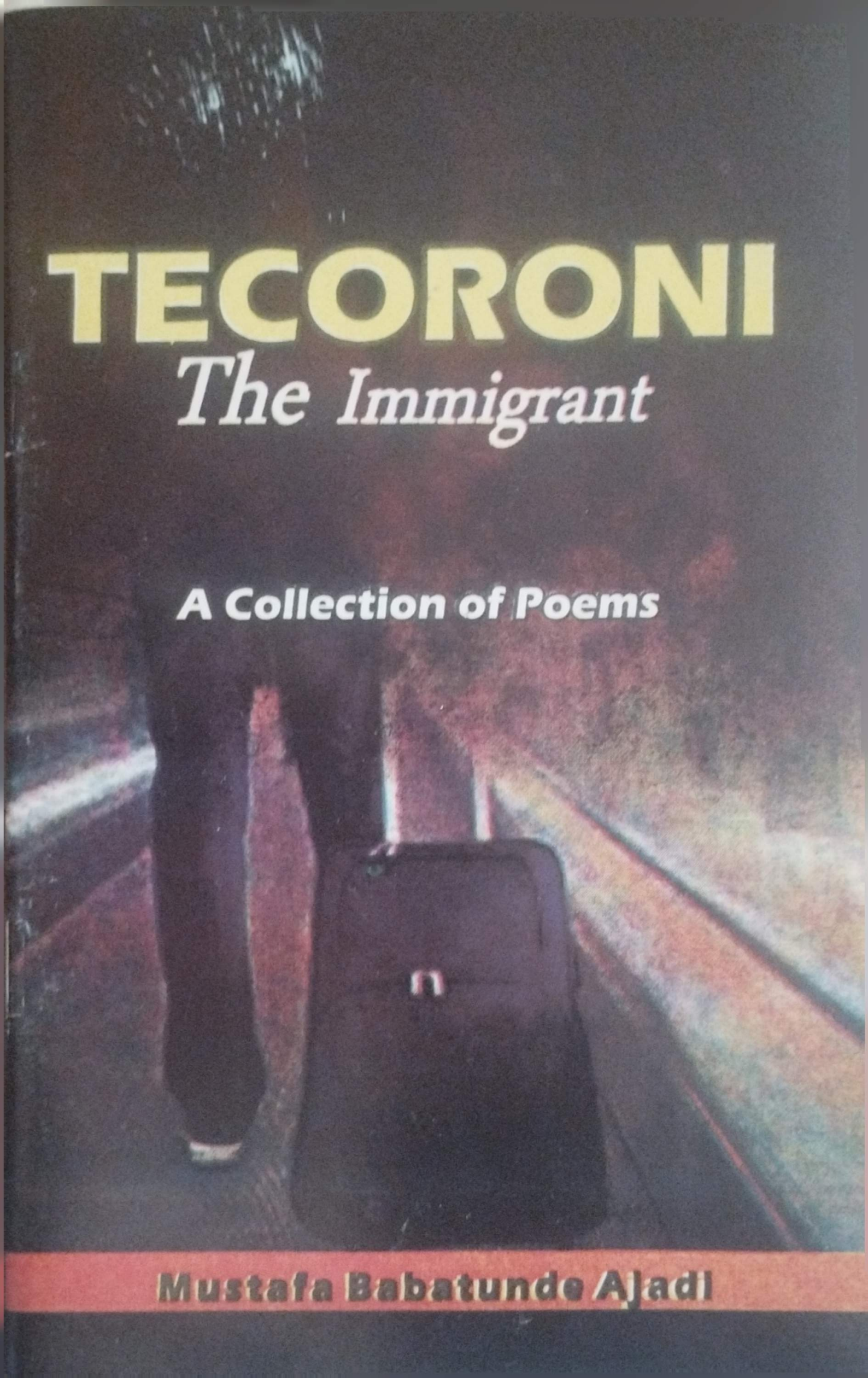


A person is walking away from the viewer down a long, straight corridor or hallway. They are carrying a large, dark-colored suitcase. The walls of the corridor are a warm, reddish-brown color, and the floor is a lighter, textured surface. The lighting is soft and even, creating a sense of depth and solitude.

TECORONI

The Immigrant

A Collection of Poems

Mustafa Babatunde Ajadi

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ii

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iii

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•
for my father

Late Ajadi Ibrahim (Olopa)

And the sweet memory of your stories

FOREWORD

The Collection –TECORONI – is an attempt at outpouring of emotion of a poet in prosaic form. The collection, divided structurally into two parts, captures essentially love stories of pleasure and pains in PART ONE. Many of the poems here centered on women, love, hatred, betrayal and hope.

In the second part, PART TWO, the poet further his expression in graphic details his travails in life, in synonyms with humanity.

One of the high points of this collection is the inclusion of one or two poems rendered in the Yoruba language, and his use of language reflects a poet who is clearly experimenting into language.

In all, the collection is truly the episode of an immigrant who has gone through many sides of life in a complex world of the rich and the poor, the loved and the abandoned, the helper and the helped.

Readers will find this collection an interesting reading.

Prof. Ayodabo Joel Olatunde
English Department,
Ajayi Crowther University, Oyo.
July 2017.

PART ONE

1. HYPOCRATES

At times

They, like their own behaviour

Self righteous

They conceal the truth

But...

Those who laugh at me

Rough terrain awaits their mien

2. DO GOOD ANYWAY

If you are kind, people may accuse you
of ulterior motives

Be kind anyway

If you are successful, you will soon win

some false friends, and some true enemies

Succeed anyway

If you find serenity and happiness they

may be jealous

Be happy anyway

The good you do today, people will often forget

Do good anyway

It's between you and God

It was never between you and them anyway.

3. WHAT A SINFUL ACT

Some actions we expect rewards

But your action over my daughter

And her elsewhere mother shall

Be rewarded sinfully in God's name

Amen!

God shall punish the anarchic

4. WOMEN!

Baba okoto Agba

The custodian of wisdom

Ajoju to laa ruba

The metaphor of matrimony

Are we divorced?

Story of women conspiracy against men

the act of secrecy among women

Women conspiracy against men

5. PROPAGANDA

A pure domestic problem

Some chose to poke into a privacy

Took sides, blasphemy in nature

Brought sadness into a home

But that ugly incidence

Shall continue to be remembered

She had hoped there in

The wilderness of life

Are bed of roses, fountain of love

Akin to her geography, house of cinema

She depicts such characteristics

Untutored, mannerless, devoid of grace

Haven tasted it bitter

Sentiment becomes a vehicle

Heralding lots of propaganda

Intimidating! But...

Loyal and lovely kids unto me!

6. WHAT PART?

Narrow path

The brave man wins

A sword!

7. MY STORY

Ojo sù Aina jẹ tokotaya

Agbajọ owo lẹ fi n soya

Ara aje ni iya wa

Ibadan ki gbe onile bi ajeji

Ajeje owo kan ko gbe igba de ori

Apa lara igbonwo ni iyekan

Ise ni ogun ise

Apa ko mo pe ohun to po yio tan

Omuri on were ogboogba

Ita ate fari gbusi, ohun nipa wa wa mabale ori

Arokan ni bi asunda

Bi owo ko se san, a kaa lori

Bi iyawo oke dagba, olowo nigbe

A ki idago fun elestin ara

Ori legbon ola, iri wowo legbon ojo

Ibi emi la a pe orno alakara si

8. MO FI OWOL'ERAN

Ejo ti lo, owere ho ku

Fija fun olurun ja fi owo l'eran

Asese won ologbo ni jiya

Bi oni tiri ola ko ti be ni babalawo se n dija erorun

Aja ki roto ki o so ojule meji

Kukute kan ki ifo ni l'epo berimeji

Okete fi yaschin, o deja o kawo leri

Bi ebiri ko ba pa eku, a fi eyin fun elestin

9. MY SURVIVAL

Ojo and Aina were husband and wife

Ojo consulted his wife

About going to another town to trade

They decide on Ibadan

They moved to Ibadan

They worked hard

They succeeded

Ojo became wasteful

Drinking palm wine daily

Ojo's friends blamed Aina for Ojo's conduct

Aina was aggrieved

She threatened to divorce him

Aina divorced him

Ojo lost his friends

But Ojo would not let Aina go without a protest

But it was too late

Ojo gave up trying to get her back

He became reconciled to the situation

Ojo mended his ways, and his fortunes

Changed for better

Aina changed her mind and wanted to return

But Ojo would not have Aina back

Aina became very sorry for herself

Ojo got his dream back!

10. MONEY

Money!

An arch – frightener

Financial security

Man's greatest benefits

Financial stability

Nothing upsets man

Don't be deceived

Money!

A part exchanger! A pathfinder!

Elders poor subscription, valuable advice

People may not listen

But rich subordinates, thoughtless

People are quick to listen

11. LOYALTY

Loyalty, a two-way street

Loyalty, a two-way sword

What I did to you

Surprise!

What people you trusted do

Some can be

Loyal pins of skin

12. MY COMFORT

Mine

Treasure

Vagaries of love

13. MY BEAUTY

Tamilah!

Ebira extract

Behold

Beauty at 45

The forest that I know

Forest does not blab

14. JUDGE NOT MY APPEARANCE

A leopard, a dress of fire

A dog, a dress of blood

A cat, just a rag

Same same ?

Appearance sometimes deceives

Judge not my appearance, deprive not my rights

Cure a monkey of squatting?

Change a man's ancestral home?

Change a leopard spots?

Never never!

Hot firmly in my hands

To slice

Naughty seasoned enemies

15. IS THE WORLD SILENT?

Silence!

People and nature

Quit!

Water, air, soil...

Space, hills, forest...

Winter, summer, rain...

Nature and people

Our

Culture, belief, religion

Lying, stinginess, hypocrisy

Oppression, selfishness, betrayal

16. TECORONI

III Nature

Happiness and tranquility

Struggle day and night

To reach a dream

In the fields of life

Which appear like a war arena

Fights in these fields willingly

Sacrifice everything

A toy for discomfort

And insecurity

Victim of untrue dream

Strain, tossed around

Fictitious waves of pain

Pain and sufferings

A choke of false images

Over facts and realities

Spiritual and mechanical powers

For gold ore be purified

Smelter's furnace

Contented! Enjoys

The scenery along the detour

17. HOPE

Prisoner of hope

Hope deferred

Makes the heart sick

Talk about it

Think about it

Dream about it

Money!

That which satisfies greed

Talk about it
Think about it
Dream about it
Want!
In God's economy
Full of hope

18. TRUTH

Intolerance to truth
Seven fat cows
Seven thin cows
Truth is truth
Truth matches on
We don't tolerate truth

19. HANDS ON DESK

Hand in hand
Lets always be
As we wonder through
The wilderness of our destiny
All day and all night
Happiness rains
On
Anything, everything
In sight

20. LOVE TO ME

Love!
What is love?
Love makes me a bae
Blameless as a dove
Stupid as love itself

What is love?
Love is sweet, sour
Do not receive but pour
Standing even when flooded
Not dump but tough
What is love?
Love challenges but
Seems strong but vulnerable and prone
Love is all
I give my all
Pour my all
Submit to challenges
Remain strong
So, I won't be left sour
And flowed

12

21. MAM□NUA
Mammua!
The fields of the Badwins
The construction sites, odd jobs
Mam□nua!
The shops of Bab Fataa
The two ends of Saafa Mariwa, Zam Zam
Mam□nua!
The cradle of human race
Mount Arafat, Short snaps
Huummm...
Mount Arafat, sharp view
From the Polaroid lens
Was it?
Rebel against my
Land of birth

19

22. ILORIN NI

Drums rolled out in multitude

Without rhythm

Baba mi ton lo ton bo

Iya mi ton lo ton bo

Toba wola oluwa

Iwoyi emi Alhaji leeo maje

Iwoyi emi Alhaja leeo maje

Iwoyi emi omo tuntun leeo ma gbejo

23. AMUDA

Sounds of tins of babasala Bonvita

Dominates with improvised drums

Heraldes children's error in Ramadan

Amuda!

Eoni Kuku oro

Amuda!

Eoni jeya ayesun

Amuda!

Ola nana Aisha

Amuda!

Eoni se agbako laye

24. VICTORY

Look

...behind you at what you

have already accomplished

...up and believe that the sky

will be clear

...down to make sure you're on

the right path

...ahead and claim victory

over every obstacle!

25. FAKE FRIENDS

It's obvious

Their say seems delightful and kind

Nothing but hypocrisy in them

Fake friends

Once they stop talking to you

They start talking about you

PART TWO

1. ITUNU

If the shambles and dirt of imperfection
you see in my heart are the reasons
why you love me, I will gladly stay
mad in my imperfections for you to love.
Did I tell you that the unkempt and tattered
nature of your heart is the reasons
I always say I am madly in love with you.
Let us remain made in love
and hope that no mortal or Angel
will have our cure.....

2. SAY SOMETHING

I am living in the eclipse
of what you call love,
You left me worshipping
the shadow
Wait and tell me what love use

to be in the absence of what we feel?
or the words you used in cajoling me
are full of myths that are long lost in tradition?
give me the answer, lest I leave this stage
and walk away like the leg that won't stay
Because the eclipse is gradually fading
and I am gradually getting my muse back
If you keep me waiting
I am afraid the moment of tears beckon your eyes

3. PUFF

I won't forget that my
Heart was broken before
You picked up the broken piece and
later grinded those pieces into
powder and wrapped it into sticks.
You handed me one stick to smoke
Silly woman, you now call me heartless

When you deliberately gave me my heart
to smoke, I already blow what I call heart away
I have puffed the heart to love women
Even if my mind and soul wants to...
My love entity has been given me to puff...

4. NOT AGAIN

Get this straight,
I won't cry if you pack all your
Promises, affection, care, love
and time away from my heart
These is what I will do,
I will only help you arrange them
So that you won't forget anything
that will cause me pains and ache
I have lost so many pieces of my heart
due to the remains the heartbreak caused

but this day, I am telling you that I won't miss
Your presence if you decide to leave.
Pack your love, affection and care
and go to hell....

5. STRANGERS PATH

Even if Shakespeare met the word in his world,
It's still a stranger path crossing bound
Just imagine how I met my mistress
A wandering heart of a lonely stranger
Met a roaming naked soul of an alien
Our paths crossed like a deserted road
And love entangled us in its web
Till we forgot what made us a lonely wanderer
And what made her a naked soul roaming in distress
History was rewritten
And that was how strangers became lovers

And we went ahead to write stories

The best story?

of strangers paths of love

6. EMPTYNESS

Your eyes are empty of beauty

Looking at them is like gazing at an empty sky

They are abrasively loosing the smooth surface

That used to be solid and not porous in any form

Grant me nothing of exceptionality because

I haven't solved the complex nature of your

Tiny Waist, your sonorous voice

Exceptional attributes will only make

Me adore you forever!

Your walls are cracking like a weak soldier's

shoulder that can't hold a gun

And you couldn't protect your heart from
the rifle of shame that was fired at us

That broke in the air and turned into

Our greatest undoing

and now you tell me to look into your eyes

I see disappointment not love.

7. SHUT DOOR

As I open the door I shut against myself

I looked at the sun and its brightness

Then i realised that I have been living under my belt

Not under the spell that I perceive as darkness

I proceed to the gate I shut against Joy

I opened it widely and behold the sight of

blossomed flowers

I shook my head in disapproval for the step I've
employed

Owing to the fact that I have lived my life based
on what I feel and not what is right.

A step further I saw the door I opened for lies
A door that force the truth out of my home
I have been leaving in black and white

All the time I was locked away not to see the
ragging storm

I saw another door I locked,
I couldn't find the key

For gladness of heart opens
That very door

In all, I learnt human have gotten so much power
With little knowledge,

Every closed doors are only closed
Pending the time we will see reasons to open them

8. FLY

Way up above the sky,
Getting choked in the clouds of liberty
Right about the same time,
Listening to the angelic voice clamouring

And saying "You have the power to fly
You are an eagle in disguise

You can fly

You can fly"

I spread out my wings to dance and fly
to the Angelic voice, I realized that

to fly in life, you need to empty
the pain of yesterday, think less about the
Joy of today and be anxious for nothing about the
future

9. THE NINE MONTH ESTATES

I have a very beautiful story to paint,

This is an extraordinary point I have to make about

God's saints,

This beautiful story as it is, makes my heart faint,

It kills me because of the way it was arranged,

This story begins with you and I,

They and them, we and us,

And ends with you and me,

Strictly for rhetorics of choice,

Our journey began from hundreds of eggs and
millions of sperm,

This was through a fertilization term,

A egg and a sperm were adopted,

This is a sacred theory which science never
propounded,

The fertilized egg, the Zygote,

Divides into cells as its journey through the
fallopian tube,

It is like getting sentenced by a judge of an high
court,

And been handcuffed and led gently into the pool,

Fast-forward into the fifth week where growth of
the ovum begins,

It begins with the spinal cord, nervous system, heart
and lungs,

That is the development of brain before skin,
And the reaction of the latter remains unsung.

But through the connection of the umbilical cord,
That connects the baby to the body,

Which in actual sense reflect on mothers

unflinching love,

And it reflects as pregnancy,

The second month, the baby develops Anatomical structure,

The baby grows to about three inches long and weigh one ounce,

He then choose different posture,

And continues developing his organ all at once

Three month into development, he can hear with his eyes shut,

He learns to recognize your voice and make expressions,

That in actual fact, that helps a lot,

And aids the growth progression,

Fifth month, he now begins to swim and kick,
He would have become as big as a coconut,
The husband can put his ear to feel the heartbeat,
Knowing which is and which is not,

Six month, get ready to evacuate the occupant of that estate,

The bill will chase you out of the estate gate,

During this period, the baby learns how to blink and sleep,

He is also learning how to shut his lips,

Your body is what secures him from infections,
It sends him Antibiotics for protection,

Now, he is gradually making an exit from the womb,

Moving down to the stage of push,

The baby will turn his head upside down,
Resting his head against the cervix and birth canal,
Your cervix will be opening to make him come,
A miraculous journey he will make into this world,

The day of delivery, your eyes will be red and it
will burn,

But the baby will be smiling and having fun,

You will push with all your might, power and
energy,

Your house rent is due the landlord has sent you
parking,

That is how you welcome a new born baby,

The sweat, blood, tears are all memorable,
experience,

It makes motherhood more interesting with a lot of

story,

God bless all the landlord of the nine month estates,

It is a story of increase,

It is a journey of a generation,

It is a blessing well received,

It is a lesson of the mystery of reproduction.

10. MY NIGERIA DREAM

I look forward to a country that will engrave hard-
work on rocks

And write on sand vain talk

I dream of a Nigeria that will be the toast of many
nations

A place to call home for coming generations

A Nigeria that will be the groom for America

A mother for China

The grandfather for Africa
And the super godfather for Asia
I dream of a Nigeria, where Aduke will marry
Obinna
Where Onyinye will be the bride of Musa
I envisaged a Nigeria of the garden of Eden
Where we will have everything at our disposal
I dream of a Nigeria of truth
Where the world would respect our Bright youths
I dream of a Nigeria, where Pastors would preach
love in churches
And the Imams would preach love in mosques
Without changing the contents
A Nigeria that would rise above ethnicity and
religion
A Nigeria that would focus on capacity building
across all regions

My Nigeria dream is not about vision 2030 or 2050
But a vision of a greater economy
I dream of a country that would rise above hate,
sentiments, and injustice
I dream of a Nigeria that would be named "Giant
Economy"
Not a Nigeria that would be tagged "An Emerging
Economy "

11. YOUR SOLACE

I want to be your friend
When you feel like starting trouble
Your mother
When you finally find the trouble
Your father
When you are in trouble
Your wicked uncle

To scold you amidst trouble
Your siblings
To comfort you in trouble

'Cus, I am that kind of friend
That makes jokes out of your trouble.

"Lean on me--

When you are not strong

I'll be your friend

I'll help you carry on"

I want to be your solace when you despair

Your ventilation when you pollute the room

Your spa when works kill

Your mate to make you feel good

Your love to nag you down

Don't hang me for my words

I'll be your handkerchiefs

So, soak me with your tears

I'll be your hot tea to burn you to sore

And your physician to treat your sore

But don't count scores with my faults

'Cus by nature, I am at defaults

I make not only sweet promises

13. SOMEONE TO LOVE

Worn pileus of torn

From trail of desires

To love and be loved

Most especially, when it's partial

And, a sin

When you're only contented,

And not reciprocated

By the ones whom your will pinned

Now tell me,

Whose love is actually fulfilled?

Whose half of the share is balanced?

Or, who's sincerely requited?

Hence,

To love is a sin

A sin none got restrained thereof

Eventually, we all find someone to love.

14. OMO-OLA

Father of two and lover of all

The *Big Fish!* Swam not only with equals

Listen to my call

I hold you up — I feel the need to keep you tall!

I admire your diligence

Those obvious in your deeds and those we overhear

If I could allow myself, I would share in your glory
Of course, only to add to it further

There was a time I do recall

When you, I impersonate

People loved me and I like it — all but a mirage

I cried aloud in helpless acceptance

But soon I was forced into croak of laughter

I felt pride at last

I thank you for it

I thank you for showing me

Your disco days might be over

Tight jeans might have lost their appeal

You might now sneeze and cough with caution

And old age might be emerging with wrinkles

Enjoy your celebrations
Forget those old-age fears
Just light another candle
Raise your glass, have a drink
And say cheers!

15. INNOCENCE OF MAN

What an ingrate we are
We would blame You for our erts
Yet You won't change the season when its not due
And never have You stopped your scorching Craft
To give us vitamin and what's therein.

What an ingrate we are
We would complain when You give:
Love in our heart
Peace in our being

Health in our body.
But no monetary. No little faith in our soul.

What an ingrate we are
We would lament:
When You dry our skin
When You warm our body
When You set above us, brightness and falls
Or when darkness takes over.
No season have we truly loved.

16. MORNING

The day, so virgin
Alarm buzzing and bursting the pleasure of sleep
Piercing through the convenience of the air
Even the neighbor's tree got startled
Shattering its tenants north to east

The day still holds its virginity
Some play dead until snooze
Others spring up as one who just recall
While the rest of yesterday calls
Nor the body is free of yesterday's "tired"
The day meets Mama's "Wake up!"
But a lazy day some choose
'Cus of the 'sweetness' met in slumber
Or perhaps, on the account of no responsibility
And so, a lazy day begun_

The day freshens with dews
Virgin to the reviving man
Worn-out to the men of the night
Or the instance of night classes

The day, sunning like we peel oranges
Till its warmth kisses our yawns

Or till its ray lightens our visions
And we realize, it's about time for some hustles.

17. RESTLESSNESS!

The moment we gave our halves to the tutor
From learning basics to perfection
Or, the instance of money quest.

Day-in-day out
We seek restful-less-ness:
Building an abode - securities
Being a peak in our endeavors
Associating with divinity
Or, the instance of love.

Many prefer the 'comfort zone' to:
Restlessness on purpose
Hustle for means,

To tussle for an end
Or, the instance of success,
To rest would be parallel
To giving in/up
To succumb or submit
To be controlled by the environ
What a 'sincere ignorance'
'Conscientious stupidity'!