

Poetry Series

**Anas Ibraheem**  
**- poems -**

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Anas Ibraheem()

# Lone Bird

A lone bird stares  
with so much tears  
for Eros ordains his fierce;  
deep down its heart he spears.

A lone bird stares  
for no one cares  
to take his fears  
down down the stairs.

A lone bird stare,  
with that urge to dare  
and no song to fare  
for hopes go all bare.

A lone bird stares  
with so much tears  
for Eros ordains his fierce;  
deep down its heart he spears.

Lone bird stares,  
as its dreams walk-pass  
with aids of undertakers,  
they felicitate dance-pass  
alas! it goes  
into the stomach of earth.

Oh! the lone bird stares  
up up the roof  
down to his buried desires  
with no condition, he retires.

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# Mama

Mama,  
You are the flesh  
that covers my weak bone.

My defender  
In whatever situation;  
But if wrong,  
You correct me in private.

Momma  
You are my mentor,  
Also, my tormentor.  
Strengthening my curved route  
To the real world.

The world I own  
Drove me into your bosom  
With a steady steering  
Directing my wills and aspirations.

With you beside,  
I'm in no pains  
I dwell in a cloud of joy  
Even if being smashed  
By a running bulldozer  
With cracked bones.

Momma,  
Words alone can't define you.

My wall of Jericho,  
My very own Jesus,  
My voice when I got none.

My Momma is incomparable!

#BlackPoet



# My Goddess

With no expectation  
comes my expectation.

She's like water;  
Running down my heated body.

Her smile drags me  
To intoxication.

Her eyes speak  
To my heart.

Her voice seduces my soul  
to concur to the desires of heart.

Her beauty takes me,  
Down the alter.

I vow  
to take the vow;

"For better for worse? "  
And yes! I do.

She's a flower;  
None but a Rose.

How do I express how I feel?  
When the sight of her  
Keeps me mum.

Trapped in your love,  
I'm at your mercy.

Like a rat  
In a glue trap.

I would say it to the world,  
Sandra is my goddess!

And only thee is worthy  
Of my praise.

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# Refugee

I became a refugee  
My home is gone  
I need my refuge.

Down the great city of Zaria.  
I'm like a trouser  
Without a \_Zariya\_.

My shade is gone  
The sun hurts my skin  
With no compassion.

I'm like battery  
Without a cell  
With my emotion in cell.

I'm a chick in August,  
Peeping for that warm body  
Of my mother hen.

Bring back my smile,  
Bring back my happiness,  
Bring back you.

I'm a refugee  
My home is gone  
I seek refuge.

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