tried to shake it off  
But the more I fall deeper into abyss  
Eyes now heavy and tired  
I dose away from the real  
I gradually tansits to the dreamland  
Snoring like an army of bees  
Oblivious of our world  
I go deep down into the dream world  
Where I am sometimes excited  
Or scared by my nightmares  
But when the circle is completed  
And the body is adequately rested  
I come back to life again  
Wondering when I fell asleep  
But refreshed for my daily activities

Babatunde Aremu



# So We Are Now Refugees

Little drops from heaven's ballister  
Ceaslessly falls upon our land  
Heaven weeps on us without remedy  
Our land is excessively watered  
Gutters are fed to yhe throats  
Rivers rages above their banks  
Furrows are submerged with ridges  
Our farmlands suddenly vamoosed  
Our homes are sacked by floods  
From upper Benue to down Niger  
Our homes laid postrate in floods  
Old people cry for help  
Mothers screamed for washed away children  
Lives bodies float on water surface  
Hues reign in our habitations  
No more homes, no more land  
Floods has eaten over our land  
No more glitter in our birthplace  
We are now refugees in our land

Babatunde Aremu

# Soiled Hands

Wash and clean your hands  
My lesson teacher taught me  
That it brings personal hygiene  
I abide by this instruction  
But as I traversed the land  
As I looked around me  
I amazingly see soiled hands.  
Elders hands are dirty.  
Kings finger tips  
Are putrefied with red oil.  
Servants hands are dipped  
Into the forbidden pots.  
Horrid and foul smells  
Oozes into the air space  
Floods of dirt overflow  
Our dear mother land  
Our treasures are vanished  
Via our soiled hands

Babatunde Aremu

# Soldier Go, Soldier Come

Let's be realistic  
No one should be deceived  
Life is seasonal  
Nothing is permanent  
As kings reigns  
So does dynasties fizzle out  
We've seen princes becoming slaves  
So also does hirelings becoming kings  
Soldier go, soldier come  
Yet the barrack remains  
Whatever position we are  
Take cognizance someone was there  
Another is waiting to take over  
There is no vacuum in life  
No one owns the world forever  
We are just like a character  
In a sensational soap opera  
Before long the curtain will be drawn  
Only the acts will be remembered

Babatunde Aremu

# Sometimes

Sometimes in life  
It is sweet like honey  
Sometimes in life  
It is bitter like bile.  
Sometimes in life  
The drum beats rhythmically  
With the dancers steps  
Sometimes in life  
The musical instruments are discordant  
Life is bi-polar.

You may be a castle owner today  
It will be another person tomorrow  
You are a messiah today  
You may be a villain next day  
The tossed coin  
Lands with either sides  
Whatever side of the coin you have  
Never despair or over joyous  
The pendulum may swing  
And the slave will become a landowner  
Life is bi-polar.

Babatunde Aremu

# Songs From Afar

Songs afar are melodies  
Wonderful songs are worth listening  
Many songs have been sung  
Many songs will be sung  
Some are bitter or sweet  
Only few are interred  
On the tables of our hearts  
Our souls are sometimes soothens  
Another day we cry all day long  
We are thought, admonished and guide  
We hum some for ever  
Those golden voices rechoes  
Down deep our golden hearts  
So are poems that I have read  
Their Impression are indelible  
Let every poet keep scribbling  
For many generation to enjoy

Babatunde Aremu

# Spoken Word

Just like a broken egg  
Word spoken cannot be gathered  
It disappears but continually echos  
In the heart of the hearers  
Spoken word is life frames  
We are what we uttered  
So, whatever comes your way  
Speak like God to it  
It will soon fizzle out  
And you will be  
Like the spoken word, once again.

Babatunde Aremu

# State Pardon

Our father's goat  
Has eaten our father's portion  
So, pardon all the goats  
The state is theirs.  
No matter the gravity  
Of their offence,  
It does not matter  
How many have transited  
Due their past brigandage  
Just pardon them.

Pardon them, they are bigmen,  
Pardon them due to their connections,  
Grant them pardon because of political ties  
After all they are our kinsmen.  
Pardon all the looters, criminals, armed robbers  
Grant the terrorists amnesty  
Let's give all criminals state pardon  
Until we create saints out of 'Judases'

Babatunde Aremu

# Still Standing

Where they stumbled due to pressure  
And turned white to black  
Where they sacrificed their birthrights  
Just to taste the red porridge  
We remained adamant  
We are resolute  
To maintain our integrity  
We refused to go along  
To partake in their putrefied meals  
We will not defraud our land  
Our conscience cannot be caged  
We stand for justice  
We are the remnants of righteousness  
We will stand and not fall.

Babatunde Aremu



# Strange Adventure

Never knew the road is bumpy  
Never envisaged any trepidation  
Full of optimism of a babe  
The baggage is packed  
In company of strange fellows  
The shoe shod hits unmapped tracks  
Meandering through deserts  
Wrestling with dust and dunes  
We Marched through the scorching sun  
Hoping to see the land of gold soon

Alas, this journey seems longer  
Than the expected  
But seeing co-sojourners  
Rekindled our hopes  
In the den, night upon night  
Day by day  
The trip became endless  
Fatigues set in,  
Joy fizzled out,  
Thirst and hunger flogged us  
Many are now sick  
Deaths started knocking at the door  
Corpses are abandoned  
For ravenous birds to relish

Suddenly, our hope resurfaced  
We are finally at the sea shore  
It's last leg of the trip  
But ocean threatened and roared  
Billow raged like a hungry lion  
No option at our disposal  
We must cross the angry mediterranean sea  
To tread on that dreamland  
Full of gold and silver

Under the moonlight  
Our rickety boat arrived  
One by one we sluggishly entered

Fear, despondence and insecurity  
Now took over our minds  
But there was no option  
The trip must continue  
Deep into the sea  
Our hope sunk completely  
The boat gave way  
Many lives were lost again  
Few were rescued, resuscitated, quarantined  
And condemned to a refugee camp  
No gold seen,  
No silver found  
No paradise anywhere  
Our liberties are gone  
We are entangled  
Completely on this strange trip  
Hoping to go back our roots

Babatunde Aremu

# Street Urchin

Although the location is far  
But he has an abode  
He was born in a village  
He is genuinely born into a family  
By a legitimate father and mother  
His arrival was celebrated  
Drums were rolled out at his naming  
But he is now on the streets  
Exposed to cold and insecurity  
He's never respected but derided  
He's seen as a poor destitute,  
Mischievous, crooked and dangerous  
Now disconnected and alone  
Open to the vagaries of life  
He's left without blood relation  
But to flock with fellow urchins  
Whose tomorrow is uncertain

Babatunde Aremu

# Take Life Easy

The snake is without limb  
Yet it climbs tree to the top  
Likewise the snail is handless  
It gradually reaches its destination  
When you wake up daily  
Give honour to the Creator  
Worry not, be anxious not  
A hasty man cannot  
Exceed the ultimate location  
Neither will the patient  
Sleep by the wayside  
Life's journey is step by step  
Never lick hot soup in a haste  
Otherwise you will get your tongue burnt  
So, whatever faces you in life  
Be calm and take it easy  
For life can only be enjoyed  
On the platform of easiness.

Babatunde Aremu

# Tango In America

There are a discordant tunes  
Down the hallow chambers of America  
The drums are beating differently  
No one knows how to dance to it  
No one knows when it will stop  
The drummers are beating furiously  
They care less what happens thereafter  
Let their be a shutdown  
Let the offices closed  
Hospitals can close down  
Let the workers be sent home  
And their stipends remained unpaid  
World economy can nosedive  
It does not matter  
The macabre music must go on  
Just to satisfy the ego  
Of the two combatants  
Who pretend to love the States  
More than their founding fathers

Babatunde Aremu

# Tents Of Robbers

Beautiful aesthetics  
Wonderful designs  
But their foundations  
Are framed with corruptible hays  
These edifice are built without labour  
Not through hard-earned revenues  
They are acquired by crooks  
Via their poisonous pens  
That injects cancerous virus  
Deep down into our common economy  
Only to be invested into parasitic features  
That clustered our cities  
These hotels, estates, malls  
These expensive uninhabited features  
Are but tents of robbers in high places  
They smell within and are parasitic  
They are mostly owned by pen robbers  
Who are neck-deep in competition  
To show off their wizardry in looting

Babatunde Aremu

# Terror In The Land

Alas! there is terror in the land.  
There is hurlyburly in the jungle.  
Herds scampered for safety.  
The elephants cocooned behind trees;  
Lions buried their claws underground;  
The tigers wrapped their canines with leaves;  
In awe of ferocious alliance of foxes and hyena.

The roaring of the new predators  
Shakes the wilderness  
Making iroko tree to shed leaves spasmodically.  
Date palm delivered prematurely in the savannah.  
The bamboo refused to sprout.  
The whole land convulsed;  
Ushering thick darkness

Alas! the shepherd hies  
Seeking for foreign alliance  
To tame the marauding scavengers.  
The vigilantes are asleep  
Leaving the land defenceless  
Giving rooms for the allied predators  
To match their jackboots on the land.

Tears and sorrows flow in the land.  
Lives are caught down at plumes.  
Sighs and hopelessness inhabit homes.  
The shepherd could not tame the predators.  
The jet-lagged guards are fainting  
And could no longer fight the predators

Haba! who shall be the next prey?  
Where will the predators strike again?  
Who is the true owner of the land?  
Is it the shepherd or the predators?  
Will there be an end to the hurlyburly?  
When shall peace reign in the land again?  
When shall this carnage cease?  
Oh! there seems to be no end at sight

The land is afraid of itself  
There is terror in the land  
Someone help our motherland.

(IN MEMORY OF VICTIMS OF BOKO HARAM IN NIGERIA)

Babatunde Aremu



# Thank You Nelson Mandela

Madiba, unique son of Africa  
Your blood runs Africa  
Madiba, the sun that rises from Africa  
Illuminating the entire human race  
Mandela, you are a rare breed  
Your blood is pure blue  
You are a giant tree with cool shades  
Valiant African that vanquished apartheid  
Generalismo of war against prejudice  
You waged war without cannon folder  
You fought like a spartan soldier  
Until the adversaries kissed the canvas  
You sacrificed your youthful energy and comfort  
You were beaten, slapped, spat on  
They fettered your body but not your will  
You remained resolute to free your people  
Madiba, the lion that makes apartheid to cringe  
Madiba, the freedom fighter  
Your type is rare, Madiba  
You sapped your energy for our freedom  
And indeed gave us freedom  
Now that you are physically frailed  
We know that inside you is steel  
Your mind is still strong like steel  
If given another chance, you will fight again  
To break the shackles in the world  
Madiba, greatest freedom fighter ever  
We doff our hats  
Thank you, Madiba

Babatunde Aremu

# The End Is Near

When you hear the thunder struck  
The end is near  
When you know people are unlovable  
The end is near  
When everybody is tribal  
The end is near  
When you know that the time has come  
The end is near  
When you hear the heavenly trumpet from heaven  
And people dress in white garment  
The end is near  
So be alert  
Drop your black garment  
Put on your white garment  
Because the end is near

BY TEMILOLA ESTHER AREMU

9 year old

Babatunde Aremu

# The Excellent Robber

This is the story of his excellency  
Who is richer than the land  
Who have treasures than the nation.  
He is the numero uno in the creeks  
He is quintessence of flamboyancy.  
Surrounding himself with nobles  
Who delights in raping the land,  
His excellency radiates outward candour  
Sanctimoniously preaching moral rectitude,  
He detests the pickpockets and  
Punishes the babies that lick the soup  
But feasts with the looters  
Who aided him in banking his loots.  
Surreptitiously, he rapes the people  
Comatosing the community into penury  
Metamorphosing people to become beggars.  
His excellency rapes.  
His excellency deprives.  
His excellency steals.  
His excellency is a greed.  
His excellency is a gangster  
Who shoots his people.  
His excellency kills  
To satisfy his quests  
His excellency is an excellent robber.

Babatunde Aremu

# The Song Within Me

There lives a Song within me  
There exists a melody in me  
I am pregnant of a special Song  
This Song energizes my soul  
The echo is eternal  
Many hears Him  
Few believe His lyrics  
Few elects enjoy listening to Him  
The sound is sonorous  
The percussion is melodious  
He is unique and distinct  
The lines are not composed by man  
But divinely arranged  
To bring succour to the hopeless  
This Song is the eternal Rock  
Mountains are thrashed by my Song  
Boisterous storms are quietened by my Song  
He enlivens my spirit  
He is an everlasting Song  
Who ever does not know this Song  
Is bereft of the incandescent Light  
Without the Song  
Life is unsung  
So, join me to sing my Song  
My Song is Jesus Christ.

Babatunde Aremu

# The Year 1969

The year was 1969  
There was hurlyburly in our land  
Battle for the nation's soul raged  
Papa gazed in the future  
Mama concurred to papa's wish  
Pronto, I was shepherd like a lamb  
Into the four corners of a building  
And enrolled as a disciple of western education  
There I mingled with other children  
To learn alphanumeric  
My traditional regalia  
Transmuted to brown short and blue shirt  
With my portmanteau of my head daily  
I learnt the art of the whites  
My tongue changed from Yoruba to English  
For I was forbidden from speaking 'vernacular'  
Suddenly, I am changed from black to white  
From village to city  
1969 changed me for ever  
The year changed me  
The year made me

Babatunde Aremu

# They Sowed Guns

Yes, they sowed guns  
Into the belly of the world  
Deep down into hinterlands  
Just for their economic gains  
Yes, they sold guns to terrorists  
Their movies is awashed  
With arts of shoot-at-sight  
They glorified the guns  
Making it attractive to all  
Now innocent bloods are shed  
At homes, schools, streets  
All over is terror  
Now peace is a stranger  
Because of their sowed guns  
Yet they preached peace to us  
Where is peace when guns  
Are sown like sweet potatoes?

Babatunde Aremu

# Third Coming

As the apostles expects the second coming  
We are the pacesetters  
Yearning for the third coming  
Our faith is constructed on the third  
The sound of janitor's bell  
Revive our sinews of hope.  
A new dawn is to be borne  
When the martial jackboots  
Will transmute to flowing gowns

Wait a while  
Listen to the monitor's drum beat  
Listen to the lyrics  
Watch the footsteps  
It is neither left nor right  
The gowns may not flow  
And third coming will be in abyss.

Babatunde Aremu

# This Is Just A Marketplace

This place is a market  
Its not a permanent abode  
We all come to the market  
At different time  
For varied reasons  
Some to buy, some to sell  
Many for window shopping  
Few are for the fun of it  
But when the night is come  
The market square is deserted  
All go back home to take stocks  
Leaving the serenity our footprints  
Behind to speak of our deeds or misdeeds  
Such is this life  
Today we are active participants  
Tomrrow we journey back home  
Kissing the marketplace bye  
So, let everyone take care  
How he trades in this market  
Lest when the its over  
We can have a blissful rest

Babatunde Aremu



# Time

Time, was, is, be  
Time, a passing moment  
Time, a past gone  
Time, a future yet seen  
Our world is framed  
By the moving hand of time  
Days, nights, seasons  
Are christened with time  
Kingdoms, Empires, nations  
Are time-bound  
Kings, queens, princes, princesses and servants  
All have their limited time in space

Every man has got a time  
Once our time comes  
We become visible to all  
If our time expired  
We go into oblivion  
And become a used to be  
Anytime unused is never regained  
So, let's not waste our time  
Let it be judiciously used  
Let what we used our time for  
Echo continually in the sands of time  
Because time speaks for us hereafter

Babatunde Aremu

# Togetherness

We are entwined  
On board the same canoe  
We paddled together  
Drenched by rain together  
Dried by sunshine as one  
Tossed by sea waves in oneness  
Calmed by sea breezes  
We remained unbroken cords  
Despite the odds  
We are still together  
Going along the paths  
That's how to make the trip  
Life trips cannot be enjoyed  
On the paths of loneliness  
So, let's be together always

Babatunde Aremu

# Tomorrow

Today is going  
Tomorrow is near  
Tomorrow will say  
All what is done today  
If it is good or bad  
It will be recounted tomorrow  
Use your today well  
So that tomorrow  
Is able to recount your good work

Babatunde Aremu

# Transparent Life

It is rewarding to be transparent  
There is an enduring joy  
In living with open mind  
A man with two faces  
Is like a slippery python  
Though beautiful without  
Is poisonous within  
What is the use of life  
If a man's is beguiled with deceit  
If my face is holy  
If I pretend to love  
If I am outwardly generous  
Yet my mind is filled with vices  
Then my living is worthless  
Only those are transparent  
Can fulfill divine mandates

Babatunde Aremu

# Travesty Of Justice

Mr Judge is benchman  
He judges the low and high  
He ought to sancrosant  
His words are sacred  
No one dare his orders  
Mr Judge is quintessential

But alas! judgement is descreated  
Mr Judge has dipped his hands inside palm oil  
his white garment is soiled  
Those who stole penny are jailed  
Yam stealers are gullotined  
But penrobbers are acquitted  
With 'plea bargain', the plunderers are set free  
Innocents are found guilty  
By the whims and caprices of Mr Judge  
Endless adjourments are reeled out  
Justice is denied daily  
Help.there is travesty of justice  
Someone needs to help, now

Babatunde Aremu

# True Pilgrims

We are all on pilgrimage  
Marching through the holy sites  
Towards the holy of holies  
Though the road may be rough and bumpy  
The weather may be harsh  
We are undaunted to march on  
Eternal prize propels us  
To be patience and focused  
Through faith, diligence and perseverance  
We shall be counted among the saints

Babatunde Aremu

# Turn By Turn

Although there is no queue  
Its turn by turn  
They all lined up for their turns  
Skilfully rotating the snowball  
To forecast whose turn it is  
They form political alliances  
They hold tribal meetings  
Religious leaders are engaged  
Just for them to take their turns  
Some resort to foulplay, killing,  
Blackmailing, maiming, arson and kidnaping  
Just to ensure their turns are secured  
Their eyes are gazed on the seat  
No one dare deny them of their turns  
It is turn by turn, no compromise

Babatunde Aremu

# Two Angels Came Calling

The congregation was unaware  
When two angels came calling  
They wore human flesh  
They ate flesh  
They rendered melodious choruses  
Dined on common tables  
Dishing out solid foods  
Blessing without dissimulation  
The two danced  
The two sang  
The two prophesied  
The two sacrificed  
The two interceded  
The two were angels  
Who came calling  
Yet we were unaware

Suddenly they flapped their wings  
Flying away into the sky  
Ascending into the celestial  
Bidding bye to the terrestrial  
With heavens throwing a big party  
Welcoming the faithful ministers  
Pouring accolades on the duo  
Who served mankind with zeal  
Now we know they were angels  
That heavens blessed us with  
But were treated them like humans  
Adieu, angels  
Adieu, God's ministers

Babatunde Aremu



# Ultimate Good Night To My Mother (Elegy)

We casually say good night  
Oblivious of the import of those words  
Our good night is laced with hope  
Of rising up another morning  
But no one knows  
Who will see the next good morning  
No diviner can decipher  
When the ultimate good night will be saluted  
But there must come that ultimate salutation  
When the -greetee' respond no more  
With dirge, tears, anguish, sighning and pain  
We sorrowfully bid the lifeless body  
A crying ultimate good night  
Nothing else to say than bye  
So, mama this is the moment  
Of your ultimate good night  
Sleep on mama with the celestials  
Till bell of eternity is rung  
Good night mama! Good night mum! !  
Adieu.

Babatunde Aremu

# Unrestricted Love

Once I was in a picnic  
Adults sat restricted in groups  
Minding their own businesses  
Every adult's love was restricted  
But the children broke the barriers  
Kids relates without boundary  
Race, colour, creed, sentiments, histories  
Were oblivious to the children  
They played together unhindered  
They laughed together freely  
They chat without restriction  
They even talked together without suspicion  
Genuine love was displayed unrestricted  
Pure unadultrated love reigned amongst them  
Their love broke tribal jingoism  
I saw pure love in practice  
No one harbours grudge  
No one holds malice  
Love was without boundary  
I saw God's love in the children  
Oh! how pleasant would it be  
If the adults could emulate the kids  
The world would be at peace

Babatunde Aremu

# Vultures With Beaded Crowns

Bald vultures wears beaded crowns  
The crowns make them like clowns  
They stole the crowns  
And forcefully wears these crowns  
Because it does belong to them  
They descreate the crowns  
Using their status to intimidate,  
Pillage, ravage, suck, ruin,  
Cannibalise and destroy the land  
Filtering away our joint resouces  
Constantly devouring our land  
Till the land becomes infertile  
The vultures are in power now  
They are rooted on the throne now  
Breeding and multiplying virulently  
Leaving our land jaded  
They soar with our wealth  
But the innocents stinks  
And our land sinks

Babatunde Aremu

# Wastage

Wastage! That's what the world is  
Inside the divine garden  
We wasted divine fellowship  
Yet, we refused to learn our lessons  
We went ahead to waste prophets  
Not satisfied with our past misdeeds  
Our culture of wastage continue unabated  
We always go to wars wasting each others  
All in the name of modernity  
We waste our green luxuriant trees  
Now we cry woes for climate change  
We created these woes  
Just to gratify our urge  
Our cherished virtues were trampled upon  
Now terrors, kidnap, anarchy, lack  
Sleep with us daily  
Oh! What a waste

Babatunde Aremu

# We Are On A River Course

Our lives are like a river course  
Springing out from a hill  
Flowing rapidly down powerfully  
Meandering through the course with pace  
Clearing obstacles on our paths  
As we approach the plain of life  
Those powerful paces slow steadily  
The steam is gone, the rush is slowed  
No more power to push the debris  
Impeding our flows on the course  
We now gradually flow with care  
One pace at a time on the plain  
We slowly flow through the mangrove  
No more rushing but steady flow  
Until we reach the deep oceans  
Where we mix with other waters  
Never to be recognized as a river  
But as a deep blue dreadful ocean

Babatunde Aremu

# We Are Worried

We are worried  
Our once prosperous land  
Is now a beggar

We are worried  
Our incandescent light  
Is now blurred

We are worried  
Love no longer co-habits  
On our wide streets

We are worried  
That brothers slaughter brothers  
All in the name of God

We are worried  
How vultures prey  
On our commonwealth

We are worried  
The gap gets wider  
Between the rich and the poor

We are worried  
About our youths  
Whose destinies are bleak.

We are worried  
That the ship may sink  
Like the titanic.

We are worried  
We do not know who to trust  
We are worried of many things

Babatunde Aremu

# Welcome Rain

Heavens become cloudy  
Condensed sky is misty  
As the sun is eclipsed  
By the moving clouds  
Hails of thunder heralds her  
Birds sings joyously,  
Wild beasts bleat ceaselessly,  
Like an expectant mother  
The husband awaits her drops  
At her arrival heat recedes  
Earth rejoice at her drops  
We all chorused, its raining  
Children run along the streets  
Elders discern the season  
So, we all bid the rain  
To come down to refresh us  
Rain Come down to nourish our plants  
Come and quench our thirst  
Come and water our flocks  
Come gently, come gradually  
Don't descend too much  
Else, we will be wary of thee

Babatunde Aremu

# Wheel-Barrow Pusher

Born into a peasant family  
Down in the remotest village  
There his placental is buried  
Deep down inside the peasant land  
Papa offers nothing to him  
Mama struggles to feed him  
His burden becomes burdensome  
He was pushed to the streets  
To push for his life

He despairs to the city  
And allied with scores of pushers  
He sleeps in the open cold  
First to wake up at dawn  
So as to meet with unknown clients  
His siesta is observed in the hollow  
Of the steel rough wheelbarrow  
Beneath the intensified tropical sun

Life goes on, he says  
Fagries of life is incosequential  
Rain or shine he doggedly pushes on  
Hoping to return home one day rich  
To warm embrace of his kindred  
As pushes daily his strength wanes  
He gazes at new entrants to the trade  
He recalls his days of apprenticeship  
He took stock and wonderedwhile  
The world does pay attention  
To the world of the peasnts  
Everyone seems to have forgotten  
Their origin, the peasantry!

Babatunde Aremu



# When Night Seems Long

Its a long night  
When sun closed her eyes  
Refusing to share her rays  
Bidding daylight bye  
Allowing darkness in her stead

Its indeed a long night  
When cloud gets darker  
Silence becomes king  
Leaving streets alone  
Without soul on the lanes

Its a long night  
As tiny creatures sound louder  
When lonely paths are tread  
Without any company  
And rivers of water  
Rolled down the cheeks  
Without any one to comfort.

Its still a long night  
When all roads are blocked  
When friends disown you  
And you rolled like a stone  
Down from the hilltop

The night seems longer  
As relatives abandon you  
Confidantes switch camps  
Leaving you bare naked  
You feel the ground opens  
And swallows you up

Although the night seems long  
It will soon fade away  
Sun's uprise will come again  
Clouds will become brighter again  
So, never give up  
When the night seems long

Babatunde Aremu

# Where Is Our Tomorrow?

Let me ask a question  
Let me know about tomorrow  
If you can look into the seed of time  
Reveal to me what tomorrow will be  
What hope do we have for tomorrow  
When Youths are jobless  
Many children are out of school  
What does tomorrow hold for us  
When fathers tell lies  
Mothers are unfaithful  
Couples are divorcing daily  
Tell me about tomorrow  
When leaders plunder nations  
Someone kindly convince me about tomorrow  
In the face of mistrust, ethnic schism,  
Religious bigotry, wars amongst nations  
Where is our tomorrow?  
When countries spy on countries  
Terrorism reign supreme  
Brothers killing brothers  
And deaths littered our streets  
Is our tomorrow guaranteed  
Someone please convince me  
That better days are ahead

Babatunde Aremu

# Where Is The Light?

If you inhabit a foreign land  
Or you are just coming inn  
It may be strange to you  
That we only enjoy  
A minute light per day  
Or not at all in a week.  
It blinks unexpectedly  
Like a twinkle star  
And flashes away  
Like thunder lightining  
Never to be seen again.  
Here, we are used to darkness  
Here, light is not basic  
If you want to get a steady light  
Better purchase your generating set  
Don't wait for their promises  
Their 2014 is 2024, or never  
They keep promising us steady light  
As a pretext to rob us  
Of our hard-earned wealth

Babatunde Aremu

# Whitewashed Sepulchres

Hypocrites, they are  
Externally sanctimonious  
Rotten and spoilt within  
Quick to judge others  
But their eyes are with moles  
They are all blind guides  
Not doing what they say  
Hypocrites, straining at a gnat  
But swallowing a camel  
They are like a whitewashed sepulchers  
Whose exteriors glitter  
But within are weird skeletons  
They pretend to be holy  
Like compost decorated with green grass  
Their minds smell virulently  
They are everywhere  
Visible in all colour, tribe or race  
Their hands are clean and smooth  
Embed therein are poisonous thorns  
Once they touch you  
The scars are indelible  
So, beware of Hypocrites

Babatunde Aremu

# Willd Ostriches

Massive and wild ostriches  
Pervade our land  
These birds are flightless  
Yet they are swift beings  
Endowed with vicious two toes  
Which are used to erode our soil  
Their big brown eyes  
Are curious to spot  
and steal our commonwealth  
Their kleptomaniac tough nails  
Assist these strange birds to bury  
Our hard-earned resources  
Under the secret groove  
Of unidentified foreign treasuries

Believe me!  
These birds are wicked and cruel  
Their impunity is audacious  
Their wildness scares other birds  
These flies steal, maim, slander and destroy  
their ferocious acts  
Unleashes hunger, thirst, hues and cries  
On other helpless species  
Who suffers malnutrition and starvation  
Oh! These species of ostriches are pure wild

Babatunde Aremu

# Winds Of Change

In a catalysmic mode  
In the north, east, west and south  
It blows with thunderstorms  
It blows like hurricane  
Sweeping aside the mighty  
Uprooting the timbers and jugganuts  
Empires are breezed away in the Gulf  
New ones are being built across globe  
From America to Arabia  
Begining from Africa to Artatical  
The winds hurriedly blows  
To bring the much awaited change  
Where the wind settles  
I cannot say  
When it simmers down  
No one can say  
Its just the begining

Babatunde Aremu

# Without Love

As I traversed the earth shores  
I heard many say they love  
Yet no one bears another's burdens  
Each scramble for his own  
Where then is the love?

I have slept in king's palaces  
I heard kings claiming to love  
Yet the estates of the subjects are acquired  
The kings get richer  
While the masses are beleaguered.  
Wither is the love?

I have dined with the rich  
Who claimed to love the poor  
Yet the measuring scales are adjusted  
To make more profits  
In order to own the world alone.  
Is this the true love?

I have seen couples  
Highly entwined in love  
Yet when whirlwind blows  
Each is blown away differently  
Like a shaff before the wind.  
Hey! What a love!

Yes, I have seen alot  
Once jolly friends becoming harsh enemies  
I have seen colleagues plant together,  
During harvest period each turned ferocious  
And virulently scrambled for God-given fruits.  
What love is this?

I have seen soldiers in esprit de corps  
But when battle rages, comradeship fizzles out.  
I have witnessed nations signed accords  
Yet enters in trenches  
Shedding the blood of innocent citizens.



Is this love?

Yet, many still proclaim love

No one wants to tolerate

No one wants to sacrifice

No one wants to be the Lamb

No one wants to be like the Master

All is without love

The world craves for real love now.

Babatunde Aremu

# Work

Work, done with strains  
With drops of sweat  
Oozing out of our glands  
Sometimes hard with blistered hands  
Our back aches as we bend to work  
Yet it is inviting daily  
Endearing to the diligent  
Detestable to the indolent  
Work, our daily companion  
Work, divine creative acts  
Its want is insatiable  
Because it's a jolly friend of wealth  
When it's too much  
Complaints reign supreme  
When it's lacking  
The world is a hell  
Some are named by their work  
Our lives are wrapped in work  
We are our work, work is us  
So, whatever we are or will be  
Is determined by our work

Babatunde Aremu

# World War Iii

Our streets are no longer silent  
Our lanes are now seriously unsafe  
Our earth is embroiled with confusion  
Utter darkness covers the world  
Yet no care about the fog  
We are paying lip service to peace

Man has risen against man  
Our innocent lands are painted red  
With the blood of the innocents  
Cities are terrorized and mangled  
Villages are rampaged and scotched  
There's no safe haven any more

You may be doubting me  
Go to Americas, drug barons, 'car jackers'  
And kidnappers are prowling the cities  
My African brothers are entwined in wars  
My Asian friends ceaselessly are at dagger drawn  
Europe is walking into war  
There's no love any more

Tell me, is this not world war III?  
Must we kill to show our might?  
Must peasants blood flow to build nations?  
Should civil populace be the sacrificial goats?  
Why must innocent sojourners be shot down?  
Why do nations talk about peace daily  
Yet, they are skilful in trading in ammunition?

I am dazed, I am perturbed  
How can we senseless than animals?  
We are now providing delicacies for vultures  
Human life does not worth a kobo any more  
The world is a war, I cannot be deceived  
I think the third world war is here

Babatunde Aremu

# Worthy Neighbour

We were not born by the same parents  
His blood varies from mine  
We were not related at all  
Perchance we came together  
Sharing the same roof  
Breathing similar air  
Drinking same water  
In joy, he is there  
He shares in my griefs  
The first I see daily  
The last to bid me good night  
He is my integral part  
Closer than a blood brother  
He is my worthy neighbour  
Ever faithful, never failing  
If you have a good neighbour  
Cuddle him or her  
Never allow any crack to occur  
For a worthy neighbour  
Is worth more than many brothers afar

Babatunde Aremu

# Year 2020

They are like star gazers  
Rolling the crystal balls  
To decipher the future  
Whether the seed will grow or not  
They claimed to have seen clearly  
Year 2020, Nigeria will ascend  
As part of top 20 world economy  
Only the simpletons concurred

We know their 2020 is infinite  
Their 2020-20 is a mirage  
We don't need their star gazers  
We can no longer be deceived  
We know they are lying  
We know their gimmicks  
2020-20 is just on their lips  
2020-20 is farce  
Its just another hulabaloo

Babatunde Aremu