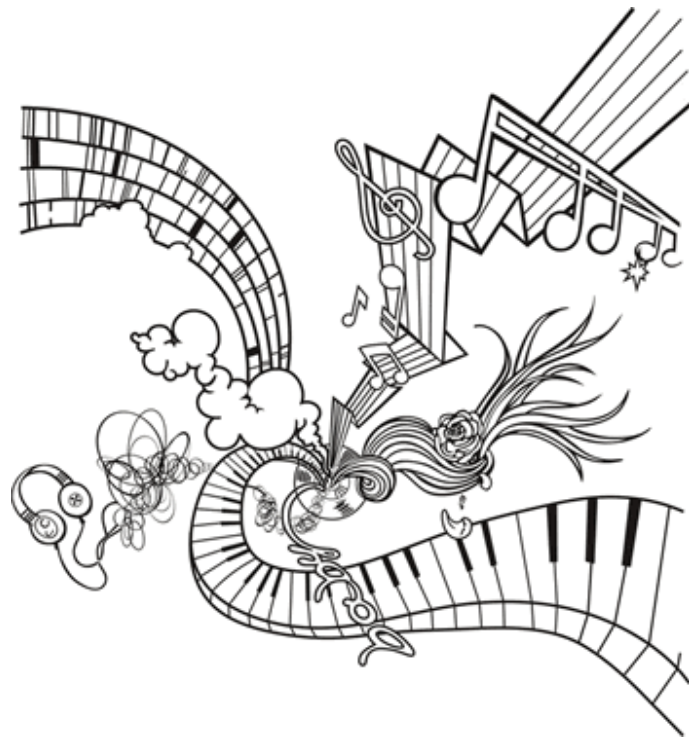


# Anthology of oludare Joshua



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

## summary

Enemies within

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## Enemies within

*No matter how hard you try, they can't be conquered  
Enemies within are the most difficult to fight  
The more you tend exhausting your might  
The more they keep rebranding their plight  
They retaliate with a hard strike  
You might even be caught on hike*

*We voted them in, but none fulfilled the promises they made.  
The money meant for seed were usurped, with excess of greed, but nobody intercede.  
The money meant for the development of rural territories,  
Was later deprived of the intended municipalities.  
If schools, hospitals and other facilities  
Have been constructed that they have access to all of these.  
People will be educated within the stream.  
Who would have ended up engaging in banditries?  
Are our governments the enemies that I actually see?*

*A number of graduates that roam on the street,  
Washes cloth to survive thirstiness and for money to feed.  
Some even to the extent of begging , incessantly as they breed.  
Yet no one is thinking about what their future could yield?  
Are our governments the enemies within that I claim to have seen?  
Or the graduates, which have caused us fraudulent societies?*

*Come what may, nothing will be done.  
Mendacity, perfidy has made the nation seem moribund.  
Yet we have cool luminaries that if welcomed aboard,  
Nigeria may not be the same story read as worse  
However, within us lies the unsuspecting faults  
Our present condition is the outcome of what we put forth  
Our enemies are within, but we dance to their tune  
Real lies will be realised by real ones that are yet to unfold the truth.*

## Still, I'd rise.

Hiding tears that falls like rains  
Hiding hurts, hiding pains  
Saying I'm fine when I'm not  
Rips my being apart at my gut.  
My skin is on fire, but burns from within  
Yet, the calm on my face shows a well being  
That one knew not it eats away years  
Left I alone to be strangled by unending fears  
Waiting for someone to see I wear a mask.

Still ,I'd rise  
Over trials and tribulations that life throws my way,  
Even when the ground is shaky and winds make me sway,  
I shall stand firm through night and day  
Still, I'd rise.

Still, I'd rise  
Over temptations that shall come and try my endurance,  
Over inflictions that will happen to dare my perseverance,  
I shall hold on and surface victorious  
Still, I'd rise.

Still, I'd rise  
Over sadness and disappointment that comes ,  
Over memories that haunts with a NO,  
I shall press on, with a resolute resolve I pledge  
Still, I'd rise.

## Never too late

Is life getting you down?  
You need hope  
Deep down inside yourself  
Settled ways to cope.  
Is life getting you down?  
Don't quit sit and mope  
Delve into action with unfeigned hope.

The sun glowing gold  
Doesn't stop you from growing old  
The sky turning from blue to grey  
Doesn't stop the time from sliding away  
The Strong might feel weak  
The brave might feel afraid  
The lucky might feel hapless  
Oh yes! Enough of darkness tour .

It is never too late  
For the Lost to be found  
For the hopeless to find faith  
For the helpless to be helped  
The process of change can be tough  
But majestic end await you  
Gather courage and choose a direction  
That leads toward a new motion  
It is never too late  
To change direction of the sail .

## Like-minders.

Good people around  
Everywhere you go  
Pushing you up  
Getting you glow  
Letting you know  
Wherever they may dwell  
Whatever they may be doing  
Whatever their thoughts may be  
Whatever their distance may be  
At the given and appointed time  
They will conspire,  
To bring every vision of yours to pass  
Don't stress, just trust.

Malicious people around  
Everywhere you go  
Pulling you down  
Letting you down  
Letting you know  
No place is safe  
No matter what you do,  
They will conspire,  
To truncate that vision of yours  
You'll never escape  
No chance to escape,  
No chance to move on  
Would bad people tell you.  
Try not to listen  
Shout out the doubt  
Don't let them win  
keep them out...the virulent people.

## The father's love.

Love, it can't be described,  
It has no shape, it has no form.  
Love, it is not an object yet its the greatest  
So small revealed by the father to his children.

Hitherto,  
He walks with us  
Our burdens he helps us bear.  
Each step taken along the way,  
The loving Father is always there.  
Time to time,  
We feel the affection engulfing us all around,  
His grace and mercy covers us  
And pick us up when we are down.

What can be done to appreciate the father's love? What can be done to replicate the father's love?  
What can be done to promulgate the fathers' love to all?  
What can be done to ensure sustainability of the fathers love and by extension to all?  
The reason for the children's existence would answer the questions  
For nothing aside the answers to the question is a Yardsticks for appreciating the father's love to the children.  
The father's love, a gift to be enjoyed and shared by his children.

## One day.

One day, lost be gone would I.  
No choice than to leave all that I have.  
What shall I take with me other than my helpless self?  
My house and all I possess would later be possessed  
I would be clothed as was I from the day I was birthed.  
My ritual bath would be made as once from my birth.

I'd die they'd cry, I'd wish they were there.  
They'd hear not but me, now I know I'm alone.  
I would wish we were two in the darkness that I home.  
My deeds, are the light, I hope they are good.  
Conversely, if are bad the darkness suits down to the ground.  
I thought I owned the world but now I owe the mud.  
I was a dust from the dust in the dust I shall dusk.

The news of my death would be broken yes!  
My belongings and loved ones would all be left..  
They'd feel for me, it's funny they might just be the next.  
Cuz certainly it is coming, I was just before them ahead.  
The religion I neglected is the basis of my test.  
I'd wish to return, but I never would be yessed.

All the love for the world, I would not get in return., it would abandon me at the time I would wait for its turn.

It would rain cats and dogs from my cheeks as I scream.

The angels in charge would be merciless to the brim.

They claimed to love me, but now that I am gone.

They would fight over my properties who cares how much I worked to acquire them while alive? So what he's late!

Is the statement they would make after they mourn me for days.

And forever I shall wear the one cloth they would offer.



Now I know the world I left has struck me like thunder.  
If I was a dream chaser, termination to it has occurred.  
Or rather I was a drunk, my fellow barflys just owe me a cup.  
No matter how much I suffer to acquire my grades.  
It would be treated an higher degree in twain.  
What a vain!

What have I come to and left this world for?  
Have I gained only the world or also gained the afterworld?  
Now, it's all over as there is no more remedy.  
I was supposed to repent from my sins but never was I ready.  
Day passes, I forgot I moved closer to my death.  
By and large, I would last in my solitudinous depth.

Months and years shall pass and it would go on and on.  
This composer would be mourned and so would you.  
We would return to the lord that had fashioned all of us.  
Return to him now before your table is turned...  
Lastly, dont ever die except in a state of believer.  
After all I haven't died yet but I would die one day.

## Who are we?

*We can set it the right yet we move devoid the right*

*We can set it all upside down yet we pretend being alright*

*We have answers to our questions yet, we still didn't talk*

*We blame the bad eggs among us yet, we are one of*

*We like good people , we are not one of them*

*We starved too much yet, we have overfed*

*We are leaders of tomorrow yet, today leads us*

*We are divided, funnily , we portray we are one*

*We are who we were*

*We are who we are*

*Whom are we to be?*

*We are blessed indeed yes!*

*Yet, we are indeed in mess*

*We are the owner yet, we are controlled by what we own*

*We are the best in things, poor is the whistle blown*

*We are close to the mosque yet, it seems far from us*

*We are the church that is churching yet, we look not equitably churched*

*We are far behind, behind is our peak of we say*

*We are hoping our bird won't fall to its prey*

*We clamor dichotomy, otoplasty in the ear*

*We mean to cut it off, because it did us evil*

*We are doomed to doom our next is always close to next*

*NIGERIA MY COUNTRY!!??*

## Comfort zone

Seeking for joy amidst weepers  
Who knows exactly where it is?  
What could give it remains an illusion  
Yet, we scraper for it here and there  
Here and there but blindly  
A waste of hope in wrong direction  
It goes as soon as it comes  
What gives it takes it

Today it is there , tomorrow it is no more  
It has no guarantee  
Urges for it grew the more  
Where can I find it?  
Strangest of all place in morgue?  
Amidst weepers mourning fleshless decaying bones?  
Yet, teaching lessons  
The saddening silence laying bare the vanity of all  
What gives it takes it  
The deciduous comfort.

## Game changer.

*Poem title: Game changer.*

*On a boxcar pitch*

*Were anxious players*

*Looking not so happy*

*Looking not so unhealthy*

*But who comes to race*

*And not to while away time*

*It is game time*

*Though some waited for the half time*

*They appeared at the at field*

*"It is positive!" they chorused*

*The ordinary word turned a bomb*

*That changed the whole*

*It's effect is mightier than riffles*

*Some could not endure*

*They fell , Passed out.*

*What pandemonium?*

*Determination it takes*

*For others to be stout.*

*"It is positive " they chorused*

*Metamorphosing and they chorused "it was positive"*

*"Was it positive?" , "would it have been positive?"*

*Poet:Oludare Joshua.*



## Wheel of change

Lost in the thoughts of ancient realm  
When Things in the dark exist but were not realized.  
With wings they wait for enacting light  
Perhaps if it shatters they might realize  
Out of coven , what they are in precise

Lost in the thoughts of ancient realm  
Nothing then has stayed the same  
History impacted a lot and they continue in the old trend.  
Understanding they lack  
Orientation they lack

The eyes that never saw,  
Who made pillars out of their tears,  
Building forts out of fear  
Downgraded all to be odd  
And believed flaws accord question the ancient  
On every find of any ancient matters around  
And the finds became new trends  
Mostly found everywhere today.

## Motivations on grades you put forth

Maybe it is not by your will.  
Or maybe it doesn't turn out as per your wish.  
Maybe it is by what you read.  
Or maybe it is about what is decreed.  
Maybe it suits your expectations  
Or maybe it switches by your aspiration.  
Maybe it is because you had sleepless night.  
Or maybe it is even not by your might.  
Maybe it is because of tutorials and trials.  
Or maybe how you get captivated by handouts.  
Maybe it is because you were serious enough.  
Or maybe your habit of reading is worse.  
Maybe you were counted among the lucky ones.  
Or maybe you just have all it takes to be the one,  
With the best of the grades among your mates.  
Maybe your motives leaves you out of choice.  
Or maybe you were really not being serious  
Because you are an accident scientist who wants to be a thespian.

Now, if you are here to stay.  
It's advisable, while the sun shines, to make hay.  
Mayhaps, the result is bad for you.  
Or mayhaps, the result is just pronounced good.  
But your look already gave the proof.  
Same way everyone has done their best .  
Whichever way the result comes, all is well.  
You have really done well yes!  
Put the doubts to the bed.  
Pray, readmost importantly play too.  
This is not the end for me and truly not for you.  
Certainly not all of us are born with a silver spoon.

As you play by the grades, please plan for your way.  
Nigeria, today might not just need your grades.  
Unemployment is on the rise if you will use your brain.  
Engage in petty stuffs be it just a trade.

It is better to start now because now is the best.  
Try get things done perhaps during the break.  
Try learn some new skills.  
Before you later turn the other cheek.  
Nigeria is so fucked up indeed.  
A first class holder yet, roaming about on the street.  
Countless time I weep.  
Oh lord, when will things be refixed?  
Please, please learn some skills and I wish you knew,  
Tomorrow will take care of itself but today is just one of the clues.  
Our future lies in whatever of now that we do.  
Try get good grades and try learn sweet skills.  
That can sustain you prior or after NYSC....



## Two-timed

*You blew into my life like a summer breeze,  
You heisted my heart in instant  
and made me weak in the knees  
Things I've waited to hear my whole life  
You said , looking into my heart via my eyes  
Why saying all those things when you don't mean a word?*

*I thought you were different  
I thought you were real  
I never thought I could felt the way you made me  
You had me floating on air, then let me crash to the ground.  
It's too much to veil my mind nigh  
Oh! I should have discern*

*A sharpened dagger stabbed my heart from behind,ripping apart.  
A double edged knife cutting connections,  
A place in my heart forever reserved  
For the one that i loved but didn't deserve.  
You twisted the dagger, it tore apart  
Why play at being real?  
When no one wins in the end.*

*Scars made on the heart never heals  
Would be felt forever  
I know you felt the same  
My heart, you made slowly stop beating  
The pain you caused quickly began repeating  
Now I truly, honestly see  
That you never deserved what i bestowed*

*Left alone i , to wonder what could've gone wrong,  
But a friend who would be honest, wouldn't play with your heart.  
That if you had considered,*

***you wouldn't lie right from the start.  
From time to time,  
The thought of me would cross your mind,  
my memory I knew will haunt you in your sleep  
And truly , i wish you all the best.***