

Poetry Series

**AbdiSaber Yusuf**  
**- poems -**

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## AbdiSaber Yusuf(.1994)

Among the believers are men true to what they promised God. Among them is he who has fulfilled his vow [to the death], and among them is he who awaits [his chance]. And they did not alter [the terms of their commitment] by any alteration - 33: 23

# Can We Unite?

It Ruins all, forget about constructing,  
Bends the Imaan, wronging to one another,  
Do its people survive?  
It separates, puts all in danger,  
Gives power to illiterate, No Overcoming,  
Is it A Devil?  
Another Sword of war, that spreads in the hearts,  
Leave nothing, other than poverty,  
Who knows that?  
It brings death, grasping the Souls,  
Obsessed with eating tranquility, in all it affects,  
Is it a monster?  
Though I'm running not nor slowing down, shall I compare?  
The affluent spell I had dreamed about,  
And these draining blood droplets.  
Can it rain blood?  
Engulfed by leadership, nobody aware of it,  
It got something, more legends left for it,  
I raise my hands up to the sky, asking for an end.  
Can we unite?

For More Poems:

AbdiSaber Yusuf

# Depiction Story

And who shall hear that sound which humiliates,  
Or feel the affliction of this man's abnegates,  
Nothing to lose? Among the creepy mammoths around,  
That wakes up when rampage abound,  
The moon's walk and this shinning dark face,  
Tranquil when full of them indeed embrace,  
The ocean's water which flood to the room with moonlight,  
Riding the clashing waves to be drowned with dark-knight,  
The dead have the same body even the failed scuba diver's,  
When something brown dribbles down and everywhere of your skin,  
And laid on it just to leave no existed lace,  
Grasping part of us and diving it beneath the surface,  
Or when your wind powered vessel sails without surstromming,  
Just after I filled my needed hope on your selfish ways,  
As I wonder about you and I left all my deposits  
Even the sunrays',  
Just moments after it casts on me through the slat,  
Bathing my spirit with smooth wax just behind the edge of my splat,  
Rising up and streaming down to the shore's forth,  
It's jumping with sunrays' radiance to reveal its heighth,  
The cloudless hallow sky with the power of these currents,  
Let the shadow extend to cover up without absences,  
When it flies to the walls of hope,  
Whispering me to grow my own wings,  
Tightening my soul with limitless riches of grace,  
Shall I Compare Though?

For More Poems:

AbdiSaber Yusuf

# Desperation

In the dark, we are blinded,  
With a fear, we live with indecency,  
Away from malignant, time is malformed,  
I can't lighten up, forget about the sparks,  
And this wind is taking us, leaving less our long sighted,  
Here we are lost, left our lithography,  
I can't see the sky, there are no stars,  
All of us devastated, ears hear unappreciated,  
May be all failures haven't the same hike,  
Hurt the same us all,  
And returning to the fact is victorious,  
Following the first guide for completion,  
Relieving those hearts, no more avowals,  
Just have the spears in our hearts, shield against desperation,  
Expanding the truth even in that high-rises.

AbdiSaber Yusuf

# First Stage First.

It was a night,  
Lights were bright,  
And more people  
Came around the maple,  
The heart could never stay  
Calm and it was like "make the hay",  
Sahra took the mic and  
Called me for next and  
I have seen everyone staring  
Like I'm the hamlet transferring,  
It was a cold without a coat,  
Just with that cup of art,  
It was ironic.  
Look at me not but  
The lines I'm about  
To go and say  
And you will see the array,  
It was a night like the first,  
First stage like the thirst,  
Everyone was eager,  
Lines and words rhyming  
Romantic and love,  
It was when they dove,  
"This is a rainfall  
Not the snowfall"  
I replied but,  
After the shutter opens  
And Musawi snipes,  
It's the first stage first.

For More Poems:

AbdiSaber Yusuf

# Golden Piece

Just like the golden piece, they are chasing you,  
Glimpsing your beauty and they think they can govern;  
Just like the birds, they were singing,  
Begging for acceptance and you're waiting;  
Naively you agreed,  
Believing those songs are rhymed and they were incoherent;  
Just like the devil, they were traitors,  
Exhibiting your trials and you feel regret;  
Just like fate it was written,  
Being paranoid fulfill less neither complaining does;  
Just like the wronged, I will pray,  
Praying for you, to stay shining;  
Just like the golden piece.

For More Poems:

11-October-2014

AbdiSaber Yusuf

# Hushed Minds

When the sun rises not,  
And the dark fades all;  
Here you are holding, holding the book,  
When the dew turns into frost,  
Shivering the dead bodies;  
Here you are embracing the power,  
When the crickets are hunting,  
And the moths are scarpering;  
Here you are razing the indolence,  
Not less taunts you are facing,  
Much successive comprehensions you are gaining,  
but,  
Those wordless jiffies;  
And you are hopeful,  
When the soul evolves, knows less back;  
Here you are achieving the orchid,  
Rumoring those ruthless moments of you,  
is what they are wording about,  
Those liable times, left not worthless,  
Again;  
When the hushed minds stand not;  
Here you are walking,  
When the failure overcomes,  
And everybody is falling silence,  
Here you are triumphant.

For More Poems:

AbdiSaber Yusuf



## Sacred Souls.

When a dust rises when in dark,  
Can you see it on the hills?  
Of this world's drama which we live in,  
Just tolerated and I'm living on the edge,  
They have returned up to the heaven,  
Just to Allah.  
Ever since then my smile was partial,  
And my heart breaks for the scratched flowers,  
Monsters around them were taking them down,  
Felt the soreness deep in their souls,  
With one fight based against my Islam.  
This heart of mine is blowing up.  
Sadness rustling through blood,  
And awakens my veins to collide,  
In a bigger voice I can just say,  
No human can define who you were,  
No pen can write what you've been on,  
I can smell the victory's coming,  
The world is too heavy stone,  
All from inland to the oceans,  
We will judge every one of them,  
Together we will stand to Allah's,  
Asking for forgiveness and,  
Eternal paradise's top for you.

AbdiSaber Yusuf

# Stabby Melody.

I have heard the call of destruction,  
Yet my heart follows the obstruction.  
Such tall foyers,  
Such wall stroyers;  
Are the tunes that build up a towers  
Of blazing, bounding heaven lights,  
With life,  
With knife;  
Hit the ground with the flinging pumice,  
Lit the light of twisted knife not to remise,  
Such sweet melody,  
Such stabby malady;  
Are the choices of jagged, rusty blades,  
After the chucked, rolled, crusty stones,  
With life,  
With knife;  
Hit the ground with the flinging pumice,  
Lit the light of twisted knife not to remise,  
Such martyrdom,  
Such freedom;  
Are the heavenly sight of the conquest,  
After the perilous mile of the biggest  
Win! !  
With life,  
With knife;  
Hit the ground with the flinging pumice,  
Lit the light of twisted knife not to remise,

Watch the poem video in YouTube:

For More Poems:

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# The Cross Crowd.

They bent to the wrong, for terrorist,  
One of those strange, lines to quit,  
Took the rights of me, without existence,  
How much water could drain to the serene?  
I can see the siege of my world,  
The bombardment powder breaks my forehead,  
Our land in shapes is to decease,  
Can it hurts when artillery escapes to the gate,  
And left the ammunition around the dead?  
The day is to come when the barriers fall again, without guidance,  
When the night have veiled and Charlie has dared,  
The sun was sunken,  
Deep into the sky it was engraved,  
What power or wave or cannon?  
The blood that pours from the south,  
Your power have no effect on it, wrath,  
I can see the mountains crawling toward you,  
Just to fill and close on you,  
I can see the screaming, violent winds from Mont Blanc,  
Just to impose on you and leave no Semitic,  
O you who cursed Muhammad,  
From where the cross dominated,  
You will gain spears and flying Francisco,  
In the midst of crowds, pointing each one's Head,  
And very soon your soul will reach the sweltering underworld.

For More Poems:

AbdiSaber Yusuf

# The Travelling Lights

After the brook reflects the blue lights,  
While the crocuses are feeding it for life,  
What though it's light exists with the blues?  
The never ending bedlam is not rife,

And both that state equally goes on,  
In the montane trees no hoof had trodden out,  
The dawn breaks beyond the Mon,  
Though it humbles the hearts when to bout,

While the reflections shone they have seen,  
The sacred travelling lights on Surad Mountain,  
From the thunderous clouds with their Mien,  
Oh! Enlighten it all and never abstain.

The larva is still mystery even with that covers,  
Beneath the earth it escapes and erupts,  
When it follows out of the boundaries not with rovers,  
The truth!

For More Poems:

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# Whispering Verses

Oh! You've fallen in a crack,  
Forced to flee, left broken;  
Lost a battle and ready to quit,  
A disaster had consorted with you;  
Wish you'd swung from trees,  
Worse is left for you!  
With its vibrant warmth it covers,  
Strongly control the galaxies;  
The sun Never says' 'I quit'',  
The earth that grips the fallen heroes  
Never claims such bravery,  
Nor the seas that pulls  
The waves deep down!  
Ah, He lost his wealth and  
Destroyed, beneath the cores  
He is spinning;  
Qarun was ungrateful!  
This is a gentle booming  
Voice from me; for all the suffered  
Souls, to only the ears that hear.

For More Poems:

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## Your Emperor Discerns.

You have drawn your string back,  
With a fire you are shooting it,  
To a blameless your arrowhead hurts,  
With your deliberation – that it cracks,  
These barriers cannot be ruined,  
Halted populace which stands front you,  
They are sensible.

You have sunken your humbug deep in the oceans,  
With speed, its spreading cant,  
To a defector it is bearing on,  
Your emperor discerns the failure,  
Even when the crowd stands victorious,  
Halted populace which stands front you,  
They are awake.

I had seen it all, when in dreaming bigger,  
The lost passion, prosperity and peace,  
Palestine, it was sparkling,  
Every time I go through, their scream disrupted me,  
Far even faraway, you had trashed it,  
Look behind your footsteps,  
You have left no broaden horizons.  
The gates of hell are unbolted,  
Exchange the fresh from fresh.

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