

Poetry Series

**Akinwunmi Elijah**  
**- poems -**

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# Akinwunmi Elijah()

My name is Elijah. I am someone who is very passionate about poems. Though a science student, I wrote my first poem about three years ago when I was captivated by the lustrous smile of a dark-complexioned girl. Poetry helped me to immortalise that smile and the feeling aroused by it, and that's just one of the main things poetry has always been to me.

# The Beatnik

Early, her juvenile innocence danced  
On the path of guilt,  
Spurred on by the melodious sounds  
Of an unseen flute  
Playing from the deeps of her heart,  
Soundlessly urging her onward.  
And with great fervour, she danced, relentless,  
Her steps rejoicing in youthfulness,  
To the destruction once foretold,  
And to the glorious cause she couldn't hold.  
Hands labored to reconcile her  
To the neglected path of grace  
But they finished not their race.  
Kill; yes, stop the sounds of the flute,  
The echoing music remove from her deeps,  
Then shall she gracefully dance  
To our own songs.

Akinwunmi Elijah

# When The Day Breaks

When the day breaks,  
And the fog of the night gone,  
The right path we shall certainly tread  
Till our aims become refined.  
Our eyes, closed in an endless sleep,  
Have long shut their watchfulness from their keep;  
Our tongues, betrayers on a tour,  
Cannot tell of honey gone sour.  
Our steps, tottering in the dark,  
Search blindly and aimlessly,  
Yet the chameleons lie at our back,  
Camouflaged by an overwhelming black.  
Uncover, we certainly would have,  
Then our wishes we would carve,  
Our thoughts and desires to harness  
After our victory against the darkness.  
But in infirmity we lie,  
Weaponless against an armed foe;  
Over our plight we helplessly cry,  
Languishing in our despair-filled woe.  
But this we know-and expectantly hope-  
Though the wait we hardly can bear,  
Afore long, we shall hear the dawning bird's cry,  
Then our hearts' yearnings shall joyfully fly.  
Then shall the dejected, aimless legs  
And voices in mock cowardice muted  
Shall all with strength so ineffable  
Dance unsparingly to the dawn chorus.

Akinwunmi Elijah