



THE MYSTIG OF SMALL DREAMS BOOKS

ROMEO ORIOGUN



Published in Nigeria in 2024 by Masobe An imprint of Masobe Books and Logistics Limited 34 Gbajumo Close, off Adeniran Ogunsanya, Surulere, Lagos, Nigeria Tel: +234 903 097 1752, +234 701 838 3286 info@masobebooks.com

Copyright © Romeo Oriogun 2024

A catalogue record for this book is available on request from The National Library Brigeria OF MAS PROPERTYSBN: 978-978-60500-9-6

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted or stored in a retrieval system in any form or by any means, without permission in writing from the Publisher.

Illustration & Cover Design by Amina Gimba

www.masobebooks.com

As always, for Dorcas, my mother and for Noura, whose life has cast a light on the darkness of my existence

PROPERTY OF MASOBE BOOKS



CONTENTS

Independence
The Register of Disappearance
Nightfall in Irhue
The Slow Turning of the World
The Last Gate to an Old Life
Paradiso
The Paradise of Dogs $\dots \dots \dots$
The Paradise of Dogs
The Lamentation of Lagos
The King of Jail
Two Boys in a Boat
Ars Poetica of the People's Griot
The Mystic of Small Dreams
Takwa Bay
Revival
Mary of The Poplar Bar
The Ritual
First Fruits
The State of Our Dead
The Theory of Almost Absolute Delight
Folktale of Greed

The Movement of Dreams
Reincarnation
A Song of Arrival
The Search for Wisdom
The Last Breath of Wonder
Griot of Strange Places
The Wanderer of Bissau
Report from a Far and Distant City
A New Beginning
The Old Soldier's Song on Costain Road
A Journal Entry
The Fear of Foreign Boorg MAS 63
The Horse Dances to Water
Downtown Chicago
Ouroboros
Trinity College, An Essay
Heathen
Homecoming Dream for the Lonely Diasporan
The Writing Residency
The Dialogue of Trees
The Mountain of Rust
A Search for Freedom
The Ghost of Things
The Folktale of Hope
Our Problems Do Not End with Disappearance 87

"Exile is a dream of glorious return."

— Salman Rushdie

PROPERTY OF MASOBE BOOKS



EXILE AND THE MUSE OF MEMORY

Romeo's voice is the soulful outcry of a far-wandering exile, roaming the distances of alien lands, yet inextricably linked by invisible bonds of love to the native roots of his homeland. This filial bond, like an unbilited cord running from the work of this motherland, the cradle of his childhood and early youth, works like a relegraphic wire-cable from which, unceasingly, he draws inspiration, as from a never-failing spring source bubbling from the age-old richness and fertility of the African soil.

With almost every poem, Romeo seems to soultravel to his beginnings, to his past, a major recurrent motif threading through all his work. In this nostalgic excursion, the bard takes you gently by the hand, along with him on his soul-wanderings, back to his origins, the world and country of his earlier times, and over the landscapes that are his memories and reminiscences, his musings, dreams and hopes, interwoven with the breath of his joys and sorrows. There is a welcome access, an inviting readability, to Romeo's poetry. The words of his poems, it would seem, like the most amiable of tour guides, approach the reader's sensibility with a sort of delicate mindfulness and respectful courtesy. In his words lie a gentleness and reassuring calmness, a childlike innocence, pure and unspoiled, like the crisp caress of the harmattan breeze or the cool drops of the first light showers of the rain season's return. His lines own the softness and malleability of the red clayey earth of his Benin home town, and they flow with the quiet grace and lucidity of undiscovered and unpolluted village streams. There is a bardic magic that glows in almost every line, a dexterity and formal polish, an expert finishing, that bears the stamp of the master.

The experience of a poem can sometimes feel like an evening stroll through a garden, or better still a grove, filled with unassumingly simple and yet exquisitely astonishing beauties at nearly every turn. Every poem is a fascinating fresh species, a newborn dream, a novel mystery, yet familiar and natural, like all flowers and birds that belong to the earth.

Intimately confiding with his reader, Romeo shares with an eager generosity of heart, the varied thoughts, sentiments, intuitions, hopes and longings that have been a part of his journey and experience. Rooms,

xii

roads, vehicles, buildings, farms, forests, rivers, seas, sky, clouds, seasons, villages, towns, cities, cultures, travelers, friends, family, strangers, animals, objects, words, songs and sounds—everything that he encounters—is given back again to the world, transmuted into a kaleidoscopic wealth of poetic impressions and images. Even seeming insignificant details, at the poet's touch, come alive with meaning and import, with suggestions and allusions, strong enough to bind the reader's attention, to arouse and unfetter the imagination.

You can sense in Romeo's style, and hear in kiss thoughts, the outcome of A sufficiently rounded cosmopolitan poetic experience and culture. You can heed pockets of the brooding meditativeness of the travelling exile poet Byron, catch flashes of the deep reflections on Nature of the pilgrim-wanderer Wordsworth, discern streams of the solitary discursiveness of Frost, the philosophic fortitude of Goethe, and perceive tones of the trance-like, incantatory evocativeness of Okigbo. But Romeo's voice remains exclusively and entirely his own.

At the bedrock, however, of Romeo's poetry lies the irrefutable presence and authenticity of the human spirit, those timeless qualities that are peculiar to all truly great poetry: the irrepressible longing for meaning and purpose, the insatiable hunger for dignity and worth, the yearning for light, the consciousness of truth; the gravitating inwards, towards values that matter, towards the deeper self, towards communion with the inner being.

PROPERTY OF MASOBE BOOKS

ONESI TAIWO DOMINIC

Author of *The Mirror*



