

Another Rain

Awoniyi Oluwadare Blessing

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To my resourceful and caring mother,

Whose love, wisdom, and resilience have been my constant shelter?

Like the rain that nourishes the earth,

Your guidance has nurtured every word in these pages.

This is for you, with all my gratitude.

Acknowledgement

I am deeply grateful to all my teachers who have guided and supported me throughout my academic and creative journey. In particular, I wish to honor the memory of Professor Tayo Olafioye, whose passion for poetry left an indelible mark on my life and work. His teachings continue to resonate with me.

I would also like to express my heartfelt appreciation to Ndubisi Martins, a dear friend and constant source of inspiration on this creative writing journey. Your encouragement has been invaluable.

Thank you all for helping me find my voice.

About the author

Blessing Awoniyi is an up-and-coming Nigerian poet whose work delves into the socio-political and cultural realities of his society. With a passion for storytelling that bridges tradition and modernity, his poetry reflects a deep engagement with the world around him. In 2005, he won a prestigious poetry prize on Radio Nigeria, Positive FM, a recognition that brought him to the limelight within the academic community of Adekunle Ajasin University.

Blessing's writing draws inspiration from various poetic styles, blending them with a distinct voice that echoes the influence of his mentor, the late Professor Tayo Olafioye. His work is a fusion of innovative techniques and rich cultural narratives, reflecting his dynamic approach to poetry.

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Beckoning

We sit on the rare riches
Of the globe
Our flag of freedom planted
In the solid soul of the continent
But day after day, we wonder
Why we have arrived here
Startling flight of partridges
A moment of fear
Leaping out of Tilapia
A thing of terror
Our ancestors married and merried here
Our children become wearied of here
And hurry in hundreds to distant homes
Neighbours of amphibians and arthropods
We have been
Frogs' chants
An amen to our morning invocations
Flies' carols
A respite after our daily toil
Mosquitoes' hymns
A comfort in our bedtime
Thumbs up to them all
For their humanitarian aid
If nobody cares
Our neighbours do

II

A marathon of misery
This land has run
Since it witnessed
The shivering of the sun
The darkening of stars and

The smothering of truth
A marathon of misery
This land has run
Since some ate a meal of toads
And began to tell a tale of woes
To their children
A marathon of misery
This land has run
As people gather
Around flickering flames
Listening to the songs of another land
Where the merry moon smiles at every face
A marathon of misery
This land has run
As many sit
inside their comforts
And pray and pray every morning
And wish and wish every night
A marathon of misery
This land has run
As we look away
When the fire of greed is razing down
Our hope
A marathon of misery
This land has run
As every man is on the run.
Yes, on the run!
But if summer gives us a sanctuary
Harmattan will always beckon us

I flow

I flow
Like a river
Slowly and steadily
With the drought, I have dined
With rain, I have wined
I have flown into the pond
Of plenty poverty
I have flown into the Atlantic
Of abject abundance
I have flown into the dam
Of despair and discovery
I have flown into the lagoon
Of love and laughter
I have flown into the cups
Of kings and queens
I have flown into the sea
Of sacrifice and success
Slowly and steadily
Like a river
I flow

The Caravan

And millions fall apart
And thousands meet to part
And hundreds part to meet
And when paths cross again
And yesterday is remembered
And joy or sorrow it gives
And the man flashes his teeth
And feigns love
And he hears his heart heaving hatred
And he is only a traveller
And journeys to the dictate of time
And only the wise shall travel safely
And many shall become loners
And few shall become lovers
And the caravan of time moves on
And man flows like River Mississippi
And WHAT?

Home

Then, a little boy
Oblivious of love
But always longed for home
Leaving friends and play
At sunset
I ran, I rushed
I laughed, I sang
Country road
Take me home
Where I belong
Mama waiting
Grandma in the moon
My food getting cold
Oh! Country road
Take me home

Now, a young man
Aware of love
Always yearn for home
Leaving friends and work
When the door opens
I walk, in haste
I smile, I hum
Country road
Take me home
When I'm so loved
Mrs waiting
My love in the mood
My heart getting warm
Oh! Country road
Take me home

The reason I know not

The urge for a place
My heart so desires
I feel grand
I feel secure
The bliss, the happiness
Through my heart
The pleasure abroad
Incomparable with the joy
At home

Another Rain

Kaoooh!

Kaoooooooooh!

Kaoooooooooooooooooh!

Rumbling and roaring

More and more

Here and there

As we awaited another rain

That would give our land a yearly gain

Every heart gripped with fear

To be outdoors, most men would not dear

But Grandma emerged

From her hut

In her palms, a pot of palm oil rested

She sang and danced

As she emptied

The liquid on the parched earth

Praising the god and his mistresses

For the blessings of another rain.

We gazed at her from the doorpost

While she continued singing.

Alas! She returned as though

With ten commandments

From *Sango*.

Her eyes glittered like embers

And her voice thundered:

No one!

No one!

No one should stand on

The path of the deity of thunder and lightning!

We trembled and backed away.

Because the god was

Within the earshot

As Grandma staggered after us.

**Sango is the deity of thunder and lightning in the Yoruba cosmology*

Make me anything

Make me the sunlight
That warms your day
Make me the moonlight
That brightens your night
Make me the autumn
That blossoms your smile
Make me the summer
That withers your sorrow
Make me the harmattan
That dries off your tears
Make me the oxygen
In your lungs
Make me the rainbow
In your sky
Make me the oasis
Of your hope
Make me the tiara
On your head
Make me
Make me anything
You adore!

To my Inamorata

Darling,
Can you be the bouquet of sweet songs
I will always sing
In the symphony of my heart?
Can can can you?

Hon,
Can you be the only figure
I will always serenade in the valley
Of my soul?
Can can can you?

Beloved,
Can you be the harmonious violin
My heart will always play
In the orchestra of worries?
Can can can you?

Sweetie,
Can you be the river
That will always wash away my fear
In the bank of uncertainties?
Can can can you?

Flame,
Can you be the only tree
That will always bear me fruits
In the land of love
Can can can you?

The Seventh Mountain

Jagun was virtuous like Joseph
The master entrusted everything except himself
He left and his return was never brief

Back to meet Mrs again
The helmsman stunned about a gross grain
His last time he was quite certain

Jagun was quizzed for the smutty seed
He feigned ignorance of the devious deed
Innocence can be proved with any need

On six mountains he had maintained his word
But on the seventh he beheld some scary mud
No man ever outstripped the mountain god

Jagun fell at the helmsman's feet
He had suffered an ignominious defeat
And he prayed mercy he would meet

The master angered by the treason
He could not bear the poison
His impatient machete ended the season

But the god would always teach mortals a lesson
The boss man was chastened with Parkinson
That ended his season

A Friend of All Seasons

My friend,
You deserve the best trophy
And I have no whit of worry

Because you're real
Like a royal seal

While others beef
You always bring relief

Though not a minion
You always respect my opinion

When others make up alibi
You always stand by

When others conspire
You always inspire

While others stop calling
You keep coming

While others won't care
You are always there

While others have their reasons
You are uncolored all seasons

Because you're real
Like a royal seal

Ode to the Masquerade Tree

One-legged damsel
Swaying supple spinster
Gorgeously dressing
To excite the desire of mankind
Charmed with immobility
But joyfully dancing to the beats
Of African cardinal points
Adored with countless folded arms
Ever glowing in the pristine greenness
Of the continent

You ridicule the anger
Of the winds
You dissolve the fury
In the eyes of the sun
You conjure rain from azure
Daily standing taller and taller
Making thousands lust after you
In their dreams and homes
You are the friend of all children
You are the lover of all women
You are the desire of all men

One-legged damsel
Swaying supple spinster
An alien plant in the land of tradition
Our pride and praise
Our gong and song