

A
Season for
All Things

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Prestige 

Published in Nigeria in 2014 by Kachifo Limited
Under its Prestige imprint
253 Herbert Macaulay Way
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www.kachifo.com

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the
National Library of Nigeria.

ISBN 978-978-52057-7-0

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Layout: Akeem Ibrahim
Cover Art: Vee Global Concepts

This book is dedicated:

To my family

*without whose love and support, I would never
have published any of my poetry.*

To my muses

(Calliope, Clio, Erato, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia,
and Urania)

*without whose friendship, the seasons of my life
would surely not be as colourful.*

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens:

A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;

A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace...

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 [KJV]

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Foreword

Damola Mabogunje, the author of this volume of poetry, proves the time-tested observation of mankind throughout time – that poetry never dies. Indeed, a contemporary poet recently observed that if it were at all possible to destroy all the poetry which already exists in the world, humanity will create poetry the very next day and on and on till the end of time.

I read *A Season For All Things* with an eye on the pages and another eye on all the years of my life. You will read this book and feel the pulse of youth as it throbs through the veins of a poet. You will relish the scents of the seasons and luxuriate in the lavish innocence of a poet's eternal Spring. The poetry here is poetry of the heart more than poetry of technique, the strength of it lies in openness to life and experience. To provide accompaniment to the words of the poet are pictures which underscore the moods through which the poetic sensibilities of the poet operates. The entire work is a dare, a dare to the reader to LIVE!

Mr. Mabogunje has not written a volume, merely, of the four seasons here. He has written, in fact, of a season few know but which all should know, a season beyond Spring and Summer, beyond Fall and Winter.

He has written of another dimension in which all things, anything, can happen. I feel particularly glad that this poet opens the door, through this book, to that possibility of all things happening. This poet, in ways only a poet can manage, grows mangoes and pineapples in the greenhouse of his winter palace, skates on a rink in the jubilant sun of Lagos, hibernates in his poetic lair in Spring and throws gigantic poetic parties in the Stadia of his rousing Autumnal evenings. He is a poet that reminds me of what I liked in poetry to start with.

Hear the poet:

'I treasure that which has no monetary worth
Yet these things are priceless all over the earth
Few pay them attention for they come with ease
In fact every person has got some of these...'

There is craft here as well as feeling, there is a challenge to recover the real essentials of life and living. For the technically minded, admire the subtle aa/bb end rhymes, the deft deployment of diction in drawing the reader to examining a paradox. What this poet wants us to realize, to recognize, is that money and Mammon were not there at the beginning, will not be there at the end. The poet's persona declaims, with panache, the pricelessness of life itself.

This poet speaks of love, the miracle of it and the fragility of it. Yet the poet believes in the enduring value of love, season after season. This is what youth is for, to dream big and to feel deeply. To explore and to discover what makes even the seasons tick. I recommend the poetry in this volume. I commend the democratic challenge the poet has thrown everyone who values what matters and who cares for that thing which will last beyond the moment – the season of making, the season of poetry.

They say that most people ignore most poetry because most poetry ignores most people. This poet invites everyone to the feast of poetry, no one is left out. This is the spirit of poetry.

Tade Ipadeola

Winner Nigeria Prize for Literature 2013.
President, PEN Nigeria

Spring



Spring has Sprung

Spring has sprung!
A song
Is the joy of joyous j^u m^P iⁿ g john

The winter wars
Winter withdraws
For birds, and bœs, and breeze, and boars

Oh boy! Be bad!
Oh girl! Get glad!
In the clutch of clutching lovers clad

For spring has sprung!
So sing your songs

Tell of these tepid temptations

Waking an Angel

I came to her bedside
Then I thought twice
My Sweet little angel
Deserved a sleep, nice

"I'll wake her up later
With breakfast in bed
I'll do it quite gently..."
but that's when I heard:

BRAAAAAAAAAP!

A great mighty fart
Escaped her behind

She woke up as startled,
As I was surprised

So mighty her fart
So paltry her shame
So ruined my image

Of my dear Angelaine.

Work

Eight to Five in a cubicle

Forty hours per week
Three weeks per month
For six months of the year

Two monitors to myself

One white and one black
One crisp and one stark
Two screens but one task

A swivel chair to sit on

Black leather, real nice...
On this I spin ideas,
Fall asleep, then think twice

Attachment

You want to
But it takes time
To leave your host
And become mine

I'm ready to go
You're raring to leave
With each passing second
You get closer to me

Now it's too late
We're on our way
And one or many
Will hear this phrase

You've got mail!

A Colourful Story

They once called me quark, for I was; well, red.
Until I met Kate – and she turned my head
I spent more time greening than a flowerbed
I thought I was happy, but I was misled

My smiling soon ended, when she turned me blue
For Kate had been cheating! Yes cheating, with Hue
Always, she rushed to her phone when it rang
Always, to hear that bastard's British twang

A colourful fellow, his hair quite unkempt
His skin strangely yellow, I question descent
In tinted bifocals, white suit, and pink tie

He looked me once over; I gave him, a black eye

Celestial (Ascent)

Like rocket fuel

You made me rise
I saw the stars
Within your eyes

Your lips

So soft
Gave me
Lift-off.

We rose

Celestial (Flight)

Your quiet laugh

The sonic boom
As we embraced
In my bedroom

On every gift

Through every smile
On planets paused
We stayed a while

We connected

Celestial (Heights)

We saw Venus

We saw Mars
Likened ourselves
Binary stars

On Saturn's rings

Our love was lost
Those gaseous fumes!
Those powdery rocks!

We're overdosed

Celestial . . .

Now I'm on Earth

You, on Saturn
So far apart
The love is gone

We're history

ER

White floors, white tiles, white t.v screen
White lights, bright lights, white-in everything
White gloves, white needles, in a white dustbin...
and I've been put white, in the E.R again

It's cold, real cold, and I don't know why

Blood pressure is normal, temperature is not high
So why am I here, and why still do I feel
Like someone unhealthy, like someone who's ill

Blue scrubs run along, with nurses on hand
Blue bedsheets arranged with blue gowns and
Steel beds, blue chairs, blue band-aids too
It's no wonder that I, still feel so blue

Things are looking up, I might get to go

Back home today! Not tomorrow
I can get to work, relax, or study
And finally free my folks from worry

Ah, I've missed this...

Holding a pen in my hand and...

Staring down at a...

Completely blank sheet of paper

When Language Shines

This kiss, of pen and paper

This touch of lips, is one I savour
A heart once heavy, A mind once laden
The ink now bleeding, their heavy burden

Before the soul, can become numb
Before the passion, from it is gone
Before the words, find their true form
Before imagination, has to perform

Behind the curtains, before the show
The stage is dim; a muted glow
The music starts, at first it's slow
A movement played, in adagio

The tempo rises!
The curtains part!
And as I write
I feel that...

This!
This!
Is when language shines.

Summer



Summer Sweet

Oh! Some are sweet!

With summer heat
And love that sweeps
You off your feet

Or summer sun

That's cumbersome
But summer fun
All summer long

So see the sights!

So have the fights!
Enjoy your life
At summer's height

For summer's gone

Before too long
And sombre's some...
And sombre's some

Spontaneity

Spontaneity...

Just vocabulary

Until I met

You

Things never happened.

All of a sudden

Now they do

A

sudden

b-u-r-s-t

of m

o

t

i

o

n

A sudden spray of ocean

The sudden sounds of night

Foretelling what we might

Achieve

Someday, somehow, someway

Inevitably

Spontaneously

Combust.

Crackhead

For a moment I was crazy
For a time I was on high
You had me lost in dreams
Of how I could make you mine

You inspired me to madness
And delusions of splendour
Hearing voices in my head,
Just yours, urging me further

You were the crack to my crack pipe,
Somehow, you always seemed to have light,
So I didn't even need to think twice,
Before I was living such a cracked life.

And now I'm a crackhead

But I can't complain

It's been long since I had you,
And I'm feeling the pain
Of withdrawal symptoms
I'm just not the same.
You had me acting so bold
Now I'm feeling so tame.

Cause for a period I was charged,

Something bordering on insanity
My tank was full
I was filled with much energy

Taking you places, buying
roses, all a fantasy
You lifted me up,
Then you just left me to freefall

You were the crack to my crack pipe
Somehow, you always seemed to have light,
So I didn't even need to think twice,
About, my living a cracked life.

And now I'm a crackhead

And it's plain to see,
That I don't intend to live
without some of you with me

At all times

Just a pinch, or a sniff you see
You may be a poison to most
But you're a blessing to me.

Cause I'm a Crackhead.

In a Moment of Clarity

In a moment of clarity

Edging towards insanity
I realised a need.

Not of emotion or reason

Or mood, or faith, or season
Just a need.

And I needed to stop fighting it.

This Romance

Cherry petals, swaying gently

Caressing, the night air
Falling – so soft, so quiet

Whispering hushed conversation

Pausing and embracing the moment

Are you content with me?

Content we're together?
Content with this life?
Content we are for sure

Perfect moments, ever happy

This romance.

While the Dust Settles

There is always a trial
When dust takes flight
Uncovered secrets...
The common man's plight

For parched are the lips
And stale is the bread
And faint is the voice
With which secrets are shared

There is nothing like idleness
To make a tongue wag
Till naught is a mystery
Anymore

And all is commotion
While the dust settles

I am Frustrated

I am... FRUSTRATED!

Why can't we just be?

Why must there be fears, and doubts, and thoughts...

That baffle me?

Who decided these things?

From whence did they come?

And why, oh why, do they EVEN matter!?

I pray you,

I say they do not

As words are but words

And thoughts are but thoughts

For when all,

Is said and done

The fight is fought,

Frustration gone

One truth remains

So very true.

I know that I...

do love you

Beneath These Murky Waters

A burnt wasteland
Glistens before me
My head above
Two feet below

I inch forward
The landscape shifts
I retreat
The landscape shifts

Now every step
An obscure risk

Beneath
These murky waters

Without You

Another night without you and my dear,
I must say
This yearning is starting to alarm me

I want you. I need you!

To these soft lyrics...

The tempo and rhythm of my young heart beats
This feeling I'm feeling is heightened each day
The thoughts that I'm thinking just won't go away

I miss you.

I miss you.
I miss you so much!

I long for your company, I long for your touch
I long to stop thinking about you this much
It's driving me crazy! I can't wait for us

To meet. To talk.
To see. To be...

Together forever.

You're Wonderful

When I feel your soul in your poise
When I hear your mind in your voice
When I see your heart in your eyes
I am happy

When I know your wants without words
When I meet your needs without errors
When I strip your dreams of all terrors
I am fulfilled

When I am myself, and you are you
And your happiness becomes mine too
Once I close the gap between us two
I'll be complete

So let me not remain so sorrowful
Let me not end up so disgruntled
Lest I shall always lack, this beautiful
Amazing thing. You're wonderful!

Love

Love...

Rolls off the tongue like poetry
Ferments the mind like grapes
Delivers the heart like Jesus

Simple. Bittersweet. Intoxication.

A garnish to any situation
Turning reality into fantasy
Overpowering the senses and
Trivialising my sorrows

Making. Life. Magical.

Love...

Enduring evil.
Healing wounds and
Resurrecting hope with

Pure. Unadulterated. Glee.

For prophecies will pass away
Tongues will cease
Knowledge will be forgotten
But Love?

Love. Is. Eternal.

Autumn



Once Upon an Autumn Night

Once upon an autumn night

I mourned the loss of summers bright
Of dazzling skies, all hues of blue
Of greening shades and winds that cool

As golden leaves obscured my view

Beneath the trees I thought of you
I looked upon the waxing moon
To hold back tears that came too soon

The air was still; the night was young

The chill surreal, so cold it stung
A quick end to my reverie
Of summer's warmth and energy

Rain

Rain...

Today you mock me,
Staring at me in a grey demeanour
Pelting my frame with your stones

Rain...

Today you honour me,
Showering me in a wet confetti
Laughing and crying like a drain

Rain...

Today you comfort me,
Soothing me with easy breezes
Lulling me gently to sleep

Rain...

Today you berate me,
Stormy and wild as they come
Howling your passionate fury

Rain...
Someday you'll leave me
Taking your whims to some other lad
Leaving me uncertain;

Neither happy
Nor sad.

A Ruminant Heartache

This gnawing sorrow

Melancholy implicit
Eating away at my heart

Chewing slowly

Masticating meticulously
Pausing
Swallowing

So for a time I forget

Then regurgitating...

This gnawing sorrow
Melancholy inexplicit
Eating away at my heart

It Comes in Waves

It comes in waves...

At night with the low tide
When the moon is high
And the sky is clear

It comes in waves...

It ebbs and flows
It comes and goes
Never flooding
Never ceasing

It comes in waves...

The lull of swish
With pause betwixt
Shifting sand
Taking land

It comes in waves...

Until the land is gone
Leaving nothing but loneliness.

Take Your Time

Scarlet eyes at rest atop

A leaky nose and spluttered cough
A broken mask invades my thoughts
I can wait, till you can talk

Muffled words fill straining ears

Whispers pepper salted tears
Sniffles punctuate the air
You can cry, I'll be right here

Soon the lines begin to form

Her broken mask becomes undone
The banshee wails her tragic song
I don't mind my dear, what's wrong?

To the story of a love unkind

To the questions of a baffled mind
To the sorrows of you, friend of mine
I'll listen calmly, *Take your time.*

I can wait. You can cry. I don't mind. Take your time.

You Didn't Know

I needed you, like you needed me

I felt for you, like you felt for me

I thought of you, as you thought of me

I was to you, what you were to me

Yet now you hurt, yet now you cry

Yet now alone, you feel inside

Another one, has wounded me

Another one! How could I be

(So stupid! Foolish! What was I thinking!)

But...

When I hurt for you, and

Screamed out loud

When I begged for you

You heard no sound

When I cried for you

It didn't show... and

When I died for you

You didn't know

The Word of God

The Word of God gives solace
To a wounded heart.
Clarity to a baffled mind,
Backbone to a broken will.

It brings trust in times of doubt
Power to fight your bouts,
And humility to those without.

While teaching lessons you never knew
Truths you thought untrue
And morals to boost virtue

So if your soul is down and out
And you know not what life's about

The Word of God can single out
A way, a path, a route
For one faithful, and devout.
To live

Words Are Not Enough

Wielding words, I could write your praises.
Staging dance, I could mimic your grace.
But these would all fail

Because surely they pale
Before the light of your ways.

Perhaps art, would do you more justice
Maybe song, would give it more weight
Yet even with that

I can tell for a fact
That it still, does not, demonstrate.

Now with skill, I could lift you in craft
All my talents, I would lend to the task
For in the scripture it says
Return more than was gave
And over much will be had at the last!

Yet I know, that this is but folly
For ne'er was I up to the task
In all things, you surpass
On all scales, you're the max
In my future, my present, my past.

Ask Me That Which is Dearest to My Heart

I treasure that which has no monetary worth
Yet these things are priceless all over the earth
Few pay them attention for they come with ease
In fact every person has got some of these:

In polar position is Almighty God

Promptly accompanied by family, my blood
Then come the strange characters of whom I've grown fond
As few things outrank an emotional bond

But some can be funny; these people I meet

I love them and hate them, yes hate I repeat
At times I can't stand them, though that's rarely true
I can't live without them; excepting a few

For instance consider my best friend for years!

I find him so funny he brings me to tears
A rare Casanova! This best friend of mine
Yet after each heartbreak he calls me to whine

To love them and leave them is not his intent

However in practice, he's quite consistent
He says he can't help it, though surely he can
I'm sure you have one friend that sounds just like mine

And what of another, an E.N.F.P¹

She's always so touchy, she keeps touching me!
I love her to death, but I wish she would stop
She must know that I like it despite acting tough

Now how 'bout myself always making wisecracks

Yet seldom am I ever under attack
How is it that bonds last in spite of these flaws?
A question to ponder, I wonder because—

The closer you get, the less you can see

But it's also true, that consequently
The closer you are, the more
you will unmask

And that is the truth of those dear to my heart.

1 E.N.F.P (Extraversion Intuition Feeling Perception): One of the 16 personality types known to be very emotionally expressive or “gushy”

Winter



Snowflake

What, pray tell, are you?
Small pearl?
Falling like manna from heaven

Why dost thou drop?

O sweet little thing
Gently, softly, like dew?

Thy siblings surround me
Thy beauty astounds me
As this ravaged earth ye dress

Now you dance with the breeze
Now you cuddle the trees
Whilst I covet
Your cold

Caress

The 3 That Linger

Most emotions are fleeting and transient
Some subtle, some sharp as can be.

Yet all pale when viewed in comparison
To these timeless, lucky three

All it takes is one encounter to leave an impression
One that reverberates through the depths of one's soul
Once felt, one knows, one will never forget
That they loved, That they lost. That they loathed.

Mastery is impossible,
Subjugation improbable
Moderation is ill-conceived: love freely. Cry freely.
Loathe to the best of your ability.
For control is a fallacy indeed.

And for the power to overcome all reason
I see them as a cancer

Love, hate, and grief I say
Are the three feelings that linger.

On This Precipice

On this precipice, I stand
Overlooking, great lands
Sunken suns, Rising moons
Yet on this precipice, I stand

I have danced, to earth's pique
I have tasted, heavens grief
Sunken suns, Rising moons
Still on this precipice, I stand

I do watch those below
As they come, and they go
Sunken suns, Rising moons
I stand still, as time flies

For on this precipice, I've stood
And on this precipice, I'll stand
Through sun fall, and moon rise
Ever, on this precipice, I am.

My Favourite Photo of You

My favourite photo of you
Was of you looking younger

My favourite photo of you
Was of you smiling brightly

My favourite photo of you
Now the one of you with me

My favourite photo of you
Now of us looking happier

My favourite photo of you
Was a cause for excitement

My heart would backflip
My face would facelift...

Now my favourite photo of you
Is a wound that won't heal

My lips ever in a smile.
If only looks could kill

Until HE Comes

The second coming
Is not a warning
Some foreboding
To dwell upon

Until His coming
Shall we be waiting?
Anticipating?
Our Lord's return?

Our task is given!
It has been written!
We have a mission!
That must be done!

To shine our light
Make the world bright
Present this sight
As His welcome

For when Christ comes
Though no man knows

In faith we sow
We faithful ones

Think not of when
Think not of where
We must prepare
Until He comes.

"Twas the Week Before Christmas

'Twas the week before Christmas, when I started to fret
I started to panic, and started to sweat

The year's Christmas list had not yet been begun
And my Christmas shopping was as yet undone

There were gifts to be bought and friends to locate
A home to improve and re-decorate
In seven days' morn, the time would have come
And my Christmas lights would have nary been on

I started to pace and perambulate
Blood rushed to my head, made me hallucinate
My conscience in one sense began a debate
Of what could be done before it was too late

That night I unpacked and refurbished the tree
Then followed a day, of just being lazy
The weekend was spent on a big shopping spree
That taught me the value of having money

That left me 3 days to prepare for my guests
Could scarcely afford but a moment of rest
I rushed to the east, and I rushed to the west
I set about making my home look its best

Then cooking ensued for I had to prepare
A full course provender of the finest fare
So scrumptious delicious that all who came near
Would instinctively drool from the scent in the air

The night before Christmas put the liquor on ice
When no one was stirring, not even the mice
So tired was I, that I slept like a bear
And when I woke up, 'twas the end of the year!!!!

Acknowledgements

When my heart was full,
And my mind speechless

My poems mere pages,
And this book, shapeless

You saw me through.

Thank you.

*To my publisher, Eghosa Imasuen, editor, Olajumoke
Verrissimo, and the Poetry Book community on
DeviantArt.com*

About the Author

Born on November 12 1987, Damola Mabogunje has been writing poetry since the age of nine.

His first collection of poetry, *The Duet*, co-authored with his mother in 2009, has since become a play, and has been reproduced multiple times by groups including the National Association of Nigerian Theatre Arts Practitioners.

In this second collection, Damola strikes out on his own: capturing as it were, the ups and downs of life & love, in what he calls “A Season for All Things.”

Find out more about him @ <http://mabogunje.net/>