

**THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN**

The hour before dawn hesitates  
 Victory is long overdue  
 I can almost tell you how it tastes  
 In a swelling chorus of soulful idiosyncrasy  
 With lushfulness and zest  
 I can sing ballads of pride and conquest  
 But my heart is weak and weary  
 The road is long and dark  
 And downright dreary but  
 Sweet victory awaits  
 At the brightening of the clouds  
 I must trudge on  
 A little rest to catch my breath  
 And while I sit and watch  
 Surrounded by my lonely thoughts  
 It comes to me again  
 At that blissful hour  
 That I could be more  
 If I only dare  
 But like the hour before dawn  
 I hesitate.

**LOSS OF INNOCENCE**

As a little boy I was robbed of my innocence  
 Forced into early coitus  
 Doomed to perish by my heavy conscience  
 Floundering through my youth  
 Like a blind man groping his way in the darkness  
 I hung precariously on the edge of  
 Sanity and madness  
 When I remember the sticky red blood  
 The searing pain as he tore through my rectum  
 I want to kill myself  
 Either by drowning or by hanging  
 Or perhaps I could jump off  
 Third Mainland bridge  
 get swept away by the fierce waves  
 of the Atlantic Ocean  
 And as my soul departs from my body  
 My innocence will trail behind  
 Casting a long shadow.  
 I really want to die  
 But I want to kill him first

**POSSIBILITIES**

Buried inside the maze of my convoluted mind  
 Lies the dismal past, dead and gone to its grave  
 the tyrants who freely plundered,  
 who blew up Dele Giwa with a letter bomb  
 and even though I wasn't there  
 I still hear the necks of the Ogoni Nine snap  
 as their bodies hang limp  
 From the dictator's trap  
 Today I see the thieves  
 who many fools even now applaud  
 they adorn newspapers and magazines  
 pollute the political scene with their bounty,  
 fill cabinet slots with loyalists  
 who perpetuate their avarice  
 And like yesterday,  
 The suspicion across ethnic lines  
 That erupted into the struggle for Biafra  
 Has bloomed into full blown terror...

Deep in the recess of a part of my brain  
 I wish was dead  
 The conspiracies,  
 The intricately woven  
 And the desperately conceived  
 Lie side by side, on a bed of stones...  
 Now the commendable present;  
 Wobbly and unstable,  
 A fraud that may be buried in the sands of time  
 Or a mother pregnant with the future?  
 Ah, the future!  
 Uncertain,  
 A catastrophe waiting to happen  
 Or one brimming with possibilities?

*Please recycle - to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

**The Traveller**

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**The Traveller**



Abraham Ogebe Adonduwa

**THE TRAVELLER**

The road is muddy and treacherous  
 The night is filled with stars  
 The dancing shadows are a folded page I keep turning  
 The narrow path is arduous, strenuous,  
 My feet are sore and swollen  
 What would have happened had I been less of a fool  
 What grief, oh what grief!  
 Would I not have had to bear?  
 How much further can my feet go?  
 Will I fall into this abyss of despair?  
 Sink into the soft, quick sand?  
 Will I give in to the whims of my mind?  
 As it drifts on the edge of sleep  
 Now fresh and conscious,  
 Now ready to fall?  
 My sanity, my being, myself  
 Will I surrender it all?

The wind whips my pinched skin  
 Fatigue parches my throat dry  
 Still, I wander on.