

WATERFALL(the
masterpiece)

THE POETRY COLLECTIONS

MOYIN AJAYI

NOT HER REFLECTION a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

I'm down
I'm broken
She said its over,
I'm gone,
I'm depressed,
She said she's done,

My heart beats silently,
My souls wanders aimlessly,
Alone in this empty world,

The sun is sleeping,
And darkness arriving
The moon is approaching
Dusk is setting
I could see shadows,
But not her reflection,

My dim eyes couldn't shot,
I'm missing her,
My aching heart keeps thumping,
I yearn for her

I move close to the sea,

I see a lot of opaque shadows,
Not her reflection,
I ponder in sadness,
I check the broken mirror,
I see myself in the cracks
Not her reflection

A lot of images in my head,
Not her reflection,
Visions swiping fast in my mind,
Not her reflection

Tell her,
I wanna see her,
Not her reflection
Tell her,
I wanna hold her,
Not her reflection,
Tell her,
I'm missing her,
Not her reflection
Tell her my heart yearns for her,
Not her reflection.

HERE TO STAY

A poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious.

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I'm here to stay,
I've been going through Frost and fire,
Thick and thin i squeeze myself in,

Listening to the echoes of my heart,
Drowning in the music my own blood pump makes,
Lonely and depressed in this desert,

Chanting with stones and bones
Dancing along with the pungent desert dust

I could smell the cracking walls,
I could hear the ripples of my own sweat
I've been through hell,

But I've made up my mind,
My heart longs to see you
My soul yearns for you
I'm here to stay forever,

Your heart is a still water in my wilderness,
Your words are music to my ailing heart
You are my sunshine after rain,
I've made up my mind
I'm here to stay forever

SONG OF THE DEAD a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Here I lie,
Screaming along with these crying cadavers,
Biting and squeezing each other in agony,
Gnashing of teeth is the only music
Avenge my death oh creator,
The song of the dead,

We suffer and thirst in hunger,
Even sweat, we don't have
Despite our perilous toils
In this forever doom,
Awaiting the last day,

When will the creator put an end to this bloody world,
When will the gnashing of teeth and stomping of feet stop?
The song on our lips,
Our spirits never rest,
Our souls are burdened,
But sings this dirge to ear of the creator,
The song of the dead.

THE MAN SUCCUMBED a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

You know him?

The Afrikaan hero of music,

The Afro man who stood for the black men,

And elevate the Afrikaan culture,

Every lyrics of his fuji,

Is a fragrance to every soul,

I call him the naked truth,

He gave it to us live with ginger,

Both open and close,

He was the beast of no nation,

A gentleman with expensive shit,

He spoke for our race,

By the roforofu fight with president,

He portrayed why black man dey suffer,

In Afrodisiac style,

He made a noise for vendor mouth,

Live in katakuta show,

He turned the yellow fever upside down,

In zombie style,

I call him,

The man from the shrine,

The Shakespeare of the 19's,

His voice was a freedom fighter,

A great mix of his African rhythms & melodies

With the raw grit of garage rock,

Is the heavy groove of funk and soul,

The swirling and fuzzed out of his guitars and organ of psychedelia,

Is a motivation that muses the brain,

Fela, omo Funmilayo,

Omo gbongbo akala,

Omo erin jogun ola,

Omo osi'lekun pa'lekun de,

Aridi ogo loju Ogun,

Omo ajo gberu majo gbeko,

May the Afrikaan sun shine on thy grave forever.

FALLEN TOO FAR a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

When I look up to the sky,

At night,

Millions of stars I see,
But you're the brightest of them all,
I can't deny it,
This feeling is strong,
It grows stronger like a tree,
I'm fallen too far,
My lips are longing for thy kiss,
My arms are awaiting thy body,
My nostrils couldn't wait to smell thy fragrance,
My heart feels lonely without you by my side,
I couldn't bear the pain when we're apart,
All these feelings, I can't just hide,
No more hiding from the truth,
Oh baby,
I'm fallen too far,
No wings to fly,
Lift me up and wipe my tears,
I'm fallen too far.

BLACK IS NOT FOR SALE a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

The African spirit lives down here,
Amidst the black soil,
The African blood flows in our veins,
The black bloods are screaming for freedom,
We've tasted the slavery bread,
And suffered from the master whips,
Our souls have grown deeper than the river,
Let's sing freedom,
Black is brotherly,
Black means freedom,
We shared the same heart and love,
We fight for freedom and peace,
Freedom, freedom, freedom,
Let's scream it loud,
Let the great Proteus rise from the Atlantic,
And shield us with the still stream,
Our past heroes watches us through the Orion,
Above the heavens,
Those who had fallen by the sword of slavery,
Their hearts sings freedom with us,
Mandela's blood weeps like rain,
I could hear him whispering,
Freedom, freedom, freedom.

BROKEN WITHOUT YOU a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

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I was love shy,
Searching for light,
Living in solitude,
Dwelling in my own lone abyss,
Walking in shadows,
And waiting for forever,

When I saw your face,
I was lost in joy,
Drowned in your scent,
Mesmerized by thy deep blue eyes
I'm broken without you

The sound of thy breath on my lip,
Heals me when I'm hot,
Your words force my heart to pump blood,
I think of you when I'm lying on my bed,
I'm broken without you,

I'm lost in thy magical paradise,
Drowned in the fire you alone ignite,
Thoughts of you fill my head,
I'm nothing without you,
I'm broken without you

When I crawl on my bed,
And lay my head on my soft pillow,
Thy sweet words keep ringing in my head,
The shade of thine eyes is forged into my soul
I'm broken without you

I see a colorful future,
Our souls are bound together,
Even if we're miles apart,
Our hearts would be together,
My ink is fading here,
My pen couldn't tell it all,
I'm nothing without you,
I'm broken without you.

TOMORROW a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

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Hey nameless girl,
Filled with flavor of flaws,
Their voices rings in my head like the church bell,
They creep in my brain like sinister,
My heart beats faster than a Masquerade's talking drum

Haunted by anxiety,
Driven with hysteria,
Afraid of the yet unborn day

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow,
The light would appear,
And darkness would fall apart,
The birds are singing...
The crickets are chirping..

Exhale the anxiety,
Face the fright,
Fire the fear,
Shed the hysteria
Let the anxiety melt away

The strange girl approaches,
Let them scream,
I'll let go this damn phobia,
I'm going to give the world the change

Change, change, change,

Let them crave for more,
Oh pretty girl, change the damn world

The new anthem
I'm breathing fire now
Let the fear begone,
I'm smoking boldness now,
I've got a rebirth
I've inhaled the scent of joy,
I have all faith

DANCE WITH THE STARS by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Fly high,
High above the clouds,
Closer to the shooting stars,
Start the endless journey,
You're not alone,
The birds sings in silence,
Look up to the heavens,
Listen to the melodies of the stars,
In the cloudless portion on the night sky,
Move with the rhythm of the night,
As the stars leap rapidly,
Dance like no one is watching,
Let this solitude begone,
You're not alone.

JOURNEY OF LIFETIME a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

When the morning whispers through the voice of the clouds
Hovering its blue hues to awake love hidden in my soul

Hold me

Draw me to your broad chest
Let me rest head on the warmth of your body
Let my hands travel through the edges of your hairs

Stare at the future with me
Hold my hands like an anchor holds a ship

Imagine the face of our progenies
Their laughter piercing through ours
Let's sealed our hearts together as we take this journey of lifetime.

Rainbow in your eyes
A poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious
I see rainbow in your eyes glowing like a cave lit with camp fire
Its lines and waves drawn across your iris drowns my soul

I see the rainbow in your eyes
A lit of hope doing the rain
My comforter in the storming seas
Clinging me to hold on the like an anchor

You're my definition of trust
I refused to be found when I realised I'm lost in you
Hide me in the hues of thy rainbow shadows
And keep me with thee with the look of fulfillment hidden in the rainbows only your eyes breeds.

BROKEN MIRROR a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious
As I stand seeing my ugly visage through the broken mirror,
All I see is my black shapeless portrait shadow,
Standing like a scumbag,
With my divided face looking like a broken ice,

In between the dam of darkness,
Reflecting my imperfections,
An error shape starring at the broken mirror,
My ugly memories,

The broken mirror speaks of my pasts,
I see the broken pieces of my battered heart,

My ramshackle hair,
Looking like an ugly living cadaver,

I see myself in an ashred of torn cloth,
I see how broken I am
And my divided face
Like a breaking soil,

The ghost of memories torments me,
My reflection shows who I am,
The broken mirror speaks of my pasts.

OMO ILE KAARO OJIIRE a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Eyin omo Oduduwa ton be ni oke okun,
Epada sile,
Descendants of Oranmiyan,
Return to thy land of honey,
Build your brains in thy motherland,
Lay thy fruits cradles in thine fatherland,
Develop thy ancestors district,
Keep thy treasures here in thine source,
Your kinsmen needs you more,
Epada si ile abinibi yin,
Ile kaaro ojiire,
Eyin omo Eko akete,
Eko aromisalegbe legbe,
Epada wale,
Eyin omo Ondo ekimogun,
Ajo ko le dabi ile,
Eni toba lo so ko tabi oja,
Ile laabo si mi,
Eyin omo Ibadan,
Ibadan mesi ogo nile Oluyole,
Olodogbo keru loju ogun,
Asejire lomi abumu,
Omi abuwe nile Ibadan,
Eyin omo Osogbo oroki asala,
Omo onile obi,
Omo deede bi okun aare,
Eyin olomoyoyo,
Epada wale,
Ewa tun ilu yi se,

Egbe asa Yoruba laaruge,
Ajo ko le dun dun,
Kaa ma pada sile,
Ile labo simi oko.

BURNING ROSES a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

I lost my heart to the ashes on the plain
The memory still plays in my head
Like sorrowful song on repeat
My soul is a the shadow of brokenness
My heart shatters, lost in labyrinth of sorrow
I've tasted the taste of my tears
I have let it flow unrestrained
Like the woman with issue of blood

You left my arms empty of your comfy body
You left my eyes opened to your absence
I hoot your names in the song of suicide I let play in my heart

I'm lost
I'm drowning
My rose is wrinkled and withered
Now it burns like a city besieged by a wounded dragon

UMBRELLA a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

The rain is dropping heavily,
I'm shivering in coldness,
The sky is dark,
I can't see clearly,
I'm wet now,
Cover me with thy umbrella,
Baby, kiss my neck,
Hug me so tight,
Let me feel thy embrace,
Let me taste thy taste,
Pull my wet hair,
Let it float in the air,
Underneath the rain,

Cover me with thy umbrella,
Bend low,
Lemme climb on your back,
I need thy umbrella now,
You're my umbrella when the rain falls,
And when the sun shines.

SILENT HEART a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

I watched her walk down the dusty road
her face gloomy as soured cheese
every step she take
every breath she take
seems to whisper and mock her lonely being

Alone in the world like the "left behinds" after rapture
once a blooming rose now ruptured
life indeed is unfair
But hers is as dark as the devil's chest
so she walked down this part every morning and sunset
with her bruised lips muttering prayers to the creator.

HOLD ME IN THE RAIN a poem by

Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

&

Kolawole Taye

hold me in the rain
Standstill with me in pain,
Light me up at dawn,
Never tell me you are done,
Brighten my night,
Pour some oil into light,
Hold me in the rain,
Baby, we don't need an umbrella,
Let's dance on the train,
Every drop of the rain,
Is a touch of thy love,
Every smell of the rain,

Is a perfume of thy love,
Every touch of the rain,
Is a glyph of thy love,
Hold me in the rain
Forget not the world is vain
Let the rain wash away your tears
And the breeze take away your fears
Let's escape into the beats of the singing cloud
Dancing together like we are bond with cord
Hold my hands and never let go
Till we achieve the love goal
Hold me in the rain
Kiss me and take away my pain
Let me feel every bit of thy touch
And fill my memory like a sugar rush.

TALES OF ASHABI a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Down in my small village,
A village I called my heart,
There's a goddess ruling the throne,
A goddess like Venus,
She put me under her lovespell,
Casted by her beauty,
Ashabi oge,
Omo to rewa bi eye okin,
Ashabi, omoge orekelewa,
Ife re npa mi bi oti onirawo meta,
Ashabi awelewa,
Oyato si gbogbo omoge ti mo tin ri,
The glittering sun from her white teeth,
Makes me crave for her love the more,
Ibadi re wu mi,
Ileke idi re n wu mi lori,
Awon irawo oju orun,
Lies in her eye balls,
Nne, nwa akworo aka muo.

A DANCE IN THE RAIN by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

I want to dance all night in the rain,

I want to dance all day in the rain,
Today is looking bright,
But the cloud is becoming darker,
Looks like rain want to pour,
Thunders forcing the clouds to open,
Lightning giving us sign of the rain,
And breaking the ices,
Melting them into water,
The sunny morning light is looking dull,
Bring me the loofah,
Along with my dancing shoes,
Trees dance in the rain,
I want to sing the rhythm with them,
I want to dance unruly under the sky,
Every rain drops will glow inside me,
And muse my dancing spirit,
As it clatters on the roof of my brain,
We are going to light up the street,
We are going to get drenched by it happiness,
And make a noisy sound,
To alert the world,
When you hear the sound,
Just wake up,
And join me on the ancient mountain of the moon,
Let's dance on the rain.

BENIN DANCER a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Her hair was made into a unique
hairstyle, Eto-Okuku.

She wears Ewu-Ivie

A beaded cape with wrapper

Coral beads are sewn into the

Hair to forms a crown,

As she moves her legs,

Along with the rhythm of traditional song,

Her waist beads falling and rising,

From her waist like

And sounds like sekere,

The beads tied around her legs,

Jingles like tambourine,

As the ileke adorned on her neck,

Runs across her cleavage,
She moves her legs,
And her body,
As she dances,
The sounds from her feet,
Echoes like that of battalion of soldiers when approaching the battlefield,
She moves along with the muse of the music,
Her hands bracelets rings like Church bell.

BEAUTY OF THE EARTH by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Mo ron to dun,
Bi oyin,
Aye dun,
Aye dun bi oyin,
Gbogbo oun to nbe laye,
Lo rewa pupo,
Eleda lo da gbogbo won,
He painted the world in beautiful colors,
Awon irawo oju orun,
Ati osupa lo rewa pupo,
They illuminate the night,
Awon ododo ati igi n ju ba eleda,
They feels the warmly breezes from him,
They enjoy the rain from the creator,
Awon eye to nfo l'oju oorun,
Sings melodious songs to him,
Life is so sweet like honey,
Aye dun bi oyin.

LIFE IS A DANCE FLOOR by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Mo fe d' ogun,
Mo fe d' ogbon,
Aye yi lo ma mo,
Eyin ti e ni kokoro aye,
E se pele,
Ile n yo,
Eyin Ijoba to gbagbe mekunu,
Eran ti pe,

Life is a dance floor,
When you dance and dance,
To the tune of every music,
You' ll get tired someday,
Eni a wifun oba je o gbo.

IYAWO MI a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

When I was drenched in rain,
Thou dried me up by your sunshine,
When I was lost in darkness,
Thou lightened the sky up by your moonshine,
When I was building my world,
Thou stood as my pillars,
Our love is a fairy tale,
I hope our chapter ends,
Like Beauty and the Beast,
An Angel in love with a monster,
Asake mi,
You will always be the princess of my mind,
When I fall asleep in my dreams,
It' s thy pretty face that I see,
When I think of thee,
Thine smile fills my heart,
I have never witnessed beauty that stuns forever,
Until I met thee,
Thy twilight stars,
Lit up my night sky,
Thy warmth melted away my fears,
And dried up my tears,
Asake aya mi,
Ekuro la la baku ewa,
I will love and cherish thee forever.

SALUTE TO MOTHERHOOD a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

When I was drenched in dew,
Of life tribulations,
When I was lost in the dark,
You light my way,

They say orisa bi iya kosi,
That's the song in every child's heart
You fought every battle for me like a Wonder Woman,
When I cry in fear,
You sing my favorite rhymes,
You sing that sacred poem,
You invoked poetry in me,
And dry my tears,
You made me sit on the swing,
And erase my fears,
I've always been thy twin,
Even in the kitchen,
I got whipped all day,
Just to make my weary life a fairy tale,
My mother is more like Venus,
Maami, I owe you much appreciation.

57 YEARS JOURNEY by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

It's been fifty seven years now,
She's still on the wrong track,
Her children are looking pale and weak,
Her husbands sucks her milk dry,
And left her unfed and feeble,
She's fifty-seven years old now,
She still weeps like a child,
She's still crying for help,
Her heart is still praying for peace,
Her body is still wounded,
And full of scars,
Yet, she still sucks from her mother's breast,
She carried her thirty-six children on her weak shoulders,
And her husband's tied around her neck,
With her concubines in her two hands,
She journeys day and night,
Through the thorns and terror,
Will she ever reach her destination?

PRINCE OF MY MIND by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

If the sky decide not to move,
If the moon forget to shine,

If the stars forget to show,
And to light up the night,
I'll lift my mine into the skies,
If the birds vacate the sky,
If the night forget to fall,
If the trees vow not to dance,
If the flowers decide not to grow,
If the wind forget to blow,
If the oceans cease to flow,
Even if the clouds are weeping,
You'll always be the prince of my mind,
And you'll always be the king in my throne,
If this world turns to nightmare,
It can't scare me away,
No matter how the tidal wave blows,
To wipe out this planet,
I'll drive beyond the clouds,
To thy heavens,
I'll escape through the dark,
And make it into your heart,
I'll make a trick of age,
And we'll be child again,
And we'll be young forever.

ODE TO THE CREATOR. a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

To our amazing creator
Who made mortals from dust
To poor souls a privilege be given
Silence be the tears of the waves
And soothing the sounds of the seas
To our amazing creator
Who built the Earth on void
To the dying hearts a drizzle of his dew
To the sobered Cardiac, a touch of his Sun
To the King of empathy
Who victimized his glory for salvation
And dives into divinity when praised
Man cannot intuit
The mystery of his engender
Seeing sin amidst them all
To us another chance be given
A Saviour.

THE TRICK OF MY PEN by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Trapped in a world
Where a million words
With sands of memories
Popping in my head
Strange was what to do
The paper was my aegis
Saving the sequence of events
I can't run but stay and bear
The shadows screaming in my head
The pictures haunting my mind
Then I took a pause and checked
To see what i've become
To some an imaginary ghostwriter
To me it's just a trick
My pen dancing to their waltz
And moves briskly to record
The trick of my tricks
Is the trick of my pen.

DANCE OF THE IROKO TREES [A POEM] by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

I wandered lonely in the bush,

Thinking alone,

And lamenting in a dirge,

For my dear home,

A dirge to raise our dead souls from it graves,

The decorum was conquered,

As the birds sings along with me,

I gaze and gaze,

The sadness in me vanishes,
When I listen to the melodies of the birds,
I walk across the bush,
And give every bird a touch in the heart,
I feel like I am in a wonderland,
As I watch,
The iroko trees dancing to my tune,
They enjoy the peaceful moment,
As the breeze gives them warmth of joy,
My emotions feels delighted,
As I listen to their rhythmic steps and movement,
They are like Cinderella in her dancing shoes,
As they move lightly and rapidly.
And something flashed my mind,
Igikigi
kii dari so Asorin, Bi Sango ba pa araba,
To ba pa
Iroko bi ti'gi nla ko
They sway away,
My pensive mood,
And my heart fills with gladness,
As I dance along with them

CHRONICLES: SLAVES AND SAVAGES

[A POEM] by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Tears of memories flowed in my vein,
Trees of memories grew in my flesh,
Memories of our dear motherhood Land,
Echoes of the spirits,
Of our past heroes,
Flashed across my mind,
How we were teased by civilisation and commerce,
We read their bibles and books,
They tricked us with education,
They towed us down the masters' house,
Bounded with sinful chains,
Tied across our necks,
Like a dogs,
We were bundled in the merchant ships,
Like animals being escorted to abattoirs,
Tears flowed watching our bodied brothers,
Dancing to the melodies of the masters' whips,
A war between slaves and savages,
Maybe I was too young to understand then,
Now I know what they meant,
It' s called freedom from foreigners.

MOVING FINGERS by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

My thoughts lingers here,

As I sketch my mind on the paper,

painting it with the colours of poetry,

My moving finger,

Never declines,

Lecturing me as a poet,

As they take control of me,

Describing my thoughts in ballads,

And sings a lay in my head,

And gives my heart a metrical flow like a free verse,

And makes it hungry for a lyrical,

Chanting a dirge for my dead thoughts,

Making dialogues with my blank verse

DEVIL WEARS A DRESS by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

We used to live peacefully,

Before the arrived in our hearts,

In thine heart,

Poison, war, and sickness dwells,
I was there when Gomorrah fell,
And Sodom burnt,
The devil came out happily dressed and drunk in his cottage,
I was there when Hiroshima collapsed
Like Jericho,
I sighted the devil in his black suit,
Coming out from the ashes,
I was there when Biafrans felt miseries
And the untainted bloods floating,
Like a flooded stream,
I saw the devil marching out of the scene,
Untouched and unharmed,
I watched the Titanic drowning,
And its artless occupants froze in coldness,
Then I sighted the devil again,
Dancing and singing along with Proteus,
Everything planted me a tree of memories,
It drew a broken line across our faces.

DOWN THE AISLE by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

My greatest fear,

Is to be with the wrong man,

My mind is longing for that bride's gown,

Standing with you,

And reciting after the priest,

Are you ready?

No trick,

No fear,

You say,

You want to walk me down the aisle?

Are you taking the right decision?

You want me to utter the most difficult words ever,

I do,

You want to lead me to the altar,

A room without doors,

A journey of no return,

A fever of better for worse,

A Goshen of flowers and weeds,

A farm of harvest and famine,

Forever for better,

Togetherness forever.

THE MOON BY NIGHT by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Wandering at the dawn,
Through the boulevards of Barbados,
I glanced at the thousand rising stars,
Revealing a reflection of my moving shadow,
I could feel the cloud on my face,
And darkness was so close,
I could feel my mind riding with the breeze,
And the moon moving ahead of me,
I could it company,
Like an angel amidst me,
I felt I was in another world,
Gleaned from a lifetime of living,
Maybe inside the moon itself,
It filled my pen with bright inks
It matured my thoughts,
And I gathered them on paper,
The Barbados never stopped dancing to it tune.

TO THE SURGEON by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Can you hear my heart beat?
Listen to my fear,

Smell my emotions,
Predict thy report,
Repair my broken heart,
Stitch my anxiety,
Recommend unto me a protective drug,
From that creepy sinister,
Standing in my dreams,
Renew my thoughts and memories,
And make me a child again,
Replace my vision,
And put a song in my heart.

"Ode to the rain"

by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

How awesome the rain is,
It surges cold and make us freeze,
Grits and heat secede in silence,
It clatters and dances on our roofs,
Like the galloping of a billion hoofs,
Brims and overflows ant holes and hills,
Giving plants another chance to live,
And feeds the soil with water
It make noises,
Like a roaring river down the gully,
It gushes out and pours its cold waters,
Everywhere,splattering my windowpane.

TO THE BIAFRANS by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

The tears falling from my face,
The passion dropping from my heart,
Seeing brothers parting away,
The labor of our heroes fading,
Our love that bears her bosom to unity,
The peace that howls all days,
Are now gathered as sleeping flowers,
Our awesome sky that binds us together,
Is breaking apart,
The seas that leads the path,
Are dividing,
We have given our hearts away,

We are out of tune,
When will the sun shine again?

WARMTH OF THE SEA (AN ODE) by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

I chilled beside the island,
I grabbed my pen and paper,
I sat barely on the soft sandy soil,
At the beach bay,
I stretched my legs into the sea,
My feet felt it coldness,
I froze in happiness,
I stare a far,
At the moving sea,
It runs faster than Flash,
I could feel its warmth and tidal waves,
It sounds like the feet of battalion soldiers,
Assembling to battlefield,
Yeah, seas do breathe,
Without nostrils,
They never stop moving,
So I looked into the skies and say,
“What a wonderful creator”
I feel like dancing with the great Proteus,
In the middle of the sea,
Poseidon watching us,
And old Triton telling a moonlight tale.

UNDER THE BRIDGE by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Under the bridge,
Lies stream of destiny restrained,
Flesh for mosquitoes feast,
Lips that curse the creator
Eyes blurred to the future
The morning force their feet
Chasing danfo buses
Hawking nuts under the ungrateful hot sun,
Children exposed to life on the street
Mothers muttering in the dark
Father drowning in pits of sorrow
Government playing the blind scene.

SERMON FOR THE SOUL a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

I perceive thine fears at the mention of death
Like rotten flesh devoured by cannibals
Today hearken the words of my lips and conceive peace

For death is just a trip to meet the maker
A beginning to immortality
A ladder we all ought to climb
Not to embrace doom like thou imagineth
But to dine with he whose abode is built on the rainbow throne

THE TRICK OF MY PEN by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Trapped in a world
Where a million words
With sands of memories
Popping in my head
Strange was what to do
The paper was my aegis
Saving the sequence of events
I can't run but stay and bear
The shadows screaming in my head
The pictures haunting my mind
Then I took a pause and checked
To see what I've become
To some an imaginary ghostwriter
To me it's just a trick
My pen dancing to their waltz
And moves briskly to record
The trick of my tricks
Is the trick of my pen.

FINALLY OVER a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

My world is falling off,
And drying off like the fig tree,
My heart withers,
When you whisper 'it's finally over'
Break my heart,
But break my bone not,
It's really had to breathe,
Because thou hart my inhaler,

I'm too weak to let go,
Finally over, finally over, finally over,
You would find no girl like me,
I'll love no one like you,
When you say it's finally over,
It hurts to say goodbye,
My heart knows what to say,
They just won't pump up to my lips,
My pen knows what to compose,
But my hand won't just move to write,
The tears forming in my eyes are deeper than the ocean,
So much pain in me,
When I remember the time you popped up 'I love you'
My heart is shrouded and shattered into million pieces,
Like a broken mirror,
Every blink of my eyes,
I see thy portrait,
I have to let go and move on now,
It's finally over.

EMPTY PLACE a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

Here I lie,
In the dark corner,
Deep inside the dark,
My shadow and spirit wipes off,
Sombre captures my soul,
Here I lie,
In this empty place,
Down and depressed,
No one cares,
Alone, I stay,
And dwell in this empty place,
My heart beats in fear,
My red tears filled the ground,
Like the red sea,
I'm awaiting the sunshine,
To recover,
And must muster my courage,
Life isn't fair,
This is my fear.

EKUN IYAWO (a dirge) by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

My dear Asake

The crossroads is where we are
But solo must this journey be

As you transit from a spinster to a bride

Prepare thee thyself
For a voyage with no cessation
A peregrination of agony and joy
A traipse to responsibility and motherhood
A step to nurture thy seeds
But to begin thou must bid

Farewell to family and friends
The goddess of motherhood be our witness

As Aphrodite blesses thy love

With one accord and fruitful life

And endurance to bear the strife

Ki eyin iyawo ma meni o

Edumare be your guide
Through the complication of Adam's heart
May meekness be thy cloth

When his kinsmen shows dispraise
My dear Asake
The crossroads is where we are
Your Uterus be filled with mortals

And your bairns prey on thy breasts
Happiness shall thy reward be

From today, till eternity.

WATERFALL a poem by Ajayi Moyinoluwa Precious

She wander alone in desert of depression,
She swim silently in the water of wilderness ,
Some words combat with her soul and spirit,
Look back, look back,
They say,
See the waterfall,
Look up, look up,
They say,
See the moving clouds,
Look around, look around,
They say,
See the flowers and trees,
Smell the breeze from within,
Jump into the waterfall,
And sing along with the birds of the sky,
Move with the melodious songs of the morning flowers,
Inhale the coldness and warmth of the waterfall,
Like the Ikogosi,
Hear the eagles as they scream so high,
Waterfall, waterfall, waterfall,
Flip your hair across the air like a mermaid,
Let the water drench your heart,
And wipe your tears,
Look, look, look,
A whisper from behind,
Behold, the waterfall moves,
And smile upon thee with the sky,
See the moon and stars falling from afar,
To join thee right here,
Do not tremble,
They say,
Tap, tap, tap,
Tap your feet like the frog,
Dance, dance, dance,
Dance to the rhythm,
Shake, shake, shake,
Shake off the fear,
Induce the muse,
One, two, three,
Tap thy fingers,
Wake the dead trees,
And let the branches shower the atmosphere with a joyful breeze,
Inhale, inhale, inhale,

Inhale the breeze,
As the apes drums the barks,
Splash, splash, splash,
Splash the water to the air,
Like the river Oba and Osun
Let the dry leaves rise,
And the sleeping plants be awake,
Let the drum beat high and high,
And gather up the animals of the jungle,
Waterfall, waterfall, waterfall,
Let them sing the chorus