



**Kayode
Victor
Aderinokun**

was born in
1950. He
attended CMS
Grammar
School, Lagos,
the Coppin
State College,
Baltimore,
Maryland USA
and the Univer-
sity of Baltimore
where he
majored in
Business
Administration.

He is a
director of the
Pacific Mer-
chant Bank,
Nigeria,
Chairman of
Atlas Telecom-
munications
and Federal
Mines, both in
Nigeria. His
first collection
of poems,
INFERNO IN
THE RAIN

Child of Innocence

For Wale, Dare and Mosun

I was there when
your cries unfurled the mask
from the eyes of shadows.
You shone like torches powered
with a million watts
into crypts,
where darkness ruled
our dreary graves.

I was there when
you sauntered free of
the shackles of death,
and planted hope anew,
into lives surrendered
to remorseless routine.

I will be there
when the clouds cascade
in a combat with the sky,
and times that rankle
pilfer the aroma of reason.

I will be there when
the lamb begets a tiger,
and the teeth of your hoe
take a holiday.

I will be there when
the ocean begins to thirst,
and the pregnancy of payday
shies away from delivery,
but creditors urgently
demand inducement.

I will be there when
raging thunder escapes
the grip of the wind,
and tomorrow ridicules
the ideals of yesterday.

I won't be there when
Time collapses its wings
and clips glory off motion...
I must vacate the stage at sunset
as adept players
chorus the next agile concerto.

Seedling of Songs

I weave these lyrics
for the people of my land,
to sing and share
to glean and reorder.

Kayode Aderinokun

Cynics laugh
mocking my song, the lyrics of my soul
for what is the pride of poetry
to a people disabled, unable to
interpret their legends?

Or understand the stories
that blood feeds to seedlings.
before they begin to sin
against their lineage.

I weave these lyrics
for my people, my land,
dreams in stanzas, visions in verses;
our vibrant verse are wasted
on ears muffled with fat,
ears cocooned in clothed blindness.

I weave these lyrics
fervent in wishing my people may know,
touch, relish and sing
the communion in images;
the proverbs in metaphors.

Salvation
is a favour,
a celestial grant
from sleepless forebears.
Lyrics are droplets
from the soul of the race,
glints of honour
comb of virtue.

and the parrots retell the tale
on limbs of wisdom trees,
Songs of wisdom
received by merit...
And the parrots retell the tale.

Lagos Slums

Chartless mongrel,
rejoicing within
glades of famished aura,
poised amidst
a yam festival
on delicate stiletto,
perched on revulets
roaring to nowhere.

Tiny Giants

Brother,
do you feel the sting
of vampires swiping our blood

received
honourable
mention in the
Association of
Nigerian
Authors' annual
poetry prize,
1995. He is the
serving Nige-
rian authors'
chairman in
Lagos State.

to slake tiny ambitions?

Or is your marrow
so stuffed full of grime
defecated by vermins?

Tell me brother,
you who seem so surfeited
with the vomit of soulless sultans
spat at rancid routines...

Our war princes
wear the boots on their heads;
in vile mockery of the noonday
that is a midnight of evil
deprived of chlorophyll.

We grovel
and worship miasmas
seeking for a trivial inheritance
from the fouled courts of princes.

Brother,
Do you still think
the moon will step aside
from the sequestered shades,
enabling stars to salute
the retinue of ghosts gone
on chartless parades?

In this fiasco
brewed by tiny giants, this
ferocious rape of the land
shall be drowned by tears and blood of
martyrs
shed to avert
the coming of the end...

My Love

for Laitan

Words unspoken
unleash eloquence
passions unrevealed
distil affection;

Until...
day recedes
into the warm embrace of night
let fondness flower
into love
uncensored.

Time untenured
teases desire
patience unassailed
disables time;

Until...
longing dovetails
into sacred spaces

let romance breed lilies
and passions crane
the height of giraffes.

Love unlanterned
haloes emotion
faith unflinching
caresses devotion;

Until...
feats disengage from follies
let tenderness tickle
the roots
of my heart:

Butterflies shall flutter
in lark with jasmine
winds shall ditty
songs of pastures...

Flutes shall regale
fables to lovers,
gongs shall gladden
rites of harvest;

Until then...

My love! My love
Drown me in amorous seas
pull my song by the ear to echo
from caves of sweet confinement,
to rouse ravens from their sleep.