

Anthology

MAGGOT DANCE: A COLLECTION OF POEMS

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Maggot Dance is a collection of poems about a decaying society. In this collection of poems, the author wrote different poems divided into four parts: Aperitif , Maggot Dance , Man and Postscript. Each of these parts have series of titles. "Aperitif" presents poems with the titles: A Poet's Prayer, It Resonates, this Name, The Euphoria, Oddities, Deification, Naughty Nuts. The second parts, "Maggot Dance" features titles such as: The Victims, The Beautiful one, Rampaging Midriiffs, The Scourge, The Upcoming Lords, Let's Privatize, Twenty Fifty-Six, Maggot Dance I, Maggot Dance II, A Pain in the Neck, Acquiescence, Sometimes when it Rains, And Our Ivory Towers Too?, The Foggy Road, Leather Patriotism, Illusions, Moral Burden, Mothers, Scarlet Skirts, Masquerades, The New Waves, A New Church Each Day, Our Curious Pot-Pourri, The Benevolent Minimalists, These Violated Altars, Sowing and Reaping. The next is the part: "Man" featuring titles: Man, An All-wise One, The Macho-Tyrant, Snake Charmers, A Tale of the Eel, Silent Serpents, Our Ageless Fat Cat, Poachers, Pharaohs, To Her Lofty Highness, This Ill-Will Makes us Grow, But She is the Witch, Building Bridge, Why are we so Cosmetic? and They Love to Play. The last part is "Postscript" which captures just three titles: Consecration, Folly and Making the Omelette.

Keywords: Aperitif, Maggot Dance, Man and Postscript.

Preface.....

Acknowledgement.....

APERITIF

1. A Poet's Prayer
2. It Resonates, this Name.....
3. The Euphoria.....
4. Oddities.....
5. Deification.....
6. Naughty nuts.....

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MAN

33. Man
34. An All wise One
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38. Silent Serpents
39. Our Ageless Fat Cat.....
40. Poachers.....
41. Pharaohs
42. To Her Lofty Highness.....
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POSTSCRIPT

- 48. Consecration
- 49. Folly
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FOREWORD

Maggot Dance is a collection of poems about a decaying society.

The poems in this anthology x-ray a pitiable condition in which every stratum of the society has been infested with corruption, moral decadence and total disregard for time-honoured values of accountability, probity, moral and spiritual ideals that had underpinned its fabrics in the past. Family values and institutional frameworks have been degraded and bastardised and these have rubbed off on the development of both individuals and the entire society.

Consequently, there is a threat of national disintegration in the face of the numerous instances of discontent, alienation, oppression, injustice, ethnic consciousness, disharmony and discrimination amongst the myriads of woes plaguing the nation.

The poet sees beyond the current clamour for disintegration, ethnic bigotry and religious disharmony and situates the root cause of the current negative manifestations of a failed state in corruption, selfishness and moral ineptitude of the ruling class and the elite. He foresees an uncertain future of chaos, disorder and lack of fulfillment if the problem of corruption is not confronted headlong. He also believes that even if the nation disintegrates and every section goes its own way, the same evils that plague the present state will eventually replicate in the resultant enclaves or nations that would emerge if the issue of corruption is not properly addressed. This, he believes, would be the turn of events as the current inherent evils that envelope the current leadership will surface as new leaders with the same orientation will take over the mantle of leadership in their respective enclaves.

The above scenario therefore calls for conscious effort from all and sundry: the leaders and the led, to undertake a realistic and an unbiased self-criticism devoid of buck-passing and parochial or sectional mindset that can lead to nowhere. While the leadership and the elite would have to start from their ranks to effect self-purgation in a realistic fashion and show by example how a positive change can be achieved; the led would have to purge itself of the evil culture of moral ineptitude, ethnic and religious

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parochialism and embrace the new order of patriotism, selflessness and moral rebirth. This, the government can promote and reinforce through a realistic and workable policy direction which must be faithfully implemented with a positive political will.

The contents of this collection have been broadly divided into three sections, namely: Aperitif, Maggot Dance and Man with an Epilogue that binds the various sections together into a unified corpus. While the first section is largely introductory, the second section actually confronts the level of decay in the society headlong. The last section continues in the same vein with the epilogue serving as a lid to the entire work.

The reader is enjoined to critically reflect on the contents of this work as he pores over the pages.

**G.O. Kayode,
Benin City,
2007, 2013, 2018.**

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May the Lord bless everyone richly.

**G.O. KAYODE
BENN CITY, 2018**

APERITIF

01. A Poet's Prayer

Let us slither like the serpent
Through this rough terrain
With our words strictly unobstructed
By slurs and halting syllables.
Let there arise a flow from these fountains
Useful paradigms from refractory kilns.
Let no bump stay us
Nor our flow, like broken stings
Erect noxious dams across these flowing streams
Like the lone wilderness minstrels
Let no cataract blur our vision
But let us pierce through the savage din
Like the irritant crowing rooster
And let us straightly implant
Those human thoughts that make mortals, men.

02. It Resonates, This Name

No blue blood course these veins
No royal robe or even velvet
No silver cup grace these lips
No gold-studded shoes
But these plain sandals, torn.

No smooth cheeks borne
No fat-laden face
But these clumsy claws, black
Then these busy fingers, written
With the ageless wisdom, lone.

No raven-black wigs
No cream-cured locks
But these silvery strands dotted
With cerebral matters
Within this grey matter shone.

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Probably no funeral dirges sung
Perhaps, not even cortege
Nor a simple epitaph
But this plain mound, lone
That slung this long lost hero

Then, it resonates, this name
Through these brimming shelves
Cascading through these celluloid
On our tubes, his pen, mummifying ageless wisdom
But he, mournfully unsung

03. The Euphoria

(for the 2004 awardees of the Bournvita Teachers' Awards)

As the dust stands stirred
The haze prevents our thoughts
In joys, excitement and hilarity.
We seem thoroughly drowned
In our joys that no one sees
The vision: the propellant to the skies
And this veritable anchor of our gains:
Then we seem subsumed in the euphoria
That the bath-tub seems capsized
With the babe: the object of these joys.

04. Oddities

Suddenly, she woke up startled
The eyeballs popped,
And the mind befuddled
But a yell would not do.

Transfixed, yet no steady gait
There, in cloudy stars, drifting
What did halt this bliss?

The morning proclaiming the day,
The wakefulness ever so sobering

Yet bringing so solace
Which cruel sentence rude this conscience!

License, proving stubbornly albatross
Yet fleetingly strengthening those years
She traversed the lurid scape
Painted scarlet with the pomp.

Gambling, gambling, halt me not
Bitless race needs no rules
And the progress? Need not look you on?

05. Deification

Cupid- eaten hearts, littering this space
It is Valentine day!
Couples in gaily raptures, over candle-lit dinners
In solemn veneration of those long-held tokens
Proven vent for the lovelorn ones.

Suddenly, our worlds stand still
For the ancient Greco-Roman duo
Beckoning us into these groves
The ancient and the saplings,
Into these cultic rendezvous.

Romantic wishes in avalanche
Cascading from cards and sets
Issuing greetings with the memorabilia
For the duo: the ones needing appeasement
From the feverish ones.

Cupid- spiced ball and the wine-laced evening
And the quiet outing for the two
Offering quiet toke upon these altars
It is a rapturous night, consummating passions
Cruelly interred within these desecrated temples.

06. Naughty Nuts

(For Samuel and Deborah)

Trifle, trifle, psyche me not
A bird a-flying all the way
Lapping, lapping all the while
The sauce is stewing all the same

Psyche me not, psyche me not,
Every day is not for fun
Yet they're dancing at the dawn
Prying stubbornly at the sun

Hold me not, hold me not
Every road is not to farm
Yet to our guts the bolus run
Filling us with nourishing churn.

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07. The Victims

Folly does cast snare for the wise
And the mind a- slumbering through such spell
Suffering much losses though by wiles
Of the heavy-headed fools reveling through wilds
Like the drunks knowing no virtue
The wise through evil infestation
Thus prostrate lain
Sprawling helplessly in treacherous stupor.

Bright stars like meteors often do fall
Into the blackness of these lusterless lots.
Through noisome din of their tiresome folly

Celebrating backwardness in *prideful* villainy
 Poaching ever monstrously at these cerebral pawns
 Effortlessly caught in their *craftless* web
 With the suffocating force of their number
 Ever so overwhelmingly potent in their deadening power

Guess how powerless much wisdom does feign!
 To the loss of senses through such trifling antics
 So, thus they do easily sway
 And are swept thus cleanly off their thoughtful heights
 With such lightness: an appalling omen
 For the substance yielding prized space now
 To the disintegration of our much cherished custom
 Once founded upon those solid roots.

Our land thus being made bigger fool
 For these gory slaughter we thus made
 In the macabre tap of the murmuring tomtom
 To the sobering thought of our deep losses
 And senselessness, through much trifling
 And awkward acquiescence - (we do solemnly feign guilt!)
 (But has the guilt ever been thus accepted?)
 And we thus smoothen our conscience, admitting no guilt.

Now our fortunes do steadily ebb, if ever
 We even often see, but subtly never seen
 But our shame and gains do fly through those vents
 Invented, through acquiescence and plots
 For our convenience, our shame and our gains
 But for the impoverishment of our common wealth
 Never so the substance ever eaten out – the core
 And strength, we so often cherished, giving way to vapour
 Of the melting ice on the sunny season of our glory!

08. The Beautiful One

She gladdens many faces being yet odious but comely
 How blessed this day is our soul for this contrasting bundle
 That titillates us with those well-set dentine
 Though her frequent outings make us sink with displeasure

Garnished faces plant no smiles but the fountains
 Being pure springs bring more solace

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But our paragon issues numerous serpents from her innermost chambers

Yet she radiates an aura with a mesmerizing flavor

Glistening rays strike no honey but gall
That sets these teeth on edge and upsets the gut
Yet her flirtations satiate our desire
Which turned gravel as we longingly clung

Her sonorous voice drew us in: as she practiced
Much stupendous steps upon the gallery
And we were daze and now still dazed: how much wisdom
Would an odious woman put into a catwalk?

Numerous gifts spoil the heart, that one would no longer see
The numerous cracks upon the wall. If much colour
Masks fault: would the connoisseurs blink
When much beauty emanates from such a broken wall?

09. Rampaging Midriffs

The theatrics of these peeping goblets
With the revolting pubic in wanton show
From our maddening maids in a catwalk ploy
Sending frenzied signals across the land
And we are caught: a heedless salivating lot
In these shock waves emanating from their septic tanks.

Our hearts are branded by those shock waves
And we stand starry-eyed, mouth agape, in wonder,
And we are glued onto the stage, captivated
And enchanted by the brewing theatrics
And we became tipsy with the aperitif: a mere
Preface to the main course on the menu
Of our poaching sirens.

These anglers in stifling breeches with blushless orifice
Showcase the hypnotic furrowed rumps
With their septic inoculums from the pit
And they breed wriggling worms with embarrassing glee

Those gapping scants and shoulderless straps
With the braless screaming bursts with their sticking teats
Coyly beckon us in the coquettish fashion of an angler
And they hoodwink our enfeebled strength with their manacles
Which cage our foot-soldiers like fattened lambs for their banquet
But these obliging captives do sumptuously feast
On those garnished dishes of the anglers.
Like baited hooks, luring with their dainty looks
To reap countless victims into their barns
Who with joyful hearts and rapturous revues
Slip effortlessly into the brewing cauldron.

10. The Scourge

These angling sirens: such potent baits
That breed worms feasting on our fabrics
Causing much shredding of the window panes
And much stink: the putrefaction of our soul

With such stink and loathsomeness
We are sunk in sulphurous flames
With the ageless torment, we die no more
But in eternal groans we pay.

We do pay here too
For such license we do welcome
For the tickling pleasure of such baits: and we do pay now
In terminal coin of its noxious inoculums.

Much pleasure beget sorrowful offspring
Either in dreads or painful denial;
These latter venoms do suck life
In much hastier speed from our blighted being.

Then in generational decimation
The silent warrior, still soldiering on
With the scythe and the ominous shroud
On our fenceless borders

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Austere appetites would shield much sepsis
Without further munitions: a firmer bunker
And a deterrent whip.
Swaying over our rampaging anglers

Yet these constant breaches, an albatross:
Hard copies, screen variants and script versions
Frequent invaders of our fenceless borders
Do plague us with our noxious consent.

11. The Upcoming Lords

This native wisdom with a homegrown temper
Informed our newfound sense
In laying solid bases for the fortress
We reared from the rubbles of our commonwealth
With the gleanings from Breton Wood's theories
Imported by stealth; though with a home-grown tempering
To suit our craving for a new-age fiefdom
Craftily mooted within the global vaults
By our cerebral think tanks

These vaulting goals do fire us on
To seek refuge in the stock upon the Marina
To rear near-distant towers of infinite magnitude
From the rubbles of these recent ruin.
These recent dreams, backed with potent statutes
Flawlessly crafted to place our miniature compatriots
Beneath our sole on our newfound estates:
The ones we dreamt and are still dreaming
Till the vision unfurl.

We dreamt of lordly robes; of lofty havens
Of exotic mobiles on our manicured lawns
With the fellow builders' labours giving way
To hopelessness: and with our enabling statutes
Spelling woe and painful anguish
Upon our sumptuous empire, reared from the dismembered heritage

Seasons of building with sessions of plundering
Emboldened our conscience to invoke those statues
Selflessly bestowed by our adroit mentors.
That give legal teeth to our onslaught
in ploughing without let, our fellows' furrows,
To erect new order with new castles, of unequal in standing
To create new brothers: stolid fellows, without fangs
Nor toxins; as living bricks and willing mortar
For our newfound fiefdom.

II

Glistering fat-laden faces and threadbare backs:
The twin antithesis of our dreamt enclave;
Spoilt brats in shameless sprees
And the ever present *marasmus* with egret limbs
With protruding bellies of the wheat-deprived juveniles
Are the contrasting scenarios on our dreamt heritage
Yet the new proletariats with grimy faces
Would exact legitimate labour to scoop pittance
For the industry and strenuous exaction of self
To induce retainership in a benevolent subsistence
For their wisdom, (as thinking cans) for these vacant brats
Who had suddenly turned sages within their estates
With awesome power to tap substance
From the obliging fountains.

But our unyielding minstrels do loudly proclaim with alarm
To puncture those calcified conscience with barbs
But the Breton Wood's culture, emboldening their resolve
Would goad them on to strike like the deaf adder
Showing no remorse, nor yet pity
For the famished heritage that yielded the honey
For their private savour

12. Let's Privatise

They dreamt great dreams for our comfort
A honey-filled floor with dripping combs
For everyone; licking without let and
They found in those dreams sure havens
For their once battered person.

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Let us build durable havens
With limitless possibilities of fulfillment
Of those dreams for our seed
And their seeds: the ones yet unborn...

With lifeblood, they risked gaols
To liberate souls: their bodies killed in snowy salvos
Naked suicide: you'll say...

Sorrowing wails from sweethearts
Would those spirits not broken and
With sturdy assurance of that lurking hope
They plod on: with crown, their view
To console those broken spirits.

Self, no, but the common wellness
They dreamt, but nay, to selves not
They dreamt of gold for the upcoming saplings
With the nurtured soil to promote blossoms.

The laurels thus won through pains
Like seed did spring to fruition and
We saw and sucked with relish and greed

Then we dreamt of castles and havens
For selves and our private saplings
To craft durable lineage of treasure and affluence
We also dreamt of dynasties to our names
With the compatriots as pages on own estates.

Then, like gluttons, we sat at table
With gorging eyeballs at the cake, with knives
To slice, to gulp and to plunder
In measured madness of an iconoclast

II

Then we concocted a reason for our greed:
We sat at table with our sagely eggheads.
Who dreamt greatness for our commonwealth
And counseled in error with their expertise
To fire us on with their vision of a sturdy estate
The one envisioned for our saplings and their seeds
Our intent though veiled from their headlamp

The real object of such zeal that propelled us in the first place
To hire these sages to an advantage.

We reasoned of the ageless ineptitude of our erstwhile seniors
With the thieving technocrats that aided their greed
And we came up with this sagely premise
That will lift our land into a flourishing height
We also concocted watertight nooses
That will feather our private saplings
Evens if other patriots become serfs.

We would restructure every segment
And trim our bloated wage bill and still
Our ghostly workforce would be trimmed into size
Then with the stashed erstwhile loot
We'll build new empires out of the ruins
That will run efficiently with competent hands
And subservient mangers that will run the place
For the new owners: our well-heeled compatriots and their sapling
With their foreign accomplices that suck those gains into their brimming vaults.

Then, our erstwhile decadent commonwealth would have been healed
Running healthily in private trusts but to our common doom

III

Then the gulf would have been widened
And become *uncrossable* with narrowing chances
For our new workhands who would swot to fill our mouths
With nourishing dishes and our pockets with the fatness of their labours

Then their seeds would see those blessings in distant longings
With their perched throats and flattened bellies
And their warhog skins would graze our sights
But our conscience would have been soothed for the benevolent payroll
That we furnish for a bare subsistence that will carry no month

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Then they would swot, to curry retainership even if hungry
With worn-out soles and threadbare backs
And their harrowing temples that we never see:
It is only their dry smiles and patronizing gestures
That should massage our bloated egos as benevolent lords
Of erstwhile compatriots, who once hailed us
For our courage in restructuring the estate.

Epilogue:

O our fathers who once swot hard, to build the crumbled estate
How sorrow-laden would your brows be that sweated out those glory?
How now crestfallen would your countenance be in your graves
For the recklessness of your surrogates who once promised you
A sturdy continuity of our lofty dreams?
How much gall would your bowels puke for the coyness of their successors
Who promised to sturdy rebuild that will resurrect that glory?
But now the glory has been to their good but to our own sorrow
And your gall. How else would the old compatriots become masters and servants?

13. Twenty Fifty- Six

On this golden season of our birth
And a promise distilled
When pitch darkness would be banished
From our pilloried land:
A centenary celebration of ineptitude
And corporate rot of our arm.

Our land: a candle-lit tunnel
With its lone star in the pitch darkness
Offers fifty solid seasons of tremulous jelly
That stands a firmer base than this broken tooth for effect,
In a five-decade gamble
With our oil-run wealth.

Twenty fifty-six: our magical ornament
Of a bright fortune
That keeps skipping from our hopeful grip
Like the elusive mirage.

Play not those tunes to our drums
They sting with a tinge of a souring gall
From the previously distilled hope
Into our deafening ears.

This silver-guzzling drunk in a power stupor
A wizened prodigal giant
With its bogus claims on our revolting purse
Made this promise like the jilting lover
Punching countless holes on our weary heart.

This golden season of our birth
And a promise distilled.
Twenty fifty-six is another golden toll
Of our centennial bell
Only that these graying strands whisper to my ears
That a broken tooth's offer is in the offing.

14. Maggot Dace 1

In a *Mopol* spree, I saw this carcass
Bloated with a oozing stench, but I dare not stay
For the looming presence: '*wetin you carry?*'
'*Oga, I jus de pass,*'... '*Vamoose!*'

The other day, it was a hapless truck driver
Trying to outsmart these lords...
But rather too late, the man was felled...
Charges, charges... '*Escaping with contrabands*'
Exhibit on his chest and the press know
We even watched the gallantry on our tubes!

Then, the *area boys* living on our sweats
Began the usual raid, and we called in the cops
Precisely sixty minutes later we saw the trucks
Condoning off the adjacent streets
Supposedly to tame those monkeys...
'Where are the monkeys?'
I learnt some straying lackeys got picked
But the monkeys are gone! Then on the screen,
Some hand-picked exhibits confirmed our fears.

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The other month at the border posts
Some jewel-stuffed headdress were accosted
But behind those brick walls the deals were sealed
And the sheriffs exchanged pleasantries: it was no deal
One of the bails was registered in a sheriff's name
It was no deal, Sealed and perfect!

The States Department called for bids
I remember, many bidders scrambled for places
The dossiers confirmed this but naira changed hands
And our files got dumped in the pending tray
First stage but for signatures, more deft hands
Should be greased! Or else, we have no credentials
'Speak the language'; we were told, ... Q.E.D !

Mirrored miracle on our roadside shacks
"Register now, we deliver", "say the scores" and it is done!
The mercenary merchants swotting for the loafers
Go to sleep and the scores will roll in and you needn't any sweat'
"Name the class or the course", I heard the other day
"And your pocket will speak for you, that simple"

Power play has its game plan too, so I heard
Virtue, yes... brilliance, well... But the clandestine patronage
Homage, naira, bouncers ... all well-armed: then virile patron
Naira brings virtue, acolytes and loyal hangers-on or even retainership.
See the grandmasters: they must order your steps
I even learnt of a new twist: places are even secured from our own Capitol!

15. Maggot Dance II

The acrobatic somersault of these merry worms
As they hold pleasant circus upon our gallery
And issue gallant shows that dazzle our countenance
Making us hang these mouths in pleasant suspense
 'Hold me not back, I presume
 Joyful days are plenteous'
The brimming filth scares us not
It garners much pleasure upon our joyful selves.

Fetid gutters with carrions: a proper theatre of our jollification
They are the sumptuous dainty dishes
That feed our churning gut.

Dare not stay such gloating
Much filth feeds our belly
Its blessings in cascading avalanche
Falling much readily upon our enriched laps

Why such nose-holding from the watchers?
Such fertile space should harbour no rancor
Blissful season should no one scorn
For mere greenish spite from the denuded
Angling most tirelessly for this fertile space
We would no time yield for the marrow we relish
Our most precious bounties that stand in constant gleanings.

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More putrid space would render much stench
For our brimming nostrils
But they care not much for our suffocating lungs
So long such plenteous bounties are reaped rather effortlessly
By these dancing worms of our slippery age.

Much stench fills this trench
With the juicy sauce for our palates
How dare such odium for the other man's meat?

Seek not self-comfort for the odium
But do consider the beneficiaries' dancing glee
That readily feed your brimming vaults.

16. A Pain in The Neck

The fishbone stuck in this throat
Wreaks pain and unease:
We have swallowed the bone
And the steak and the flavour of the flesh
Enlivens our taste buds and massage the health
But this bone in the neck
Torments without a respite

We have gulped this sauce with relish
And greedy strides of a mindless eater

Eater of the flesh mind these herringbones
Crisscrossing this well-loved flesh.
If no discernment worn in our mad rush
To gulp down these delicacies
With our glazed sights
That fail pick this crook in our steaming sauce
This neck must smart and trouble our temple
With its furrowed visage and a gushing socket

This stuck fishbone, our nagging unease
But if our eyes are shut in the relish
And our throat pierced,
For the gobbling, and the toxins released
From the barbs, coursing down our being
With its ruinous darts, eating up its wellness
With its excruciation pains wracking our frames.
And we, becoming the looming shadows
Of our fearsome persons,
Scary and threatening with an eerie smile

Clog this pipe and starve the pot
Where nutrient springs to feed the whole house
Then a living shadow we traffic
Terrifying our neighbours who saw the gamble
But played along:
Some praising in half-mocking tone
Some, in muffled wonder and amusement.

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What on earth do we find amusing?
This self-foisting death or the folly, greed-begotten
Or the amusing recklessness
That thrust this stuck fishbone upon our helpless throat?

But if a man be glutton,
Shall he not pay for his greedy appetite?
If a person goes wine-bibbing: shall he
Not smart for his inflamed nerves?
When cirrhosis wrecks his liver
And his sense dulled,
Which neighbour would he charge?
Or to whom would the brunt bear?
The brew, the brewer or the brewery?
Or to whom should the blame rest?
The bar or the bar tending man?
Shall the fellow drunks offering the free drink
Bear the curse for our guzzling fellow's woes
Who in his soberness frequent the bar
Where our princely terror sits in its quiet flagons?

Fate, thou didst smile and bequeath
A benevolent substance; though our son indulged
And in a prodigal stride did squander
What thou didst smilingly give.

'Tomorrow, like the days gone by,' so he reasons
'Does store much bounty for our exploit
And we would grab this day, not our seeds
We will reap down these fields and save no seed
And for our palates, gnaw down the barns
Others surely will sprout where they would.'

372. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Tillers and bakers: what common link?
If all bakers we and no tillers stand
If all eaters we and no planters stand
If all tillers murdered where would the bakery stand?
For the seeds for yesterfield grace the present tables
And our bakers flourish where tillers hold court
Then, like our nagging fishbone
Stuck in the throat when we each seed killed
To foster morrow's pain.

17. Acquiescence

Swimming against the tide?
This masculine current, sweeping
The boulders and the chaff all in acquiescence
Down the stream, in this stormy tempest
Even the boulders, having neither choice nor a voice
Having lost gravity and soul
They remain buoyant, drifting., like rudderless vessels
Helplessly borne in this soulless drift.

If these maddening crowds drift
And the boulders shift places
We lose the rudders, and the vessel adrift
What becomes of it? – soulless, drifting
And we all clap or gape helplessly
For no *daysman* would dive these waters
To rescue the boulders adrift
That lost density, that made them *driftless-*

Almost most certainly, we plainly lose strength
And our soul to this stormy gale
That once gently blew, though steadily
But yet unobstructed by vigilant daysmen
Who lost sight and become toothless

Look not too far: these currents are strewn
With irresistible baits that would suck density
And rid streams of their rooted boulders

If we lose this soul; what become of *massless* body?
 If the baits become too brazen would the density suck
 What hope the boulders?
 Or rather, what hope the vessel?
 It must drift unhindered: the anchors are broken
 And the water ruthless in their maddening rush
 Since no boulders rooted to halt the heedless flow
 With the vessel adrift heading pleasantly so
 To her ruinous grave.

18. Sometimes When It Rains

Sometimes when it rains: these clogged drains
 Such stuff manholes and our ferried streets
 The broken highways: such wonderful sights
 Assaulting these lenses with those rude slides
 From our stuffed sacks; the veritable conduits
 Yielding drained vaults that adorn these scapes
 With the moribund cargoes taunting us
 With their mocking smile.

Sometimes when it rains, this ground creaks
 And totters beneath these noisome burdens
 That sunk those hope in stifling manholes
 Gulping this land though bunkers for our invaders' haven

Sometimes when it rains, these burdens surface
 To terrify us with their watery graves
 Spelling death and misery; evicting us from our manholes
 Like the smoked rodent cruelly sentenced to an untimely exile
 Sometimes when it rains: and these waters rage
 And our roads sag with uncanny smiles
 Which etch deep furrows with the gnawing floods
 Washing every cobble stones from these shoddy spades
 Like the thrown spanner across this grinding charade

374. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Sometimes when it rains and we wade these streets
Though these wheeled boats present their burdens
When they die midway their watery graves
And we curse beneath our breaths for the Misery hatched
Within our trustees' palaces.

19 ...And our Ivory Towers Too?

This lost rudder is our vessel's ruin
The unsavoury brine pukes up sepsis
In the ranging sea with its epileptic foams
Spewing up filth from its depths:
A once fathomless treasure of our priceless beauty
And a fuller's house for our garment.

This searing conscience: a once fiery seer
With a godlike burden for the city
But we now see sepsis and abscess upon your pupils.

These breeding worms upon your flesh
Make us wonder; a once vibrant conscience
Dying out with a shameless sepsis.

If the healing balm fails, what of the wound?

20. The Foggy Road

I started this journey on hazy morn
With my hesitant spirit; plodding
Several mazy roads present themselves
To my sight in this blinding harmattan
Even with the blazing torch that I held
No clear figure within an acre's distance
Would clearly dance before my eyes.

And I mused, with my foggy mind, hesitant
No more bright vision or an image upon my retina

My peering eyes, have you no wisdom
Or perception to guide me still? What
Have you in your humours that give me hope?
Several destinies present themselves before my eyes
And I mused in this repeated instance.
What cloudy day befogged my vision and
Coloured my specks with its foggy doom?

Several cerebral fellows met me on the way
And I asked which way onto the glorious morn
But they scarce helped me with their wisdom
They rather left me groping in utter helplessness
As their very wisdom infested me with madness
Should no wise ones bail one out?
Show me no better roads, all are freak
No more wise ones should confuse me?!

21. Leather Patriotism

'Arise O compatriots': so goes our anthem
And to this familiar clarion, we thus stand
Waiting on the wings, to pick this call
As our players file.

We eagerly stand all hands, lifting those spirits
In these fore-fronts of the firing line
With each fibre lit with the ignition
That would lift every laurel in our home-front favour.

As we move every limb with every racing pulse
For every move or miss: though the vessels pressure,
We pile heavy load upon our beleaguered pump.

If it skips one bit for a priceless slip
And our goal stands in jeopardy
Those pressures shoot up within the veins
And a soul not placed within the actuarial shield
Would suddenly drop dead like a lead shot
That any skilled cardiologist would scarce rouse

376. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

When the curtain raisers fly by
They enliven these spirits and ease those tensions
That are bottled up within our pressure cookers
And we become liberated spirits
Like a bird let off from a fowler's gin.

Let's come off it, for this priceless spirit
We each don our field of play
When we anticipate fleeting laurels
To brighten our landscape and massage these egos
Though we often do falter and patently lag
To pull our corporate image from this stinking brink
That sinks us in the miry clay of pitiable smears.

Why not this spirit muster to save these rots
That bind with chains to this needless dungeon
We cage our spirit for want of steam
And corporate salvo that fights with soul
To save this land from a corporate smear?

If we thus good fraction borrow from this likable spirit
And we put to work its livening garments
Such a usual stink would have been smothered
And its sepsis cured with its antiseptic doses.

"Arise O compatriots" to this positive clarion
And let this homeland cured of its terminal ailment
Let all with this fervor infuse with soul
This life-giving antidote that would clear this rot
That had trapped us in this needless slough.

22. Illusions

Tumbling images dance before our fovea
They create possibilities and nothing fails
Men grow wings and strut on finger-tips
And dullard's brilliance frightens no face

The slug runs on cheetah's feet
And a fortress reared from a cinder's base
The gold-plated clay wears new diadems
And the star-studded stunts mask shrouded gems

Men are growing vulture's wings
With eagle's talons stalking every prize
Their feet are planted in the miry clay
With a rocket's springs on jet-lag's launch

The revered *marabouts* stoke several broths
And our hollow glory spurs us on
Griots sing the loudest praise
That suits our ego than a thousand eggheads.

Our vanity kites fly skywards
But crusty theory smoothens no skin
Brilliant crooks fetch the chunkiest cake
That nurture the bride in our fattening room.

23. Moral Burden

She taught me morals
Her virtue she sold
'You shouldn't steal'
But she procured these papers.
I had the papers,
Definitely without my sweat
I slept on, but my proxy swotted
And I am emboldened
To revere no honour
And my conscience rebukes me not.

The highest rated honour
Was foisted on me
By my wads and pleasant body
And I lazily pick up laurels
And undeserved citations,
Yet I beat my chest
For the accomplishments
My mother bought them me!

378. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Father, you sounded warning notes
Against involvement with the cults
Yet you kept those nocturnal groups
Within the groves.

Just like my papers,
Your pen saw me through
Without the hassles of the interviews
Where countless seekers sweat it out
For the insignificant places.

The might of those cell phones
You well remember
Within your living room,
Opened several doors
With effortless ease
Yet I value not those gains
They were foisted on me.

I well remembered those great sermons
You doled from those cozy sofas
But these impressive vision
Prevent my mind,
They graze my very conscience
With their nauseating smoothness.

24. Mothers

Treasured memories, treasured mementoes
Treasured memories, treasured heritage
And the memorabilia dot these shrines
And our mothers deified.

Virtue, care and measured responsibility...
And we look up to them; mothers
For treasures that enrich and shape
Those time-honoured values
And we will always reflect
For we captured those gems
In our firm grips: we shall never let them go...

Who were they? Mothers...
Mothers... Yes, mothers not like mothers today
Who defecate in their children's diaper.

The treasured womanhood, revered....
They would in their dignity not falter
As we mirror in those godlike reflections
Moulding us, in their treasury
With measured responsibility
Just for us to picture what virtue is
They will never defecate in the open,
Lest the worms our morrow consumed.

Treasured mothers, treasured womanhood.....
Mothers of our time, though now extinct
And we see new mothers coming...,
Furious ..., reckless..., rushing down our beleaguered land,
Tumbling in cascades and they shall consume us
With this new excrement on our valued treasure.

This new furnace billows with rage
And its flames roar with madness
That sears the conscience and leaves it numb
But our current mothers bask in those flames
And dance the blind man's dance to the drum of the deaf
Without any raw flesh nor a tactile neuron
That speaks of pain or grief for their woefully rudderless daughters
Who grope hopelessly for their mothers' gaffe.

These new mothers,
(Or, are they mere birth canals, lacking mothering
Instincts?)
Like the ostrich, they lay; they go and forgo the offspring
They must fend for themselves in this stifling world
Littered with defecation that desecrates every altar.

380. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Mothers, mothers... the ones we used to know
Howl from your graves with wails for these new mothers
If they would your bitter wails feel
Or our feeble denunciations:
For manacled we have been for our assaulted sights
And our vacillating conscience with their perishing
conscience
And our purblind windows that fail discern the wreckage
And the looming woe from these tumbling skies.

Mothers and daughters: two of a kind
Mothers and daughters: fishing same pond
Who shall the other tutor; to whom shall the road
shown?
When both ply same path, that same putrid path
That fouls this whole sphere.

Those ageless mothers, though now extinct
Yet in these memories live
With their mirrors glowing on our insides
Glowing ..., reflecting... And yet telling stories,
Stories we treasured: stories we cherished
Held in awe, and in reverence
And in lingering admiration

They shall never die, these inner lights
That brighten our memories; making them sharpened
And making our intolerance acute
Of these loathed ante-types:
The new mothers, spoiling our memories
With their excrement: though fancied
Yet peeved at, with utmost repudiation.

Who shall tell them so , that we choke
And are dying with repulsion of those shameless
signals?
Signals of lewdness: signals of stench
Oozing from these new mothers
The recent, latest mothers repulsing us
With their putrid carriage;
And their daughters taking cue,
If the navels peep
And the womb door winter in the blazing sun;
Sending cold shiver down our bashful spine.
Who shall these saplings save as the pubic doors open?

Yet these new mothers beckon us,
'See the shrines: for no sacredness lurk'
But worms ..., worms..., the ones growing horns
To terrify us out of our skins with the shock
Till we feel no sacredness for these revered
masquerades
Dancing naked in the market square
And we can no longer hold nor save our breaths
As we stifle with the suffocating shock.
Who shall these generations save?

25. Scarlet Skirts

Disrobed womanhood
What tragedy this? What suicide?
What destitution? What self-deflation?
The rape of our innocence and the loss of our head
What hope humanity? Where our humanness lie?

Like the common beast, bare
Our fairer humanness depraved
Like a giffen good cheaply on display
In the market place where buyers traffic.

382. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Behold these wares in self- advertisement
To every buyer, to every haggler
See the wares within your reach
Reach into our depths, for no sacredness lurk.

This self-decapitation rob us of our head
Their head? Our head and sanity
There is madness roaming the streets,
Madness in scants, in skimps and figure-hugs;
Commonly displaying hypnotic rumps.

Our innocence deflowered
And her voice muffled; lying in the ash
With her unheard groans and drones.
This rape is brazen!

Behold our wreckage and the ruins
The cinders smouldering: there is coldness
With numbness and sudden activity:
There is spasm and unchecked sliding down this pit.

So, in our world of bliss
We hold court out of these realms
Where sanity dwells,
And we see in stars: our world crumbling,
The bars giving way but like Sodom,
Our revelries had just begun.

26. Masquerades

These kindred spirits dancing our streets
Like the alien folks with their guttural voices
Speaking foreign accents from a distant land
They bestride our land with terror,
Like aliens, sucking every juice
With their threats: and we welcome them thus
With gifts: for appeasement of ancestral spirits
Visiting our land with their distant blessings.

We flock our streets with our children
 The women singing virtuous praise
 With their gifts for a scant benevolence
 That will drape no bosom
 Yet, we line our streets with our presents
 For our forgotten parents lying still in their graves
 But finding voices in these avid emissaries
 That will appropriate those gifts
 Within their private groves.

Yet the subsequent season, like the spent ones
 Our faith in these masquerades ' mediation
 Would spur more gifts as they inundate our streets
 With their usual prayers
 Even when no fruit falls from our cola trees
 Even when our soil refuse to yield bread
 We would keep nursing pleasant hope in their usual powers.

The rhetoric of the blessings from our departed ones
 Would make us stoop, face down, hands spread,
 For their tricking blessings.
 They will do it next year and we know
 We would still stay hopeful till our bowels burst
 To reveal the viscera we can no longer hold
 Yet we shall this faith keep
 In the potency of their dance
 And repetitious incantations
 Invoking the spirits they would give no rest
 Linking us with their generational curses.

These miserly brothers, mystified by us
 Would drain our purse with their blessings
 They will feed our harrowing fears with an avid curse
 If we reverence not those role
 In linking this side with the other:
 The one concocted by their memory
 When we sleep same bed.

This fertile imagination hold us captive
 To the dream world
 And we fail to wrest our souls
 From its intractable grips:
 And the wretch without skirts with scarce barns
 Sprawl our road in lordly pretensions
 And we willingly fall prey in their thievery
 Yet we cry with intoned pains

384. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

For want while we knowingly squander
Our meager substance on these pretentious lords.

The cycle of dance with the usual wishes
And the routine promise of a fertile womb
That will harbour no seed
Nor the uterus fruits must heighten our hope.
And our fruitless despair for fulfillment
That will never come as we fatally follow.

27. The New Waves

Free me from this sacrilegious stain
My hands are tainted, my altar soiled
With manacled hands, I bury my entrails
I would have died, I know, or my seeds
But the appeasements in those shrines
With my gifts and gains, they smoothen my path
A wittol, I please and I can boast with an early morning gin.

This loincloth that I tie exhibits my castration
She would brave the shame and brag for itchy throat.
But we drape no rag and in this new affluence
We shame the impotent gods.

Go into the shrines: they expect us with a bounty
They will drink raffia juice and the seaman's blood
If the snail-shell jewels adorn the altars
Then we would know we have won in this latter-day desecration.

Sometimes, we pawn our daughters with several nags
They know and understand our shameless codes; they will bulge
And do, they have with their wiggling waists and peeping pubic in the sun
The showrooms of Europe celebrate their wares.

28. A New Church Each Day

1

..... *At Jerusalem and in all Judea*

A new harvest each day, when the Parachelete berthed
A new fervour breaking forth even as the clergy kicked
A new fire sweeping through to rake in the fiery souls
Branded with the master's parting mandate:

'Go ye into all the world.....

To every creature my gospel spread'

Though the Jerusalem city these firebrands torched
Ruffling the reactionary plumes like a whirlwind gale
Scattering these fire brands all, home and abroad.

... *And in Samaria*

Then to Samaria our fiery Philip fled
Though not without the seed and the promised signs
There, in the business of sowing that Mandate
Joy attended the whole of that bewitched enclave
And down on his knee the local Czar bowed
When as sure the crippled man walked and the blind lots saw
Even as the pestered and captive gained freedom
And every sin-blighted cleansed.

...*the bigot Zealot found*

And as the storming gale swirled,
And a zealot, the elders met,
Armed with edict to rout 'this madness'
And to douse these raging flames.....'
The Zealot and his band to Damascus raced
With the edict from those rattled elders
To halt the spread of those raging flames
Then on a high noon the heavens blazed
To halt the spread of those meddling lots
And to the ground our zealot struck
As a piercing voice spoke in message clear:

386. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

“Saul, Saul, why persecuteth thou me
It’s hard for thee to kick against the pricks”
Then the zealot in his terror spoke:
‘Who art thou, Lord
And what in stock hast thou for me’
Then to him the Lord Himself revealed
And from thence He sent him forth.

... And to all the then known world

Upon every coast the firebrands touched
They sowed the seed of that same mandate
And bid the then perishing world:
‘Heed the Master and save your soul’
Then to them the whole world heed
And their tribe in every coast found
Though to some their blood the living seed
Yet as loyal, for their Master stood.

2

...Dousing the heaven-sent flames

Though the glory endured within each coast
Yet the heralds alerted the then known saints
These they penned within the sacred pages
So the church would not neglect the ancient paths
Just to save herself from the fowler’s prow
But just as written, the ravenous wolves struck
And doused the flames the patriarchs spread
Then to the slough the faithful ones sunk
And in the ages following the glory slept
But the cinders perished and sucked in the hemlock
And in ensuring wedlock, they pestered **the Remnant**

...Moments of glory on History pages

Though in history some moments of glory did flash
 When the old-time flames did stir
 And swept across the piteous night
 When a new dawn assailed our sight
 And the joy of old along with its tell-tale signs
 Flooded the streets in many a land
 When the penitent found the seekers' bench
 And the crooked returned their ill-gotten loot
 When the bootleggers in soberness returned
 To build again the ruins they authored
 When the scarlet districts' scum rose
 And bid their treacherous beds goodbye
 When the winebibbers' song ceased
 And the glorious chorus echoed
 When the church in her glorious beauty swung
 To rescue the sphere from certain ruin
 To bring to rest and safety
 The realms torn apart by patricidal onslaughts

3

...And now, these strange flames

Today, a spurious semblance of those old flames
 Do spread with a zeal and zealotry of a fevered lot
 Christianizing every cranny and every gullible coast
 Setting a shack in place upon every street
 For communal worship and jubilant praise
 In avid gyrations and thunderous vibes
 In mock likeness of those old flames
 Though as blighted they are with that same cancer
 That gnaws at neighbours they seek to win.

The leading lights of these new waves
 Storm our cities in flowery garbs
 In flowery garbs of pretty colours
 Swaying every soul with a mesmerizing clout
 This they wrought with silvery tongues
 And dazzling robes of diverse colours
 With a promise of a near glorious future

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So their captives are swept with pomp and ease
Gravitating feverishly towards the promised honey combs
With its magnetic lures that spur one on
And fire the hollow ritual of a butterfly troop

So, a new church springs up each new day
Within every cranny for this Midas' touch
Though as vulnerable their victims lay
Thoroughly beguiled and wasted still
Though their promise like a soothing balm
Spurs along and urge them still
Offering a widening of that narrow path
Where travelers jostle with a neck-breaking speed
And so, they race on still within their blind alleys.

Though the book is open to point the upward way
Yet they read with veils and tainted lenses
And would read plausible meanings to void its contents
If it suits, they dance along: if it hurts they wrest the meaning
Just to suit their troubled fountains
Just to swell their brimming vaults
Just to boost their rising profile.

Yet not for fame and pomp we fault
But the shock of these tugging scandals
And the shame assailing our tortured sensibilities
When sacred altars turned whorish dens
And a hot-bed of reprehensible avarice
Though the object of this lurid shame strut
And lounge around with an impudent gait.

Yes, a new church each day,
A new church each day, proclaiming shame
A new church each day provoking blasphemous comments
A new church each day aiding heresy and damnation
A new church each day plunging men into the abyss
Though the led see it not so; for the current delusion
Of these silvery tongues with the usual gibberish
That confuses and smoothens the seared conscience
That would neither wail nor yet mourn
Even when the glory gone and the Ichabod written
Upon every desecrated altar.

29. Our Curious Pot – Pourri

Draped in these dazzling arrays, in lurid shades
They reared this company in cacophonous banter
And form the city with the usual aplomb.
They draft a charter to drive this vessel
In their prescribed course: mutually beneficial
To every actor parading this stage even when court jesters mock.

This eclectic crowd: veteran cast with their scripts,
Each expertly handing his bulging lines
Giving scant room to any prompter; they rehearse
Each man his lines with a flawless gusto in fitting drapes
With the usual glitz, prettified props
And in glittering floodlights that capture our sights

This glistening crowd makes our day
With its baits that charm our sanity
And we lost our mind to its eloquent sophistry
We also sat glued unto these roving lights as we drank those mimes
With the zest of a mystified audience pleasantly mesmerized
By this astute cast capturing us with its stunning premier.

The charm of this livening cast sweeps us into a miming chant
And swayed, we rustle in hypnotic rapture
Even when rags stare us with a naked glare
Even when our bellies rumble for crusty loaf
Even when our eyeballs sink in their dimming sockets
With our scaly skin, we greet with rousing applause
The dazzling premier that would no eave place
Upon our dripping roofs.

This rousing cast worm itself into our hearts
In serpent-like style with the promise of a stunning brew
That would douse the rumbling of our rioting guts
And tickle our palates with their tasty pot.

They hint of this curious pot with assorted ingredients
As divers as their glossalalia tongues and as varied
As their assorted robes but with a difference
Of an agreeable taste that will ravish our tongues
In gentle onslaughts like doting lover
Of a stolen mistress.

390. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Then with our gullible trust, we give our blessings to these doting chefs
To rear a kitchen for their curious brew with their assorted condiments,
We give our ready accent for installation of their curious gadgets
And they installed several conduits beneath that curious pot
To stealthily effect a silent drain of the dish into their private tables
Though we keep on salivating for the pleasant aroma

These pleasant wafts entice our tongues into a pleasant daydream.
And from our kitchen and the curious pot-pourri we expect
some doles
From these pleasant chefs: the ones we employ with own consent
To furnish this common table with their delicacy
That would grace our palates with their pleasing tastes
And quieten these rumbling guts into a stilled fountain
But the wafts keeps taunting our disquieting appetites

Children of the house, make no wailing cry
This pot is stewing fast with its pleasing aroma
As your nostrils would pleasantly tell
It will grace your itchy palates and massage those rumbling guts
But ask me not when, even if your gut rumbles
Ask me not when; even when no ladle fetch
A handful dole unto your salivating tongues
The very sight of this curious pot should gladden your bowels!

30. The Benevolent Minimalists

These solemn futurists; such mild minimalists
The duo; in splitting contrasts:
One lacking space within the driver's seat
The other stirring whole house into a thunderous applause
As they pleasantly cut corners with their apt movements
And silvery tongues. How would the morrow stand?

Raise not any query: I know not any response
In affirmative sentences
My eyes are misty: they are even glazed
And my fainting heart in dullard's thud.

Gasping, gapping, looking for restful ventilation
This season is stiffing
As this spirit ebbs, there is a brewing broth
Gathering strength within their flagons.

If the drunks get stuck in the slough
They will praise them: these minimalists
Who must beat those heaving chests
On the finishing line
They are making progress! Sine die.

II

Whose progress these cunning concepts brook?
The populists up thrust, lighting every face
There is hardly any choice left, where underhand deals count

Numerous accolades carry the day
As we are all cleanly swept off our stoic feet
Who once stood firmly for the ancient order.

This cheering throng sees not yonder
The mugs are brimming with the frothy brew
That sends sweetly scent into our wagging tongues
But turns bellies of these salient underdogs
With the tails ruefully tucked for the sting
Of the venomous brew

Victory, victory, no one knows
How many markets would this shame cuddled
By these new players
In the powered playhouse of our crumbling glory.

31. These Violated Altars

These frontal fairer faces fouling every fountain
With their cunning curves and sly whims
And wiggling waist, though potent baits
From the arsenal, would our earth tumbled
In agreeable tenors that suit our lurid fountains
Being yet roused into a tumultuous sizzle.

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These frontal assaults, with their hypnotic potions
Would drug these beds into a snoring bout
Yet, they would 'minish those strength with our connivance
As we lower those guards that sanitize our thoughts.

Visual violation and the rabid rape of this innocence
Thrust our sphere into this turmoil
With its sickening scenes that paint this landscape
In lurid picture that haunt our skin
And taint our very veins with its noxious inoculums

Yet for our ravenous appetite
We would ne'er these assaults fault
They will swell these vaults as they bestride
Notable highways and inauspicious crannies
In frontal robes with their damning scants
That will scarce register protests
Upon our violated altars.

32. Sowing and Reaping

When the heartwood sickens
And the worms wriggle in cascades
Let no one blame the cherry
It is the fountain that makes the stream

When the milk sours
And the taste bud frowns in revolt
Pray, look straight on at this poisoned sphere
The germs are bred in a sickening air

When the garbage piles upon our streets
Let no fly be sentenced into an irritant gaol
Meddling humans would have themselves to sentence
For the terror they pleasantly fixed.

When blossoms give off a withering smile
And they sprout up worms to greet the visiting bees
No weary nectar should grudge a fly
For making rude forays where pollinators ply.

If vacant kernels were sown in a simmering earth
And the tares sprout to swallow our loaves
No rumbling gut should any tantrum pull
The ground we sow must pay us back.

MAN

33. ...Man

Same wound delicately cuddled yet sorely scoffed
For the chasm me - you;
This way, for the self-love
Provenly so, nesting these right ribs
Fencing rivalry that would this prized pet put
In any jeopardy; he would gladly you foster.

This friendly I, but fatally foe you
When self fears the threatening tempests
He would you rather hauled in patent placation
If those demons would relent, appeased
And rather the I would wish tormented
This other you, – a mere number
On the impersonal plane.

Give blood and lively flesh where this I strides
Give the heart and delicate motions
That touch conscience even if for this I
But let a heartless stone sway
In motionless indifference and I untouched
We would in wild jubilations those horrors hail
For the yonder shores not these ones threatened.

394. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

34. An All-Wise One

I hate hind-sights: they inundate me
With nausea; my belly churns with repugnance.
Set me not back: the front
Even when I fail (I always look forward)

Sages look back: they turned obsolete
We looked straight on in our front and
More scenery beckons us with garlands

We wear our brains on our soles
Perfectly shielded by our shoes
We wear sock and combatant hoses
Weathering storms with our smugly feet

And the relics of the past – What
Become of them?
They are in the archives, gathering dust.

We have a new religion: a much modern god
Where are the gods of the past?
Tin gods, iron gods, silver gods and the aluminum god
They fade; we prosper and thrive
They shrivel and diminish: we blossom and bud.
Tell me what wisdom you've got
That drove you onto the shelf
And I shall tell what makes us tick.

35. The Macho-Tyrant

These shuffling feet with their drastic unease
The dread of our macho-tyrant: a horned dragon
With blazing tongues scorching every front
Threatening a lick of our feathery weight.

With such trepidation
Our conscience skips over the brow
And its straw, now dangerously brittle
Would not even ease this tyrant's rattling
And the earth totters at his thunderous growls
Leaving failing hearts in erratic pulsation.

This agile rum pickles no tongue
It enlivens the macho-tyrant's outbursts
And from the mast, he peers, through this miserable grass;
Miserable victim of his threatening outburst.

Pity: lexically blotted from this macho's books
It finds no foot in his annals
It is the frightened sweaty brow of this grass
That is his fattening room;
The miserable grass' sorrow well up the macho's joy

March! March! March! Pick up tunes
From the harpy fingers of our glorious one:
The miserable grass trembles at our tyrant's boom
Is it not all joy where might flourishes
Even if this miserable grass groans at our macho's steps?

Water this fertile furrow with our blood
It will blossom and yield instant fruit
It will shoot him up to a glorious height
And etch vivid fame on golden platters.

Those golden platters with their hidden dross
Are the precious gems in ageless luster
Where this macho tread;

The instant luster in flighty flash
Dazzles every face but the flash glows
Like a meteor vanishing swiftly from our constant sky.
This instant triumph: of a fleeting tenor
Makes the day for our conquering tyrant
He will yet bask proudly in its simmering glory!

'Wake me not tomorrow, I am a prophet
Seeing tumbling towers in sudden ruins'

396. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Doom's day seer, inundate not these doors
With your visions. We see instant stars.
Fiery suns in blazing glories;
Their searing heart melting every ice cap
And thawing every frozen furrow into a fruitful field.

Let his macho shoes trample this grass
It would puke up bread from its bowels
The trampled grass should utter no protest
It must die and fizzle into oblivion

The galloping one should lose no battle
He must advance onto the dais
But this victory shall wormwood breed
As the grass dies.

36. Snake Charmers

We dine through stage crafts
With the frills our nature do claim
When by applause men do us claim
We stand as vain yet do thirst
For steams of current do internally run
Within our souls: though often gallery sought
Yet in mesmerizing apparels and dazzling robes don
With the glitters bestowing noble purpose
That seem an eclipse our very intents shield

Pomp and pageantry do solemnly call
With an absolute magnetism one scarce dodge
Though as eagerly one do wish
The fortunes as dreamt do turn out

Men as straw though gold-plated
Do by charm stoke up substance
And our sensibilities bestride: a septic sore
Though to the target not so seen
Even for the very murky depths
Ever so shiny the surface welcome

Yet our very sensory audience
Do easily these serpents welcome
For the charm they do easily muster
When the appetite do eagerly whet
To savour those seemingly pleasant tastes
Though like gall, the taste-bud spoilt
Even if honey our very tongues know

Dazzling like the thunderstorm flash
Do lighten our very prettified scape
Yet we do cherish this hallowed sham
Though by knowledge we see not thus
For cloudiness do thus spread
Fogging even thoughts and clear judgments
Our plain personage which do falter.

Then never so ornate we do thus meant
Though their craft do spur us on
And we stand thus oriented, though falsely so
Through stage craft and expert bending
We stand oblique, tilting towards stage
Yet to those noble cores, not even flowery
Our purpose should have striven at.

37. A Tale of the Eel

The fickle one would straight stick bent
To ease the sting from this aching conscience
To shut the old man up; to assuage
Troublesome pricks from the nuisance needles
To bless self, (bless his heart), now at rest.

The slippery eel, blissfully basking in the cache
And the little mercies pleasantly cornered
For the present good fortunes cornered by sleight
Of good praise and dropping of pleasing titbits

Suave, pleasingly conciliatory mouse: gold-plated
To blunt hideous dagger stabs stealthily thrust
With the soothing tongue that heals no wound
But presently showing promise like baited balm.

398. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

This weather-slippery eel, telling all-fair tale
With his pleasantly roving eyes on good fortunes
The straight stick would pleasantly scorn
To an advantage the slippery eel dreams: though with scant honour
For retainership in the present espionage.

Suave, pleasant mine, decked in ornate rugs
Felling foot-soldiers in callous ambush
The mercenary on sentry loyally mowing down
The straight sticks that would not die, even if wounded
By the serpentine bayonets. We shall praise the end.

Bees swarm where the honey drips, even the nectar
Would no fickle one slight
Every feast needs new tunes and a court jester
That would paint the spent bride-chamber in pitch colour.
Marvels, marvels, would no sane sing,
It is the customary robe that makes the day.

38. Silent Serpents

The crooked serpent makes no fuss
He coils up primly, with its venom tucked, unfrozen
But he's in a set, importunately so
For his countless victims, pray
If naivety would no innocence marry
We would yet know; even if knowing stance killed
As cultural trust beclouds our vision.

Facial friendship with its broad grins
Warm our frozen breasts and their latches plucked
In jovial climate: though mines lurk
If hostile clime freeze our feet
And our hearts struck by their terrors
The wariness of those insidious climes
Should order our gingerly steps
But in a world so plain, no uncertain glances
Would brighten our damning chances.

Studious moles would betray no harm
Their tunnels would fracture no surface
But the microscopic hair cracks would soon creak
Into an unwelcome crash
Pray, raise no scary eyebrows
Many a grand oak is felled by silent ants.

39. Our Ageless Fat Cat

Your paws, brother, these mice pain,
Our ageless fat cat; pleasantly homely within every court
He would still worm him fair into every royal throne
And with his casuistry and those strategic labours
He would yet win each heart that mounts the saddle

Our technocrat fat cat with his stealthy skills
Would rid every pestered throne of its irritant vermin
The harmless crew of this ageless cat should gladden any monarch
Who must pat these shiny furs in profound affections
For every perfectly executed job by our ferocious tigress;
Who in quiet strides silence every irritant prowl
Of these gnawing mice.
He would yet grace those royal tables with bounties
From the choicest dishes being pleasantly dropped in admiration
Of his salient duties that rid those palaces of the irritant vermin.

Our cerebral fat cat with his courtly manners
Would win any a royalty's favour
As he neatly perched upon those tables with his quiet notes
Being warmly courted by your patronizing crowns for those patriotic deeds
He had rendered to rid this realm of the irritant mice

Our ageless fox would eye every chunk for each patriotic outing
And corner every favour for his clever self
Even when acolytes hail with a patronizing voice
He would see through those milling crowd of the faithful hangers- on
And cunningly drop pleasing crumbs that would hardly whet any appetite
Yet, he would stylishly retain his hold upon this crowd
Who only perch behind those curtains for a glimpse of his budding glory.

400. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

If our ageless fat cat sits privy to every royal secret
Let no greenish noble raise any irritant hue
His loyal duties with ageless foolproof counsels must etch ample room
Within every court to court his ageless wisdom
He would fashion airtight schemes that would hardly suffer leaks
And still every raucous rumbling within these realm
He would even sniff out every tit-bit that would douse every flame
That could threaten these thrones even while commoners famish.

This sagely fat cat: who would no difference shown
For those ageless foolproof schemes?
Those silent usurpations with your gentle coyness
Would shoot your plane beyond countless princely heads
Who would well lose out to your ageless wiles.
Those strategic duties and your casuistry
Should win every crown
Each would a tool find within your ageless arm'ry
But your spotless jaws would scarce betray guile
And self-preservation even when monarchs yield
Their plum places in a fateful upturn.

This ageless fat cat would always find allies within every rising sun
Who would those wiles court for a temporal shine
If these suns set before their time,
Our ageless cat would still keep standing
Waiting for a brand new sun to lighten this horizon.

40. Poachers

This watery tongue that relishes venison
Would eagerly polish these dishes and mop the coursing sauce
From our elbows to the distant metacarpals
If any stray scent from those simmering pots
Roam these realms; our taster must dig the roots
That hoist those pleasant aromas to nourish its glowing health

These new preachments about safe co-habitation
Is spoiling this fun from our priceless pastime
That should nourish this flesh and give our manhood
Its glorious virility.

If we cede these waters to the swarming whales
And reserve some shrine to some recluse manatee
We starve these palates of their usual ambrosia.
If we foist several sanctuaries upon our pleasant selves
For some bestial relative within these seething jungles
We deprive our taste buds of their usual venison.
If we weave these prickly laws around our festering freedom
To dominate these realms for a mere consideration
For some beastly beings,
We unleash upon our realms these tyrannical burdens
As we hold their delicate saplings within our sagging bosoms
And wince with pains from their stifling manacles.
Let these Green meddlers elevate this madness
Into a pristine art; let their frigates roam these waters
But let no trawl boat course these water for their surveillance.
As they hold every soul ransom and sentence every palate
To its fleshless grave.

We would don these masks and shed some reptile tears
For those morbid whales that are reverently being borne
Amidst these funereal rampage. We would silently clink glasses
For these toothless statutes that fail hunt these fronts down
And toast our health in muffled gladness for the underhand complicity
They would scarce prove true with their grating dirges.

But these cruel salvos against our priceless jewels
Peel these pleasant masks and unearth our fangs
That we bury in perfect subterfuge to unleash silent terrors
As we showcase our snake sloughs that grace these feet
And exhibit our quilt-stuffed sofas within our palaces:
If we raise these throne upon the leopard hides
And furnish our throne rooms with mammoth tusks
Let no Green meddler scorn our glorious splendor.

If these rich flora were meant to serve these interests
And the diverse fauna were meant for our borderless exploits
Let neither Green advocate nor beastly sheriff spoil our day
With their caustic pleas and incriminating innuendos
That would plunge these realms into a raucous broil.

402. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

We had these prickly statues launched to ease these conscience
And had the grating rules tucked within those slumbering shelves
That had gathered tangled webs that would scare any prompter
That would wish unleash those terrors upon our sleepy coasts;
If these hatchet diggers detonate these mines
Then we would know they wish these realms harm
But these loyal sentinels would douse any flame.

41. Pharaohs 1

This long weary journey into a regal enclave
With her magnificent pyramids reckoned amongst the classified Seven,
The chronicled wonders of the ancient times.
We roam within its legendary mummies' covens
And the rarefied tombstones. The revered resting places
Of once deified monarchs who once wielded golden scepters
Over countless seas, across innumerable isles
Whose night visions yielded ominous fountains
For the sons of Eber: the wandering patriarchs
On a corn-hunt, to tame the ruinous monster
Begotten of the gaunt shocks and skeletal kins
Which swallowed the well-favoured ears and the the milched kins.
Whose mysteries the dreamer opened with his scarring gaoled figure.

He was slung in a bloody rage, ahead of those wondering lots for his dreams;
Providence deploying assault to preserve remnant
That would reveal the glory: the feeble gnats wresting might
from an absolute monarch-
He was slung ahead on a wrongful premise; with a cruel spite for doing no ill
The days he spent in that harrowing dungeon .

The spite would crush no goodness but mercy, coursing down from the providence
Endowed with much wisdom and the gift of laying mysteries bare
To resolve many a riddle that nagged pilloried minds
When they turned unto that victim; nay, potent hero
From the dungeon - providence thrusting greatness upon his tortured temple:
The pilloried head: wearing manifest crown within the dungeon
His bidding readily done by his crowding subjects.

He would wield no cudgel nor the sword borne
Like the errand lad, would wisely minister comfort
And quietly banish fears with their scary gloom
These would earn him space from those willing subjects
Who gaze this crown for a silvery sky.

Yet in that damning pit the pharaoh's men lodged
With ominous sentence from the glorious throne
Each tremulously shaken for this hazy fate:
They sat in a deafening gloom with their fettered wrists

Their ankles firmly steadied in a criminal stock;
Then in a frightful night vision, each ruefully ruffled
By a stark, looming fate, with an uncertain visage
Which by morning light heaved burdens upon their leaded minds
Which burden the countenance shown with fretful gestures.
Then, the quiet dreamer, ministering in an unobtrusive silence
Inserted his quiet probe into their troubled hearts
Then, came each man, his worries spread for that dreamer's access.
Who quietly laid the oracle's verdict within their gruesome cage.

Though the chief baker impaled and his bread basket fed unto flying fowls
The chief butler's cup graced the monarch's lips
And his yester-service resumed with a grand honour but the Dreamer papered
Even when solemn promise was firmly made
He was papered, even when the glory coasted in
He was papered, even when fitted for a place within the glorious palace.
He was papered in those grimy prison garments
Fitted for felons, robbers of state and damnable malefactors.

Yet in hope -was it cruel despair for the cruel fate?-
He plodded on in faith until the rays beamed upon his prison cell
And the monarch stirred upon the royal bed
By a rude night vision:
Which spun fright around the royal court
With the panicky courtiers in fretful errands
Jostling severally to usher in gazers of the crystal ball
Into the royal presence though with scant success

404. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

The monarch now in great straits; issuing vicious threats to the impotent wizards
Yet seeking light into the darkened kingdom.

'Who would this mystery crack?
Or how else would our fright ease?

The whole estate of the Egyptian senate with her honourable councilors
Stood engulfed in a suffocating strait,
The ominous cloud descending upon the blighted realm;
Then the guilt-laden butler, whose fate the dreamer brightened
Thrust himself before the beleaguered throne
In guilt laden pangs, revealed the dreamer's prowess.
Then a herald was raised to summon the gaoled dreamer
Before the blighted royal court.
And came he did, and hurriedly shaven, with a changed raiment
To rescue the throne from an unraveled riddle.

42. To Her Lofty Highness

This towering peak spites the midget moles
Which one touches the sun like their lofty height?
No icecaps, it is sunny-bright within the meadows
And prickly roses spread their plumes
To the laughing sun with his broad grin
Setting our lofty highness into a gruffly mirth.

Let those blazing eyes with their haughty splendor
Scorch our withering blossoms into cracking fragments
She would hoist this throne upon our vacant heads
Without a mouth to voice these miseries
As she muffles those glottis that make us men.

Let no sagely heads raise any temple
Every back a saddle for a jolly ride
Let no throat grunt for this beastly burden
These leaded burdens would stoke the sun
Within the chariots that lighten these realms.

The poaching highness drains these realms
Of their healing waters with their teaming game
For our table: now barren deserts of unfulfilled longings
With our hollowed stomachs hunching over
With these dry burden that sap every fibre.

Weeping or laughter: neither is potent
To draw a reprieve but rather caustic swipe
That would send strong jitters within the ranks
These trepidations would draw a metallic laughter
With the dry eyes that would scarce betray scorn

This lofty island in lush blossoms
Amidst the oceans of these crusty deserts
Would stroke a substance from our bled veins
Even when anaemic; these scarlet must be bled
Until our carcasses fall to the gaily admiration of our exalted Highness.

43. This Ill-will makes us Grow

These cruel knocks, sister
Pleasantly bitter now, but I grow
The cruel scorn rouses this muse
And I grow; bitterly deepened in the muse
 Your elephantine knocks, sister
 And these guttural roars; like a starved lion
 Mop this space; and my judgment
 Bitterly taken, like the lioness whelps
 But you fail break this will
 Like the steel sinew against your mirthless sinews.

True, to kill these joys
Is a pleasant pleasure
That builds the bulwark
On steel piles
It also helps rear this armoury
Where awesome salvos are pleasantly being shot

406. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

These cruel galls
Are to poison these fountains
But their venom like the potent antidote
Sanitizes this space
And clears those debris
That clogged these pipes

Like a cleansing flush,
This antiseptics mollifies these wounds.
If no pain racks these fibres
From your dressing tongs
How would these ulcers heal?
 These bilious spewings like a belladonna
 Nurture our growth with their cynic intents
 They grow this worldly wisdom
 That trains our eyes to read cruel intents
 From their hideous visage

When greetings come with amity
We cock these heads to dodge invisible missiles
And when they brook a parley
We tie these tongues and erect metres
To mete adequate bits that would rock no boat.

44. But She Is the Witch

But she is the witch
With her gushing sockets, *lachrymally* blurred
For the cruel plucking of her untimely fruits
By this remorseless scythe

She is the witch
With the owlish drones of a writhing heart
Suffering justly by the jury's verdict
Which assaults her with assorted daggers.

She sat alone amidst this hostile mob
Several cudgels traded on her aching back
Who cast the first stone? Look you not steadily inwards?
She ached and mourned and droned
But she is the witch

The night shrills passed not headless
She is the witch
Even when no coven's book announced her golden name
Even when no one keeps her company from the cherry groves

But she is the witch
Feasting those nightly ladies with her womb's prized fruits

The first and the second strikes went:
But this intolerable third, even if after the scythe's summon
The jury's sentence still stands
It was a post-dated cheque waiting to be cashed
By those dark ladies of the groves

But she was the witch:
Lonesome seasons in anguish wails
Could not even that verdict altered
She was the witch
Though she had long been interred in those gloomy shrouds
Bearing fresh scars from those heinous wrongs.

45. Building Bridge

Since Babel, we have been building
We have been toiling so long
With numerous treaties, numerous truces and alliances
Yet several cleavages, several walls and curtains
Stand us apart like the number of our burdensome tongues

We have been building, we have been building
We have been labouring so hard though vainly still
Yet, we keep on building to rid us of the burden
Though we never get anywhere nearer home

Several giants scare us: race, colour, tongues,
Master... servant... jinxed. We shall
Always move in those circles; self inflicted.
The fiery darts fly everywhere. The air
Is stuffy to our lungs and we suffocate
In this scary air.

408. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

Then the cleaners summoned all to a round table
To build this bridge: they brainstormed with plans,
With designs, with wonderful master plans for this bridge
But the gathering ended in a fiasco.
Rivers of blood flooded the landscape
And several innocent soul perished in the floods.

Then the grand, sublime concourse was convened
To finish this project but there was a hiccup.
Several sovereign lands lost countless men
But we keep on building with better designs
From several competent architects, helping us
To design a better bridge across the gulf.

With one mind we started building this bridge
A single city for our dwelling
In defiance of that sacred code;
We spoke one tongue to bring our purpose to a fruitful start
But we lost this oneness for the defiance,
And we have been building ever since
To rear this city we longingly seek
But this stumbling block bestrides our path.

We shall ever make recourse onto that earlier code
If haply we could find our feet in building this bridge
Across the gulf: -this pain-inflicting gulf
That bestrides our path, taunting us for the breach
That thwarts these numerous efforts.

46. Why Are We So Cosmetic?

These plastered lips with the rented faces
Grip our hearts though we subconsciously hold hollow
The manifest beauty from their prettified fronts

Cunning curves with their sculptured waists
Pull strings that would desecrate these altars
Yet we do faintly realize their destabilizing pleasure

When our hallowed shrines shrink
At the desecration of this air
We would hold no grudge that would rebuff their rude assault

Which conspiracy would hold an avowed foe sacred
And yet loathe its deadening strings
Within its sacred shrines?

Whilst the sly serpent struck
With its stunning venom
It was with this devious intent to lure this sphere onto its slaughter

The mines surreptitiously laid with their baits
Would erupt in catastrophic staccato
And would keep reverberating until the foes routed

Thus encaged, we shudder with alarm
Yet these soiled fountains clutch the infernal chains
They would scarce let go, even volitionally

Tell me why so earthbound even when paradise-bound
Tell me why fleshy caged even when Spirit-led
Tell me why so fatally held despite rattling struggles?

This baited apple, why gleam thou so
In this early morning sun
Even when death lurks within thy tempting bosom?

Why are we thus taken in by this dazzling sight
And still thus pleasantly trudge onto our slaughter slab
Even when this consciousness shudders?

And why so pleasantly soiled, these fountains
Into a maddening folly
Even when this consciousness warns in unmistakable tenors?

This conspiratorial plot, avowedly spitefully laid
For an irredeemable loss from an earlier folly
Lay callously so at the root of this assault.

410. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

If the sounding viols suddenly cease from their pleasant echoes
Within those glorious hills where the glorious cherubs gladden
the throne

And if these sphere were haunted in spiteful assaults

If those floundering cherubs were sentenced for dissembling
Into the flaming pit in stifling chains that would scarce yield
In the face of the fiercest struggle.

Why would those felons fail
To plague these realms
With their roving proxies?

And soiled they have, in a perfect tenor
Our very fountains with their baited carrots
And roam we do, in those chains that keep us earth-bound

II

Double-faced pilgrims
How farest thou
In this muddled pond in manacles?

This tumor-eaten organ must be excised
Not by any cosmetic surgery
We would need a transplant from the glorious realm

This raucous puddle would need a perfect flush
From our surgeon with the lips of fire
Kitted from the glorious throne with Emmanuel's signet

Then would these malignance halted
From the purest scarlet
That course from his riven sides.

And these spitefully fouled altars
Would have been thoroughly purged
From their infernal stain

Then our very vintage vats would've been cleansed
From this infernal dross
That keeps pulling us earthward

47. They Love to Play

They love to play, unlike culpable we, saddled.
They float in vacant sacks
With the glee that announce the wings
That soar with bubbles of lightness and light.

Which gloom from these loaded sacks
Plant our feet in the stock?
Our carefulness in laity's meddles

Offers no breeze to our muffled glottis
But they play boisterously with clatters
Climbing these trees with a monkey's feat.

The castles of sand with their soiled palms
Evoked much joy than our edifice of bricks
Throaty hoots bring no death
But our metallic mobiles sink more daggers into the heart.
Mock monarchs muster jubilant subjects
But our strife brings no solace.

The morrow taunts with its burden
But these careless flights rebuke our meddle
As we shoulder pre-dated aches;
Yet the sparrows sprout health
And we died long, with our racy pulse
As we bestride both banks.

412. Int. J. Arts. Humanit.

II

Our wisdom sprout doubts
Yet the simplistic notions bring relief into their fold
(Blank of worries that may dormant lay)
Guileless world brings wealth
That no self-conscious pauper may cockatrice hatch.
Self-flagellation whips our temples with the morrow's wounds.

This mock paradise brings much peace
With its joys and invigorating health as they kick
Our poisoned earth; their shield saving them
From our petulant worries

Let innocence conquer this space with its weapon
And we shall no gloom spread to our kin
Vacant garden nurtures more blossoms
Than this clustered space we invent
With our care that breed those worms.

And these nostalgic flights rebuke our folly
That saddled the clustered space with the superfluous junk.
Much care kills man and rescues no drowning:
It is the stormy gale that swept our rest.

POSTSCRIPT

48. Consecration

If we like the toddler clutch at those biscuits
Offered by father with his generous gesture
And we scoff at the plea for a crunch
Of a minor fraction from his largess,
How niggardly we have turned with the mercies
Bestowed from such a benevolent hand?

But we like the toddler do childishly turn
Against the mercies he offers and clutch
Tenaciously onto the crumbs

Like the farmer's seed, let us sow those benefits now
On the wide flowing streams- opening wide our fists
And volitionally suffering losses,
Offering the gifts he graciously bestowed
Like the choicest seeds of his barn

In childlike trust, let us lavish those treasured substance
To please the benevolent one
Who graciously bid **bridleless** sowing
Like the patriarch Abraham sowing his Isaac

Much sowing in properly broken furrow
With sustained cultivation of the soil
Would patently nurture the seed
Which dies to sprout bounteous fruits

In death is life and life death:
This sacred code holds sway in our skyward journey
And the niggardly hoarders suffer priceless losses

And not till our Isaac laid and the dagger drawn
Would the substitute ram caught
The patently grateful hearts yield open fists
That would garner more bounty from the limitless throne.

49 . Folly

What is folly if not with full consciousness
One walks into a trap and then wince with pain
And blush at the mess he gets himself enmeshed?
What folly is greater than one with full knowledge
Of the outcome of his ill-judgment and still proceed
In a mad rush to dash across a screaming brow?
There is some folly if such a target wide awake
To the tempter's entrapment
Should still proceed to buy into the dummy
Displayed by this master of guiles without a glance
At those screaming signals written all over his consciousness
Though the awesome baits lure: even when the headlamps
Brightly beam the warning signals thus:
 Pander not to the pit though the coasting free
 There lies the robbery without a chance of recovery
 And a booby trap awaiting a carefree tinkering
Though the foe unmasked in thorough dissection
And his arsenal unfurled in thorough description
With his veiled battle plans spelt upon the scripted pages
And his hordes of warriors' manifest shown
In their intricate arrays of vantage beats;
Yet if the foolhardy target panders into such fiendish beats
Like a wandering fly into an open spider web
He would none blame for his wide-eye folly
For trading his invaluable birthright for such a trifling morsel.

50. Making The Omelette

'Taste freedom...' 'break this egg.....'
So the clamour rage: so the popular cry
The itching body, scratched to the bones,
Letting blood, like a turbulent river
Overflow its banks.

This gurgling drum, tearing these drums
It will this brain troubled;
Even if the sweetness now savoured;
Who can tell, if our gains to the drains flushed
And our human wealth wasted?
Who can tell, if this head severed in utter desperation
And the body dismembered as we anticipate
Honey-filled floors:
Who can tell, if our woes replicate
As we bare-footed pace these mine-laced grounds
(Though we think the omelette from this broken egg
Will greet our taste-buds,
Even if our head suffer painless decapitation);
Who can tell, if the worms grow again;
Filling our replicated lands
Like this one broken on sentiment plains.

Fantasies... ..daydreams sweet,
Yet no thought taken
Nor a cure contemplated but mere amputation
Of this cancer-infested limb;
When every cell riddled with the odium;
Yet we chop and dismember
To replicate these cancerous tissues:
Filling every pore of the new hydras dreamt
Like the octopus that will taunt to no end
When this madness brew.

But we, like the physicians
Should potent diagnosis make
Barring sentiments; barring prejudice;
Donning our stethoscopes
Becoming far removed, yet so caringly near
Objectively exploring this heavily infested body
Taking steps in our theatre to salvage;
Intensively donning our nurturing hoods,
Probing with our instruments
Working with our diverse expertise,
Without tainted specs
But with a clear looking-glass,
Reflecting what we are.

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'Physician, heal thyself:'

So the strident outsiders note

So, we do note too:

The ailment: not our varied tongues

The ailment: not our multiple altars yet

The ailment: avarice, self-interest and our narrow mind,

Self-preservation over the common wellness,

Over the concern for the common health

For those tainted specs prevent to no end

And we see dimly so with our worm-eaten brains

Yet our gurgling drum rage and we dance

Down this precipitous pit...

Who shall this land save?