

Poetry Series

Isiaq Nasirdeen Tinuola - poems -



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The Dearest Jewelry

For the dearest jewelry mine love increase,
That thereby her beauty might ne'er die.
But as the enemies' hatreds should de cease,
Her gentle smiles might arrest mine memory,
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Lovest, thy light flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a love where numerous lies,
Thy affection, thy care too are jewel;
Thou that art now mine heart ornament,
With thine own bud crafted me heart
And, tender love, mak'st love in niggarding:
Bless me heart, for jewel mine be,
To dwell in love, by thou and me.

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Whose Heart Is This?

Whose the heart belong I think I know,
Her house in the village though;
She will not see me hear stopping
To watch her heart fills up with sins

My little eyes most think it queer
To stop without a heart for loves
Between the heart that sank in sins
The darkest evening of the year

She gives her heart; devil toys
To control her life as baby toys
The only regime that administrates
Of her heart are sin and downy flakes

The heart is guilty of dark dust
But I have tried to clear it off
And miles I went before it clear
And all efforts made result in vain

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Night Cold

What kind of night was it? I don't know
Her lamp was brighter like a daily clown
Twinkling the stars in cloud adobe
That made bodies so cool and calm,

I guess the night was not an early May,
Shivering my body was, never stay
To the weather that come with unknown night,
And my body was crying for fire to come.

All thanks to her who wrapped me up,
As the cold arrested my pity for little lamb
And for the beggars in icy clay
The cold made it a terrible day

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Between Her Laps

Between my ears a clamouring Aah!
Several toes toward innocent - her
Closer I moved, listening to her
As I questioned why red on laps

Between her laps a rivulet pass
with pain and agony plus bloody cries
'I thought of suicide' as she expressed the lime
And sorrow paddle, but what's mine?

It's hurt to recap the heavily laps
Between her laps a burglar loots
Who'll help as her mouth hummed!
And her egg cracked with big ugh!

They said it's pleasure of life
Not what rowed between her laps
That sown regret - sorrow of her life
Pity! For the play in bloodymoon

That's all, our thoughts, with stagger stand
Again! she grunts as she laid on ground
As her blood was place in place
Vanity! as she inherited everest pain
As result exposed she was virus mate.

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