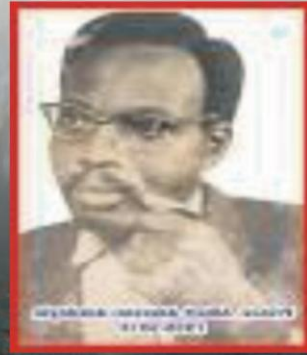


**SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS
AND
NIGERIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS**

SONGS OF BITTERNESS

**An elegy in honour and memory of the
Late Prof. Albert Aderemi Adedoyin**



**Compiled and Edited By:
Wole Adedoyin**

EDITOR'S NOTE

Songs of Bitterness is a compilation of elegy written in memory and honour of the Late Prof. Albert Aderemi Adedoyin (1948-2014).

The deceased also happens to be the father of the National President of the Nigerian Society of Authors, Mr. Wole Adedoyin.

This publication shows the emotional and reactional feelings of the contributors towards the death of the deceased. It also shows the beauty of being a dirge poet.

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A TRIBUTE TO LATE PA PROFESSOR ALBERT ADEREMI ADEDOYIN

**A TRIBUTE TO LATE PA PROFESSOR ALBERT
ADEREMI ADEDOYIN**

DATE: AUGUST 23, 2014

Our late Professor, lying down there in his final home, was a humane, kind, appreciative, humorous, humble man in his lifetime. He was a renowned scholar, an erudite, a parapsychologist of no mean reputation. He related easily with all and sundry, both young and old, both low and high. He was a father who really valued education and made this trait of his character to manifest in the upbringing and education of his two sons.

Some of us who had direct contacts with him, when he was alive and active, know him as a very good counselor. He would counsel you about life telling you how and why it is essential to truly love your neighbour as yourself because that is the only and best way to be at peace with everyone and to hav peace of mind

individually, in a family, nationally and in our global village. He hated hypocrisy and abhorred pretentious love.

He was a giver, he was also generous and kind that out of his meager and low income, he would still give to whoever came to him for financial assistance.

Our late Prof. was a very friendly and humorous personality. If you sat with him in conversations or on lighter mood dialogues, you would almost burst your lungs with laughter; your frowned face with which you came to him would have dissolved into a wide smile and laughter. He loved making everyone around him happy.

He was a very appreciative person. If you rendered him any form of good service, he would shower you with words and sentences full of appreciations. He was always thankful, always grateful.

A typical, repetitive, deep appreciation which our late Prof. told me most times when I sat discussing with him is this, in Yoruba, “Landlord, that is what he always

called me) e ma ba mi dupe lowo Dupe ti o je ki n ni omo laye. Opelope Dupe ti o fun mi ni omo Okunrin lanti-lanti meji, Tolu ati Wole. Emi o le gbagbe Dupe lailai! Modupe O” And then he would heave a sign of relief, showing satisfaction and deep appreciation. Therefore, Mummy Dupe I have delivered this message to you, ma, to let you know how deeply and sincerely the late Professor cherished you even to the end of his sojourn on earth.

As an indefatigable father, our late Professor devoted his entire life to educate his two sons. He gave them sound education and moral instructions, that both of them, Tolu and Wole are now living on. He taught them how to live a successful life; he taught them the secrets of life, I hope and pray that you children will not deviate.

Professor Albert Aderemi Adedoyin, a prince of Ijeshaland, lived on this planet earth as a human being with flesh and blood. He must have had his frailties, his weaknesses of character in living. No one is infallible. Every human being living now has his and her strong

and weak traits of character for there is none who is a paragon of virtues.

Here, we commend you our dear Prof. for your good deeds while you lived on this planet of learning and of understanding.

We appreciate God for your living. Indeed, you have come, you have seen, you have achieved and you have conquered. And as you embark on your solitary journey, we pray that you will receive eternal rest over there.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace. Adieu to a Great Scholar. Farewell, Pa Albert Aderemi Adedoyin.

“There journeys our noble Prof.

After he had had enough

Of this mortal earth,

Quits, on a lonely flight!

ADIEU

Written and delivered by Mr. A.A. Sosanya

BE COURAGEOUS

Sorrow Looks Back,
Worry Looks Around,
But Faith Looks Up.

Halimat T Yusuf

MO FE D'OGUN, MO FE D'IGBA

Mo fe d'ogun

Mo fe d'igba

No matter your achievement

No matter your greatness

One day,Oh!One day

Silence becomes

Fate of it all

For in death,

All becomes but stillness

Alas!it is you and you alone

In your four edged rectangle

Married to eternal silence

As you become inseparable

From ceaseless silence

Mo fe d'ogun

Mo fe d'igba

One day,Oh!One day

Silence becomes

Fate of it all
Embracing six-feet
Ash to Ash
Dust to Dust
And then
It is you and you alone
In your four edged rectangle
Married to eternal silence
Awake in the sleep of eternity
For silence becomes
Fate of it all

Mo fe d'ogun
Mo fe d'igba
One day,Oh!One day
In silence,you'll breath life
Too late to make amends
Too late to make aright

Oyinkansola Adesewa

DEDICATION

For Professor (Prince) Albert Aderemi Adedoyin

Your departure stiffen our nostrils
Like the smokes of burning flowers
Making our eyes weep
The melancholy of our being
Taken our hands' strength
That we reserved to dig your grave

Hear our cry Omo Ade
Hear the lamentations of our hearts
We trudge the cemented earth
With your coffin heavy on our shoulders
And we shoulder you to your great grave
Though, we never wish to take you to this great place
But it seems to be the perfect place
To build the image of your existence

We would weep till eternity

If your urine was not fertile
And grew water-leaves on our earth
For us to feed on
Heaven shall send its rain
For grass to grow on your grave

MIRROR by Bada, Yusuf Amoo
For Alhaji Tajudeen Adisa Bada

The bird that fly above the water
Had saw its shadow above the sea
The sun that came, should depart in evenin'
But had faded in the afternoon
The wind had killed the burning fire
For an angel visited our home at down hour
Alas! I had wounded on my feet
Now I walk sandal-less on this earth
For the angel had off my sandal
The angel had rusted my silver medal
Like dews on the skin of the leaves
Now, I bent my head upon the shelf
And a broken mirror noisy my ear

Mirror - Oh Father!

The time of our conference is off

The caller seated above.

The market is a small place,

And time, only short-lasting our praise

The time in the market is brevity

For home is a desert of vast eternity

The grave, a silent and private place

A new comer came for embracement

For the earth had swallowed

A tree that gives us wind

The earth swallowed a river

That we take our bath and our water

Father! The angel took you out of this sinful world

To us, we had a wound

Let those who had gone beware

As the heaven is aware

That a tree had fallen on the earth

And its body, now part of the earth

Father,

Hope the winds will carry my words to your ear?
For it blows heaven and earth
Do not plant trembling in my heart
The rock that we used to sharpen our cutlass
Had melted like salt in the rain - peace
So, I pray your soul a rest in perfect peace.

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

(OFFSIDE!!!)

Since a kid,
He always dreamt during moonlight
The limelight his obsession
The spotlight his recipe

He began to give in his best,
More so when he knew he had huge potential
He gamboled round fields theatrically,
Always thrilling fans and coaches alike

Blistering with pace and power,
He played menacingly scoring great volleys
With occasional injuries,
He recuperated always in record time

But retirement days were always looming
With age taking its toll,
He decided to play his testimonial match
Though his fans will relish seeing him keep playing,

The Almighty referee will one day catch him offside!

Richard Torkuma Nyikwagh

(CRACKED POT)

No matter the aroma,
Food must pass through the esophagus
No matter the energy inert,
Faeces must eject from the anus

Without much ado,
Roses get plugged from poor stems
Even with gazing eyes,
Many ropes forget their grips

With 'alomo bitters',
The Heavens wrinkle their faces in useful pain
With bitter kola,
Illnesses are dispensed happily

Precious and well crafted,
The pot is likely to always meet danger
With minimal discomfort,
It gets wounded paving way for replacement

Although, it is possible that some tend to become irreplaceable...

Richard Torkuma Nyikwagh

THE SUN SETTING

I sit on the nature tree,
Looking at the half yellow sun
Later it becomes free
As the infants play for fun

The cloud gradually becomes reddish,
Below the western horizon.
Nature gives its reflection
On the icy delta
Where million water lilies run across,
On the lonely aquatic path

Men moving in their luxuries
Like ants on the hill.
Darkness begins to fall

As the day says: “BYE”

Yes I sit, yes I sit,

On the nature tree.

In my sober state,

I hear the birds singing

Of the literate titans,

As the music runs through my ears.

Zooming off they go

Telling how it flows.

Yes they deserve it,

They made us all fit.

The sun illuminates the pens’ world

But as it goes fainting,

Men run here and there,
To keep their finance wares
Stuffy it becomes
As it goes dark and dark.
Briskly men walk
To their homes in tranquility

Tomorrow they wait for
When it comes again
Like our immaculate Jesus
We shall sing for hope
With our literary popes.

Christopher Samuel

SONG OF SADNESS

What lips better sing sadness here,
What hope better molten in tears
Than ours; death has dealt a wrong-
He has grant us a rueful song.
He took you away, tho' a stranger
What kind of pal,
like a stinger
That injects in our veins unhappiness,
And leaves us singing songs of bitterness.
Whereas death is not a friend, Giving you not even life
for a lend- Mother earth herself, for you, is graven:
Still, in our memories, you'll take haven.
What kind of man you have been to us,
Has made your passing a grave loss.
But fare-well; and sleep well tonight,

May the Savior keep you, in light.

Ademola Adeegbe

(LAST FLIGHT FROM IBADAN)

We looked into space,
Stretching at us were open arms
Staring at each other,
We wondered who they were meant for

We were ready to hence all go for it
The arms retreated
We quizzed why not?
One at a time we thought

We then cheered up our chosen colleague
Engulfed by cold, he headed above
With hands clapping,
He sought fresh refuge

Like an astronaut,
He arrived in style
Looking down to our red roofs,
We poked him we're on our way

Relishing his new environment,
We pondered from North to South,
We dreamt of when the East and West will intersect
When will we take our turns???

Richard Torkuma Nyikwagh

WHO WILL WIELD HIS PEN?

Papa's pen trailed off
Unfinished words left undone
Pen on a writing pad left ajar
Left a trail for us to track
A legacy on marble written in gold

A pen mightier than the sword
Once held by one brave and strong
Dropped in victory after his battles won
Took a bow as we applaud his exit
Breathe his last, rested from toil

As we mourn and bemoan our loss
Lay the wreath and sing a dirge
Let's look behind, there lies his pen
O my! "Who will wield his pen?"
Lest his toils be all for naught

Idongesit Ifet

ADEREMI

Aderemi

You who bore the slate
Tore into shreds prisons of ignorance
Illiteracy lost its prisoners at thy hand
When out of thy scrolls they read free
Till knowledge shone on their faces bright

Aderemi

If I could I would have implored
That awhile longer you may stay
Till more are freed by thy hand again
Yet I believe thy work is perfectly done
As you return to thy creator above

Aderemi

Smile, please smile
From yonder let your smile rise like the sun
Shine its way into dark minds yet to be free
With legacies left, beam a thousand smiles

Till more are free from dark enclaves of ignorance

Idongesit Ifet

CRY OUT LOUD

I've just assumed it, and better to write.

The cloud are black in the sky and so this disjust like a
dried land

calls it down

The bushes are blowing like insane, it was the wind that
gave the atmosphere

The land were covered with surface, it was the well that
dug through it

What a good grin my face bear

But its inversion are right here

This exit crush my joy and replace with sadness.

Glory do affect the heart and not really been known,

Thy work are the glory of thy days.

It was so hard to my belief

why no piece mourn your departure

I am the voice and visage you never know

But i cherish thy truth while you go

If good souls melt out of the globes

How hard will the renaissance glows

If all that your hands has remold,

All ears which your words gave wealth,
Still have no course for adornment,
There'll be one who gives gratitude to dexterity; the
voice of the voiceless

Major E. Golding

ÌSÒLÁ

Bá a dógún odún,
Ojó á pé.
Bá a dógbòn osù,
Bópé báyá, yòò kòla.
Ojó lojó kan tí
Ìsòlá kó kángará rè,
Tó láyé sù'un.
Ìgbà nìgbà kan
T'Ájíségun Ìgbàlà dágbére
Fáyé pó dìgbòóse.
Olóbòùnbòùn ni mo mò
Tí kì í dágbére tí fi n kúrò nílùú,
Àfìgbà t'Óládíméjì
Dàbègbé tí ò se é dágbé.
Ekún gbònmí títí,
Mo lóyún sójú;
Mo sise egbére
Òlè ojú ù mí jiná.
Igi rere kíí pé nígbó,
Èyí tó sunwòn kì í pé lódàn.

Ìmánuèlì lo, ojú dá.
Ó kú dùn mí,
N ò réni n bá rò fún ni.
Pó o dágbére fára,
O dágbére fúnyèkan,
O sèmi sóòkùn.
N ò réni fejó sùn
Pé lójó tó o ló n bò
Lílo gan-an lò n lo.
Ajá tí n bá rò fún,
Ajá n sínwín;
Àgùntàn tá à bá fòrò lò,
Àgùntan yapòdà;
Ológbò tí n bá finá hàn gan-an,
Ìyen jáláròkiri tídii rè kì í mólé.
Tóò,
Èmi ò lódòdó tí n ò fi í lè,
N ò láso ìgbàlódé,
Gòdù ò le è ká o.
Lójó tó o papòdà
Gbogbo ayé lo yé
Pá a pàdánù akoni.

Dídùndídùn nìràntí olódodo sá,
N ò fé gbàgbé re láí.
Kì í se torí owó tó o funmi,
Kì í se torí orò tó o ní,
Ìwà re ló wúmi lórí faa.
E ti r'Óládimejì sí?
Omo alágbára tí ò yòle.
Baba béwù adájó,
Omo gbéwù agbejórò wò.
Akoni níwájú adájó,
A-fòyìnbó-bí-òpéèrè,
A-beyín-funfun-bí-igbá-emu,
Ègbón mi, òrèè mi, mo sèdàrò re.
Àwòdì-jeun-èpè sanra n'Ikú;
Á jèdá tán, á tún pónulá.
Olórun gbébè, inú mí dùn
Torí pó ò n sinmi ni.
Ìsinmi tí tebí tará n fé fún o,
Òhun gan-an lò n ní.
Bó o ti nírèlè tó láyé
Ni kó o fi hàn bó o dórun.
Títí tá a ó fi pàdé,

Àyànfé, má a sùn
Láyà Olùgbàlà re.

Àjayí Zenami Tèmíladé

Ó LO NÁ!

Ìjàmbá bákòkò,
Omi inú rè dānù,
Igí dá.
Erín wó,
Gbogbo igi igbó doríkodò.
Òràn sèràwò
Òsùpá n sun bí egbére.
Lójó ikú mómo Ádédoyin lo,
Àní, lójó Adèrè mí kèrù sókò,
Tó lo béléda rè,
Tábo n somi lójú bí i tóto,
Táko n rin wìn-ìn bí ògbìngbìn,
Ni mo mò pòhun
Tó mólè ojú ayé jiná,
Ohun òhún ga gan-an ni.
Ó yéni pògbìngbìn
Ò sàdéédé rìn níjù "Ó dàbò".
Wèrèpè tí ò se é gírì kolù n'Ikú,
Òrò ò sì tórò

Lakoni ò lójú ekún.
Àmó sá, bá a ti n sèdárò
Eni wa tó lo sinmi,
E má je ká gbàgbé è,
Pé dandan lowó orí,
Dandan gbòn-òn laso ìbora.
Dandan túlààsì ni
Ká ríhun wí nípa eni bákú,
Pàápàá, baba wa tó papòdà.
A kì í m̀òógún m̀òótè,
Kíyán ewùrà mó ní kókó
Oníkálukú ló níbi ó kù sí.
Kò séni tí ò lásìse àtikùnà tirè
"N bá se...",
"N bá se é...",
"N ò lé se...",
Èdè dúníyàn niwon.
Àmo, ìfo labalábá
Kò mà se é fiwé teye oko ò.
Gbogbo ohun tá a lè so
Nípa Omooba,
Kò mà lè se é fiwé ohun

T'Albert yòd so nípa wa.
Bó bá wà láyé láàyè,
Kí ni yòd so nípa re?.

Àjayí Zenami Tèmiladé

A GERNE

Tick! as the clock stalwartly sounds,
Trice! as the earth steadily
moves;75 worthwhile years are over all too soon.
If tears were to be diamond;
maybe you would have felt our plight.
If life could be rewinded;
maybe we would have held you tighter.
If only we could fight death;
maybe we would have resuscitated you.
A good father like you,
who can find?
A man of good esteem and great endowment,
a heavy source of knowledge
and root of insight;
a personality every creature would love to emulate.
Your reputation was your primary priority;
so also was your
legacy your first 'construction'.
We tremble so hard to see you leave sir.

Our heart shrinkle thus much
to find you motionless.
We never knew it would be this early;
we would have taken up arms all for your sake.
We thought we had an unfinished plan?
So how could you just leave us
all so soon?
You never waited to bide us farewell,
you totally forgot
to say goodbye.
Your good legacy is the pillar we cling to
and so will your impact
keep green like a fresh grass.
Our mouthful cry this hour is 'GOOD
NIGHT GEM'.

Adeyinka Adeniyi

SONG OF SORROW

Get me a cosh and hack my chin;
Leave it to bleed without a treat
Cause it to clot like a bank of beach
Such is the cause of ur death to us

Letting u leave was not our will
Seeing you back has been our word
To spend the whole good time with you
Bt fate has just deprive the wish

Woe to the day you left the world
A day that brought us wail and grief
We tend to get ourselves subdue
Bt knowing the loss persist the tears

We hope to wish you more by september
But here we are with cries like a thunder
It's dawn on us u've left the strata
And that is why our pain is huger.

Adeyinka Adeniyi

LAMENTATION

The dogs wail, as the volvo storms the street
Mouths lose their morphemes to shrill,
Dogged youngmen appear for the drill,
Foes come hither, look pitiful and discreet.

When the coffin flaunt open, i see dead life,
He lies inside the container of eternal sleep,
He can't hear nor respond to the choric weep,
Silence poured him a spell so rife.

I see his parents, brothers and friends running mad
without cure,
They mourn his immortal memories and virtue,
I glance ceaselessly at the lord's statue,
I hope good things go to this soul after this world
without pure.

For, good souls deserve a timeless span, which they
never get,

Lament no more, for heaven is to let.

Uche Chidozie Okorie

THE DEAD

If the dead come back to life with fairly wishes,
Vanity will be court-martial by virtue,
desecration and castration will befall alters and statue,
Truth will rob off falsehood its riches.

If the dead come back to life with no regrets,
Daunting laughter will storms the ears of heaven,
Revenge and avenge will hit the world's haven,
Every corner will go naked, no secrets.

If the dead come back again, lost hope will be found,
Dried dreams will bloom under the spring,
Life will inexhaustibly runs round
And I will live like king.

But, life dies now and then never to return,
There is nothing to say, as we wait for our turn.

Uche Chidozie Okorie

OZO EMENAM (NEVER AGAIN)

I cautioned him well,
But to the wind it fell.
Gliding through life,
On the very fast lane.
You kept asking God,
Your sins to forgive,
For only through this belief,
Could you get relief.
You feared nothing,
Boasting before death itself,
An inevitable end,
Now you fear to meet.
His smile was faint,
And far and brief,
His love for life
Has been cut short,
By the care free life,
He led in the past.
His falling hairs,
And emaciating limbs,

Feeble and frail cavern eyes,
Looking into the future.
You heaved loud sighs,
Death is so sure,
And you wished for a cure.
Now in the face of death,
He placed himself,
Right on the cross,
And nailed it still, by himself,
He was ignorantly crass.
A one night stand,
Was all he sought,
An everlasting grieving gift,
In return it brought.
That one night stand,
Did last the rounds.
But the AIDS he got from town,
Has spoilt the crown.
Take my sympathy,
I share of your pain,
As your life draws lame.
Oh fare thee well,

My friend I yell.
Equipped with a condom,
Before caution and freedom.
You chose flesh so fresh.
As I spin this yarn,
To humanity I warn,
Be careful and cautious,
To attain true freedom,
Take to safe sex measures,
And use a condom.
But abstinence is a better measure.
For HIV is a beast,
Taking my bossom friend,
In its blood hound hands.
My friend bed ridden,
Would cry all night awake
Death in the offing,
His life to take.
A song of sorrow,
He'll sing and sing.
With the thought of tomorrow,
To his bed he'll sadly cling.

Song after song,
He cried and cried,
And I wept along.
All I could give
Were words of hope alive,
Word of encouragement and courage
As doctors and nurses
Watched in vain,
How his life would shortly be snuffed in vain.
He bade me goodbye,
Before he would die.
And left to me
These lasting words,
Try as hard
Not to be like me.
Let life be full of aims
And creative goals.
For nothing can be so beautiful,
Like the wealth of healthy souls.
Goodbye my friend
I stammered in tears.

For even in death
I loved him still.

Ugboduma Marcus

DUSK

Darkness plunges into daylight
Causing us to to gaze into the moonlight
The dreaded moment we all hate
Knowing we were all left to fate

A pillar who stood firm in all season
Showing we should all live for a reason
But how do we bear the loss of you
I guess you have paid your due'

You impacted a lot of live'
Sure, it was not just a hive
You left us flying high
But we forgot your time was nigh

Your deeds will not be forgotten
Knowing of whom you were begotten
"Prof" as you are fondly called
We truly wish you will be restored!

SO LONG!!!

So long as time flies,
And we wish we were in the same era
So long as the night fades,
And by morning you still won't be here
So long as my mind can reminisce
But your peers know you better
So long as you be the leader
Because I knew you as president
So long as the 13th day never ceases
In the ninth month you will be celebrated
So long as the Eight month comes around
You will forever be remembered!

Chidera Duruji

THE END

Your story begins when you were given birth

Up to think as a right person.

Play with caters and sand

Your story continues

As you touch people's heart with your speech

“mom am hungry”

You were recognised as

You got your feet on a rock

“I wanna become a great leader”

Stick to mama advice

Attend your schedule regularly

Your story entails more

When sat on the face of decision

Am a leader.

Hmmm

Your story ends

When death comes

Knock knock knock

With touch of no one
Yawning with a wide tounge
The month that is no meant to forget
The clay try to summon but
This is the night you see as the
Night of no remembrance.
Your day was shown as the day
You say good bye to world
Mourning Mourning with no voice
Hymning Hymning with no mouth
Weeping Weeping no body to listen
You soak your people heart with tears
Wept like no tomorrow
But choice has fall on you
This is the time you can't predict
Now you can only remember your creator.

Raji Rashidat

MY TIME CALLS

Night has come to be the end of mine
Thought what I could when my breath seize
A shut at my darkness appear
Can I say I was rushed but not an
But not with an heavy shut of my eyes
Tears roll down
Couldn't have made my wish to come
Mission of no return
To fill it accomplished
But no hell can insert
Hymning with no voice
Aurovoir auorvior
Care to say it again
Anaseyo anaseyo
With no listen
Bye bye.
I thought in my self that
It my time.

Raji Rashidat

ABIKU

A quick shut at my eyes
Body on the floor
Now gone
Shouting, dragging and pleading
Malomo Malomo Malomo
With a calling of it
My happiness began
Awarder has given the award
Mission accomplished.

Back again with same shout
Duro duro durojaiye
With a pretender voice
“I will never wait”
Abiku here you are again
You will never go
With a pirce good blade at my body
Screaming, shouting and sad
Not now I want to go back.

I said
Duro durojaiye
You know this world
You callous human being
With a disturb for his mother
Thought up in her
“I will have a child”
Abiku
Duro kosimi maje kin sin o.

Raji Rashidat

IN HIS HONOR!

Wise men die wise death.

Brave men die brave death.

Quiet men die quietly.

Not even their beloved
they tell their journey.

When they step off the road,
Only the road knows their next path.

For they live their lives
by the road side.

Not wanting to offend
fellow men as them.

Gentle as the dove,
Silent as the graveyard.

Not wanting to offend fellow men's Resting in
prosperity.

Fale Joshua