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Kayode Victor Aderinokun was born in 1950. He attended CMS Grammar School, Lagos, the Coppin State College, Baltimore, Maryland USA and the University of Baltimore where he majored in Business Administration.

He is a director of the Pacific Merchant Bank, Nigeria, Chairman of Atlas Telecommunications 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 rattle 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...

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

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

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.

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