

Poetry Series

**Ridwan Olamide**  
**- poems -**

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**Ridwan Olamide(5th December,1994)**

# A Believer's Travels

A mile, then the next,  
Ten miles, then another,  
A hundred miles and still counting.

This endless search for the key,  
all but a vain journey,  
though I have hints,  
they only show that I cannot find all I need.

Certain about defeat,  
yet more determined to search,  
to comb the seven heavens,  
to dig the seven earths,  
and to search all that is between.

Though my search ends in defeat,  
I am delighted wit my lot,  
I am certain, more certain, most certain,  
that I did as I was asked,  
that He alone has the Key, the Knowledge, which he tells me to seek,  
Allah knows best.

Ridwan Olamide

# Africa

Awake, Mother Africa! ! !  
It is a bright bay  
the world awaits you  
from the sunrise in the east  
to the sunset in the west.  
Your beauty is unravelled  
among you other sisters  
from your deserts of Sahara  
to the deserts of Kalahari  
may you see prosperity  
in your travails

Ridwan Olamide

# Awaken O Body!

Ye Soul!

I summon you,  
Never turn away heedless,  
Little indeed is the time that's left,  
Do not be careless.

Ye Ear!

I summon you,  
Never turn away in deafness,  
If indeed you hear,  
Do you not fear the Darkness.

Ye Tongue!

I summon you,  
Never turn away speechless,  
Mighty indeed is the Word,  
Think not it as wothless.

Ye Eyes!

I summon you,  
Clear indeed is the sign,  
Do you not know the Flawless.

Ridwan Olamide

# Friendship

Friendship is breakable  
handle it with care,  
Friendship is inflammable  
keep away from fire,  
Friendship is living  
feed it,  
Friendship is not discussion  
it is a promise to always share,  
Friendship is a anything  
but a sorry tale in life.

Dedicated to: Samuel Ogbole, Dipo Adesanya and Davidson Adelokun

Ridwan Olamide

# Hunting Shadows

'With ease' warns the watchman,  
Nay, I shall go forth with all zeal,  
Little I know of this vain quest,  
'Leave me to wallow in ignorance' I yell.

That which is not lost, I seek,  
That which is not forgotten, I try to remember,  
Raiding the deep waters for falcons,  
The heavens jest at my ignominy.

Wealth and eternal fame,  
And lasting health and a good name,  
All this I crave for,  
But I knock the wrong doors.

The truth, I try to deny,  
But it prevails, like the dawn quenches the night,  
With Allah alone lies what I desire,  
And to Him is my return.

Ridwan Olamide

# Illusions

It's seems a finger's breadth away,  
But indeed it's so distant,  
My quest for it leads me astray,  
But to return, I'm reluctant,  
It always ends in dismay,  
But I still go forth unrepentant.

My heart knows no rest,  
My tongue feels no thirst,  
As I comb the earth from east to west,  
Hovering above the arctic,  
Like the gryfalcon that seeks a nest.

I long for fame and wealth,  
And a good name and lasting health,  
My dreams are a traveller's mirage,  
Farther as I further.

Save me from these deceptions,  
From the harm of my wrong perceptions,  
And from the bane of my illusions!

Ridwan Olamide



# Inevitable: Blood And Tears

Not until then,  
when veins are slit in millions,  
when skins go cold in unison,  
and death is a responsibility,  
as well as a fundamental right.

Not until then,  
when the eyes shed now tears,  
when loss brings no sorrow,  
and death is a luxury,  
as well as a necessity.

Not until then,  
the moment that surely comes,  
creeping slowly but ever surely,

Ready, shall I be, to be a piece of the puzzle.

Ridwan Olamide

# Reflections

Flying birds and humming bees,  
Beautiful walkways between tall trees,  
Memories from years back,  
How sweet is the sound of my home.

Creeping weeds and thorny grasses,  
Evergreen gardens of olives and citrus,  
Reflections from eons back,  
How beautiful is the sight of home,

To my home indeed is my return,  
Certainly, the time draws close,  
The moment of decision,  
That awaits us all.

Ridwan Olamide

# The Dark Times

Dazed with fear  
he walked on,  
filled with despair  
he continued,  
he moved  
towards the end  
of the seemingly endless tunnel,  
finding light was his aim,  
could he endure  
to find light at the end  
of the dark times.

Ridwan Olamide

# The Freshman

Like a bat hunting at noon,  
with its ears stuffed with muffs,  
I sit within these walls,  
pretty ignorant of the bizarre colloquy.

Like a bull wearing safety belts,  
in a sleek private cabin,  
I long to break free,  
quite oblivious of this habitat.

I make a sharp turn,  
he makes a big grin,  
then I repay him with my boyish smile,  
We are just freshman on resumption day.

Ridwan Olamide

# The Scruple

In a world that knows no order,  
and all we fear is hunger,  
we survive even at the cost of murder,  
we set our ideals so little do we bother.

We care not about ties of kinship,  
as we seek a path free of hardship,  
we live by no principles,  
the end justifies the means, or does it not?

Nay! it thwarts us,  
the light of our hearts,  
imprisoned by our own conscience,  
we refrain and wallow in adversity.

We hate to be what we already are,  
white garments tainted by black ink,  
or perhaps black garments with white patches,  
no saint nor demon.

It's the reason good breathes,  
albeit, a faint breath,  
though the good men are long gone,  
even a few bad men do good deeds.

A heart that beats is never doomed,  
nor is it assumed saved,  
until the moment comes that it thumps no more,  
then we know its final abode,

I hear why they say so...destiny perhaps.

Ridwan Olamide

# Trapped In A Noose

That instant,  
that I seized to hear,  
that I saw it all,  
even with my eyes shut,  
I had tied the noose,  
and I could barely wait,  
for the freedom that awaits,  
or that I assumed.

Woe to me!  
I had never been so mistaken,  
I saw not what I expected,  
what I bargained for, clearly it was not,  
Forward, I dared not move,  
certainly not a willful choice,  
return, I could not,  
even as my entire being yearned to.

Sunk in regret,  
I lie in wait, albeit a painful one,  
for the day I hope not to see,  
for that day, I leave this torment for another,  
Hardly a surprise,  
foolhardy I was, seeking for freedom,  
which had I had bountiful,  
but rarely ever used well.

I wait in this partition,  
Doomed. Had I known then what I know now.

Ridwan Olamide