

Poetry Series

kemurl fofanah
- poems -

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kemurl fofanah(19 june 1992)

Kemurl fofanah was born at 34 hospital wilberforce freetown sierra leone, to mr abdul fofanah and miss rebecca Djallo bamin on the 19 of june 1992, when his country 11 years civil was just at it beginning. He attended ronsab kindergarten for three month, when unstability of his country forced him to stop the process of schooling. In 1997, He started schooling again with the conflicts at it rest. this time, He was admitted into service primary school at wilberforce. There also, the war halted his schooling when it started again around 1998 to 1999. With the war in progress, He moved to the central part of freetown to stay with his aunty where he lived till the war ended around 1999 to 2000. He started attending neneh's preparatory school which started their operation as a school that provide basic education for free. The school then changed their free provision of education and started demand Kemurl stop attending due to financial disabilities his family was facing. But soon he gain admission to a government primary school named fatt-rahman municipal primary school where double promotion speed up his process of gaining higher classes in education help him cope up with the pace he had missed out on while their country civil war was on. In the year 2004, He sat to their country national entrance exam and gained admission to one of the most prominent junior and senior secondary school in sierra leone named albert academy. after three year of junior secondary education at the albert academy, He also sat to another national named BECE (basic education certification exam) and gain admission to the same albert academy but this time, into their senior the first year of senior secondary schooling, He met his career as poet which was discovered in him by his literature teachers who witnessed him writing a short note concerning the continuity of life after one has lose a special person in their life. He wrote the note which later with the help of his literature teachers, he transformed into poem. He named the it "you must go on" that poem grow so popular among his friends, that its inspire him more and there of, his journeys as a poet becomes more to the popularity of that poem Most recently, Kemurl fofanah has gained admission into the university of sierra leone, fourah bay college in the faculty of art.....

Kemurl fofanah has written up to sixty poems on

A Birthday Treat For Jalika

each night now stands blushing in parallel display
as i guard it while awaiting your natal day
with the sights of my inward eyes
i spell your name with the stars behooving the sky
i fly the winds all over this world
with a beautiful countenance hoisting your presence so bald
natures lodgings were all rejoicing
with the coo koo birds melodiously chiming
the air tells of how your face spoke of peace
and how your body showcase bliss
they say your eyes are like black diamond
your feminine odure is like an ivy of the bestest Indian cinnamon
your legs are like the stem of kilmanjaro
fashioned to out shined the very essence of womanly ego
they say your arms perfectly stretched like the great Nile
design to out runned every prominent woman file
im not praising you miss Jalika
im just exulting the fact my spirit established as each day born another
you have built a castle of perfection in my soul
and wrapped it with rules like Moses scroll

i wish i could summon every gentle kind
to grace this your memorable day for all of mankind
i wish you happy birthday from my inner chemistry
and i pray you never cease to smile even after eternity
kemurl fofanah

A Freetown Of Mine

a Freetown of mine

a city so blessed and divine

surrounded by the tendering hands of the Atlantic sea

like a fresh mother cuddling her first breed of infancy

a Freetown of my mine

a city with pearl of ivy vine

gallantly clipped to the core with the gentle mountains

and the trees made to stand like blushing fountains

a Freetown of mine

a city built to glorify thy maker sign

with it shores naturally harbouring league of ship

and it costal beaches pampering visitor to sleep

a Freetown of mine

glowing from the air line

how i wish you were a soul design like a dove

i would have fashioned my heart in the pursuit of your love

ooh you beautiful Freetown of mine

in your presence i will die and rise again to dine

with you in lustful cyclone when the day silences breath fresh dusk

i will call the rain and the sun to mix the earth in order to dress your smell with

sweet musk

for i have become lust in the eternity of your greatness

in order to tell the world of how thy maker display your devineness

kemurl fofanah

A Story To Tell

I have a story to tell
A story of peace, love and sudden hell
A story of ten thousand lives,
Kicked out of their colorful hives
A story of fever, blood and death
A story that rape men, women and child without regret

I have a story to tell
A story of prayers and evil spell
A story of three sisters in west Africa
A story of their children rejected everywhere
A story that feed our fears to our senses
A story that create enemies within our fences

I have a story to tell
A story of theft and spoils
A story of suspicion
A story of doctors and nurses putting patients in detention
A story of a mother left alone
With her unborn princess, to walk into thy maker's home

I have this story to tell
This story of an expert becoming unwell
This story of my sisters losing their husbands
This story of fearless warriors lending their hands
I have a story to tell
A story of peace, love and sudden hell

kemurl fofanah

Africa Has A Soul

From the mouth of asmara
To the ears of praia
I see a soul
From the desert of tunis
To the flats earth of cape town
I see a soul clinging to the skin of africa

From the tombs of cairo
To the ports of abuja
I feel a soul
From the grains of rabat
To the giant isle of antanarivo
I feel a soul clutched to the skin of africa

From the stem of kilimanjaro
To the gentle rains of victoria falls
I hear a soul
From the shores of tripoli
To the jungles of congo
I hear a soul whaling in skin of africa

From the dusk of bamako
To the sweats of bujumbura
I smell a soul
From the huts of khartoum
To the hives of mogadishu
I smell a soul yelling in the skins of africa

From the ocean waves of freetown
To the birds chimes of nairobi
I touch a soul
From the thunder grumbling of monrovia
To the bloody smiles of kigali
I touch a soul rooting from the skins of africa
Africa has a soul
Africa my country, has a soul
bloody, smiling, crying soul

kemurl fofanah

African Woman

She was born in the hands of a bloom fragrance
She was cuddled in the realm of pure innocence
She wore a clean culture root
She swelled a decent design youth
She had a black thick Rainy jungle on her head
They described her strength for earning bread
She had a hip that tells the handiwork of boundless powers
Her chick glitter like a dozen of silver flowers
She walk like a cat tripping herself
She sit gently like a king whose sense are deaf
Her legs are like bronze mould with ultimate perfection
Her face is like rocket fastly rising doubtless impression
Her words are like milk digested through the ears
Her smile is like a chilled wind rising curious hairs
She is an african woman rubies in every village
Her beauty is a gem circling in their heritage

kemurl fofanah

Akila

Have you heard, her whisperings in the air?
Have you smell, her beauty renting this sphere?
Have you see, her silhouette covering the moon?
Have you feel, the sun hides when at rise, her beauty loom?
Has your sense taste the beauty of Akila?

Have you heard, the world dancing for her presence?
Have you smell, the wind deploying her fragrance?
Have you see, her smile's scattering bliss?
Have you feel, her glance's spoke of peace?
Has your senses taste the beauty of Akila?

We have heard, the beautiful one's are not yet born.
But can searching eyes, described "Akila" that come?
Can this world produce the sweetness of her smell?
Can our feelings compare, dazzling feminines with the divine elegant her body
spell?
Has your senses taste the beauty of Akila?

I have heard, the wind sing of her alluring face.
I have smell, the bewitching odour from her chassis grace.
I have saw the best of woman, this emblem bowl had pamper
But not even nature's angel can match this lady called Akila.
My senses have taste the beauty of Akila.

kemurl fofanah

Akila Je T' Aime

Crazy is the tip of my finger

Crazy is my new name to my brother

Thoughtlessly I stare at the fun we had on messaging in solitary mood

Restless is my body and yet it only take little food

my night has been robbed by dream of you while i'm awake

My day hold nothing important except the conversation we make

I'm crazy, even my conscience says that

How could I have fall for someone that nature lodge us far apart

Perhaps destiny holds a plan that will bind us in realities memory

Or perhaps it hold a scene where we both will walk this love journey

I had no wings, not strong feet to take me to your nation

But by the grace of thy maker, either your home or mine will be our heart's destination

Love is the most dangerous blessing a person could get

And i'm happy I met you cause loving you is a gift I'll never forget

I know nothing of how your heart will embrace my love claim

But one thing that I know, is that
AKILA JE T' AIME...

kemurl fofanah

Alone

Alone! I was in my mother 's womb
Alone! I grew in neglected tomb
All alone
I have been on my own
Alone! the world seem to be a kingdom
Alone! Everyone wants freedom
Just alone! everyone with his responsibility
All alone! "proud" is every community
Alone! I have no youth
Alone! I had no root
Alone! No one will survived on their own
Being alone! you will just die alone
I was born alone
You were not born alone
I have lived half alone
You have never lived alone
Alone! do you think you are free?
Alone! I will never want to be
All alone! You are still not alone
Alone! You are with misery in your bone
Alone! on our own
It when we will walk the miles to home

kemurl fofanah

Angel Woman

I have searched the content of prominent knowledge
But none of their words suite your soul for me to pledge
I have dug the works of shakespeare
But none of his rhymes will described your beauty my dear
I have seen beauties which are so rara
But theirs can be described by people in this sphere
What are you? Human or angel
I suppose you are the the very best of god spell
Your heart is made of peace and love
Your actions are much calm than dove
Your words are mixed with milk and honny
Your eyes have never seen anyone funny
Your face was built with honesty and innocence
Your arrival have made a perfect difference
With all this virtues embeded in you
I have nothing worthey to complement you
But at least I can confess
That you will always stay bless

kemurl fofanah

Beautiful December

Out in the vastness of the open air

We smell your freshness on the dawn of November

And onto your greatness bliss was born

For evermore you had always bound to return

But in this year of evil and grace

You brought many special moments into my face

So for that im grateful to you beautiful December

Especially for a gift like a beloved brother

I hope you ride with him and his family safely to New year's gate

And blast open for him all virtuous fate

Seasons greeting to you brother

I pray God answers your every prayer

kemurl fofanah

Brother I'M Lonley Too.

Now i know your sorrow

Now i know why from your eyes river flow.

This empty feeling that is beating you

it is beating me too.

this lustful memories of those you miss.

it's also killing my bliss.

its makes you and i cry,

its makes us want to deny.

Dont depair, little brother lonleyness was buried in our bones

Since we were in our mothers womb, we have been on our own

Life of this world, we'll not always have companies

Please, life is too short let not emptiness gives us worries

little brother, we must hope for better way,

believe me, their is happiness at the end of the day.

happiness that will never end,

happiness that will serve to mend...

lets trust in Allah,

He will wipe our fear.....

please stop crying i am crying too

As i'm not there with you, i am lonley too

But within the emptiness of our hearts, lets just hold a hope of sand

Because after every difficulty, comes ease. Read the quran you'll understand

kemurl fofanah

Burning Soul

nursed in the womb of stress.
Feed from the remnant of depress.
Swim in the fluid of intense suppression.
sleep in dept of severe oppression.
they become a burden for a hard working woman.
She forget that her womb hold any form of human.
they feel her soul burning inside.
she feel their soul pinching her side.
They had been burning since they were deceived.
they had been wallowing since they conceived.
their soul is burning. Their child is coming.
They did not have.
Their body is starve.
they are burning statue.
They have no left virtue.
she is that burning soul. She stand numbed like a braking pole

kemurl fofanah

Children Of Gaza

Ooo! ! ! you young infants of the stolen land
Be strong, you are the seeds of the sand
Rain of missiles showered you every day
the world watch as if it is a comic play
your playground has become a missile garden
And you had become a weed that need to be up rooten
every day of yours, some of you are called by him above
But with tears of sorrow you buried them with love

Ooo! ! ! you children of gaza
Be strong, God will answer your prayer
You have never had a memory of sweet infancies
your childhood is constantly rubbed by plague of brutalities
Your eyes are running water no more
they pumped blood from sorrows core
Ooo! ! ! children of this ruined kingdom
let no one break your spirit, they will call freedom

Ooo! ! ! you children of palestine
Be strong, your home will be a glowing vine
our hand are tied to our eyes
our ears are deaf only few of us heard your cries
But I say to you hold on
It wouldn't be long before you see the sun
It wouldn't be long before we hear your solitary strain
It wouldn't be for ever this pointless emblem of pain
Be strong children of gaza
Freedom will wipe your fear

kemurl fofanah

Cidi

Black and beautiful
No brown and colourful
You were young and innocent
Your life was filled with musky incense
Your laughter gives away love and peace
Your forehead glitters like a shield with bliss
You came into our life with a gift of merry bonds
you planted joy in our souls scattered like roots of
corns
When we heard the whispering cries of your death
We beat the earth with rains of blood in regret
We still can't believe, how strength and health prove useless
We still can't believe, how death could make youth
and innocence so worthless
We still can't imagine, how the earth could take such
a precious skill
I would have never believe, that our pact, death can seal
But still we are human
Our story always had a different plan
We miss u SIDI
We know you are up in heaven smiling at we.

kemurl fofanah

Conditions For Virtues

If there is no poverty around
Then no rich man will ever be found
If peace have a clear vision
Then war will never be an option
If the world will ever be free
Then infant should first boast of liberty
If the world should flee from evil
Then the mouth should speak for people
But if this odds still sail
Then the old world will still prevail

kemurl fofanah

Conflict In Their Mind

In the middle I have heard of a wild beast having a great feast
From where I stand I can see his tail bruising the southern land
With his flaws he struggled to get grip of the northern walls
From where I am free I can see his head dangling across the red sea
Some say this beast always stretch his back legs far east
Tho he sometimes grip the west but the way he back of I am impress
This beast is somewhere in our mind as we are so blind to slay our owne kind

kemurl fofanah

Dead Man Story

Dead man walking
Dead man trekking in droves
Dead man Chasing nothing
Dead man is like a mad captain
Searching for a pin in the Mediterranean wide
He passes by the ocean graves
He passes dumb deaf and blind
He marathon cities of the ocean
He marathon aimlessly

Dead man rides
Dead man moves in droves
Dead man runs for nothing
Dead man is like a mad captain
Searching for stars beneath the sun's breast
He passes by graves of dead ashes
He passes deaf dumb and blind
He fly the cities in the firmament
He fly selfishly

Dead man is alive
Dead man lives in droves
Dead man lives for nothing
Dead man is like a mad captain
Searching for his wants forgetting his need
He passes by dozens of dead
He passes deaf dumb and blind
He built hundredth of fortune
He built them pointlessly
For dead man takes nothing when he dies

kemurl fofanah

Deception

when they say, your heart keeper
will rise to the height of your killer
there i was denying

when my soul beckon that murder
and my affection quickly declair
there i stand smiling

when my eyes start to run
my heart begin to burn
there i was ignoring

when she throw a little smile
and my head cross the Nile
there i feel no dying

when she gives the rain an invitation
and the soul her deception
there i was crying

when i asked my indentity
she said 'my heart declined your quality
there i mean nothing

when i questioned her intesion
she show a solemn rejection
there she was deceiving.

kemurl fofanah

Demonic Verses

Demonic verses,
Stems from their minds
written on broken plaque
Recited to meager ears
Embraced by dead souls

Demonic verses,
Crawl in their thoughts
Written on battered books
Teach in the open air
Learned by dead souls

Demonic verses,
Runs in their veins
Written on human skins
Preach in 'Godly' places
Memorized by dead souls

Demonic verses,
Are the Scriptures in their lips,
Coated with dead promises
Anthems of self gains
Hymned dead souls

kemurl fofanah

Don'T Tamper With Them

stop! ! Let roll to the start
They are a young gentle nymphs
They trade their time for knowledge heart
As each day roll by, they gave their book a learning flips

Each passing years they made their family cheer
And each was written in their area story
In each paper they made their answers clear
For these they always sleep on glory

Now this is where we are
Before a voice called to stop
We were talking about a sister and daughter
Who had determined to take a seat up

They had on their back selfish desires chasing
On their front a giant future to unlocked
Please boys and men their dreams are resulting
If you tends to tamper with them it'll be blocked

They were carved in absolute purity
They are any country's gem
Gentlemen prove your morality
Don't tamper with them

kemurl fofanah

Ebola It's Called

Blood oozing out from nose, mouth and ear
Fever gripping souls burning hearts with fear
Intestines constantly rejecting whatever substance consume
Militantly ejecting feces like brute fume
Suddenly, skin starts to rebel
With swollen bruises like spell
Eventually death takes it scene
Leaving panic minds amazed at it style of murdering victim
Everyone seems confuse
Its lashes lives like fulfilling reparative dues
Not a single understanding of it cure had surface
Hence every soul is advised not to even smell it face
Ebola it is called
It takes it stands very bald
Ransacking my beloved Sierra Leone like how slavery did
Guinea is where it first throw it bid
But my nation had suffer more
As if it had grieved it before
Ooo God are you angry with us
Please we don't want to have anymore death by this beastly virus
They tell me to wash my hands
Avoid bats, avoid crowdy bands
The tell me to space the dead
Report the sick with it trend
But beyond all this preventive skills
Are we still safe? perhaps its depends on what Allah wills

kemurl fofanah

Empty Can

An empty can all alone
Wandering the street with fleshless bone
Only the artist design bluff on the surface
But still rust peeped, praying to grab his whole face
It linger up and down the town on careless heads
I was clean and fit polished and neat when my owner first helds
Now I sleeps out side the house under market table
I'm empty and baseless with nowhere to go or no one to call my people
Whole night I stand and lay thinking how important it had been
When I was holding water, endless love is the best I had seen
They bath me twice every day and poured water on me which is only safe to
drink
If anyone careless me, my mother will spill his skin ink
but since water started passing through my anus and purse
There even mother started being careless saying I've ran my course
I'm an empty can rattling my way aimlessly
I'm a ball I'm being kicked everywhere Uselessly
I'm an empty can I will lift battling feet who cannot stand
Since I can no more hold climax of knowledge hand
I'm an empty I wish I had all to gain knowledge
And I swear i'll help anyone who had his whole heart pledge

kemurl fofanah

Fortunates Pupils Of African Villages

Down the steepy lane, we walk marathon everyday for classes

We rode in our bare feet, on smooth roads dress with rocks and steel grasses

We wore tattered costumes, with masculine scent, fly from our inner arms

We dance the songs of our assignments, while working on our farms

Our school, is an isle of open air, moving every season, with the weather

Our class rooms are the ruins of nothing, built by natures tendering feather

Our books are rough sheets, slates and tree trunks, flatten with knives and painted like our skin

Our chairs and desks, is our legs, our brothers back, the earth, our cloths made clean

We do not have an anthem or a melancholic strings to take as school song

But everyday, we chant praise to him above, with boastful lips and silent tongue

Each class, we close when the maker torch blind our vision

Each year, we dwell, with no sport, no dance, no excitement to steer our infant motion

Our teachers are like prophets, preaching our good wills with no hope for reward

Is there any one somewhere in this big fluid of gas with a grain of their courage?
Please come forward

We are the fortunate pupils of many African villages

We have no education luxuries, but we're happy to compose at least few words
from our brain pages

kemurl fofanah

Get Tested

we came
we game
but we were protected
and still we tested
the result stress our freedom
but all praise we due to condom
single sox is more wise
so be gentle while the man did tries

kemurl fofanah

Give Me Your Hand

Give me your hand
Some had request a life
Some a heart some a wife
But me, give me your hand
Some had desire your whole
Some your smile others your soul
But as for me give me your hand
Some will plead to stare at your beauty
Others will die to match your quality
But me, give me your hand
Some had grace the day you will nurse their seeds
Some had vow to grant your needs
As for me, give me your hand
I have not a single word to whisper
But my gentle hand is there to offer
So please give me your hand
I will wash it with my blood
And wipe it with bliss from God
You just give me your hand
I have nothing to lift you above
But I will raise your hand with love
Give me your hand
Let us cross huddles with a solemn sing
While I slot the propose ring
Will you give me your hand?

kemurl fofanah

Good Statues

be born into this world
you too born in this world
drowned into the seas of merry
and also swim to praise he
tomorrow we will be sorry
when we lay firm in the earth belly
alas we will be happy in the space of virtues
but it is meant fo soul with true statues

kemurl fofanah

Hello Africa

Hello africa are you still sleeping
Don't you know that your God has brought another morning
Your brothers had cross the river already
And yet you are still not ready
You are the one that help them cross
Because you are the one that God give strength and force
Hello africa can tou hear me
To cross the river with speed light you can flee
Your brothers are waiting for you
But it is as if you did not want to go through
Hello africa are you dreaming
You need to wake up time is flying
Your sons are the vivid enemy
They embesseled your wealth making it their money
Hello africa you need to wake yp
Your brothers are anxious they did not want to stop
They are tired of helping you
They want to see you do
Hello africa I am inside you
Can you hear me your sons are looting you
Wake up africa wake up
You need to rise and stand up

kemurl fofanah

He's Telling A Lie

He said he loves me
Just like the many other guy
He say im the best he had ever see
Oh God, not again not another lie

He said i had a beautiful lips
Posh body and a beautiful smile
He said i had a brilliant hips
Gallant legs and a diamond eye

He said my hairs are like stars
Long sweet and naturally glowing
He said my shape spoke of my flairs
Moulded in total perfection neat and heavenly undescribing

He say without my love he can't be living
Just like every other, other guy
They all say i must be an angel not a human being
So their i finally know, that he too is telling a lie

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His Dream Speech

During the segregated ages
A man with infinite courage
Stood and prophecise with his message
He spoke of a bright star with dark image
His brightness will rent vast pass squrel hole
From his kingdom he will influence the whole
I have a dream
That was his theme
Tho this man now live with the majority
But his dream speech was not a vanity
As it came to pass
While the world watch it on a glass
On that memorable scene
We are happy but relly miss him

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Hold On Me

I am a human

I am you and what we can

Don't lean on me

Your struggle and my stand will not agree

I am a human

I cannot bare all what we can

Hold on me

We can struggle even when I don't want to be

I have lean several times

And often I slip when my weight over times

Those who have hold on

They seems to win even when eternal burden tends to come

Don't lean on me

Hold on to me

Even when I am not strong

At least you will not slip, but we will fall with triumph song

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Human Nature

In did we are powerful but yet useless
We can control ourselves but still thinkless
Our might is in our hand
And still we forget our role in the land
We stationed our brain in working order
And still we strive to hurt our brother
Everything we do involves our consent
So we should recall and try to repent
Every man in this bowl has a villain act
And every soul in human body can kill a fact
All the heart has a price
Its purchase can work when the want rise
But those who are divine
Can never be bought even if they lose their spine

Human

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Human Tendencies

We can live as if we believe
We can love as him above
It is because we are born so
We can kill peoples will
We can hate as if no faith
It is because we are born so
We can film peoples theme
We can drain our brothers aim
It is because we are born so
We can turn right with unjust might
We can throw good into a villain hood
It is because we are born so
We can choose or even refuse
We can take the odd or accept God
It is because we are born so
He has give us the will to our choices
And thus all is inherited tendencies

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I Have Read

I have read, milton's paradise lost
They say four years was what it cost
I have read tales that shakespeare write
They tells of how he hold writing might
I have read maya angelou writing song
They tells of how famine could be bold and strong
I have chew the works of chineu achebeh
They showered springs of inspirations in my beleh
I have gaze at the works of wole soyenka
They grew flowers of writing styles in my thoughts bunker
I have smell the words of wanguige wa thiongo
They build a sense of how struggle could flow
I have love with the tales of nightingale
They tells of how poe works could never fail
I have read the words of the holy bible
And these throw a light in my inward people
I have cross my eyes on the mean of the holy quran
And with outright conviction, my mind hold it as ALLAH'S final plan
I have thrived on jungles of famed and unfamed writing pieces
And they by them, I will build my empire of writing villages

kemurl fofanah

I Love You And That Is True

What I'm about to tell you is not new to your ears or fresh to your knowledge

It's my inner cry, my struggle my often pledge

I Love you, the song I sang sometime back

The secret feeling I have been hiding while my heart keep sleep in the dark

I have tried to fight this terrible affectionate pain

But every punch of mine keep on reflectively beating me again and again

So I'm making this proposal from my inner mystery

And I'll make more as in previous history

I Love you

And that's true

I don't care if you place me on the heels of your back foot

Or buried our affairs to inner most earth like mountains root

Hence you Love me

I wouldn't care if every seconds you shone me

I have choose to follow my heart lead

Will you accept this my solemn creed?

Please

I'm spiritually on my knees

I Love you this is true

All I'm asking is to say you do too....

kemurl fofanah

I Meet A Lady Called Amina

Accidentally I meet her
She smiles, my heart gets sweeter
We started bawling honey words to ourselves
Alone, I smile, laugh, reflecting while staring at shelves
She sing me a song called Hallelujah
when alone my mind keep playing it ten times over

I became a victim of her magic spell
I stressed, I confused, I can't imagine, how to make my mouth tell
With countless thoughts engulfing my senses
I couldn't think of apeasing ways except to manipulate her defences
I was too foolish to think of manipulations
She called her heart and cancelled our friendly affections

I stand like a statue hating myself
Pleading like a league of mad men beating themself
She couldn't say a word except "let me be"
I begged continuously, striving to set my heart free
She become dumb to all my apology
And I become selfish, for helping me, not letting her be

I meet my heart replica
I meet a lady called AMINA
She is the best I have meet
She gives me memories I will never forget
Accidentally, I meet a lady called AMINA
And my heart, convinced she hold his replica

kemurl fofanah

I Was Born And Raised

When the sun was hanging bright
And the moon gloom with excessive light
Then I was born
When the days were constantly burning
And the cloud immensely weeping
Then I was born
When human were not humble
And the races were different people
Then I was born
When actions were filled with advantage
And the minds were like gabbage
Then I was born
When the street were filled with blood
And human words were built with fraud
Then I was born
When parents cannot make their stomach feed
And they cannot take the responsibility of their breed
Then I was born
Where the people were just part of a story
And their effort was to build another man glory
Their I was raised
Where men were like iron
But their strength was for a corn
Their I was raised
Where people were deprived
And from them wealth is derived
There I was born and raised
Where the land is good
But the people cannot make their food
Their I was born and raised
Where the place is called africa
And the people are called african
Their I was born and raised
I was born and raised
Where the people's destiny lies in the grave

kemurl fofanah

I Will Follow You

oh gentle heart, why hath thou spin blood so hurriedly?
has she threaten thee to bark with and without her presence.
since you hold her memory, you have never slept.
why heart, why did you let her presence make a turn against
my direction.
please heart speak, do not be sceard i am your keeper,
thou you hold me.
i had saw a woman who had the light to brighten the world
and you lay quiet as if she mean nothing.
i have meet a woman who will control nature with her beauty,
and yet you pretend not to see her.
i have gaze at a woman with the world, you left us alone as
if she did not worth it.
why heart, why did you adore that woman in that isolated hamlet?
did she hold your replica captive? or is she my extracted bones?
you had only saw her for three days and yet you complicate my thought
with a thousand meetings.
heart has she buckled you to succumb for my return in her nest?
heart i have looked with a billion glampse and have found a trillion
description but her types her many.
heart i have known you since you were born and i know you will
not make a wrong turn, i will follow you.

kemurl fofanah

If Were Both Twenty Six

If we were both twenty six, and our talents fresh
Imagine what we would do!
Wow! We would ride the sky at night
When dreamers eyes are wide open gazing at their thoughts
We would steal their worries and paint it with our love

If we were both twenty six
Just imagine what we would do!
I'd hang my lips all day in your mouth
And you would do whatever you want with it
We would lay our legs between each others passion and grill till honey fill our
desire

If we were both twenty six
We would write ourselves thousand love poems everyday
And each poem the length of our life span
We would dance in and out of our youthfulness to the edge of the World

All this we would do if we were both twenty six
We would summon the dead from the first page of creation and teach them how
to live love
We would go into the future and draw out our replica from our waist bones

If we were both twenty six and our talent fresh and flourishing
We would visit every household with the reach of our pen and write our story in
their minds
We would impregnate the stars with our life and make millions of it generations
bore the mark of our story

If we were both twenty six
We would rally our strength and spoil it in bed
We would replace our voices with romance and lasting orgasms
We would tie ourselves in bed for thousands minutes everyday
And slay our innocence without remorse

If we were both twenty six
We would have built our home at the bank of the euphrates where our nature
would be neighbors that comfort our story
We would light up a pyre of passion and let it burn till the world shut it eyes

But since we are not both twenty six
And we live in different ages
We will trade our differences with our all
And let our poems and daring passion tell the truth of what we would have done
If we were both twenty six and our talent fresh and flourishing

kemurl fofanah

I'll One Day Be Free

I will one day be free
You may tie me to your will
You may beat me with your steel
You may cheat me with your crooked skill
You may taunt me as you feel

But you cannot take away my rights from him above
You cannot take away my sense of love
For I'll one day be free, free to look the way I love
Free to believe or not, free to fashion my body curve

You may seize my inherited might
You may deny my eyes the bliss from nature's light
You may turn all my days into dreadful night
You may rally my village against my rights

But you cannot take away my smile
You cannot wrap my freedom with your lie
For I'll one day be free, free to bathe in the great Nile
Free to survive, free to chase all without any deny

kemurl fofanah

Imagined

Imagined the world described as heaven
Imagined the world all is even
Imagined everywhere without evil
Imagined the absence of soldier only civil

Imagined a quest between good nature existence
Imagined people, place and body with no cause for defence
Imagined air, love, soul and all virtues show their face
Imagined the extinction of all the different race

Imagined we always praise him who live above
Imagined nature ruffs all calm like pure dove
Imagined that you are not imagining
But all this is happening

kemurl fofanah

Inspire Me

Inspire me

Not with the lousy blast of thoughtless songs

But with sweet melodies from solitary gongs

Inspire me

Not with the dressless costumes of thoughtless minds

But with the fruitful wrap of thinkable kinds

Inspire me

Not with the fleshless words of deceiving jaws

But with the plainful spoke of harmless claws

Inspire me

Not with deeds of ruthless heros

But with the stories of redemption arrows

Inspire me

Not with the flashes of worldly gifts

But with the contentment of single lifts

Inspire me

Not with the pieces of the errors I cough

But with the sound of the correct I stuff

Inspire me

Not with the creeds of anecdotal elite

But with strength of a straight forward spirit

Inspire me

Not with the fettered ways of perverted justice

But with manner of nature's special curtis

Inspire me, my friend

Not with laws, loose end

kemurl fofanah

Kiss Me Darling

Kiss Me darling, kiss me with love
Kiss Me from head to toe
Kiss Me like heaven
kiss me like we have won
Kiss my ears like snail walk
Ride your lips down to my face
Bounce your tongue on my neck
Let it leap to and fro like pendulum
Kiss me while your breath massage my body
Tie me in my birthday suit
Do whatever love commands
Kiss Me till I wet
And kiss me all over again

kemurl fofanah

Letter From A Bloody Muslim Terrorist

Dear my beloved brother

I just want to let you that i've become a terrorists

You see they had pushed me too hard now

My back is breaking, cracking the innocent wall

Every day seems a million hour of being a chewable subject in grazing jaws

Here and there, young and old male and female

Swearing at me, cursing me, distorting me and even falsely accusing me

Really i cant take it anymore

I must become a terrorists now

I'll gather them all in the vastness of mind and murder them with explosives of my smiles

I'll terrorize their error with understanding and forgiveness

For im a terrorists

A bloody Muslim terrorists

I'll behead their hatred with swords of patience

I'll cut their limbs with knives of contemptment and justice

for im a terrorists

A bloody Muslim terrorists

In fact i will cut off their ears with blades of truth

I'll rip out their eyes with the perfectness of my character

for I'm a terrorists,

a bloody Muslim terrorists

I'll dislodge their mouth and lips with the amazement of my sincerity

I'll hacked out their nose with fragrance of my generosity

I'll poison and stab their hearts with bliss from my Allah

For im a terrorists now

A bloody Muslim terrorists

So brother please don't even advice me

I have sworn allegiance to my Allah

If you can't join me don't say i didn't invite you

For surely you will know one day, how cowardly you had been

For not joining me in being a bloody Muslim terrorists

kemurl fofanah

Letter To A Friend

As the bullets current draws the soul of
Abraham Lincoln

As dreamers drown in fairy tales of extacy
and land with flying unicorn

So has my hearts wander in the circle of
pain and illusion

So is my thought wailing with memories of
gentle confusion

From a lushing sharing of pregnant full
friendship

To a state of seige where my existence
seems locked in barren ship

I recall the friendly motion of care,
louderness and gentle replies

When even a poke or hi can lite a wild
fire of conversation without denies

But Oh you my inner me, this friend now
stand numbed

Her ear's and hands, to my messages
blutted and dumbled

Im not writing these words out of
emptiness or frustration

But with great piety I write because I
many never had chance to apologise for
my ill decision

I hope you reflect of me when the sky
silences with whim of delight

And forgive me for whatever lousiness i
might have insight

Because i never wish anything that's out
of the song of a Nightingale

Except what will draw smile out of your
cheeks and fragrance from your facial Vail

I miss you my friend

And I'll be even when our silenceness
cease to end

kemurl fofanah

Look At Me

Look at me

Bones wrapping my shoulder flesh leaving my torso

Look at me

A young gentle youth filled with piles of woe

Look at me

The eye of my owner, whom had weight poverty to their grave

Look at me

Crossing rivers with blunt vision on a sacred mission

Look at me

Leaking unilled wounds inflicted by the struggle for existence cure

Look at me

Bending and standing with the mass of corruptions looting my strength

Look at me

Young and gentle but yet bare the scare lined of a dying age

Look at me

And tell me more about the hidden image of myself

Look at me

And bawl to me my picture contrasting my present reflection

Look at me

Young and free but yet dying old

kemurl fofanah

Message To My Unborn Wonder

sitting in my soul, dancing, smiling to the air

Jungles of thoughts waving in my inward sphere

Ooo what a massive feel of delight dripping from the dark

I wonder where this my pearl of beautiful clay stay pack

I rewind this revolutions of daring thoughts over and over

I wish I could talk to you my little unborn wonder

You and your unknown mother, have stationed my mind in your world

I have not a thread of your feature, but your name, i had whispered very bald

Are you a man that will stand and dare your future without compromise?

Or are you a woman that will hold futures and choose one that is more wise?

Who do you want to troubled in those nine dazzling months?

Is it a feminine with virtuous moves and radiant fronts?

I'll venture into the realm of our deceptive ribs and drawn out that woman

We'll shout, we'll hate, we'll separate, but i'll not forget that she is human

To you my unborn fetus, I have list of secrets to whisper in your mind

While standing near the river bank, anticipating your coming, i've become delusionally blind

You made me tap the shoulders of the wind with smile, any time I recount, your coming

You have made me a witch doctor, I roam this big ball, through space and time in order to find you a moral lodging

I have become a mad man, fighting to hold the terrible bliss you'll scatter in my life

I have become a clown, to our opposite figures any time I whispered the cry for a wife

Some called me a dreamer, some insane and many, a spirited joker

But I swear, by the gentility of my breath, from them, i'll raise you my unborn wonder.

kemurl fofanah

My Duty Promise

i will build a glory before i die
i will tell my heart not to deny
i will build my faith to the sky
i will tell the soul what to defy
i will build my sentence with no lie
i will tell my mind to fly
after all when i die
i will live in the mansions of the sky
this was said by the most high
'the good shall live with me when they die'

kemurl fofanah

My Loss

We are two limbs patching our wings
Twas guided by perfect winds
The green scenery use to creates temptation
But the vast blue sky was giving better impression
We were so free up in the sky
your falling is the thing I can still deny
You were strong fast and healthful
but all that was a too boastful
Endings no longer wait for complete stories
It knocks in times of, youth, adult merry and worries
When I pass were you fall, I always cry
But straight path, constable wind at least I can fly
Tho we diverge our separate path
Amisse moment of our time was a rare fact
At least I still preach and say
The sweet memories any my loss when you are away.

kemurl fofanah

My Religion

On one prelude to a brown new day
A man besides me woke up and pray
As curious as a caring mother
I questioned "who is your maker"
He turn and showered a bundles of smile
And said "I have been calling this words for a while"
Since he pushed you to this question
Well I shall show you my religion
first my faith is islam a peaceful teaching
we are called muslims someone that should do good thing
my maker is ALLAH, he is great
Unto him their is no equal weight
He born nor born or feels
He make he assigned and he kills
If we are wise, we should avoid our brothers bees
His mercy he grant for no fees
From abraham to muhammad he call
But the last is vital than them all
These people were meant for us to follow
But the last some say they did not know
Is it out of ignorance they deny?
Or perhaps to know him they never did try
We carved our action from the koran
A book our prophet left to guide every iman
We are though to respect ever species
Even ants who can't see their feces
We believed, everyone is responsible for his motives
Not his faith which ensure, victim forgives
Young man my religion is islam
A blissful experience for jinns and human

kemurl fofanah

My Word

I have a scare

It so grate that the effort of eminent elite is proving bizzare and reached to my
illing tendencies

My good seeds are not producing a copy of their owne again

Instead they are busy looting my strength

They are the the leader of all fetter of convention

If I dissapear my cause is clear

Because you are not observing you will say this not fair

Now listening this is my word

I am the world

Vast bliss bound peace will erase my scare

This is for those who are here

Sooner or later I will doom forever

kemurl fofanah

Obligational Game

Each day we trode on the carcas of this reminant world in a bid to hold our lives

Each night we stare at the moon as we memorise our next strives

We have made a million cuts through the soul of the wind just to survive each moment

We have sold our shame and fear to lousy treatment

What is our reward?

When we had never glance forward

What is our position?

When we had never had an option

We will never know our name

In this obligational game

kemurl fofanah

One Love

Let us claim our separate aim
Let us join our separate fear
Let us live in one dream
If we bind our body soul and mind
Virtues will surely exude out of vice
We cannot live in fear and avert danger
Life is once and once is everything
Hence the wall had start to crack
Only maintenance will fix it back
We all should play by the rules
Me you and all should part in sleep
We are all casts with a role to play
No one is made to stray
There are voices everywhere
Some soft some hard but they preach
And many of them sing
They preach and sing one love
They called us to our senses
They draw us to our spirits
One love the voices echo in our ears

kemurl fofanah

Play Back

From the birth of vice and the spread of desire on this sphere lay back
From the creation of man till he saw his ribs play back
Only the free wills and good obligation should play back
From the rise of evil onto the conquoring of Hitler lay back
The commencing of slavery onto it very end stay back
The rising of the sun onto it setting always come back
From the moment of anger until it ceased with no effect play back
From the starting of knowledge till it spread reverse back
As the sun avoide clashing with the moon so we should avoide our desire
Let make justice play back in our mind □
Let time play back but the bad old back should stay back

kemurl fofanah

Poem For Ibi

Hello miss lady
Are you the woman called Ibi
Well this melancholic praise is for you
An angel had inspired me to delivered it to you
This angel was the most beautiful
But now your advent had made are awful
This angel was made on the first day of God's invention
But you were made on the day before God's creation
This angel was made with musk and light
But you were made with dusk and might
This angel had an invisible beauty
But you had a visible quality
This angel use to laured men into staring motion
But now you are going to trapped them into virtous mission

Hello miss lady
Are you the the woman named Ibi
Well this glorifying poem is for you
The men of this world had inspired me to delivered it to you
The named you the beauty of all beauties
They gave you all the Godly duties
The called you a complete woman
They gave you the acomplished plan
They tick you as the best of the best
They say you will never be like the rest
They say you will always be happy
For God had made you pretty

Hello miss lady
Are you miss Ibi
Here is a message for you
The women of this world had inspired me to write it to you
They want you to know the true
They say they admire you
They say your eyes had never see human class
They say you live a fragrance of bliss anywhere you pass
They denied that you were created with human flaws
They ignore the fact of you breaking the laws
They accept that you were their leader

For you are the most prettier

Hello miss lady

I know that you are the special Ibi

I have been sent to adore you

But with your infinite qualities there is nothing I can do

But before I go

I want to let you know

That it will be cruel of you to leave this world

Without a copy of you for us to re-called

kemurl fofanah

Poem For Kirsten Prout

prophet and their prophecies must come to light
God said "let kirsten be all was right.

kemurl fofanah

Ramadan Is Here

From infinite darkness we finally see you there

At first we hide your presence because we see you far

Your essence we start to feel from the sha'ban's first

Ramadan your structure has no room for a quest

Thou you last for six or seven hundred hour

But your impression last till the other

In you some do wed out sins and total isolation

And in you we have a day of a special creation

You are the only one I know the sun do pray for

And the wind and the moon constantly adore

Ramadan your dark is better than a billion light

And a million days is of no use to your night

People if you cannot see talk or hear

I know you know that Ramadan is here

kemurl fofanah

Redeeming Mercy

dazzling mercy please descend on me
I'm walking in the paths where eyes cannot see
My feet has been kicking huddles far too long
It is wearing and the road seems too wrong
I want to try other way but i'm barricade by un seen walls
I have tried to shout but may mouth seems to be sending dumb calls
Glaring mercy please come dwell in me
You are the only thing I aught to have for free
Since I came to compete in this endless race
I have have been offer nothing free to embrace
The keeper of mercy, please do a favore for me
I have been working in my hamlet so honestly
My brothers with perverted ways seem to be dancing in your gift
Did they steal it? No, no one had ever been on that lift
Dear GOD, I know you will give me your mercy
I will be patient. That's all you want from me
Dazzling, glaring mercy come redeemed me
The globe is dark, everyone is deaf and we can't see

kemurl fofanah

Song Of The Voiceless

Born in the midst of pain
Raised in the depth of strain
I'm a dumb little man
my voice is not more that a blowing fan
I sing songs of anarchy and neglect
But my songs are the simplest to forget
I played a string for my vain
I performed in street insane
Every single day
I played a song my way
I have a sharp sweet little voice
But everyone sees it as disturbing noise
I'm a musician no i'm a poet
I've wrote and sing beautiful words I get
I often performed in a theater in my home
with masse of dirty cheering me alone
I tied my mega-phone to the leg of my audience
I held my gitter With a smile of glaring radiance
I performed for my fans with all my skill
They in turn glance with applaud for they do not feel
my songs is often seems pointless
For I sing with words that are voiceless

kemurl fofanah

Stilled Hope

Our hope is stilled, its has been hanged to prey on success which we have never tasted

Our life is dooming, its has been left to dangled on the street like a man whom his sense had divorce him

Our mind is creepling with the cyclones of corruption beating the street

We have been pushed to dance for our belly even when the the record had run out of rhyme

We have been chased to overthrowned our rebel action with sentimental reaction

They say our hope has independent but why do we sleep over the cloud instead of the roof

Why do we eat the remnant of education instead of equal food

Is it because we came from an hamlet or perhaps we are not destined for elite

We have hope but it is stilled under the hills of neglect awaiting a natural leader

kemurl fofanah

Story Of Beauty

Beautiful woman

A pearl rose beholden to every moral man

The sways of her visible waist

Draws thousand glances totally divorcing their haste

The twinkling of her eyes

Causes even nature's hearts to emotionally rise

The twitching of her nose

Is like seeds of love, scattered in a barren hearts to make understanding grows

The stretching of her chicks

Can feed lustful soul for weeks

Her facial countenance, shattered doubts

Which jealous jaws had boldly spread out

Her palm are like ruby

Just like infant feet smooth and chubby

She hold collection of alluring praises

From lyricist, novelist and poets from different races

But they all seems to have drowned in their emotions

For the slow death of this beauty faintly rides in their inward captions

Tis funny how this woman songs were sang for

Lay useless, unable to twitch sway, twinkles or stretch her body parts like before

And into pool of lost memory

Her beauty dies to be born in another woman's story

kemurl fofanah

Tale From Grandfather

Many many many years ago
during the time when my thinking was young and slow
Grandfather told me a story of great people
They use to live in love circle
Trees was there mansion
Peace was their vision
Contentment was their food
Virtue was their daily mood
They did not have a foe or friend
everyone was a brother that could not bend
Their country was a jungle of bliss
Their continent was an island filled with heaven grease
Their color was stronger
Their prowess was longer
They were pulled apart by cigar, alchole and more
The hunt themselves like beast with no knowledge core
Selling their fellow became a pleasant pleasure
loosening their souls become the hunted expected future
These people were africans
They use to live in heaven call africa

kemurl fofanah

The Artists

you are the best artists

You hang my skin on the wall and drew me with ulna dip into my blood

You are great

You drew my face on your heart and paint it with love

You sew my name on your lip and pin it to the cloud

You background me with you in the distant future

Holding our seeds with smile of euphoria

You are my artist

You drew my mistakes on my chest and erase

It with your hand wrapping me softly

You blend our soul and mind and mount it as a kite flying the banner of bliss

You are beautiful

I've paint your heart with musk, your lip with honey and you skin with amber

We are both an artist

We carved ourselve with due

You clipped my eyes to the moon

I clipped the stars to you hair with galaxies of flower decorating our world

You my artist

You drew me with the world gazing at your statue hanging on the sky with flying nymphs sing songs of our artistic shadow

kemurl fofanah

The Call Of The Azan

Here and there the voice is calling
It is a melancholic strain from antique bliss falling
Its calls from dreams, shallow depth and within the souls
The terror from its beauty is renting the world scrolls
The world is fastly ignoring the words of this call
Its beacons us, to slay our earthly task in a white hall
It's the call of the azan
Its shouts to the man with iman
Allah hu akbar its singing
In our eardrums the song is ringing
Let us dance our feet to the masjid
Let us trade our soul to this true feed
Let us dwell our life for allah
Let us accept Mohamed as his messenger
Allah hu akbar the song is warning
Allah hu akbar these words are calling
Stop ignoring this benevolent song
Run to its source it has no wrong
Allah hu akbar it is the call of the azan
Its urges us to start Islam
Come brother you are welcome
You too come lets praise the one

kemurl fofanah

The Claws Of Ebola

Countless thoughts is engulfing our senses
We don't know what to think nor how to build our defences
Brothers and sisters are dying like disowned flies
With blood rooting from their veins out of their mouth and eyes
Ooo no, their stomach holds food no more
Their fleshes are burning from their bones core
Dear God, are you angry with us?
This Ebola disease kills like a brutish force
Massacring souls as if they had wronged it before
Ooo no, it throws an infant on the floor
Killing her slowly with Brute fist while her mother watches helplessly
Few days later, father watches as the mother sleep into eternity
So the trends goes, till that family vanish into the open air
This stories are beating us with despair
We know not who to trust
Where to mingled or where to spend our friendly lust
Country workers all clad up in gloves as if in an operation room
But is that enough, when death always loom?
Dear God, help us beat this bloody disease
Surely, you said, after every hardship comes ease

kemurl fofanah

The Grave Calls

Human beings are nothing but a collection of days

Every passing seconds, our body dies into another faze

The grave is calling

Mankind are busy ignoring

We all know that we will have to die

But many of us are not aware that we will soon die

We keep chasing this world

And it keep on rejecting us showing us it odd

Happy birthday to you my dear

Wishes and greetings get scattered everywhere

Tis funny how we celebrate such a loss

A year slips through our finger and we still make a buzz

Ya Allah, i wish you could make every heart recall

Recounting the virtues it had carelessly let fall

We came from you and onto you we shall return

How far had we let this verse, in our minds play on?

We are too busy blowing out lighten candles

So we forget that each breath draw us closer to that pebbles

Oh no! when death come knocking on the door

You see Soul shiver violently throwing body on the floor

Head like sisor ride turning about to avoid the fearful angle eyes

The message of bad news is whispered into the ears

Oh no, this is such a terrible faith

When mankind gets stuck in the midst of Allah's hate

Ya Allah, we are nothing if you don't guide us to your path

So strength our souls and and plant seeds of steadfastness in our heart

kemurl fofanah

The Lady By The Road Side

I met her sitting by the road side
With her feet swaying loosely over the sewage
She seemed perplexed
She seemed wounded
Yet no sign of a scar rents her skin
Just this fat stomach pushing out
Dragging her senses out of her mind
Just this colourful huge round eyes
Bleeding blood and ice
Just this brutal smile with a disturbed motion
Yelling the sign of a troubled soul
Her world is ending,
Her world is ending
Choirs in her mind seemed to be singing
She sobbed with her head buried beneath her shoulders
I watched this angel beaten by life
Her mother is gone,
Her father is gone
Her whole family is gone
They were hurried into the sky
By a brutal chariots in the guise of ebola
I watch this angel
watches her batten Joy bundled away in chains
She raised her head and stare afar
Whilst this blood and ice digging her ckeeks
Echoes of her misfortunes slapped her memories
She recounts her moments with that ruthless spirits
Stealing her chastity, in broad day light
Whilst the masses feast on her voice for help
She recounts her parents struggles for life
Body heating up,
Skins scratching
Foods rebelling
And blood pumping out
She watches powerlessly as they die without a final hug
She sit on this sewage edge
She couldn't smell the stench
Oozing from it mouth
Nor could she feel the rats racing on her skin

She couldn't feel the child kicking her inside
The system had banished her opportunities
She couldn't go to school
Her world is ending,
Her world is ending
I stand motionless with rivers of tears flooding my heart
As i watched this Angel
By the road side tellings the story of thousand girl's lives

kemurl fofanah

The Lost Pride

from my mind I embrace his desire
With his words he ignore the faith of a liar
As he was a remarkable creature
I rush to satisfy his pleasure
In my mind I barricade my faith law
While I inser my clothes on the floor
Now my honour has been slush to dust
I regret, for my pride has been lost
Ages hence I still remember that day
Young people it is better not to go that way
If it's what you aspire, your career is at stake
As for me it was my greatest mistake
In it I lost my moral pride
And that act halter my chance as bride.

kemurl fofanah

The Love Then

love was like nature ever so green
But now its like a creature that always lean
Love was like a beam that out ran the sun
But now its like a game with useless fun
Love was a language that two hearts speak
But now its like a word that is utters so weak
Love was so true in every day
But now its as false as a nigeria play
Love was born with only a last name
But now its had a first according to it aim
Love was the best parts of every life
But now I doubt if any man would get a true wife

kemurl fofanah

The Man Of America

In his speech so he flow
Yet the presidency is for it to show
The affection of tha infinite blew
While tha masses put him through
Is this what they bequeath?
Sure McCain has nothing to forfeit
May God let him leap free
With an intimate thought of accuracy
Rapture has dislodge our senses in Africa
Cause Obama is the man of American
When your grandma fall low we yearn in regret
Yet an histrionic moment we will never forget
From the beginning of the election process
We know you were destined for success
As you now become that precious seed from Africa
We are happy to lay our women's outfit for the man of America

kemurl fofanah

The Melodies From Home

My heart in exile
Bears this broken chord
That echoes your pain
It mimics the rhythm of your fragile scale
That beat my thoughts
As we move in droves
I hear your nightingales
Your caneries
Your roars
Your hisses
I hear their bawls
As militia ravaged their nests
I hear the rush,
From thousands kalashnikovs
As they compose euologies
from dying voices
I hear the waves from your urban
As it crooked drum beats
Romance my soul with wistful tunes

I pause
In the heart of this foreign road
To gaze at your bloodless veins
In my minds eye
As your face wore this cracked smile
I saw your women
Your children
Your adults
Your youths
Searching for themselves
In the mouth of death
Barely escaping its decisive touch
I saw them crossing your deserts, your pools
With dishelved bodies,
Trying to reach my battered hands
They did not know
how broken my spirit stood
In this strange walls
Bemoaning these painful melodies from home

kemurl fofanah

The Missings

Up and down its goes
Its bounce quicker than quick
Round and round its goes
Its spins faster than light
Its cannot controls our mind
Our shape is changing
Our body is wearing out
Everyone wants to see them
We have searched the world
The world only share rumor about their passing
No one knows where they lived
No one knows their next moves
Some say they have no vision
Some say they fear the crowd
Why are they so proud?
Why cannot they be bought?
Why cant's they fight?
Why do they allow their opposite to sleep everywhere?
Why cannot they be invited?
Anyone if you ever see justice and liberty tell them say the majority need them

kemurl fofanah

The Mission

Be born into this world
You too born in this world
Drowned in the seas of merry
And also swim to praise he
Towmorrow we will be sorry
When we lay firm in earth belly
Alas we will be happy in the space of virtues
But it is meant for souls with true statues

kemurl fofanah

The Place Of Good And Evil

Evil sits in the heart of all people
It can rule when anger range is full
But if we learn the heart to cool
We can see it drowned in virtues pool
Good rest in the heart dept
It is always allowed to crept
We should not make it wept
For in his actions the heart always slept

kemurl fofanah

The President Man

Who had we as the president man?

Surely the lord's will proclaimed someone can

Who will be that prominent speaker?

Since tha prophets years yet no sign of another

Perhaps Jesus will come says the Bible and tha Quran

Dear God, let him rail as the president man

The surface has been doomed with innocent blood

Anarchy is springing up like molten rod

God said, he shall come one day and be

Prominently he shall and we shall say he's thee

kemurl fofanah

The Princess And Mother

Tears dripping down my cheeks like rain
My mouth dumb and swell with sounds of sorrowful strain
My whole body shiver as if caught by 1000 watt current
My soul burns in and out of me, killing my strength
Questions keep hunting me like prey
She was too young to die why lord why she?
She was too innocent to die?
Oh lord why, why this helpless cry
Not a single candle had light for her to blow out
Not even an aimless infant smile she had give out
She only saw the world in her mother's womb
Now she had pass off this world straight into the tomb
Her mother was a strong beautiful woman
She had no disease but yet they heartless refuse to lend their arm
Oh God why this brutality renting our nation
In our hospitals again they let two beautiful souls helplessly drown into extinction
Oh God, not a single costume wrapped their carcass
Like disowned dog they were buried in body bags
Oh no, I write no more
For these story burns my heart core
They were not unfortunate
Surely death is every human fate

kemurl fofanah

The Rape Of Our Marriage Values

Bogus jaws, loosening boastful claims of his love

'He is my life, she's my heart's tendering dove'

'I could not sleep, eat nor smile without you'

'The world is an isle of eternal isolation if our spirit can't glue'

'I have build your statue in my memories'

'I have summoned nature's gentility to perfect our love stories'

'Come let fashioned our body in extacyy'

Come let spoil our innocence with a remarkable
'glory'

Deceiving jaws spitting these words

They never mentioned a moral accords

Besides, society lashes morality away

They claims, two youth marrying is immorality sway

But isn't that better than rubbing their innocence

Isn't that better than murdering our ancestors presence

The world is drowning in pools of fatherless babies

the west is the west. Their value is a curse in our hobbies

We are africans, our lives is rounded by moral dews

But we sit smiley watching the rape our marriage values

kemurl fofanah

The Report

As im about to pen down this little piece of words, my hands are nervous, my eyes had literally swollen with emotional tears, my whole body seems to losses it balance only my head seems focus but it too keep going in and out of consciousness. I witnessed souls being tossed out of their bodies. I saw old individuals begging for their lives even when death tends to suite them. I saw my friends, over night transformed into a killing tool totally devoid of mercy. I experienced untold brutality at the hands of my brothers during our senseless civil war. For long this events had been buried within the depths of my compassionate hearts and mind. But the wake of this dreadful disease had rebirth these nightmares back into the surface of my daily memories. Oh God not again. My fellow citizens are dying, spraying about the country like a slaughter house been commissioned to honour a jew, Hindu or Muslim celebration. Pregnant women were left in pained to death at hospitals like jungle flowers because no test to confirm if they are free from the disease were present at that moment. Every other sick is now Ebola. I went to Liberia, it's as if i went into sorrows den. Stories of the after math of this disease had left scores of families totally wipe out of this world. Even some villages, only few souls were left to rebuild it population again. Orphans were like stray birds fly all about...this miseries are sickening my heart. I can't tell this story anymore....

kemurl fofanah

The Still Borns Of Africa

we are still in the womb
swimming in the filthy fluid of corruption
we are still in the womb
battling to cut the umbilical cord of pollution
we are still in the womb
preying on the remnant of deprived relation
we are still in the womb
drowning in the congest world of deprivation
we are still in the womb
protesting against divisional segregation
we are still in the womb
exalting the strength of voices calling for attention
we are still in the womb
reaching the spheres through screw faces and traumatic expression
we are still in the womb
padding our ways through neglect and isolation
we are still in the womb
stirring gently towards the end of our active function
we are still in the womb of africa
waiting to be called the still borns of our mother

kemurl fofanah

The Sudden Death Of A Writer's Skills

Waking up one dreadful morn
Emptiness ransacking you
No verses left to recite
Ink dried, pen barren
The mind cannot grip its thoughts
Stories floating about
But your skills had divorced you
You are drowning
You can't catch the sail
You gasp for life
Resuscitating with colleagues
But your lifeline is amiss
For your talents are gone
Nothing to feed from
Even your eyes keep blinking,
And your sense reject to spell
You wail with stress,
You pretend,
But nothing can be done
You are dead writer!
You just died suddenly

kemurl fofanah

The True Kemurl

His hands were motionless
His lip is on mars and his feets were powerless
He can feel his nerves rooting from everywhere
He can feel is vains wrepping in bloodless pair
He shouts a voiceless cry
And said to me in a blicking eye
I want to hold you once more
I want to be with you in the fiture
But now all my strength has been broken
And soon my sight will be stolen
My soul is heavy and soon it will fly
I might die but be a man don't cry
Instead pray for me in every word you breeds
And hoist our name high to all the world seeds
Say'I was your father's father'
Kemurl the name true owner
He lay in his sick bed with his prowess amiss
And said to me with his eyes'I wish you understanding and bliss'
'I love you my little me'
'I hope you will live the best you can be'

kemurl fofanah

The Wandering Passer By

We are not here to stay
We are just passing through
We are only here for today
We are not here to wait for you

no one predict us
No one we tell to do
No one can aid us
No creation can see we through

We are only here to pray
We are just a passing dew
We are not here to play
But we may smile with you

Have we seen the night?
well we are just waiting for the day
Have we glance the light?
In islam I found it spray

yesterday a brother parting was heard
yet we don't learn from such exercise
Our status will never boastfully clad
When death, comes with its unwanted price

Are we eternal like the sky?
We are not here to stay
Are we not a wandering passer by?
We are only here for today

kemurl fofanah

The Woman Give Of Her Lesson

Shall i tell you of a woman i saw?

Her beauty so rear more than any earthly ornamented core

Shall i tell you of a beauty so bold and loud

A prodigy so esteemed in and out of any crowd

Shall i tell you of a woman, every woman envy

A moral countenance they often wish to see

They say she does not want to walk like a cat tripping

But every time she passes by, it is if the earth sway with her in delightful weeping

They say, not her single hair peeped from her head

But every time she passes by, it is as if her maker replace it with perfection on her forehead

They say she covered up her entire body

But every time she passes by it is as if she is naked, telling everyone of her chastity

One day they say she smile while passing by

They wind joyously showered bliss, boasting that she look her in the eye

The ground silences every passing sound

Bluffing that, direct in it face the smile rebound

They say whenever she smile all nature lodging are rejoicing

For the woman in hijab had give off her moral lesson

kemurl fofanah

The Writer Is Coming Home

The writer's coming home
To embrace his beloved
After the long battle in euros chest
Rattling with comrades
Pens of the soil
Equals in size and weights
The writer's coming home

The writer's coming home
To romance his beloved
After the stretching search in the Asian deserts
Wrestling with comrades
Inks of the soil
Equals in strength and passion
The writer's coming home

The writer's coming home
To stroll with his beloved
After the exhausting compete
in the Americas
Racing with comrades
Pages of the soil
Equals in voices and desires
The writer's coming home

The writer's coming home
To rest with his beloved
After the trekking expeditions
In the Australasia depth
Roaming with comrades
Pens of the soils
Equals in love and worries
The writer's coming home

The writer's come home
To sell, to live with his beloved
After the bitter experience in the skins of Africa
Dancing with comrades
Sons of the soil

Equals in minds and thoughts

The writer's sailing home to his own soil, to meet his beloved

kemurl fofanah

The Young New Poet

I am that young new poet
Whom the world hadnt had a glimpse of yet
My works some do debunk
My effort many had try to sunk
But with him as my guide
I have never lean or slide
Instead i am just pervase in production
From birth to now, i think i had a collection
And yet i am still buried in this dust
But i am sure he will help me survived this lust
And when i leap from this mess
The world will wear my poem dress
So be prepared for that young new poet
Whom the world will drowned in what he get

kemurl fofanah

Varnity

Why taking that fancy pose
When death will soon lock your story
Why wearing that gleatring rose
Instead of a stained glory
Soul be gentle with your deeds
This bowl is swiftly passing
Try to share your needs
Before the end start knocking

kemurl fofanah

Walking With My Head Above

I sit I stand I bend
I run I walk I fend
I sing I beat I dance
I sleep I wake I glance
I eat I drink I stop
I laugh I smile I stare up
The world seems to be rolling
my head seems to be exploding
I have tried everything
But I can't do anything
My mind seems to be somewhere far
My heart seems to be living in despair
Why is this happening to me?
Why do I have to live in love misery?
I have love her since we meet
Meeting me was what she had regret
I live I love she hate
I beg I beg I wait
She talk she vexed she refuse
she silent she oppose she abuse
I have been walking with my head above
And now I have fall into a pit rejecting my love.

kemurl fofanah

War No More

Daddy why are you wearing that armoured suit?
Where do you want to go with your decent youth?
Don't you think, mommy can't nursed us alone?
Who are going to fight with that firing bone?
isn't your enemy my uncle?
Aren't you ashamed to show my nephews that pistol?
Daddy can't their be war no more?
Can't you mend your sour with love color?
since you bring me to this bowl
all I dream is the struggle of despairing soul
Daddy how many children had you made orphan?
Don't you think I'll one day fall in that clan?
Daddy why are we fighting war?
Is it because of that ornamented earth core?
daddy are you fighting for we?
Or Is your country not yet free?
Daddy wouldn't their ever be war no more?
Please answer me what should I tell my seeds in the future?

kemurl fofanah

We Choose To Be Happy

Beyond the spreading of nature's anger
Beyond the splitting of wrathful thunder
Beyond the spitting of selfish bullets
We choose to gasp the air that's quiet

Rain's flogging our Hamlet's like brutish boots in charging action
Wind rooting our homes like a farmer devouring weeds in rage of frustration
But beyond that despairing sweat
We choose to gasp the air that's quiet

Every moment we play with, smiley
radiant wrapping our faces

We dance in and out of the sun, we circle our glammers in the realm of all nature
pieces
We joyed on the desires of our fears and hoist our worthless bouquets
This is what we choose, we gasp the air that's quiet

We have feel the might of the gun
We have dwell in hearts of nature's thorn
For most of our lives, survival rules our sight
will not dragged us off happiness, we choose to gasp the air that's quiet

I heard and saw my brothers clinging to their souls when cyclones of hunger
blow
I saw ourselves hanging to our skins when floods of corruption risingly flow
But brother, we should hold on to our spirit and taught ourselves not to forget
With all this odds we will gasp the air that's quiet

kemurl fofanah

We Were Helpless

We where wandering gladely in the crowd
When the cries started calling loud
We bockled our souls with fear
Hoping that our souls will send us somewhere
We scattered ourselves like a disowned bird
Praying for our story to be seen or heard
We scorned every corner in a bid to hide
But no hole suite our soul to glide
We were caught like a pekish pigeon
And sent to a deserted prison
There we learn how to part souls from the bodies
There we replace our infancies with brute hobbies
We became the santry in the battle field
As we stand in front like a human shield
We were let loose like a raving beast
To employ the gun as a better fist
Our close and country relatives became the foes
We smile and dance while we inflict woes
Our actions was the master of our head
While human suffering dominates our bread
If you say our deeds and conscience abide
Then age 8 to 14 were no child
If you hold us for the trouble
Them we were not born humble
But if you see us as little lum
Then forgive us and help us reform

kemurl fofanah

What Does It Take To Be Love

What does it take to be love?

Is it a lousy status or a silent down curve?

What does it take to win a heart?

Is it bogus wealth or a simple flat?

What does it take to catch a mind?

Is it a simple call or thousand bind?

I am confuse

All love i see seems amount dues

Hello

Does anyone know

What does it take to be love?

I'm broke, i'm just a simple dove?

I saw a woman

She seems taller than my own man

Not in height my word leans

But in status it rest it means

Ooo gentle wind, you know her better?

What will it cost me to get her?

kemurl fofanah

What Is Your Dream?

What is your dream?
Is it a fairy tales or fictional film
What is your dream?
Is it a hopeless fails or optimistic theme
What your dream?
Is it love worries or treatious whim
What is your dream?
Is it defeat stories or victory in every scene
What is your dream?
Is it the thickest dew or brighter beam
What is your dream?
Is it dirty glue or perfect clean
What is your dream?
I mean you that always lean

kemurl fofanah

Why The Brutal Smile?

Cute chicks
Innocent looks
But a brutal smile

Gentle jaws
Humble face
But a brutal smile

Decent lips
Honest gaze
Yet still this brutal smile

My memories wander
All yesternight asking
Why this brutal smile

Cute, innocent, gentle
Humble decent and honest
Dance within your infant face

But just this brutal smile
Sit lonely starring at me
Like the stretch of river Nile

kemurl fofanah

Woman In Black!

Why are your eyes glowing so dark?
What are your woes?
Has the maker conspire with your foes?
Your eyes had been exuding blood far too long
Your soul is drowning in the seas of melancholic song
You can't sleep, you can't smile
Your eyes had been glued to that struggling fly

Woman in black!
What's that, your soul can't get back?
Your ears had been staring at your thought
Your head had been replaying, memories you got
And slowly your eyes dripping red wine
Has your brain played any scene from an indian vine?

Woman in black!
What is it that you lack?
Are you mourning your bloodline death?
Or has the world reject your heart's facsimile breath?
The road seems so ageless for you to rode alone
The world seems too futile, with souls to match your bone
Ooo you beautiful young woman in bereaved attire
My senses are lane, I may not know your despair
But you cannot live this solitary dream all your life
So bury your inward struggle and lets play a song one fife

kemurl fofanah

You Must Go On

you must go
thou your acts cringe us
you must go
thou you didnt blant us
you must go on
when you end journey we crase
yet still you must go on
i am happy cus few praise
and be worried its will stop run
stop the worried its still on
just be ready its will soon done
beyond that ugly mist life must still go on

kemurl fofanah

Your Name In The Sky

I was looking at the night
Then I saw your name hanging so bright
It was written in gold
With Ink of bliss wrapping it so bold
Your name glitters from that far
And it moment flies everywhere
I could not have tell if today is your birthday
Without this miracle in the sky that spell your day
Since your advent in this big blue container
souls have been transform with scattered bliss in the air
I wish I could by you, your replica on this your natal day
To reflect the styles you brought in our way
but since that gift is vain and priceless
I wish you, your desire and stay bless

kemurl fofanah