

Poetry Series

Hassan Abubakar Olamilekan



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Hassan Abubakar Olamilekan()

My name are Hassan Abubakar Olamilekan,

My hometown is Ilorin, Kwara State.

I went to Ansarul Isam Nursery and Primary School and graduated in 2015.

I went to Okelele Second School and graduated in 2021.

I was on 09,07,2002. I am 20 years old.

I begin my writing career at age of 19, that is early of January,2021.

I was inspired by one of my friends.

I love everything about poetry,

I write with passion,

I solace in poetry.

My pen, my condolence.

That is little about me.

I am a introvert and extrovert soul.

I laugh, and cry too.

Loneliness is my one of my best friends.



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We Will Never Forget

How do you want us
To forget, that gloomy,
Crummy, cloudy day, that
Bolted with our brothers' blood?

How do you want us
To forget, that lousy,
Poxy, rotten hours, that
Ran off with our sisters' strength?

How do you want us
To forget, that awful,
Harmful, dreadful time, that
Dug a grave in our hearts?

We will never forget
That day, that buried our souls,
After slaughtered us,
Like knacker's yard,
Because, we fought for freedom.

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Dark Hours

Our eyes were covered,
With webs of deceits.
Where our voices lost their voice,
To the hands of two-faced souls.
And our ears, were muddled, with sweetest lies.

On our neck, tied, the enormous chain.
Like cattle, we were pushing, to move.
Our harvesting, were going to them.
And we, In the hell, working, like no tomorrow.

Strangers, we became, in our own made nest.
Like a baby sloth, we were walking,
On our own sand.
And our mouths were imprisoned,
With mountainous pad-locks.

No cloths, to protect our souls from sun.
And a bite of food, with thunderous cane,
Eating us, daily.
With giant ship, they carried our country,
To decorate their homeland.

Before we winked, and came to brain,
Our homes had worn desert fibres.
Haaah!
What a dark hours!

Sun smiles, at our roofs,
Yet, we are still in the dark.
What can we do, to move the sun closer?
And slip away, from this darkness hours?

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Unbearable Pain

A mountain of pain, was laid
Mercilessly, on top of my heart,
And a bullet of grief, was fired
Brutally, at my weak soul.

I cried out my eyes,
In a grave room of poisonous sorrow.
My life dwelled, in a compound of hell,
Swimming in cascade of lamentation.

This pain grew taller than, millions of
Skyscrapers, and deeper than
Billions of holes, in combination.
Hah! Life is hell.

How can I survive in this untimely pain?
Mr Death, please, where are you?
This pain has become unbearable,
I can't keep it anymore.

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