

Poetry Series

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- 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 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

Babatunde Aremu

Age

This age of a thing
Full of wisdom and experience
Year after year,
Day after day
We celebrate our aging
Yet, age is mysterious to me
No matter who you are
It keeps increasing
Creeping in like a snail
Its pace is unnoticed
Yet its visible to all
With gradual changes
Smooth and fresh outlook
Soon become wrinkled
Shinning black, blonde hairs
Start to bald or grey
Those standing features
Are dropped or fattened
Straight legs are concaved
As the spines become weak and bend
We're supported with walking sticks
Or wheeled about by others
As we advance in age daily
We are oblivious of the reality
That eternity is near
Where we age no more

Babatunde Aremu

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.

Babatunde Aremu

Another War

There is one thing
That I have seen,
There's one thing
That creates fear in me,
It is scary and dreadful;
It keeps coming, not abating.

Our histories,
Replete with chaos.
Our stories,
Full of attritions.
Our cherished folktales,
Demystified warriors.

As one war ceases,
A new one begins.
Curious arts of wars
Are crafted daily
Novel strategies,
Are designed.

From ancient to medieval
Till the present age
No day has rested
It being wars upon wars
No global silence at nights
Its being echoes of chaos

Its either tribal, religious,
Genocidal, Xenophobia or suicidal.
Now terrorism reigns
Innocent heads are guillotined
No remorse is shown
Every night and day
There's another war

Peace has become elusive!

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

Babatunde Aremu

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?

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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-invigorates
So, take it easy
Take a leisure
Atioro, dutiful bird

Babatunde Aremu

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
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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

Be At Your Best

Be at your best
Pour out at your best
To have perfect rest
Don't give to any test
Just drive on,
Be focused,
Don't be deterred
Your best can only come
When your mind is fixed
On the finishing line

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

Be Honest With Me

Be honest with me
Tell me who am I
Be frank with me
No guile,
No colouration,
Don't massage my ego,
No temporary satisfaction,
No flattery,
Tell me your mind
Let me know my pitfalls,
Weaknesses, faults, frailties
I know I am not perfect,
But I need your frankness
To know my imperfections
To be a better personality.
Tell me also my strengths,
So that I may know
How to preserve them.
Instruct me how to be pious
To make me useful to mankind.
Even though your word may be like gall now
They will be of help to me
To live a life of purity
So, your honesty
Is all I need
To make me a better being
And make our relationship durable

Babatunde Aremu

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.

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Bruised

Bruised,
Battered,
Injured,
Bloodied.
Our land is riddled
Our garments are perforated
Its not strangers
That caused us this pain
We would have fought back
Its not invisible beings
That carted away our commonwealth
We would've consulted the celestial
Its my brothers and sisters
Masquerading as our defenders
They are the vultures
Who colluded with foreign partners
Frittering away our resources
Leaving behind nothing for us
But sorrows, anguish, tears
Behold! our land is castrated

Babatunde Aremu

Can't Do Without Kindness

It's not about me,
There's a thud in me.
It's like a pure fire
Burning in my heart
If I don't budge
I will be sad for ever
Its like a bunch of ripe fruits
Its succulence is irresistible
So, I march on to be kind
Not I, but daily I long
To show love,
Elevate and encourage others
The kindness I can do now
I do without hesitating
I just move in that direction
Because its a divine call
Sooner I realize that the memories
Of those little acts
Lingers and refreshes me
So, I'm blessed being kind
A day without kindness
Is like life sans sleep

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

Babatunde Aremu

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 distasteful 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

Babatunde Aremu

Christmas

C- Christ

H- Has

R- Risen

I- Infusing

S- Salvation

T- To

M- Many

A- And

S- Sundry

Babatunde Aremu

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.

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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?

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Babatunde Aremu

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

Don't Shortchange Me

Due to my absence for awhile
You colluded
To apportion me a little portion.
Because I was not in the vicinity
You hastily conspired
To re-allocate my rightful place
Now that I am back
You are all pretending to be innocent
The wind is now blown
The hidden secret is laid bare
I am available to take my place

Babatunde Aremu

Don't Surrender

Season comes,
Season vanishes,
Its a cosmic design
If the wind is contrary
And the cloud is awry
Never beat yourself
When the present is blurred
If the future is bleak
When travail encircles
If you're caged and pigeon-holed
All around is vacuum
Don't surrender!
Even if you're pummeled
Like a gasping boxer
Never throw in the towel
Don't be quick to surrender
Persist, march on
Be like a Spartan soldier
Let the champion in you arise
Avoid self blame
Courageously up the game
No retreat, no surrender

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 hallowed 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 doubt 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

Drums Of War

Those who witness war before
Never dreamt of another one
Those who have not see any crisis
Yearn to go to wars
Those who beat the drums of wars
Do not wait to hear the sound
Not to talk of dancing to it
Those who strike the gong of wars
Are afraid to be killed at battle
Drums of wars are beaten by few instrumentalists
When the full war begins
War mongers fizzle out
Leaving the masses to perish
Tear the drums and gong now
Let us have our peace

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

Endless Wars

Peace is now a stranger
Equanimity is anathema
Wars are without end
No hold bars
No land spares
Terror reigns supreme
Chickens predate on chickens
No more place to roost
No more sleeping with two eyes closed
Fear, Fear, Fear,
Terror is becoming king
In Americas, Africa,
Europe and Asia
In artic and Antarctic
Peace has been buried
Wars are now our darling
That are embraced by homo sapiens

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

First Rain

Come down rain
We thirst for you
Let the misty cloud weep
Open the floodgates
Let waters drop into our sanctuaries
We need comfort
Let the skies burst into tears

Weep upon the land
Showers from up
Come, let the heat recede
Descend down on earth
Empower the canaries
To sing once, again
Come down, revive,
Refresh the trees, again

Drop rain, drop rain
Let earth ooze out
Her fascinating scents
Let grasses become greenish again
Let flowers become rosy
Come, give husbandman hope
Come, let little creatures
Aerate motherland with fertility

Come with your tiny drops
We longed for you
Come gently
Come moderately
Come down, bless the earth
We wait for you
Come, revive our souls
Come, refresh us

Come down again
Make the earth pleasant, again
Let the furrows be filled
Let waters run down atop mountains

Let fish swim in fresh waters
Come, soak the arid land
We wait for you, rain
Burst out now and fill the earth

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 kiss it

Football is a game of fame
It breaks barrier
Kings cherish it
Servants serve it as dinner
Nations seek for its honour
It turns the poor to nouveau rich
When the game is on
Joy is released
Ammunition are buried
Strangers 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 Ashes

These ashes,
Remind us of past ugliness,
These ashes,
Emanated from hurly-burly.
These ashes,
Are symbols of conflagration
That nearly engulf us.

Although, we have our putrid past
We are not deterred.
From these ashes
Shall arise incandescent light
Illuminating the land, again
We are determined
To rise again
We are resolute
To be a nation
Where peace, justice, oneness and love
Will be evidently seen and practiced
Nigeria shall work again
Our land shall arise from ashes

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

Golden Streets

Golden streets,
Eternal lanes,
Not built by man
Nor laid with rubbles
No marble, no concrete
Yet, no pothole,
Bend and gallop
The streets never worn out
The dwellers trek not
But fly across unencumbered

There is no police to protect
Vices are foreign therein
No killing, shooting, riot or war
Pure silence, peace and rest
Are there day and night
Many hope to be there
But only few will be there
Singing triumphal songs forever
At the feet of the Most High

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

Harvest Time

Drops of heaven's sweats
Kiss mother earth
Percolating its layers
To revive buried seeds

Tender plants sprout
Their new leaves dance
To the whispering of winds
And the acts of sun rays

Flowers bud,
Fruits are conceived,
Husbandman hopes
For a bumper harvest

Suddenly, the drops ceased
Rivers recede down into their courses
Leaves on trees are fallen
For mature fruits to succeed

Now the husbandman rejoices
The sickles are sharpened
To winnow the seeds from the chaff
For transfer to the barns

Hurray! its harvest time
For those who labored
And for the indolent
Its time to bemoan

When you sow at right time
Your season of abundance cometh
If you fold your hands always
You reap nothing in returns

Babatunde Aremu

Holy Songs

Let's sing holy songs
They are ancient songs
Inspired by Holy Spirit
Acknowledging the precious gift
Given to mankind

These old hymns
Herald our saviour's arrival
Let's keep singing continuously
With timbrels, trumpets and gongs
Let the drums talk aloud
Giving praises to heaven

Let the rendition of the holy orchestra
Echo till eternity
Let the angels join the train
With chorus of holy, holy, holy
Worthy is the Lamb
Who shed his innocent blood
For the redemption of mankind

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 soothers 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 unparalled 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

In A Cul- De- Sac

I was well trained by my parents
To be decisive;
My first teacher taught me
Not to sit on the fence;
My Professor informed me
Not to stand aloof
But here I am
In a cul-de-sac

Many brides are offered to me
I am to pick the one
That will be in charge of our land
For the next four years
The more I gaze at these brides
The more I am confused
But I must take a decision

I am at a blind alley
These brides are adorning deceptive make-ups
Their attractive statures,
Smiles, looks and speeches
Are laden with facades
I must be very careful this time around
Because the consequences of my decision
Will make or mar generation yet unborn

All the brides claim to be virgins
They portray honesty and trustworthiness
They are promising to be faithful and loyal
Till death do us part
But I can see deep down
That honesty is their foe
These brides are building castles in the air
Their virginity claims are but a ruse
Their fidelity is puerile
Without crystal ball I can see pretense
Just to gain access to our palace
And assume lordship of our treasury
Then the hidden contours in them

Will be revealed
Their ugliness will become transparent.

I am in real cul-de-sac
My head is spinning
I am confused to chose a bride
I am haunted by past failed promises
I want a stable home this time around
If I don't pick
Others will pick for me
Whoever is picked
Will manage my home
For the next four years
My fingers must not be mistakenly burnt twice
I am apprehensive of where
The chosen bride Will lead us to
I am in real cul-de-sac!
What do I do now?

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

Land Of Angels

There is a land
Full of angels
Do not gaze at the heavens
Angels are real here,
They are in our homes,
Streets, schools and offices
Our politicians are arch-angels
Our soldiers and police
Are holier than holy

Yes, this land is angelic
Everyone is righteous
Preachers are sanctimonious
Every lane is littered
With numerous worship places
With uncountable worshippers
All are more righteous
More than those in heaven
Yet our hearts are severed

Are you still doubting
About our angelic status?
Are you still confused
About our holiness?
Then hear this:
Only the thief that is caught
In the very act
Is christened thief
A pen-robber is feathered
Sometimes some that are caught
Are either given plea bargain
Or are completely pardoned
Because they are connected
Is this strange to you?
Well, cheer up!
It happens in our angelic land

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

Living Today For Tomorrow

I have vivid images of the past
Yesterday's tales are in me
I know today in parts
But tomorrow is shrouded in mystery
For me not to taken unaware
I draw from the past
Marrying it with the present
To shape my tomorrow
I live my today for tomorrow
Making sure that lives are touched
My life today is oblivious of tomorrow
If I live today carelessly
My tomorrow will be affected
A life without tomorrow
Is like chaff separated from grain
So, I must live today,
As if tomorrow exist not.

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 intense 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 listened to by the world

Her indomitable spirit remain unbowed
By dint of hard work, 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 mesmerize kings
Nobles' mouths are agape 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

Money In Illegal Vaults

We are hungry
In the land of plenty
Our wealth are stashed away
In the stacks of illegal vaults
Both home and abroad

They have no tangible business
None of them have stable jobs
Yet they control massive fortunes
Acquired via illicit acts
They have beyond their needs

Now they are afraid
Of their nefarious deeds
Because they've eaten the forbidden fruits
They are busy sowing leave garments
They dug illegal vaults
In the grave, latrine pits,
Some of them prefer septic tanks
Or 'abandoned' houses or shops
To stash away their loots

They claimed to have plenty monies
They boast of stupendous riches
Alas, the wind has blown,
Fowl's hidden part is opened
They are nothing but thieves
Pen-robbers masquerading as leaders
They wear the garb of politics
To steal our nation dry
They are merciless and wicked

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 Real Identity

Like the Messiah queried:
'Who do people say I am? '
Many identify me by what they see
They identify me by my name,
Race, tongue, custom or possessions
But these are ephemeral identities
That are easily forgotten
My real identity is symbolized
By the value added to mankind
My indelible acts that speaks
After I must have left
That people will point to
Those lives touched, mentored,
Guided, transformed, saved,
And delivered from darkness
Are my cherished real identity
So, identify me,
Not by materials but values
And wisdom demonstrated
During my life sojourn
Let your testimony of me
Be: 'He lived for mankind'.

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

Never Give Up

Fresh palm frond shooting to the sky
Shall definitely drop its flanks
Nothing that's eternally difficult
Solution will come someday
No matter the haziness
The fog will fizzle out
Whatever is knotty
Shall definitely be untied
So, never give up
When failures, disappointments, frustrations,
Despondencies and hopeless stared at you
Remain resolute and brave
See the challenge as a stepping stone
Let your best come out in difficulty
Remember the best of orange
Is gotten when squeezed
Pepper's aroma taste is most enjoyed
After passing through lake of intense fire
If you are having confrontation
Face it squarely, don't quake
It will soon come to pass
The most decorated Generals
Are those who are unafraid of battles
All you have to do is to be focused
And see the light at end of the tunnel
So, never ever give up!

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

Not Yet A Nation

Sonorous national songs
Are rendered like canaries
Hearts oblivious of the lyrics
Beautiful national anthem
Not in tandem with
Our acts, deeds and speeches

Although love is professed
The hearts harbour hatred
Instead of knitting
We're scheming to tear the tents
We balkanize our land
Trekking down slippery roads

We say we're a nation
But we are intolerant
We prefer our tribes,
Religions, communities
Above common interests
We maimed and killed each other
Turning our brothers to refugees
Just to take advantage over another

Our endowed resources
Has become divided us
No zeal, no passion,
No more national devotees
The land is asphyxiated
With greed and avarice,
No one care about tomorrow

Wither the nation?
Should a nation be like this?
Should our dialect, communities,
Tongues, religions, boundaries
Take pre-eminence over the whole?
Alas, the labour of our past heroes
Laid prostrate under pretense
Of lip-service love

We're not yeta nation

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

Okada Rider

Red scarlet eyes
Nose wet like dog's
Every ready to go
In the heat or cold
He's for all seasons
As vultures searching for prey
Okada rider quests for clients
Just to make quick doles

Quick bargain, fastest routes
Roaring engine, rolling wheels
Zooming Zig-Zag off
Meandering through dangerous course
At neck-breaking speed
Unmindful of dangers around
The afflictions encountered
In the past by fellow riders
Of the same trade are immaterial

Quick trip, fast quid
No time wasting
All caution is thrown away
A pet that will go astray
Does not listen to the master

Gbam! the horse and its rider
Are skidded off the way
Down they go sprawling,
Leg broken, eyes swollen
Bloods paint mother-earth red
Sorrows and tears are left behind
Some with permanent scars
Some lives terminated
Journey ends,
Okada and its rider are forgotten

Babatunde Aremu

Old Poet

Old poet,
Ancient mind,
Gone long ago
Still present now.
Seen no more
Yet a fresh teacher
Lived in the ancient
Having modern mind
Wrote with feather pens
Under the old bushel
Still the lines are fresh
Those indelible ink of yours
Are still flowing afresh
Like a fragrance in the rain
They are the riches left behind
That no material can equal

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 Real Strength

Most think our real strength
Is what we possess
Many are sure
That our strength
Is in skin pigmentation
A lot sees their tongues
As the correct strength
Many rely on divisiveness
As weapon of strength
No, our bullets, rockets, grenades,
Militancy, terror, hatred,
Corruption, nepotism, religion,
Who controls power or mot
Are really not our strength
Our strength lies in brotherliness,
Unity of purpose,
Selfless service to mankind
Resolve to dissolve boundaries
Making the world a better place
For generations yet unborn
We can only boast of real strength
When we are at peace day and night
That's what real strength is

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

Owners Of Today

To those who owns today,
Be careful.
What today is,
Tomorrow may not be.
Look back,
Don't get carried away
Your hailers today
May cast stone tomorrow
Behind their laughter
Are likely sepulchers
Of hatred
Those trusted hands
May be full of thorns

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 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 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

Prayer

He's the strongest
I am the weakest
He knows all
But I am limited
So, I bend my knees
To draw from His fountain
For wisdom, guidance, protection
I petition Him for my needs
He's not tired of me
His hands are wide
To embrace me despite my frailties
A day without submitting to Him
Is like dwelling in the desert
Where there is no refreshing

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

Recession

Gradual slide the steepy road,
Our streams tumble down
Rolling into deep gallows
Carting away our alluvia plains
Our land is dry
Its blossom is withered
Leaving behind thistles and thorns
Our hard-earned resources are vanished
A measure of barley is sold scarce
Technically or physically
We're rolling down the slope
Our future is in abyss
We're are moving down the river road

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

Road To Victory

Road to victory,
Is fascinating
All wants victory
But few would taste victory.

On the road to victory
Are deep potholes,
Pains, fears, frustrations,
Are common features

To meander through the road
Be determined, focused and bold
Victory is sweet
Your self discipline, sacrifice,
Perseverance and sacrifice
Will get you there.

Shift your eyes away
From those negatives
Look on the glittering diadem
The Royal Crown and applause
That are prepared for you

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

Simple Life

Live a simple life
Devoid of stress, rancour,
Anger, quarrel and bad blood

Live a simple life
Have contentment,
Avoid insatiability.

Craze for excessive materialism
Is bane of life
At the end, nothing matters

Live simple,
Be kindhearted,
Courteous, loving and peaceful

Just be simple,
Make life joyous and worth living
For yourself and all

In any situation,
Put your trust in God
Never arrogate life to yourself

To enjoy this short life
Avoid excess baggage
That are burdensome

The secret of life
Its to avoid complexities
Always rest your case

Taking one step at a time
Is a sure way to enjoy life
So, just be simple

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 trampled upon easily
Never respected but derided
Ever seen as a poor destitute,
Mischievous, crooked and dangerous
Consistently disconnected and alone
Open to the vagaries of life
He's neither protected nor shielded
He's left without blood relation
To flock with fellow urchins
Whose tomorrow is uncertain

Babatunde Aremu

Take Heed

The palm tapper is unhappy
Of the astronomical growth
Of the palm tree.
Many will lick oily hands
But blistered palms
Are repugnant to many.
Tender secretly your sprouting plants
Be mindful of your unborn harvests
Otherwise it might be trod upon.
Watch before leaping
A snare may be ahead.
In all you do, be careful
So that your tender plants is not scorched
Think about this, I have spoken

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

Talebearer

Tale! Tale! ! Tale! ! !
Have you heard?
Come, let me tell you
Something just happened
It's a top secret
Assure me not to reveal it
Please tell no one
This is the hallmark a gossip
Telling secrets about others
He cannot be trusted
What he sees or not
He spreads like wild fire
Put a secret in his custody
It becomes a tale in the market square

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 hues
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

Thankfulness

The best life is to live
A life of gratitude
Each time recognize
Where you were
Where you are

Take stock,
Recognize the Giver
Don't focus on things alone
Acknowledge the One
Who makes to sleep
And wakes you up gently
Instead of the event
Centre your gratitude on God

Praise our generous God
Give thanks to the creator
Highlight His salvation,
Creative power, mercy
And unfathomable love

Worship the true God
Let gratitude become natural
Remember, Thankfulness
Is the parent of all virtues

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

There's Hope

Don't look forlong
It's not over
A tree cuts down
At the scent of waters
Grows again from its root
Don't loose hope
Our future is bright
I can look into tomorrow's seed
It will grow and burst into bloom
My land will bounce back
With a bang.
Its just a recess
After the break
The bell rings
Then comes new wine and oil
So, don't cry fellow countrymen
Just do your bit
Keep hope alive

Babatunde Aremu

They Ate Our Seeds

We had plenty of precious seeds
Our stores were filled with good seeds
Our land produces good fruits
Our baskets were always running over

Nations called us blessed
They envied our potentials
Our greatness was seen by all
We also saw a great tomorrow

Suddenly, the rodents
Colluded with the weevils
And formed alliance with termites
To munch away our precious seeds

In their greed,
They frittered away our seeds
And sowed them in another plantations
Far away from our shores

Now, no more seeds in the land
Our land although still fertile
Has refused to produce good seeds
Our labour past have been wasted

Now, hunger, anger and distraught
Looms over a people endowed
The sons of a butchers
No longer has flesh to munch

They have eaten all our seeds

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
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

True Riches

Neither gold nor silver
Not rubies, not diamond
They are neither castles nor skyscrapers

True riches are not metallic
Neither are they denominated
They are unlimited to paper currencies

True riches are beyond bank boundaries
Neither can any vault contain it
They are imperishable

True riches transcend ornaments
They are joy, peace, divine health
Contentment, love, added values

True riches are timeless
Seasons pass away
True riches endure for ever

True riches bring hope
In the midst of hopelessness
True riches does not vanish or recessed

True riches are durable and abiding
Unshakeable by governmental policies
Their fruits never spoilt

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 at war, I cannot be deceived
Methink 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

You Also Have Shitholes

Don't be deceived
There are shitholes everywhere
What is shithole to one
Is different for another one
Some hide their shitholes
Others are transparent

Don't be deceived
You who claimed to be holy
But there deep shitholes
Dotted on your streets

When your under-age
Wade guns and bayonet freely
Killing and maiming harmless ones
At parties, worship centers and schools
That's deep shithole

When your are soaked in dangerous drugs
Looking deranged in the streets
With your elders looking unconcerned
That's pathetic shithole

When your police are trigger happy
To terminate lives on colour
And are declared freed by courts
That's serious shithole

When the family foundation is weak
Divorce become daily meals
Single parents pervade your enclave
That shithole smells eternally

When the natural use of mankind
Is perverted and derided
Giving glory to bestiality and homosexuals
The shithole is similar to compost

Let's all be sincere,

Deep down are global shitholes
No society is free of shithole
Let no one delude himself

So, thank you for your shithole reference
But remove the log in your eyes
The other fingers are pointing at you
The accuser is also an accused

Babatunde Aremu