

Poetry Series

Muyark Olamilekan Hlestakolve



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The Greatest School

Existence is a school
Everyone is a student
And God is the only teacher.

He manifest His Titles and test us
But, distress or blessing;
Mercy or trouble;
Is always from him.

Everyone lives their own exam
You need to be one of the people who pass the exam and submit yourself to Him
Then you will be the greatest student and the greatest scholar
God likes submission and not imprudence.

It will be unwise, by failing to consider the likely results of your actions
Because, failing in life is an omen of bad lucks, coming hereafter
So, existence itself is the greatest school
Lives it well while it worths living.

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Love (The Moving Spirit)

Love, the unmoving being of a moving spirit
A passion that could not be traced
A pain that could be adhere with
Love is like morning dew
It kill gently like a deadly disease

Hell Ow Fee Hee
Four letters word of a great meaning
Love is great, love is passion, love is everything good in life
He who is count out of love, is not a man
Cause he/she hasn't completed is life cycle
So my friends, it is good to be in love
For it give chance to share things with others

A lover is a drunkard
For it moved in the body like a state of being intoxicated
Accept it, play with it, adhere with it, come through it
And you will never regret be in it
So, love could be traced as ones life
Try to overcome it

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The Outstanding Prophet

The special of all ever created
The master of all masters
The teacher of all teachers
The learner of all learners
Oh! What can i say to beset you?
For a great name you are being calling of

Oh! Rashool of Allah (S.A.W)
You came to world with prophecy
You lead us to the righteous way
Follow me and you will never regret
A word yawned by Rashool everyday
For he, ever speaks in parable
Accompany me and you will never lost
For you will be guide by the lord
Also yawned by Rashool-lah (S.A.W)

So, my brothers, let accept the word brought by Rashool
For you will never lost, as he yawned
And to you rashool of Allah
A salt among the sour
A light of all the darkness
Your company makes us proud
But I am thinking of a day
When you will vanished and we will never see you again
For no one is ever immortal
Except the paramount king

But a taught comes through me
For you've shown us the way to rejoin you in Akhira
He who does according to my will loves me
And he who loves me shall rejoin me in Janat
One's yawned by Rashool of Allah

Now I am now grateful
For I am on the path you've shown us
Thanks be to you
Oh! Rashool of Allah, the outstanding prophet
For your words are ever immortal

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Life Master

Life is a living being
Life is like a working shadow
Life is sub divided into cupe
Is either you follow life or life will follow you
But it is good to be master for life
For he who follow life will serve for life

Don't allow life to surpass you
For these will allow you to have time for God
Or be it, you are serving under life
These are those that left life dump-handed
For they left nothing for life after death

All for them, is to run blindfolded for life
Money! Money! ! Money! ! ! they cried out in agony
These tempt them to sin against God
For they even seek black-power to get money
All these, for the sake of life
For they are serving under life

Hey! my folks, you can be yourself if you want to be
Need not to be struggle for life
Just be satisfied with all your needs
For these will make you to be 'Life Master'.

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Companionship

Show me your friend and i will tell you whom you are

Who is a friend?

A friend is a companion and a companion is a friend

A friend may kill and a companion could save

As there is a companion in enemy,

So there is an enemy in friends

All is left to one's destiny

But I pray unto thee, to guide me with a good folk

And save me from the harmful work of foes

Lingering with a flowering face

But uphold with a Leo's hearth

In hinder way to sex

Woman can not exist except by man

Also, a man without woman is incompleated

A woman is she who has a husband and she can not but prosper

When man goes on the road he goes with a friend,

For he who walks alone has no good fortune

Likewise, I give you advice, the rich man and the poor man, join hands across the shroud

Better a loin cloth without disgrace than the fine flowered shawl of same

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Death

Oh! Be it death
The sojourner of sorrow
The red serpent
The slayer of born and unborn life
The terminator of dreams
The destroyer of fission
Death be it!
You have no friend nor foe
You take no bribe, nor feel shy of any living being
You lay your hand on king, likewise the slaves
You lay your hand on old, likewise the young's
As you killed the wealthy one's, so you did to the poorer
No one dare to question your handy-work
Be it death
Don, t lay your cold hand on me
Cause, I have drank the fruits of life
Surpass me and go on your way
For I have more life to live
The unquestionable being
Be go, on your unfinished quest.

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Brotherhood

Things fall apart when centre can not cope
What is the centre?
Brotherhood it is
There is nothing good as brotherhood
As there is nothing worse as conflict
Brotherhood could be traced as love
For a state of collaborating with others is brotherhood
A brother is a lover
And a lover is a drunkard
Hey! My folks
The brother here is not about your elder or younger ones
Also, it might not be your blood ties
But a life companion
So brotherhood is the centre of love
Try to be in it.

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