

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN

The hour before dawn hesitates
 Victory is long overdue
 I can almost tell you how it tastes
 In a swelling chorus of soulful idiosyncrasy
 With lushfulness and zest
 I can sing ballads of pride and conquest
 But my heart is weak and weary
 The road is long and dark
 And downright dreary but
 Sweet victory awaits
 At the brightening of the clouds
 I must trudge on
 A little rest to catch my breath
 And while I sit and watch
 Surrounded by my lonely thoughts
 It comes to me again
 At that blissful hour
 That I could be more
 If I only dare
 But like the hour before dawn
 I hesitate.

LOSS OF INNOCENCE

As a little boy I was robbed of my innocence
 Forced into early coitus
 Doomed to perish by my heavy conscience
 Floundering through my youth
 Like a blind man groping his way in the darkness
 I hung precariously on the edge of
 Sanity and madness
 When I remember the sticky red blood
 The searing pain as he tore through my rectum
 I want to kill myself
 Either by drowning or by hanging
 Or perhaps I could jump off
 Third Mainland bridge
 Get swept away by the fierce waves
 Of the Atlantic Ocean
 And as my soul departs from my body
 My innocence will trail behind
 Casting a long shadow.
 I really want to die
 But I want to kill him first

POSSIBILITIES

Buried inside the maze of my convoluted mind
 Lies the dismal past, dead and gone to its grave
 The tyrants who freely plundered,
 Who blew up Dele Giwa with a letter bomb
 And even though I wasn't there
 I still hear the necks of the Ogoni Nine snap
 As their bodies hang limp
 From the dictator's trap
 Today I see the thieves
 Who many fools even now applaud
 They adorn newspapers and magazines
 Pollute the political scene with their bounty,
 Fill cabinet slots with loyalists
 Who perpetuate their avarice
 And like yesterday,
 The suspicion across ethnic lines
 That erupted into the struggle for Biafra
 Has bloomed into full blown terror...

Deep in the recess of a part of my brain
 I wish was dead
 The conspiracies,
 The intricately woven
 And the desperately conceived
 Lie side by side, on a bed of stones...
 Now the commendable present;
 Wobbly and unstable,
 A fraud that may be buried in the sands of time
 Or a mother pregnant with the future?
 Ah, the future!
 Uncertain,
 A catastrophe waiting to happen
 Or one brimming with possibilities?

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Origami Poetry Project™

The Traveller

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The Traveller



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THE TRAVELLER

The road is muddy and treacherous
 The night is filled with stars
 The dancing shadows are a folded page I keep turning
 The narrow path is arduous, strenuous,
 My feet are sore and swollen
 What would have happened had I been less of a fool
 What grief, oh what grief!
 Would I not have had to bear?
 How much further can my feet go?
 Will I fall into this abyss of despair?
 Sink into the soft, quick sand?
 Will I give in to the whims of my mind?
 As it drifts on the edge of sleep
 Now fresh and conscious,
 Now ready to fall?
 My sanity, my being, myself
 Will I surrender it all?

The wind whips my pinched skin
 Fatigue parches my throat dry
 Still, I wander on.