

# SERMON FROM A STAMMERER

( collection of poems )



**Evolution of magical poetry I**

**Micheal Ace**

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**SERMON FROM**

**A**

**STAMMERER**

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# **DEDICATION**

Dedicated to Funsho Oris

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## FOREWORD

As I read these poems, I was cast into a different terrain of poetic consciousness. I am familiar with the poet and his thematic engagement. I am fully aware of Michael Ace's innovation and eclecticism when it comes to poetry and art. But this anthology comes at one with a piercing rod, rod which prods into the very existence of the reader, through the design of the poet. There is no doubt that Ace intends to sound didactic by titling his work in a religious tone. A sermon is, as a matter of fact, religious and symbolic. However, a contrasting edge is introduced, that of a "stammerer." The title, therefore, suggests a deliberate contortion of the familiar, an apparent design to deconstruct the known, and set the tone for a serving of heightened satire, a mockery of the norm, and presentation of a future built on hope and dreams.

The choice of poems is instructive. From revealing his desire for a caring mother to touching on issues of domestic violence, as shown in "redemption" to social issues such as rape, to the treatment of love – and its mockery and hopelessness, Ace is focused on telling a story in a unique way, a way totally different from the familiar. His simplistic approach makes his telling more relevant. His themes are connecting, his language peels the skin on the reader's body. The delicateness, an almost unassuming use of language, makes the poems so striking that the reader will read many times to fully grasp the richness of each poem, without being able to let go at the first read. The ability to achieve this is of great note.

Poetry is art and heart. It is not just the use of words as stated in this stanza: "Call not a poem just / For it's the colony of words / Weaved with the brain and blood / Read a poem with an eye / That knows the secrets of pride / And how words wing the universe" (One Poem, One Pound). Ace invites the reader to explore the magic of poetry, a magic only experienced when the reader yields to the conviction of the stammerer's sermon, the power of dissimilar similitude.

Thank you.

**Funso Oris.**

## FOREWORD II

*Sermon From a Stammerer, by Micheal Ace*

The gales of words wafted by this collection cannot fail to reach the ears of an eager reader who cares to follow the winds of these twenty-one poems. Like the icy hot air of a harmattan day, these lines will penetrate through his skin, but to breathe life into his bones.

“And by the power of a word

I start my life again”, (1)

Paul Eluard inscribed on his generation, thus blasting a dark era to ruins.

This is also what the oxymoron composing the title of Micheal’s collection implies from the start, and what the subtitle, which underlines the “evolution” of the author’s poetry along the poems, further confirms.

At the onset, he is lost in “mama’s arms”, and in correlation he is lost “in the arms of [his] art”. He envisions himself as “sitting behind his own mind”. So he must leave on his way to himself. Later on, he confesses how disturbed he feels “miles away from his mother’s smiles”. His life stammers. But his mouth must regenerate it through words.

Yet, far from stammering out strings of words, the poet actually clearly delineates his sermons, definitely articulates it is his own destiny and his country’s that are critically stuttering. “Give your pen a name” is the definition he gives of himself, and the destination he advocates. It is the road to tread to become intelligible to oneself and the world. So his poet’s progress consists in moving on from his mother to his motherland: poetry. His sermons, which “preach the gospel of dreams”, ripen each page into empowering messages. The trail he blazes and the winds he blows “will convey the boys to where they all become men”. His “magical poetry” works the magic of initiation. It evokes the initiatory ceremonies that used to usher young Africans into the world of adults. Poetry is the link between tradition and modernity.

So from “A verse to Mama”, the initial poem, to the last piece, “A million starlets”, the poet experiences the epiphany of poetry. Mama’s world yields to a world of magma, a kneaded and needed mass which will ultimately crystallise into solid rock, just as the stammerer becomes the one who emerges from himself, and whose words will create both himself and the world.

“Words wing the world”, Micheal explains, and “I shall palm the universe.” From his first cry to his last line, where he stamps his poetic convictions to the face of the world, he has opened his lungs. A poet is born, that holds the key to a successful life.

Achieving this, he takes a stroll towards Maya Angelou’s convictions. Didn’t she declare “Poetry puts starch in your backbone so can stand, so you can compose your life” ?

This collection definitely takes the reader along to a quest for an identity. Through poetry. To the other side of the mirror. “Building ourselves a mirror” must be the joyful task to reach the high-ways of existence. Seven times over in his collection, the poet manipulates the “mirror” so that he may decipher the runes of destiny. Oyedokun runs after Micheal; Adedotun finally discovers Ace. The mirror reflects the magic of the sorcerer of words.

It manifests the one hidden behind himself.

In his quest, the sage does not forget we must “never ride alone”. And most of the pieces are in fact dedicated to people the author is related to. You cannot save yourself alone. Poetry is a bond. So if you are to construct another home and wrench success from the hands of life, the magic of poetry and the bonds it creates are true instrument of liberation and achievements.

The last line of the collection evokes a collective dance. There too lies the power of Africa: in dancing together to absorb the telluric forces that will propel her sons to the sky...

To sum up the poet’s journey, Eluard’s declaration, when the famous author wielded his magic word: liberty, could be easily adapted:

On the frontispiece of the future, I write your name, Poetry!

This could be the author’s sesame to open the future, one the winds will no doubt blow around the world.

### **Brigitte Poirson**

1) *Paul Eluard, Liberté, 1942*

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## A VERSE FOR MAMA

“War begins when love turns her back  
Love turns her back when war begins”  
I have heard this more than a million times  
I have seen it run through the snowy road  
I have said it on those moonless nights  
I have read it on the walls of my home

I say mama, mama, and mama  
Sweet mama!  
Because your bosom bears my white treasures  
But I cannot do the same for father  
Because I do not find myself between his legs  
He do not belong here, he built another home

I dream every night  
And leave my lips to do the grin  
Because I’m lost in the arms of an art  
Who knows how to weed her path to my heart  
Tell mama I have found my motherland  
It’s my dreamland, far from her narrow sight

Tell mama to hide her tears behind the curtain  
For I won’t be there to wipe them again  
Tell her I have gone to buy her a couch  
So she would sit, and have her worries bow  
Tell mama to remember her words  
That, “one day, I shall palm the universe”

*#magicalpoetry*

## SPIKES AND SPINDLES

If I bring dust to your feet  
And I make you wear the colours of the street  
With paleness rolled up your sleeves  
Know, I am but spikes and spindles  
Pushing man through his thorny paths  
For there is always a home beyond

If I give you not your desires  
And I make you live by your brothers' bread  
Know, I am but spikes and spindles  
Telling man the tales of a proud king  
And teaching him the art of humbleness  
For that path leads to immortal rest

If I build your heart so hard  
But I beat them with heavy rocks  
Know, I am but spikes and spindles  
Teaching man to become a teacher  
But makes his heart soft and tender  
So he may heed divine orders

If your skin breaks into a rag  
And I beat you a drum made of mockery  
Know, I am but spikes and spindles  
Teaching the mortal men  
That, this is how to conquer death  
Live, let live and kill your pride"

If your lungs long for the breeze in pit  
But I sink my caution in silence  
Know, I am but spikes and spindles  
Leaving man to his own art  
For if he needs to know how to live  
He will fall at the altar of death and dreams

If my dance steps steal your heart-beats  
And I fake the noesis of physicians  
Know, I am but spikes and spindles  
Reminding man to write his history  
For one day he shall visit the living  
But, without his arms, his eyes and his life

#magicalpoetry

## THE EAGLE THAT MAKES A MARK

(For Sir Olayemi Ayo)

Heroes are mere men  
The gods are impressions of human  
And kings are nothing, but mortals

In the beginning  
When power was young and agile  
There was word, and the world  
There were witches, and wizards  
There was God, and the gods  
There was a man, and a woman

In the end  
When power shall grow grey and die  
Like a war that licks the clit of love  
There shall be no wi, for the tches, and the zards  
The gods shall hide in-between their eyes  
And men shall die into dying semen

Only these words shall live  
Like the loyalty in a broken mirror  
They shall become eagles, soaring high  
Far above the sky, and beyond  
They shall dwell on my mother's tongue  
Where Jesus is the way, and the truth

I am but a stammerer  
A man that preaches the gospel of dreams  
I am the eagle that makes a mark

*#magicalpoetry*

## **BREAK THE KNOT**

*(For men who left home)*

The moon taught me to fight  
So I may rule  
My night  
The sun said otherwise  
But the sky has always been the home  
For the sun, the moon, and their stars

I build my world  
Inside the bubbles of beer  
That I may search the foams, for me  
And when I'm found  
I shall squeeze my skin off her pores  
And let out my dying sorrow  
For I am nothing, but the reflection of my hope

Had I known love is a sea  
Where dry bones and carcass breathe at its bank  
I wouldn't have sacrificed my sleeps  
To teach you how to become a woman  
Had I known marriage is a book  
Which derives its own paradise in lashing her author  
I wouldn't have said 'I do'

Had I known matrimony is a girl  
Who lost her virginity to her own finger  
And went thighs apart with her own father  
I would have lay on the bed heavens were laid  
By the men who were pencils In their own hands  
For a four, and a four, and a zero years

But mother told me not to break the knot  
For every man can build his own sky  
When his sun and moon will live in peace  
Mother said 'only a coward dies,  
And leaves his corpse behind,  
Only a weak man, loses hope, and leaves home'.

*#magicalpoetry*

## ONE POEM, ONE POUND

Call not a poem just  
For it's the colony of words  
Weaved with the brain and blood  
Read a poem with an eye  
That knows the secrets of pride  
And how words wing the universe

One poem one pound  
Send him praises as a worthy price  
For poetry won't be a child's play  
From Shakespeare's to our own days  
Pay homage to his magical mind  
Call him a super pengician

One poem one pound  
Heaven cries when he frowns  
The earth booms when he smiles  
Endless fire burns in his mouth  
Glory be to his enfeebled scribes  
Slated with the rich symbols of life

When a poet dies  
His word stands as a homeless spirit  
Embedded with the magic of healing  
But the value of poetry  
Lies in the arms of the poet  
When he opens them, to calm the storm

*#magicalpoetry*

## ADESEWA

Adesewa, I came into you  
When I was running from my shadows  
You fell into me  
Like a blind tree upon a sea  
We made a comic sound  
That made nature laughed itself to mockery

You held me back  
When heaven was beckoning  
I drew you a map  
So you did not lose yourself to dying dreams  
We threw the world into disarray  
When we journeyed in the language of love

Adesewa, I am now a poet  
Whose world only cycles round his words  
And you are a toddler  
Who would never know what she wants  
We now throw ourselves in the air  
Like the tearing eyes, on funerals

I am now the darkness  
That your morning has chosen not to see  
And you are a mare  
That makes me bid bye to the island of sleep  
We have become another song  
A song with the lyrics of battlecry

But everything ends tonight  
I'm leaving for the other side of the mirror  
Where your eyes won't see  
And your body won't feel  
Where my name will only be the reflection  
Written on the weary sides of the wall

I'm leaving for a Never-land  
Where my memory will only ring a hello  
And I won't cross a single bridge  
Just to wipe your tears again  
Adesewa, this is where things fall apart  
I hope your rainbow never cross my path

*#magicalpoetry*

## MADE MEN

If you see life from my side  
And death, with my own eyes  
You will believe these words are mine

Because the fire that burns a city  
Begins with a fury matchstick  
The flood that wipes mankind  
Starts from a roily and turbulent tide  
The tales that makes us “made men”  
Is written by the void on our own end

Everyday belongs to the sun  
And the birds on the face of the sky  
Every morning belongs to flowers  
That knows how to sail the ocean of light  
Every noon belongs to the angels  
That sing songs of Halleluyah

Every night belongs to the stars  
To have their own share of life  
Every darkness belong to the moon  
And starlets as their kingdom blooms  
Every midnight belongs to the west  
To wake the day from its rest

Heaven belongs to the saints  
Earth belongs to nature  
But we, are nothing, but “made men”

*#magicalpoetry*

## CALL ME A WOMAN

( For Ma Brigitte Poirson )

When the breeze subsides  
And you are lost in cacophonies  
Then your miseries whimper  
To the withering layers of the sky  
My voice shall calm these storms  
And you shall call me, a woman

When ruckus drench your earth  
And you are ablazed by fire-of-fuss  
Then your heartsease finds her end  
From the world of a burnt muse  
My smile shall redeem your soul  
And you shall call me, a woman

When death comes today  
And your guards are running away  
I shall hold on to your last breath  
And bear you a child  
Then you can become immortal  
And you shall call me, a woman

When hell calls your name  
To the feats of great maladies  
And your ears become adamant  
Even when heaven calls you back  
I will write you a healing verse  
And you shall call me a woman

When your hands are held  
By a heart bleeding pseudo-love  
Then your purity is ripped apart  
And you break into a broken heart  
I shall rise in love, into a new morn  
Then, you shall call me a woman

*#magicalpoetry*

## HOW TO LOVE

(For the girls)

Remember those nights  
When mama would sit beside the moon  
Looking deep into the darkness  
And wishing she found a home there  
Remember how she used to cry  
And how the stars would wipe her tears

Remember that cold morning  
Under the pawpaw tree  
When mama's blouse became wet  
Like the paradise of a sucked whore  
Remember how she used to hug  
The fiery pains and its clarion calls

Remember her poor face  
How it became a surface for waves  
With fat and rough wrinkles  
Remember how young she was  
But she could no longer walk  
Upon the bricks of her own legs

Then make a trip to mama  
Seek from her the tales of love  
And the chronicles of commitment  
And the weighty sacrifice  
And the battles you may fight  
And how to put behind your pride, and rights

Now, give your pen a name  
And write yourself a dirge  
Leaves it at the bank of your soul  
And lose yourself to the waiting tide  
Do not mind worshipping your fears  
For no one would be here to watch your back

*#magicalpoetry*

## AWERO

There is something in your eyes  
That makes me feel at home  
Immortality dwells in your arms  
When they wrap around my bones  
My heart steps to 'rock and roll'  
Everytime you ray your brow

I am lost in this poem  
Just because I find you there  
But tell them I'm not coming back  
Because these rhymes are my paradise  
If your fears are the layers of ozone  
Àwèró, I shall burn myself to CO

Your smile is the path of saints  
When they stare so long at the sky  
Your hair falls like the rain  
When it dares to kiss the earth  
If perfection is what you desire  
Then stay the way you are

There are nine planets on my tongue  
We shall merrily sojourn in there  
When my eyes glance your wrongs  
I shall watch them sail to their ends  
If your tears ever lose one drop  
I will fetch an ocean back in love

So let me make you a woman tonight  
Let me write a song for your sleeps  
For when it finds a place in your mouth  
A baby shall drop from your skin  
Then our story shall begin it's prologue  
And we can build ourselves a mirror

*#magicalpoetry*

## WHO AM I?

(For Jummy)

For you  
For the shackles you have broken  
For the doors you have opened  
For the caves that grow thinner, the bigger you are  
For the earth that sinks deeper, the more you lust after the sky  
For you, for your victories, and your defeats

For those secrets that peep through your window  
Every night you lose yourself to sleeps  
For the figure that swallows up your mirror  
A reflection of whom you are scared to be  
For your tongue that falls on the bitter bud  
Every time you walk away from your dreams

You are the star upon our hands  
But these things all melt like a snowflake  
You are moon that bubbles our night  
But this tide is towards a new day  
You are a beautiful emblem of success  
But here we are, running after victory

Rise, and blow these candles  
For your magic brightens like a yellow sun  
Run, and pace beyond these boundaries  
Even when your shadow holds you back  
Fly, and beat the victories of eagles  
For you bear the wings of golden airplanes

But, who am I?  
I am a sorcerer waiting for a dark night  
For that is when magic finds her power  
I am a blind man sitting behind his own mind  
For there lies the hidden paradise  
I am the man, asking the gods, 'who am i?'

*#magicalpoetry*

## STORY THAT TOUCH

There are bridges in the heart  
There are flames burning red  
There are bitter sides of men  
There are better paths to trend  
There will always be a better way  
A greater pain and a better day

My life begun like a baton  
In the lame hands of a crippled  
My name became a hurdle  
For a man whose tongue is lost in twist  
I saw a path of me in the mirror  
A reflection of who I'd never be

I am the story that touch  
From the sobbing tales I put to songs  
To the lyrics of my broken heart  
From my dark and meaner phase of love  
To the emotions pierced to a million parts  
A million hell and a million earth

I'm the boy who went from nil  
To scaling the heights of hill  
The boy whose father left  
Like the mirth in this verse  
I'm the boy whose world moan  
In the vocal of a forbidden where

I am the strong and living fate  
Of the boys who left  
From where success lives only in dreams  
And where victory is prodigal  
I am the boy who grew from thorns  
I am, I am the story that touch

**#magicalpoetry**

## **BURNT SOUL**

*(Tribute to a darling)*

She was born  
Into the depth of her mother's mouth  
She made her lips a dance floor  
And became her smiles  
She touched every soul  
And gave them a future to hold

She grew so fast  
Driving herself around eyes and minds  
She broke into a wicked world  
And they built around her a bad luck  
Heaven became handicap  
Like a dead man beside a baby echoing cries

She drove herself into the fire  
She's burning now  
She's singing a red song  
No one heard her raging cries  
Not men, not angels, not even the gods  
She lost herself, and became a newbie in heaven

She comes back to her mother's eyes  
She fetches a bucket  
She is bathing off the flames  
And washing her burnt skin  
She has forgotten she is just a spirit  
The water becomes her mother's tears

RIP to a darling!!!

*#magicalpoetry*

## THREE VIRGIN SISTERS

I

I raped her elder sister and anger kissed her  
She cleansed the blood wandering down her thighs  
And drenched me in curse

I ran up to her moon, with a stream of lightening  
And pleaded for orison  
But she blew mucus on me  
I dragged her virginity to mud, forced her to fall  
I opened her lower gates and went in real hard

Their little sister came, she was half a decade  
She saw her siblings gasping for honour, for breath  
She wept  
I licked off the pity on her, and raped her too

Their grunts broke the silence  
Like the 'vengeance call' from Abel's tomb  
They shed a lagoon of tears  
There were lamentations from the angels  
But I left in peace, God was busy

Then, I was released to another world

II

Mother birthed me in triple stars  
People loved me as I grew in their sight  
But when I wanted to live the life of a man

I saw the three virgin sisters, they said to me...  
Come to your grave, in-between our legs  
Bury your head, in-between our breasts

I fled, but they were my shadows  
Father said to me...  
Wipe your shadow, shine a little light on them  
But my life was a hell of darkness

I tried to marry in my father's house  
I went to princess, she fingered my ring  
I forgot my sins

But on my wedding day  
I saw the three virgin sisters, they said to me...  
Come to your grave, in-between our legs  
Bury your head, in-between our breast

Princess left, my in-laws fled  
All was red at the intense of their slaying threat

I detest my deeds, buried a blade deep in my throat  
And made a gentle slice

But right on my grave  
Are the three virgin sisters which cried all day...  
Come to your grave, in-between our legs  
Bury your head, in-between our breast

Who will maintain the truth of Love?  
Who will curb the menace of sexual urge?  
Who will save me from the three virgin sisters?

#magicalpoetry

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## LAMENTATIONS (TRILOGY)

### I

“The wind which conveys the boys  
To where they all become men  
Never makes it to the coast in a day”  
Father said, peeping at the sky  
Puffing something out in fear  
And his words were running from God’s ears

I have learnt the prowess of war  
And victories don’t come by chances  
There must be a blazing quest for power  
And a quenchless thirst for a right  
And a boy who would cut into every soul with a broken mirror  
If only he doesn’t get to rule the world

Before you tell me the sky is sad  
And my dry earth will soon be calmed  
Because she will soon begin to tear  
Do open the eyes of your heart  
And see that nothing heals the sky faster  
Than the silence best painted on our mind

A thousand women shed skeleton tears  
For blessed is she who wombs her death, forever  
They cry each night under the muscles of men  
Beaten and battered by the thorns of their hands  
A thousand women are behind the mirror  
Worshipping the big scars built on them by an African rigor

A hundred girls come here everyday  
Hoping the sun would part with some beauty of fame  
They walk through the shadows of lust  
But they shall fear all evils  
Because every eyes can see their bosom  
And they are coming for the home in-between their legs

Nothing kills me to tears, than my lamentations

## II

I'm dying away from home  
And miles away from my mother's smiles  
Because they lead me to a fellowship of black  
Where fathers care for liquors and cigars  
And mothers keep us looking long into the day  
When she will return from where she is selling fast

Do not speak to me in tongues  
Or paint me in your guises of religion  
For God is not polygamous  
Do not tell me the tales of hell  
Or show me the scriptures of burnt men  
For you cannot buy me into your lost congregation

Every morning makes me shudder  
And I'm sick of the fire and blood  
That gushes down my radio set  
Every Sunday morning drives me nut  
Because then, is when love stammers  
But war has grease right under her tongue

Every soul that dies  
Does that under an open sky  
And their bloods are left to molder  
Into a non-lasting memory in our head  
And into a candle too tender for breeze  
Thus blown away into a white silence

Every life that lives  
Does that under a close heaven  
And the man who attempts a knock  
Got pierced by the metals of his airplane  
The men who tries a leap on the gate  
Got strewed like a light weed aired by the wind

Nothing kills me to tears, than my lamentations

### III

Do not feed me a bolus of hope  
It will never suffice to quench my hunger  
And the anger parading my tongue  
Do not push a cup of patience down my throat  
It cannot melt the burning red, in here  
And it won't wipe every stain I used to fear

Do not cajole me to stay  
Because my eyes are beginning to ache  
As the world keeps folding up into the wails of hades  
Do not preach to me the gospel of faith  
If you cannot show me a white stripe  
So I may build my belief around your coming morn

Healings don't fall from nowhere  
There must be the holy men  
Whose mouths are sacred altars  
But we see these men wither  
Like the leaves who lose their glimpse  
And their way into the memory of green

The songs of redemption won't sing themselves  
There must be the devoted choir  
And the band who drums the beats of life  
But these tongues are bleeding  
And their poor hands are limped  
Like those of a man in a room without a window

I am running away from here  
Into the belly of a pregnant cloud  
For in nine dark months from now  
I would have grown into a new, and better universe  
And I will stretch my hands below the face of the sky  
So those who wish may follow me

Nothing kills me to tears, than my lamentations

*#magicalpoetry*

## **BROKEN BRIDGES**

*(For boys who wish to be men)*

Every tale begins and ends  
Like war-whoops of a tempest  
Every blown whistle hits our drum  
But comes to the sharp edge of silence  
Every song that drives our larynx loose  
Must be the hymns sang from where we call home

I do run my teeth on rocks  
That the pain may become spells  
To bleed out the ice in my veins  
I cast my feet on debris  
That the springing cut may remind me  
That a piece, can break a whole

I have read such tales  
Of women who stoops to conquer  
I have heard whistles whistling  
In cracking melody from men who win  
I have written such songs  
Of those who learn the art of victory

For boys who dream to rule  
Are the light flakes of a broken diamond  
Hoping to build the pillars of paradise  
The boys who dream to rule  
Are like the little thumbs  
That hope they wipe off the sun someday

Every daybreak we see  
Are shatters of broken bridges  
For darkness and nights are barricades  
Built around our kingdom of success  
Every morning is a poetry of hope  
Urging us on with the lyrics of our own dreams

*#magicalpoetry*

## DO NOT RIDE ALONE

Life is young, and free, like a kite  
Breath rehearses her madness inside our mouth  
And, the chronicles of death belongs to an empty stomach

I will never ride alone  
Because the tale of home is sweet  
And one day, I might be tired of bitter dreams  
That drink and drain my blood  
Into the things we call  
Wandering, wondering and war-daring

I will never ride alone  
Because I detest the garment of bears  
And how they become madness in fire  
This song the wise sings, and the fools call home  
Begins from the path in our throats  
And ends in the marrow of our bones

I will never ride alone  
Lest I become a burnt page  
And my sermons shall become history  
Told only by men of no victory  
I shall wear off into the pains you draw  
When you hit a broken wall

Share a cup, when a friend thirsts  
Pass a plate, when a foe starves  
But ride alone, and solely die

*#magicalpoetry*

## REDEMPTION

It is going to be war tonight  
It is already raining from her eyes  
Because he is a wounded lion  
Coming to tear her soul apart  
His voice is another tragedy  
And a grave catastrophe

She is breathing on her skin  
Like the motion of a quake  
She sees his muscle grow wild  
His blood is boiling tonight  
She steals into the silent sky  
Wishing heaven could beckon now

He grabs her by the neck  
And strikes her left eye with his fist  
It is another season of wail  
He threw her head against the earth  
The bedrocks are moaning  
Humanity being dragged in the mud

She knows the way to redemption  
It is the little distance  
Between her fragile mind  
And the warrior hidden in her heart  
She leaves to find her healing  
While he runs after her like a wind

She hides her soul in steel  
And her ripped body in the grip  
He comes hitting hard again  
But the knife goes smooth and soft  
He listens to his own blood, gasping  
He is dying, she is free, redeemed

*#magicalpoetry*

## MORROW

(For Funsho Oris and #WeGrowTogether Team)

There comes a time  
And there comes the hour  
When the giant shall cry  
To the hearings of the dwarfs  
When the legends shall mutter  
In the tone of a bitter night

There comes a time  
When blood will come for blood  
Love will thirst for love  
And words will call on words  
A time when no man shall wait  
By the rivers of his own tears

There comes a time  
When no soul shall wander  
Around the wet wrinkles of Africa  
I see the day coming  
When each and everyone will reign  
Like the eagles far up in the sky

There comes a time  
When freedom shall lead course  
And every tongue shall rise  
To the betterment of literature  
A time, when we shall rise, running  
And pace faster, than the dead

*#magicalpoetry*

## A MINUTE SILENCE

*(The Sequel Of Awero I)*

When love becomes a virus  
I shall dress myself into spacefiller  
Commitment is a stain they can't wipe off  
While I gulp you deep like a river  
A minute silence for the hills  
If they break into the wills of our valley

This love is the sonnet we read  
From the white face of the sky  
Now, it grows into the pupil  
On the front page of our eyes  
So when I look so long into your mirror  
Let me see no figure but the future

Heaven cycles around us like a tropic  
This universe is a blue flame on our tongue  
So when this earth becomes surreal  
We shall spell the planets out with love  
A minute silence for the winds  
If they cripple the wings of our breeze

When the moon embraces the sun  
The galaxies shall fall upon us  
Together with their daughters and sons  
And we shall become the light of the world  
They will bring to us gold and frank-in-cense  
While we give blessings from our glowing eminence

If poets are soldiers  
Then I am more than a battalion  
And with words, I shall have you covered  
Because you are my one in a zillion  
So a minute silence for this audience  
If they dare to kill the love in our ambience

*#magicalpoetry*

# ONE MILLION STARLETS

*(The Sequel Of Awero II)*

Of a million start and a million end  
Our love shall never be quenched  
Of a million birth and a million death  
Eternity shall boom in our hands  
Of a million starlets on a bright sky  
We shall be farfetched to all eyes

Of a million kites flying above earth  
I shall always hold you in my hands  
Of a million miles coursed by my legs  
I shall walk you off the dorm of tears  
Of a million starlets every calm night  
I will be the lips to your endless smiles

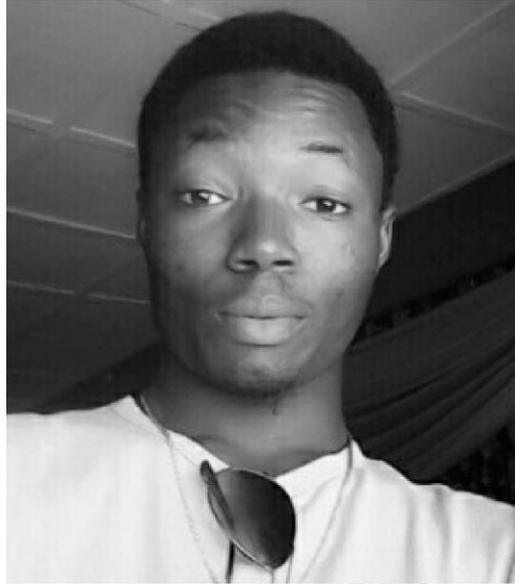
Of a million might for the supermen  
My poetry are herculean magical spells  
Of a million fright and a million mares  
I shall sleep you off the thorns of fear  
Of a million non-blemished whites  
That is your robe till our wedding night

Of a million right and a million left  
You are the star guiding the wise men  
Of a million height and million breadth  
You are my big and booming breath  
Of a million starlets shining bright  
You are a glossy diamond in the night

Of a million heights scaled by birds  
I am your eagle soaring without rest  
Of a million whites on a divine dress  
You are my angel and African damsel  
Of a million chances till the end of time  
We can dance for this moment is ours

*#magicalpoetry*

## FROM THE AUTHOR



Oyedokun Micheal Adedotun Ace

*For every good, there is evil; for every love, war; for every joy, sorrow; and for every life, death. Life is the best gift ever bestowed upon mankind. It's the only opportunity we have, as human, as gods.*

*Life is beautiful, life is good, it's the only choice we all have, if not, we won't be breathing right now.*

- **Micheal Ace**

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