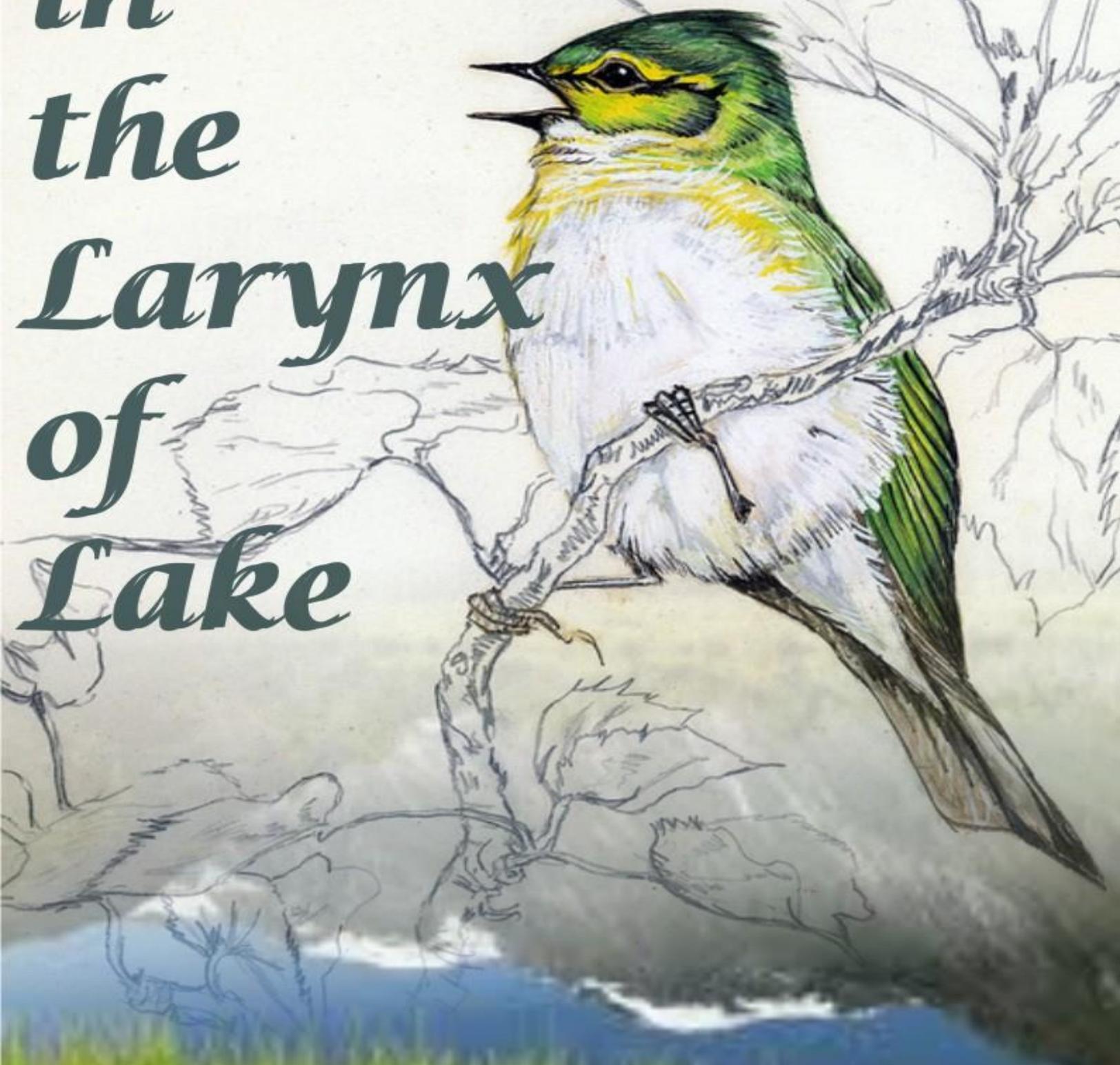


*Alto
in
the
Larynx
of
Lake*



Martins, Tomisin Olusola

Alto in the Larynx of Lake

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...the world of the bests

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*Let the fingers that grow weary
while the sun
still falls on green leaves
eat from stretched palms*

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DEDICATION

To my mother, ÌYAONÍBÁÀGÌ,
the rarest gem with lustering skin
like a bulbous evening sunlight.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My utmost gratitude to *God Almighty* for preserving my life till this moment. In the same vein, I acknowledge the immense love of my family, especially my parent, *Adejoke Martins*.

I want to thank my mentor, *Gift Amukoyo Foraine*, and my friends, *Ebubechukwu Nwagbo Bruno*, *Dosunmu Abiola* and *Mayowa Quadri*, for their concern on the publication of this collection.

May *God* continue to bless you all abundantly, and be with you always.

FOREWORD

MMARTINS Tomisin Olusola in his *Alto in the Larynx of Lake* writes with so much credibility that you doubt that this is indeed his first poetry collection. The book covers poignant themes of politics, laziness/hardwork, nature, celebration of life and arts. He dedicates some of the works to poetry, personal life experiences and issues that both excite and provokes him/ you.

The language of the collection, aside it's subject matters is perhaps the most entrilling part of this craft. Horace's assertion that a poet's ability to "teach sweetly and sweetly teach" makes his name and work immemorable across ages and seas is found in this maiden collection. As I write this 'foreword' from the height of the Ado-Awaye Mountain and Suspended Lake in Iseyin Local Government Area of Oyo State, Nigeria, the title *Alto in the Larynx of Lake* resonates with me. Among the over 10 books I encountered in this hike, Martins' work seems best for a vacation. His play on words and poetic mannerism are beyond the grasp of immature readers. He finds a way to say unsavory things in very flowery and nice ways. So much that those he calls "The Beautiful Ones" will really consider themselves as smart and beautiful.

This work is indeed a gift to true intellectuals who appreciate the deep arts of sublime poetry. Once you are able to unlock the language of the poet which sounds more of Soyinka in diction and Osundaric in thematic preoccupation, you will join the many fans who sing the praise of this budding prodigy. In his "Unbusy Fingers", one reads what sounds like chastisement of a lazy youth in his Niyi Osundare's " Sleeping at Five and Twenty". T. S. Elliott's theory that the genius is made up of residues of his readings or familiarity with the works of his ancestors is brought to bare here. It is near impossible to read Martins' works without remembering the works of his hero, Niyi Osundare. However, Martins is a genius in that as far as he learnt well from his ancestors, you will make no mistake to credit

his ancestors with his work. No, Martins creates his own unique identity as a poet by stamping his works with his own unique signature.

He is a poet to watch out for. But, I must say, from my observation, he is not for everyone to watch out for...
only the deep can understand him, as the depth in his works calls to the deep in mind and intellect.

— **NWAGBO Ebubechukwu Bruno**

Librarian, literary critic, Media broadcaster and writer.

December, 2019

PREFACE

Many readers tend to shy away from poetry, because they find it somehow difficult or obscure; sometimes they find it so difficult to interpret a poem, because of its creative confusion. Some readers see poetry 'as something filled with mysteries, obscure allusions, complex metrical schemes and florid dictions.' Moreover, readers also get scared away in times of writer's choice of words; readers tends to slow down their reading ability when encountered with obscure words.

Certainly, poetry often requires beating one's brain out and absolute concentration is needed for a better understanding. In poetry, the reader ought to pay a 'close look' to the lines of the poem whether the poem is complex or simple enough to understand. What is required from the reader, therefore, is to look closely to the meaning and what constitute the poem. However, not all poems are that difficult, and the ones that seems to be even difficult are often well worth the effort.

The most common way I express myself and convey messages, ideas or experiences mostly is through the medium of poetry. I write in different fashions with the intention of gaining everyone's ears through my collection of poems, *Alto in the Larynx of Lake*, which majorly focused on praising virtues and condemning vices in the society in order to make a better place. Definitely, one cannot shut eyes to the happenings around the globe and the plight of Nigerians most especially. This collection is set also to be a reminder to humans that 'Life' and 'Death' is the omnibus which translates one's life. It also mingles with deep sensuous love poems. Love is meant to be felt deeply before one can able to put his or her deep feelings or what is imagine into writings. I have found out that it has a bigger impact when you write a poem to an individual person rather than a general poem.

My aims in this collection are: to mirror human activities: its conflicts contradictions, its economic structure, its class formation, political and cultural struggles, and to convey some specific subject matters which are underlying in the society through the employment of instrumentality of poetic language. Poetry is a composition of figurative language which reflect feelings or emotions and experiences. My personal 'experiences' and 'imagination' are the vehicles of motivation and sheer inspiration which can not be detached from this collection of poems.

— **Martins, Tomisin Olusola**
December, 2019.

A DEDICATION TO MY MOTHER, ÌYAONÍBÁÀGÌ

Words are dimples of revelations
left on divination plate
scented secrets of the poet's heartbeat
a mellow paradise of melody in orchestras' lips

ÌYAONÍBÁÀGÌ, the rarest gem with lustering skin
like a bulbous evening sunlight

and with rich green fingers
quenchless and passionate

like the combs of flaring fire
indeed, "the hands which are dexterous
will pluck the ripest fruits of freedom"

(To Niyi Osundare)

I'm not too shy to lift
The sweet sexiest SKIRT
Of the wordless clouds
To throw throbbing songs
To the hearing of the dawn

The clouds are patently keen
And lustful.

I feel bravely high
Like a wrecking storm
Where myriad of eyes
Like fireflies watch and wink

Spicy, pungent words
Piled up, throbbing my chest
To its brink
Like shelved wisdom in a bookstore

Deep rivers running
Into the distant sunset
Emotions earnestly reddening
Like the claws of flaring fire
Earth breathing with passion of syllables

And sweet-scented songs
Fortifying the tongues of Lovers

And I'm not too shy to lift
The sweet sexiest SKIRT
Of the wordless clouds
To throw throbbing songs
To the hearing of the dawn

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP

A softening song runs deep here
Like a boundless river
Watch its body jives
Watch its rising sun sinking
Madness is a fiber of fire
Which can be dug out
When hatred governs this ROOM
Spacious for two or more bodies

My soul thicker than the accents of music
I have had myself dunk
In this River meant for Lovers,
Lovers who passionately held
Absolute serenity to their breast
And walked out alive, fresh
Like a young glowing moon

I hold a bright light within
I cuddle no seed of repulsion
Nor possessed by war-
My heart breaths with passionate syllables.

My svelte dart actively gyres
Like a Masquerade in the midday
And samsonian Word drops dutifully
In the upsetting bowel of the cloud.

Silenced clouds utterly unsilenced
Sophisticated edicts
REVEAL their broken jaws

Let the Earth and Moon
Throw their doors open
For my sacred scented Song-

An unbroken accent of Ballad

A REVELATION

H
a
p
p
y
is the man
whose passionate eyes
touch the depth
of thriving
w
o
r
d
s
for he shall dwell
in the Kingdom
built with Wisdom

THE RISING WORDS

Countless beaded words
Like the sands at riverbank
Falling off its refinery
Without being altered
By the gigantic winds
Words uttered from

A church-bell

It is rising to wed
The faces of the dusky sea
Before the lamplight turns blue

A fine refined words of wisdom

STAMMERING WORDS

I hear words stammering
In the belly of the clouds

Words which draws
Like okro soup

Words which gbosà
Like roaring thunder

Words spiced
With assorted metaphors

Words which pinch the ears
Of the icing proverbs
And clung the horns of mental idioms

Words which unfettered the curvy lips
Of a long silent mansion

And stripped naked the belly
Of the cloud

I see these words too
Plastered to the milky teeth
Of a silver moon

I see these words blushing

With reddened cheeks

I see these words thronging

the potbelly of a crystal lamp

I hear words stammering

In the belly of the clouds

FATTENING FISTED WORDS 1

Words caked between the milky jaws
Are for the earful ears to nibble full

Words are not eaten with pearly-eyes
But are eaten with earful ears

Voicing, freshly flavoured word
Cannot be found in the archive of silence

Thoughts are the eggs of the heart
And words are the seeds of the mouth

Words are like hatched eggs
In the mouth fattened with wisdom

Word riched with wisdom
Bears an unfettered feathers
Fluttering into the earful ears

And heart lettered
With words of wisdom
Is a fattened fruity canvas

Let these seedling words surge
With the dawning morning sun

Let the words flow and flow

Like running water

Into your yearning ears

Thought is given to the heart
Heart given to the thought

Marbled words are deeper
Than the deepest river

Words microwaved in the dawn
Are fruits given to the Wise

Let the wise look upon the rays
Of the elders who have tasted
Thousands of sunrise

Unfettered sweetening lobes of words
Birthing and surging high from its cliff

With fine feathers fluttering
further into the itching ears

Who never retired from
The wise resonance of words
Doling out from
the mouth of gods

It beats its fine feathers lightly
And falls softly upon the large
Face of the silver sea

Upon the table of the silver sea
The sweetened lobes of word
Thrives vastly and enthroned
Like a crowned king over a kingdom

HER SILENT VOICE

Sometimes the deaf
hears better
and the blind
sees farther

Fragrance of words
scribbled on a silvery sheet
are meant to be sifted
and heard in solitude

Some see and hear
Her only with their minds

A NEW SONG

Let the true rain of words descend
from the silent lips of heaven

The tongue
that breaks into music

when a tempted mouth
is longing for a fresh food
to fill the drooling bean-sac

can still be gladdened
with soft waters

So I implore the peppering sun
To humble itself on the walls of the sky

I implore the shattered clouds
to reunite at the windows of heaven

I implore the defiant winds
to hum into the receiving ears

of the earth.

The coupled teeth of the moon shall

seduce the eyes of the young tonight

and be too showy to the palms
of the throbbing sea

And the earth
shall break into a new song...

Let the true rain of words descend
from the silent lips of heaven

ODE TO THE NEW BORN CHILD

Like a defeated evening sun
wrestled by an adamant shadow:
our heads were humbled
by seasons of grievance:
and heart were fully dunked
in songs of bitterness

but in each silent season
we water our passionate faith
with the purest milky rain
to make our faith rigid
by the breaking wind

Since when you arrived
to lift our humbled heads
from long depressed seasons.

Since then, our lips ever
yielding forth fresh sweetening songs
chocolated with an undefiled gladness

MILLIONS OF PARASITE

(In memory of my grandparents)

Although those years gone grey
bitten by the breathing sun.
Those years, those years far gone
when serenity sizzles in the air

The path you left behind
never ceased to expunge
by these millions of parasite
ceaselessly stirring fire of chaos amongst men

A DIRGE

The day was still young
when we perceived
a saddening dirge
from the torn mouth of bamboo trees

With twisted necks and bones
we fastened ears in its fitness
to the throbbing winds

We waited still, flagged down
our nursing fingers tirelessly,
counting each thunderbolts sizzling
between the lips of bamboo trees

And these J-U-D-A-S-E-S came
openly with a legit seduction,
seeking favouring fingers on ballots
to yes their honeyed world.
Littered our yawning street
and marketplace, orchestras of doom
with chocolated paradise's songs.
We believed them without locking
horns with inexorable doubt
because their dreams hold promises and gifts.

And so seasons came and faded;
wasted without tangible dreams
and the tastiest gifts and fruits harvested
were the bitterest tragedies:
thriving trees with juiciest fruits
and pastures once rich became fruitless
a guilt-ridden forefinger in regret nailed to cross;
and locked between ugly teeth.
And tomorrow, birthed tragedies that bowed
our grieving heads shall become
histories and memories in the gossipy tongues

The restless cloud
closed its maze-game before sunset
winds, lightning cluttered
and all voiced in different note
Florid flowers flicked
its heads here and there
and rainfall followed—
it falls softly and subtly
yet, all gyred in the circuit of freedom

Since silver necklace of freedom
[like a carved ivory-necklace]
is fixed around my neck, splendidly
my hands and legs are not weaved
then my full-fledged tongue-plate
will surge-loosened from its cliff
and become a knife that cut off people's voices
— and knife every dark corners.
But I know some will sit and stare
behind the fruitless shadow

MY FIVE-FINGERS

I

My fingers

Zestfully lived in serenity

The three thrill fingers of my right hand:

Thumb, index and middle finger

Stoutly lived civilly and gleefully amongst their BROTHERS:

They rested gleefully upon the placid,

SHARP-SABLE-POINTED-DART

II

Sharp-sable-pointed-dart

Perched in the midst of the three thrill fingers

And laid rest upon the hungry

Virgin DUSKY-SHEET, which sprawled

Bear flat on the glossy desk

The glossy desk accompanying the earth

The earth accompanying its depth

III

The other two fingers of my right hand

Ring finger and little finger

Calmly leisure, plopped on the hungry, virgin dusky-sheet

And lent ears to the sharp-sable-pointed-dart

Sharp-sable-pointed-dart

Muttering vignettes of yesterday

Muttering vignettes of today
Muttering vignettes of tomorrow.
Upon the glossy desk
My five fingers of my left hand too
Laid rest, and eyeballed the sharp-sable-pointed-dart
Muttering deep thoughts.

IV

Look!
All you who waded through lines
All you who unearth the heart
Of this earth, hunting for treasures
Pore over my ten fingers
My ten fingers,
As pure as a full virgin moon.
I have dunked deep my five fingers
Of my right hand with my progenitors
In a bowl of sweet dishes
And nibbled singed YAM amidst
The thriving vegetables.

V

But my forefinger of my left hand
Never been raised above
To curse the heavens
Never been raised up to pinpoint
My progenitors' homeland
Never had it tasted any depravity

And never will it be licked
Or bit by the savage butchers
Who loved to fatten themselves on murder
And gratified their heart with
Juicy cup of blood and gore

IDLE FINGERS

Let the hands that toil
in stormy season
be gladdened at the settling table
in the ripest moments

Let the fingers that grow weary
while the sun
still falls on green leaves
eat from stretched palms

When the time was ripe
your body never set on
busy like a flaring fire
and your machete
never cleared rogue bushes

You never rose to hear the cock's crow
seduced by the young dawn
you never sprung before the morning dews
dried out from the green leaves
you never got your first kiss
from the heavy smiling sun
nor from the agitating winds
and warm hairy flesh under your armpits
never bled with sweet salty waters

But your body was strong
like an ancient hill
your mind was perfect
as the evening light
and your blood brimming up
like an overflown river

yet, you complain of hunger?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONES

Roused in the heart of night
I sit and stare
boiling in the rhythm of thought
on this road
life lost
life saved
beauty flies by and by
pain flies by and by
hope dashed against stones
story meshed upon stories

Beforehand,
they pop up like a raven
that fed Elijah meat and bread
feeding the myriad of people with wad.

Under the gaze of sun
the throngs aligned on a longish axis
as if money is doled out
to assuage the flared-up sac
there, mopping their perspiring brows
some pressed in the bladder
some pressed in the sac
to give ears to the callings
of the hawkers spicy, relished rice

When the day piggybacks its tasty honey
they fed fat till they ran out of money
the world is there at their feet
yet, they are sit-tight patriot
Skinny beggars of dough
lackey to their school-pundit, Judas Iscariot

Those who placed them
on the golden throne
are now confined to a wheelchair
waiting, on and on

The crabby cries:
"where are the beautiful ones?
are they yet to be fructified?
are they still nipping at their
mother's chest?
or probably still contemplating
on their caravan to the world?"

Oh yes!
the beautiful ones are here
who play smart in politics
who put on the diamond-morning
silver sun-smile
who paint the sky green and white
like Nigeria's flag
that does not give arms to the rustling wind?
He is one who surrenders to the fear of his Maker

Distant were the sweet memories:
Of flawless songs
In the paradise of throbbing Tongues
Histories and Heroes
Fables and Tales
Running into the soaring sea

They, with a faultless pretext
Of legitimate appearance
Left footprints
Like the dimples
In their garb's pocket
Behind their ruined soil
Of Sodom and Gomorrah
And left for Bethlehem's tour
Seeking Messiah abroad
To vend their unknowing souls

Give me the newest wine
For soberness
So I may pay my last sacred rite
To the cemented tomb
Of my nagging Stepmother

Beat the festive drums of my mind

Set the moonless night

Upon my dark skin

For a saint madness is kinder

And tastier than fresh Honey

LETTER FROM PRISON

On Sunday noon
When the sun sprouted
Gleefully bold behind
The curtain maze
Four men in black
With black pistols
Pressed forward
Towards my domicile
And on each head
Sat a cap that
Harmonized with their garb

I
Was at my domicile
In the frontispiece
Wearing a piece
Of grimace on my phiz
When they popped up
Like a twiggy panhandler
In Agbado-Market
Pleading for dough
With a pseudo grin,
"Sir are you...?"

"Yes, that's me, my name..."

With a doldrums phiz flared
"But, I am not Nelson Mandella."
They retorted sharply
With hoity-toity regards
Tucking their guns
"...we just want you
In our office now,
To spare no time,
No time to spare..."

My heart plunged with fear
And cold bled struck
My mouth was heavy with silence
I was trailing behind them
Like a flagging dog.
I have no family

Is this a dream?
Or nightmare, just
'Pulsating' the strings
Of my mind,
Playing my heart
Like a timbre bass-guitar

'Oh, dream
Must be filming me!
On the thoroughfare to hell
My mind flitted through time

I called to mind a well-off man
In the neighbourhood

Whom I pleaded to nibble
From his dining table
He scared the wit off me
And muttered, "GO AWAY
YOU POVERTY-STRICKEN
JOBLESS MAN...!"

In the nick of time
I heard his sharp screech
Accompanying the blubbering-wind
Which called to my ears

He came, flapping his tongue
While striding to my doorstep
Scooting sand into the thin air
With his long, fat feet
With a confused voice
He uttered words beyond his mouth
Could carry, "For not paying
Ears to your pleads
You rather paid me by shivering
The mirrors of my SPORT-CAR
That's worth millions of naira...?
YOU CANNOT OWN THAT TILL
YOUR LAST STATE OF MIND"

'I have not misheard'
I stood boldly still
"I am a christian, dear brother
How can I do such evil
In the sight of heaven?
He sees me even when
I spy my inwards..."

He, twice, flicked his
Two right five fingers
And said, "YOU WILL
SEE PEPPER TODAY."

In their calaboose
I was prison freed
And was tortured
To coma.

In the gasp of my breath
I confessed still
"I DO NOT KNOW WHO DID IT
I ONLY SAW THE BROKEN GLASS
BROKEN INTO MY FEEBLE HEART."

Please.
Drink from my palm-wine
Bleeding heart
Do not take his words

His mouth filthy clean.
'I gave a SILENT SCREECH'
"Can't you ask the robber
That peeped through
Our street last night...?"

They heard it.
At the moment
Face flushed
Hands drooped
(Their madness flushed)
And picked up with rage again -
I was tortured the more

I must
But plead guilty
I am innocent free
Who just lost my Job

I remembered vividly
'THE RICH OWN THE WORLD
AT THEIR hefty FEET...'
My heart jolted

We travelled far-flung
and sea beyond to see an old friend
on getting to his street
we sifted from aloof distance
the street has already been cluttered
with flowers of ember
From each riven aluminium-sheet —
of every domicile
sequence of dense half-dark smoke
scudding into the engulfing sky
and a rusty brass bell
from a church which welcomed us in
Our dusty feet

We strutted in softly, softly slowly
upon the face of the earth
we coughed
we sneezed
and rubbed off beaded sweats
on the tired phiz
with the back of our palms
The street became lull
like an empty squirrel hole
which the hunter searched through in vain
except for the rusty brass bell that clangs

"...bloody political critters
has already touched this street, too
with their grubby-filthy fingers"
My partner said, with a touch of indignation
ricocheting in his metal lung

HAVE YOU EVER...

Have you ever touched
with both beady-pearl eyes?
those sweet night girls
whose marks taste bliss
when full darkness switch in — they say;
who limber-displays their wares
under too skimpy half-garb
somewhere in the dawning night
Those, with too-ripened cherry balls
who shakes their softening wares
to pinch full
from those men's cauldron-soup
whose hefty granaries are

full to overflow...

WHERE THE FULL-MOON TOUCHES

Under a big ball-like navel beautifying the sky
we pinned our buttocks
on a glossy glimmering wood bench
outside the porch of our granny's domicile
It was a Friday night
we were thrilled and full with the juiciest words
we spoke in proverbs and parables
and shared flowery thoughts

We conversed at length into the next morning
we laughed in different languages
and talked about our country's economic status:
...jobless graduates
and girls of nowadays
who would ditch heaven at the sight of cash
till we were cornered by its mundane
We felt giddy and drowsy
and the full-moon has now hidden
behind the dark horizon—
its colour is no longer within our reach.

The confab-exchange lulled
I yawned, and sighed
letting out a jerk of thin air
and weaved all fingers of my hands together

(almost reaching for the lips)
my eyes converged with the dark sky
and proffered sweet words
to Who sees the depth of hearts
then we unpinned our buttocks
from the wood bench and off to bed

I

With doubt

I peered at a distant drifting ship

distancing from the eastern wind

From the west

hustling leaves wandering about

like Fulani cattle

and clusters of browned dust

stirring with a defiant wind

and curious lightning's fingers

like a comb of flickering fire

mating with perversing clouds

II

Without a blind sight

I peered at riddling arms

of palm trees in the distance

beating to the rhythms

of adventurous wind

and the breathing earth reaching out

to a fresh unborn chapter of season

and within me

a refined light spurting gallantly

beyond the night stars

CANDLELIGHT

A new dawn is birthed
from a pregnant umbra
and fresh winds soaring
like birds on a white sky

And within me
low glimmering amber of flame
like a candlelight

is slowly turning
and turning

blue.

THE SUNRISE

The relic sun is surging
And the year is waning
Like ripe guava leaves
Bobbled by the wind of ageless time
And soon
We will peter out
Like the milky feel of music
And never return to give ears
To the whispers of the dawning sun
Or to gaze the rain full of flowers
Beyond a shadow of doubt
A palm tree that does not know
How to dab will surely be
Drilled by the gust of wind...

DECEMBER'S END

a big rounded moon
gossiping with thousands of night stars
soft cooling breeze
coupling with relic trees
thousands of snaky tongues
breaking into sweetening music

Dews are falling off
from mountains above
like dry leaves

And a fresh surging light beyond
is sprouting
like the sun from a gyring

sea

THE SUN-GOD AT MOUNT HOREB

Sun-god

sitting still on Mount Horeb
amidst the stark clouds
sweeping towards the swept
open space between trees
and pawing at white and dark flesh

Sun-god

your pale, smirky lemon face
like the grapefruit in Ago-Iwoye Market
scribbles dirty patches on my face
and made my throat to swill water
enough to fill up a tank

Oh sun-god!

I plead
do not douse us all
from this buzzy day

THE WAITING ROOM

In case you found me
and these thriving combs of fire, tongueless
like your silent sprawling shadow

By then
the sun would have sunk
enigmatically into the engulfing sea
handwritings in the clouds
ultimately gone blue

and sweet blare-blazing songs
altered with the nursing winds—
I would be the rarest treasure
earthed in a deep cleverest book

In case you found me
and these thriving combs of fire, tongueless
like your wordless sprawling shadow

I've crossed seven Borders
only to find pleasure
where the bosom of strangers
taste the sweetest

Do not quest for my presence

in the unwitting passion of winds—
I know you've got plenitude
spiteful words to verbalize
till you're cornered by its mundane

Just in case you found me
and these thriving combs of fire, tongueless
like your wordless sprawling shadow

I'm only gone to the waiting ROOM
to await some companies of men
with their brave passionate soul

The hurly-burly wind
That passed by yesterday
Is down the drain
In nothing flat
A new stripe of book will flicker
Like a virginal carbon-paper
Awaiting to be stricken
In spiffy smirch of streak

The moment lapsed
And the night is at its lull
Copping some z's
When drapery is drawn over the sun
As if to shoot the next seen of film
Is like snatching a dreamer's dainty dream
Grim reaper can pop up to snatch your consciousness
Or pop up when you are of grey age

No one knows
When it will wheel by
When it will take hold of you
When it will thwack
At your door

Grim reaper is that film shot

With characters unidentified
Location not really allocated
Grim reaper is that second coming from Messiah
Demise is the emblem of life

To them
That cannot say yes
To the cat-o-nine-tails of life
The best of repose has punched the clock
Sweetest of rest it is

DEAD GUAVA-TREE (threnody)

The GUAVA-TREE at my frontispiece

Initially was intensely sturdy

Matured

Full-blown

And dead:

Now sawed

With a sanguine chainsaw

Its brown leaves

Floating in the wind.

Dead leaves beneath my feet

Squashed

The dead leaves of my heart

Reminisce the lost and bygone dreams

Hushed in the shadow of relic grit

Beyond the shadow of doubt

Life is like a silk of corn

Or a dead guava tree

Sawed with a sanguine chainsaw

SONG OF MYSELF

I am like the sweet
softening passing wind
when you see
the orange sunset
s
u
r
g
i
n
g
surging, and almost down
touching the palms
of the silvered sea
it is the soft coming
of the new dawn of me—

rebirth

IN TRIAL TIMES

Paddle! Paddle! Paddle!!!

Paddle your pirogue down the valley

Even when the vision seems blurry

Spring to life in tasteless tingling time

LOVE POEM 1

We've come to a certain
crossroad
where
muting lips
begin to sight
and passionate eyes
begin to speak at full length...

LOVE POEM 2

I feel your presence
like soft cooling breeze
and
 the
 way
 your eloquent
 busy
 body
gyres
like a lantern of firefly
in the haze of weighty darkness

PRESENCE

Your presence became
a seducing moon enthroning
in the center of dark-skinned clouds
that engulfs the lustful eyes
a mellow, sweet smile lingers
on your softened lips
your name on my tongue
became a gyring little star
you walked down into my blank page
and turned into a

f
l
a
v
o
u
r
e
d

poem

Between us grown
a boundless Love
bonding you and I
like a union of Rivers

Love is a sweet fragrance
uniting us
quenchless like the sharpened
teeth of wrestling fire
Our vibes unbroken,
heartbeats untranslatable
and in-depth feelings finding utterances

Your mild mellow light
lights up
this ROOM to its brinks
unseen to the eye of the earth
and your brilliance showy
beyond the deftness
of my fiery fingers...

And between us grown
a boundless Love
bonding you and I
like a union of Rivers

OH MY DARLING CHEEKBONES

I

I see on her cream, fleshy cheekbones
a pellucid colour glimmers
like of a pink rose
that harmonize with her lips
I see in her a full moon love
which pops up in the welkin
Her love flicking in the gyring time
Her love beyond the heftiness
of her husky thighs
it never fade under the full-fledged sun

II

I feel too
a full touch of her love
like a gourd fully drunk with PALM-WINE

SET A FIRE OF MELODY IN MY BONES

Unbroken festive accents of drums
Are for brave men with a supple heart
My beloved
Flavoured fragrance of melody fills
The songful jug of your dulcet neck
The sweetness in your mellowing tongue
Oils the hinges at the door
Of my listening ears

How sweet it is
When I, with b-l-i-s-s-f-u-l throbbing feet
Watch my sprawling long shadow
Under a settling candlelight uphill
Pour me the honey in your voice
That runs like fresh, tittering water
Springing from a soaring mountain
Put to play the honeyed choruses
In the milky tempos of your tongue

For a quenchless little ember gliding
In the pond of your gallant mouth
Stirring a flameless fire of hearty syllables
Let it move my spirit
Like a masquerade gingered
By a throng of orchestras

Let it drift my yellowed, fired feet
To the throbs of your sweet rhythms
For unbroken festive accents of drums
Are for brave men with a supple heart

("Poetry is a priceless piece, pleasantly principled
a powerful fluid of passionate penmanship
plenoptic and placative
a prescriptive pill for every heartthrob..." — Gift Foraine Amukoyo 2014)

1

Let me,
Let me, I plead

Let me make you a pulsing poetry
In the opened lake
Of my wordless book

Let me,
Let me, I plead

Let me grab you mildly by the waist,
Like my grandma's twisting hands
Grab a fresh bread
In her bosom
To share parcels of its body

Your waist curvy
Like a twisty lightning
Your face, pleasantly pleasing

Like ESTHER in the lips
Of history's HOLY BOOK

You are the best sprawling shadow
That walks daily by me
Without you,
I feel like a lonely, passive thread
Searching solace through an opening

2

Tell me,
Tell me, I plead

Tell me how you play
By the verge of salaaming River
With the sunset
Touching the yellowed flowers
In your black thread

Tell me,
Tell me, I plead

Tell me how Histories tattoo
The skin of moonless night
Tell me Tales and Fables in your mellow light

Tell me A TALE OF TWO CITIES
At your breathing bosom

And how your grandpa with a befitting turban
Accentuates snaky theorems of Words
Gyring to the brinks of his soliciting PALMS

Tell me

Tell me, I plead

SO OFTEN

So often, I want to treat you like gold
Speak about how you make me feel
build us a paradise of words
in the dawn's awoken eyes
pour immeasurable honey into your ears
take you out with our hands
reaching to each other's waists
and show you off in the yellow light
where eyes from near
and a distance, clouded with jealousy, shall
wink and watch us moving with easy steps
and where rumours shall
fill the mocking tongues of the townspeople

A QUENCHLESS FIRE

1

A quenchless fire burning
My being with passionate love
And a memory of you coming out
Fresh and alive in my mind
Even though I've been far from home
What can ever douse my thirst
If not you, my irreplaceable Love?
My yearn for you
Is a parched throat
Longing for water to swill
What is the sweetness that lure
Houseflies into pouring rumours
In the ears of breathing earth
If not palmwine's fragrance

2

"I want to fill my being
To the brim, the sweetness of you":
Your smell, so fresh and sweet
Like an Arabian perfume
Your accent, surprisingly accurate
Like a throbbing talking-drum
Your perfect shapes and curvy hips
The sweetening smile that lingers

On your glimmering face
The harmony of your mellow skin
The ripeness of your juicy fruits
And the lengthy, braided black thread
Touching your supple buttocks

BIOGRAPHY



Martins, Tomisin Olusola is a prodigious poet and photographer. He studied English Language at Olabisi Onabanjo University (OOU) at Ago-Iwoye where his literary works (poetry) first earned him recognition and many awards for the best in POETRY WRITING at the yearly KOLAJ FESTIVAL.

He vehemently believes that, "life without poetry is like a soup without condiments; without it, life will be flavourless, distasteful and unrhythmic".

Some of his poems have been published in print such as Evincepub Publishing's Bilingual Poetry Anthology 2019, and online publications of artistic literary movements such as Imagine & Poesia vol.4 2017, PIN quarterly Journals issue 8 & 9, Chantwood Magazine, November 2016, The Bezine, March 2018, vol. 5, OPA Anthology of Poetry 2019, The Poetry Nook Anthology 2019 and so on.