

MICHAEL ACE

A Collection of Poems in His Honour



Micheal Ace

Oyedokun Micheal Adedotun Ace is a poet and writer who hails from the State of Osun, Nigeria. He is a computer scientist, blogger and pengician who began his literature with essays and articles. *Micheal Ace* as widely known is currently the Vice President, World Union Of Poets-Nigeria Chapter. He is the founder of ACEworld who always believe in a self-muse which has been the instigator behind his consistency.

"The world is too complex for a pen to remain idle"

SPECIAL THANKS TO

- FUNSO ORIS (Illinois,USA)
- LITERARY PLANET (GEORGE SHAKEWORDS)

CONTRIBUTORS

- ELISHA KICHIME PHILIBUS
- DHEE SYLVESTER
- GRANT STEWARD
- MESIOYE JOHNSON
- IFEANYI MICHAEL
- SAVIOU UDOH
- ADAMS AREMU ADEBISI
- ADEGOKE ADEOLA
- AKINBODE ISREAL
- TUKUR LOBA RIDWAN
- AMUDA OLUWASEUN BAYO
- ADIGUN TEMITOPE IDEALISM
- SAVIOUR AREPO
- ADEYEMI AGARAU
- AYoola GOODNESS
- OGEDENGBE TOLULOPE IMPACT
- EMILY BENSON
- JOHAKEEM TALISMAN JUDE
- ISHOLA ABDULWASIU AYODELE
- AMORE DAVID OLAMIDE
- SULEIMAN AK AKABU

Introduction:

When the candle Still Burns:

“No need to celebrate a dead candle. If you must honour it, do it when its flame is burning!”

I must confess, this is the first of its kind around here! Not that it has not been done before to celebrate poets on their birthdays; but this gesture of love and honor is unique in its own right! First, that dynamic young man whose poetic ingenuity is worth celebrating at his 21st birthday has touched many with his art. Then, what unique way to celebrate him if not to have 21 great poets to unsheathe their poetic masterpiece in 21 lines!

I am excited to be a part of this great project! My encounter with *Oyedokun Micheal Adedotun Ace* was less than a year ago through Facebook. But it seems I, like many others have known him for a great time. His passion for poetry, his enduring spirit after each duel or contest, his desire to improve and encourage others to do so have endeared me and many others to him! He does not slump before any theme or topic; as a fact, he enjoys controversial thematic preoccupation. I have been privileged to learn from him. Through his many arranged duels, I have come to learn more about poetry. His aptitude for promoting poetry could not be resisted when he asked me to participate in a poetry project. I could not refuse an invitation to participate in The *Secret of Magical Poetry*.

Through that project, I have come to expand my net of poetic scholarship! As I reflect on the gift of *Michael Ace* to the world, I cannot but honour this multitalented youth, whose artistic capabilities do not limit him to poetry, but also rap, music, prose, and blogging!

His well-deserved position as the *Vice President, World Union of Poets, Nigeria Chapter*, is just a testimonial to his artistic propensity! *I need to add that Michael Ace holds the touch to many of our candles.*

Thanks to the poets whose gifts help honour a fellow poet and great mind!

Thanks for celebrating *Michael Ace*

-Funso Oris.

POEM 1:

THE PEARL OF A PETAL

Yesterday

Today

And even till tomorrow

An epitaph is etched

In the living petals

Of indelibility...

Has it not been told?

Like a Lord's

Of his trait trade

To our meekly

And undiscerning hearts?

Come he today

To pass

And to come again

As always

On the palm fronds

Of a hosanna's foot mat

Shall his imprints

Live a memory

That once lived

With the pearl of his living petals.

-ELISHA KICHIME PHILIBUS

POEM 2

The Ace of Poesy

*five fingers on your left hand,
five fleshy wands on your right;
you battle life with the former,
you make magic with the latter.
there's a rhythm to your being;
a rhythm so rich in reason,
it raises spirit without touch;
i find pleasure in your presence,
for you're as pleasant as your pen.
your poems are often so poetic,
that they make other poets thick!
your attitude reveals in your values,
as your virtue reveals in your art too.
every page is your stage,
every verse is an ace,
may your name grow to glow,
just as you age with grace.
let the strings sing of your dreams,
let the horns chorus your deeds;
i pray your art stays in harmony,
with the melody of your heart.*

-DHEE SYLVESTER

POEM 3

Salute to a Sage

*Let me salute a sage,
Who has fingered
The gods of words,
In his own way.
Let me celebrate
A wordgician, whose scribbles
Tickles, illuminate, enlightened
Me, somehow, someway.
I solicit for you,
that your ink, never run dry,
That your pen, never stop bleeding,
That your words will magical ever remain.
The vibes you weave,
In present time past,
Will never be compared,
To that of now, present and future.
Let the sun of words
On you brightly shine,
Let it ray, spin imagery in you,
As you, with grace, age,
Touching lives with your art.*

-GRANT STEWARD

POEM 4

In Today

I see today-

Dabbing wishes

in the mouth of dawn

along the gullets of drooling clouds

where dews soften hard days ahead.

I live in today

with the smile of prayers

laced in the veins of noon

where long life is a blood cell

and success, a gene.

Today is a journey

wheel to the tendons of unknown days

whose heart is a road to more smiles

on the skins of mirages and potholes

where thorns are victories.

Today is a lad

who plays in the cheeks of merriment.

You're today's friend, who sees today and lives in it-

A heart which sees morrow in today's mirror.

You're a trip to the land of leaping images-

Doors to rooms that hold hands of mysteries.

-MESIOYE JOHNSON

POEM 5

Better democracy

*after we have died from the burnt breath of our hate,
after we have nursed our aching bodies,
stunned by unfeeling boulders.
we shall wake up to see our land,
infested with all things evil,
democracy,
has become a tool manipulated to make us suffer.
we are like a headless chicken,
running around in scrambled circles,
begging for our head to return and guide us.
we have drunk from the river of deceit,
and as years continue to die,
we grow,
and the cancerous democracy grows too...
we should search among the rubbles of our innocence,
our democracy is there,
we have been worshipping a doppelganger,
one that drinks the blood of our early struggles.
i see a light at the end of our seemingly endless dark tunnel,
we will change,
only if we have the conscience to do away with evil.*

-IFEANYI MICHAEL

POEM 6

DAWN OF WISHFUL WISHES

i.

*Good morning to the night that birth today
As the singing birds wake my praying lips
To bake my words on this burning oven*

ii.

*The streets of poetry colour with great wishes
As the thousand canopy house million's noise
Today priests and priestess pour libations
As beautiful maidens display their captivating stride.*

iii.

*What am i seeing? The blind toast wine
Like Sarah in endless laughter over Isaac
What am i hearing? The deaf wine and dine
As you bellow celebration for the muteness of their flutes.*

iv.

*Like a river flowing to the joy of wind
I come to pay my virgin wishes for you
A wishes of life like a pearl of royal coronation
For today is a song on the lips of nightingales*

v.

*Let my wishes soar above the village of reality
Singing sweets song around the huts of the world
Michael Ace the star older than the sun
Michael Ace the song of life in words
Michael Ace the vice president W.U.P (Nigeria).
Happy best day.*

-SAVIOUR UDOH

POEM 7

I share in your day

*i share in your day, my friend...
a day where children's smiles
radiate the stretch of the morning sun,
as each carat of its golden rays
excite the world into lullabies
where the sun sets leisurely
in the tongues of gay peasants
who talk about the boom of their barns
and memories of glorious yester-years
where butterflies become flowers
in the splendour of the evening bliss,
where zephyrs cajole mothers' hearts
into songs, starting, ready, flying...
as the moon gathers in fullness
in the silence of aging men,
while the stars lean down to kiss
the cheeks of vestal maidens...
this day is a sky, pregnant
of tears that wash away the agonies,
and how well can i be drenched in its drops,
if not to share in your day, my friend?*

-ADAMS AREMU ADEBISI

POEM 8

MY ACE

*I have played a game,
Game, game, game and two games,
Games of youthful days and thieves of nightfall
Nightfall under the lemon tree and I;
I traveled far into space of joyful days
But,
I lost my precious ace for a golden coin
Ero going to Oyo Alaafin should sing-
Sing like a mocking bird and outshine the tale of the cuckoo
Ero going to Ogbo ojo should get me the dead gold skin
The dead spirit that has the voice of Awoko
Ero going to Oyo ogbo, tell my shiny ace to live like Oyo ogbo herself
Tell my ace that the priest of love ceases to breath after his departure
Ero going to Pepe should ask if Orogbo has seen my ace
Tell pepe to bless the journey of my ace with prosperity
Tell Orogbo to bless his age on earth
Tell the beaming stars to light his way even in the dark
And tell my ace that I said these prayers-
All shall bow and
Credit your name
Every day of your life.*

-ADEGOKE ADEOLA

POEM 9

SIX-SIDED

*Tell the six maidens with six pitchers
That the tongue of a lad lay for them,
Their walk down home should be fast,
His six packs await their hands.
Tell the six stars of the sky
That tonight they will dance before a King
The King needs a sixth wife,
His taste lies in a sister.
Six songs with six lines,
A lyric of only six words,
Six singers with six teeth,
This lad will dance to stupor.
Six angels around sand,
Six buckets of water made of clay,
On the sixth day, man was created,
A man named Ace.
To a poet called Ace,
I wish him longer days,
Soaked in a pool of grace,
His race in a fast pace,
Greatness in all ways.*

-AKINBODE ISREAL

POEM 10

the world is a graveyard

*Ace. . .hope you know
that this world is a graveyard. . .
it is. . .it is a place where we live
only to die for a time not enough in our hearts
to celebrate the day we were born. . .
it is a place where we go, to remind ourselves
that a dead day can never be reborn
as much as a birthday, 'cause for now
your day has been reborn. . .
this is the philosophy of life. . .
celebrate it like you celebrate your day
and make a toast to the sparkles
from the glints dancing on your cake. . .
blow not these candles away, until you've made a wish. . .
that you shall do this more than once-upon-a-time in these lines,
that today is your day. . .it is the philosophy of life
that we all find our graves somewhere near our souls
like a cradle near the birth of a new born. . .
but now, you have been reborn,
so celebrate it, like you celebrate the philosophy of life
that you shall enjoy this day while it last more than decades.*

-TUKUR LOBAN RIDWAN

POEM 11

Birthday Wishes...

*A heroic birthday wishes Ace
Just as you age in grace
Your day will be decked with gold
Mirth and felicity would not leave you cold
Your progress will never be slow
Your feat will be that of a great show
We are going to spread the news around
And let the ecstasy abound
We desire for you a great wonder
That will make you to ponder
With your ink, you gave us happiness as you could
Therefore, we give ours, as we should
To you, success will belong
Wherever you go, prosperity will follow along
Blessings from your heavenly Father
Will propel you farther
You shall find gladness in your dreams
They will come as streams
You will not lose your wills
Finally, you will be as old as the hills...
Hurray! Hurray!! Hurray!!!*

-AMUDA OLUWASEUN BAYO

POEM 12

You are old, your words are young (Dedicated to Michael)

*We are here with songs choruses of celebration –
you are old, your words are young, your words are like a needle,
pierced into the heart of creation creatures - you are old, your words are young
Your pilgrim soul travels far, bearing laughter for sorrows.
Your traditional garment covers thousands meters of words
Your drum throbs rhythms of words
You are a flame in a furnace of poetry
You are the chant to the movement of humanity.
Your words open the eye of sentiments
You grow up to request for maturing spirit, both in Poetry hood and your
neighborhood
Your eyes expand in depth and width,
To see the light, the ecstasies of poetry.
The twilight of your existence, makes your dream fly as the air deny you not
Your poems are like a sun that appear at midnight
Your poetry is an antidote to carnage of words
Your silence speaks, making ages babble
You stand as the discovery of knowledge,
The knowledge we've lost in communication
The Communication we need in the media
The message found in the channel
The channel that connects your soul to thousands of words.*

-ADIGUN TEMITOPE IDEALISM

POEM 13

REVELATION

*Who knows today from yesterday?
My muse is impregnated by a King
My soul reads a planet filled with joy
Peace like a mask webs the earth's index
Thou hath my TRADITION to keep
My soul shall forever pamper thee
You have the 21st age for your guide
With wisdom to lead thee safe
Ourselves refreshed amongst us
Now thou hath my distilled gospel
I must preach the works of him
Refined in the 21 diamonds
This time with me is past relief
I am fertile in thy 21st solace my time
Thou hath a promised peace to earth
My pure music none earth can fault
Relief! Relief!! Relief!!!Relief!!!!
I'll teach you to my townspeople
To learn and to observe thy praise
Continuously like their farm tools
You shall be their harvest song.*

-SAVIOUR AREPO

POEM 14

For Michael

*Dear Michael,
poetry is the beginning of waters
and you are the tributary,
you flow into words like ghosts
running, on wind heels, into songs;
I sing you, Michael,
you are my eyes when I search for rhymes,
you are my imagination when I seek stories,
you are depth, like the river in-between of mother's thighs,
you are things waiting to be known,
you are a secret, the last time I sought for the truth, I found
You— a fire turning us into bridled warlords, we take shape
into alphabets trekking into lines that make a better world.
You are the end too, of things that have been,
of mothers running from bombs and shells
that breaks us into halves carved in blood and emaciated bones,
you are the end of war, you are ace, the end of fire
teaching our children to spittle regret into the faces of fathers.
You hang words around your cheek; they are fats, good cholesterol,
high biological value proteins, healthy snacks.
Michael, I pray the world finds you again; there is a gem in your heart.*

-ADEYEMI AGARAU

POEM 15

my love

*do not fear the eyes of the nights
or fret for the shrills in the threads of the dark
i know the dark the dark knows me
let me be your guiding light...
drink from here
drink here springs of soothing milk
from the moon waxing in my left palm
do you know the magic?
this moon never sets...
sleep into my arms
let your head exile into my right shoulder
melt into me....melt into me and again...
whisper tingles into my ears
something doting
s-l-o-w-l-y dotingly
your name leading the passionate echoes...
chuckle sparkling spells into my eyes
spell me a warm coldness
wake the tallness between my thighs
a sweet dream sinking into your waters...
let me Ace into your world...*

-AYOOLA GOODNESS

POEM 16

AN ENCOMIUM (For Micheal Ace)

*I know of a gifted poet
A gifted poet and not a duet
In fact, I know of a talented poet
A talented poet with divine intellect.
He is wonderful treasure,
The work of God's pleasure,
A blessing beyond measure,
And a rare gem to be treasured.
He does things with vigour
Like the valiant men of valour
And His countenance and colour
Are expressions of God's splendour
He is an invincible prime
A pearl among men of time
In fact, He is a powerful lime
That captures mind in rhythmic lines.
I can shout to the crowd
Even gather words in the cloud
That He is neither rude nor proud.
Yes! He is an awesome dude
An awesome dude in the poetry hood.*

-TOLULOPE IMPACT

POEM 17

I know a Poet

*I know a king
clad in superb coverings
of magnificent character,
and command cloaking his every movement.
He holds hearts spell-bound
with witty magical words
that flow pure from his heart into
his nibs of hope.
I know a friend
whose words paint with colours of lovestreams
unending and care
from the heart of his pen.
Do you know him?
the one with a message
that speaks to minds and souls with a directness
unfettered by any intrinsic limitation of life.
I know Michael
a poet with a message
a poet with a goal
a poet of sages...
A prophet of healing words...*

-EMILY BENSON

POEM 18

WHO IS ACE?

*The wind whistles
of the gossips of the elders
And forgetfulness is a sin
in the sight of their grey hairs
But in the sweetness of their boring wine
lies the pennywise question
Who is Ace?
Ace is an ink head
A quill who sleeps
in the snugness of the night candle.
A wordiator,
Who brews soups of wisdom
from the dregs of spices still edible for the mind.
Ace is no virgin in poetry's coliseum
A poetic gladiator,
Who has schooled intellectual word smiths in the art combats
Shakespeare heralded his poetivities
And Molars gnash for his words...
The sun will stride with the swiftness of tomorrow
And with the wishes of a thousand tongues
Many more years of pen hood*

- JOHAKEEM TALISMAN JUDE

POEM 19

21 Magic Incisions

*we asked a thousand question marks to ask you,
how you become a wizard,
that with swift waves,
and fast flicks of your wand,
we see magic;
like how the dance of dizzy dusts,
at the screams in storms,
blind the eyes of the sun,
feeding the atmosphere with shadows,
that taste like blindness,
and marvel us!
so you tell us the story of initiation,
how you had a pen,
how you took it to the shrine of poetry,
how you appease the goddess muse,
making your pen dance to the chants of passion,
for three years,
and how each year your pen,
at the cone holding the nib,
got seven magic incisions from the blades of depth,
and you become this wizard with an inky wand*

.

-ISHOLA ABDULWASIU

POEM 20

JAGUNLABI

*No one says a child should not be leprous
If only he/she can stay alone in the cruel forest
No one tells a numskull not to mock poetry ingenious
If only he wants to be battered and wounded by our allegories at its best.*

*The crouching of a tiger is not out of cowardice
it is only looking for what to eat and jeopardize
The solitary of our thoughts are not peripheral
We are only here to feed Jagunlabi our appraisals.*

*The sky is wide enough for the birds to fly without collision
The pages and slates of our quills are sufficient without concessions
So we can trade beau and sublime words to gods and demigods
We can unite stars with our pen as blazing of galaxy for our companion.*

*Too many descriptions turn a tiger to a mere deer
Too much hyperbole sold Ibadan and Laipo to Sodeke
Too many words will not be enough in this logic case
Too many odes of Lisabi will not eulogies Ogedengbe
Too much toadyism will not be enough to depict Michael Ace.*

-AMORE DAVID OLAMIDE

POEM 21

it is your birthday

in the sky,

colours of the rainbow

blend in nicely into the fluffy clouds

its shed is half-hidden behind evergreen shrubs, bees

spelling buzzes around, while the butterflies

ally with birds, kissing flowers'

accessories, from the horizon, flower birds chirps and

descend a kiss to the sea.

it's a special day in the planet,

the whole world celebrates you

it's your birthday today, we'll

make it news in the world.

this day brings flashes of memories

of mother and how she carried you

of times gone past

of laughter and cries

of the bitter...the sour

and the sweetness of moments

may this day bring you joy abundant

fulfillment in every way

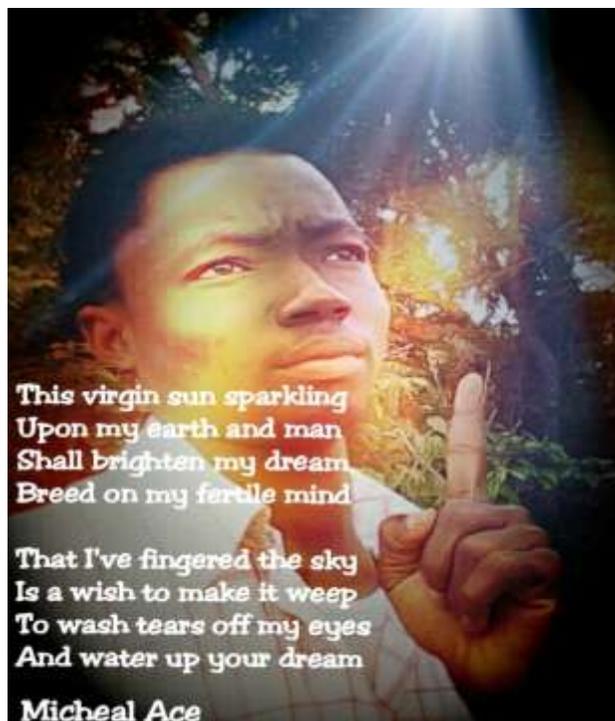
and a beautiful birthday!

-SULEIMAN AK AKABU

Introduction by Funso Oris

Edited by Ayoola Goodness

First Published by Literary Planet @June, 2016



If poetry is rainbow

*If poetry is the galaxy of stars
I will dare become the nights
If poetry is a million airplanes
I will encloud myself to be sky
If there is poetry in these words
Then, I will love to be your eyes*

*If poetry is the secret lexicons
I will be tonguey and garrulous
If poetry is the lust in our mind
I will look naked to every sight
If poetry is me, if poetry is you
Then, I will be air, I will be food*

*But like our sister who has no breast
Poetry is none of those I have said*

*Because I have been to the gods
I saw the vultures smoking weed
Weed coated in wraps of poetry
I have visited the aged ancestors
I met their teeth on potato chips
Finely fried in tender oil of poetry*

*So I did dig deep into these words
I see poetry coloured as rainbow
Each strip as a droplet of blessing
Bleeding peace to this very world
With the song, 'if poetry is rainbow'
Then seven blessings to every soul*

*by
Micheal Ace
"Magicalpoetry"
©ACEworld*