

Poetry Series

Babalola Jubril
- poems -

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During This, After This

What will really happen?
When this period ends?
What's happening to the world right now?
I am really worried,
During this pandemic, what's happening?
After this pandemic, what will happen?

Questions are bursting my mind,
Having a stomach ache,
Is not really enough,
Until my brain tells me the answer,
To those burning Questions,

People are dying,
Poverty lives here before,
Along with high rate of unemployment,
Vices, Corruptions, that are uncontrollable,
Find a space in the heart of our people,

The mental health of our people,
At a greater risk,
Fear resides in the heart of many,
Worries, that will never leave the mind,
Where is it coming from?
Is it from you or me?
Have i really met him before?
Does he lives in me before?
What's this virus?

Questions are growing rapidly,
What will happen to my family?
If i was infected,
They will leave me alone,
Depression will live in my heart,
Hunger will reside in my stomach,
Hunger will reside in their stomach,
My children! My Husband! or My wife,
Worries that will never leave the heart,

During the pandemic,

The world is at a greater risk,
The economy is at its extreme,
Can't grow but remains constant,
Can't remain constant but under secrete,

Vices everywhere,
No job, No investment,
Hunger virus will strike after,
The world will be in a worst situation again,
That will take a decades to recover,

Stand and fight the pandemic,
Together! We can do this,
During this, let's fight together,
After this, let's unite,
And never separate again,
Then,
The world will be a better place to live.

Babalola Jubril

Listen To Our Cries! Listen To Our Pleas!

Of we young child,
At our prime
aiming for all good things of life,
Neither we are pessimistic,
we just keep running.
chasing you, aiming at you,
Our Dreams

Our forefathers are hopeless,
Fathers too hopeless,
Do you want the same for us?
T be like you,
Aimless; cruel; stone-hearted

Father pet my sister,
Mother pet my brother,
Lovers pet your loved ones,
Mother, caress your husbands,
Listen to their pleas,
easeb their pain with love,
listen to their cries,
oozing out from their dried eye,
that contains ocean of water,
comprises pains and sorrows

Listen to our cries!
Listen to our pleas!
As we callm your names,
like the cock crows in the morning,
moan our pain,
care for us,
Shower your unconditional love,
Like the kangaroo does for its child,

Heed our calls,
seek our help,

moan our hero,
relieve us of our pain,
with your love and care

Kids are crying,
Youth are taking the risks,
Adults are stressing,
Old are moaning for odds of life,
Listen to our Voices,
listen to our Cries,
Listen to our pleas,
And ease our pain with love and care.

Young Prof.

Babalola Jubril

Mom Don't Do That

don't restrict my freedom of movement,
locked me up in a fenced house,
don't restrict my tongue to speak,
because it always says the truth,
because it always express my thought,
don't restrict my brain to think,
because its my source of living,

mom, don't do that,
don't restrict my ear to listen to her voice,
don't restrict my eyes to see the beautiful face of the earth,
don't restrict my skin to feel the comfort,
don't restrict my nose to breathe,
because I may die,
don't restrict my conscience,
Because it tells me: I am wrong or right,

mom don't do that,
don't restrict my heart to flow to and fro,
You never stop,
But you keep on restricting my body part,
You dip your fingers in my mouth,
It's a must, I must bite it.

mom, don't do that,
If you do,
I will restrict your movement in my life,
Chase you away from my shadow,
Break your heart into ice pieces,
Make it feels the hotness of the sun,
I will make it vaporise into water with excess heat,
Then you will feel the pain of restriction.

Babalola Jubril

Mother's Hidden Pain

Sore eyes with burrowed eye balls,
Live under the skin,
Melt and dissolve the pain,
Her sight wildered in direction,
Dilated pupils, convoluted lens,
Shape the eye in sorrow,

On the surface of the eye,
The pain grows like grass,
Grasses in the green land,
They fill up the eyes,
with pain,
That burst into tears,

Tears shed into water,
The pain in her eyes,
caused by the upset menstrual cycle,
couldn't produce a fertile seed,
That will produce a viable flower,
The survivors in their niche,
Susceptible to any predicament,
Her pain exceeds her comfort,
She couldn't stay on the line,
But to cry out the pain,
And give comfort to the eye.

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Babalola Jubril

My Grandmother Is Still A Man

Prime stage of her golden days,
Still wear a golden shoe,
customize her golden face,
Dig the golden land,
To look for the golden wealth,

Claiming her youth time,
Time, that had passed,
Time will never come back,
To the current life,
where ladies still wear time,
In their youth time to the old time,
Time fades away,

Grandmother still carries beds of rock,
With her both hands,
That lay like beds,
She appears in her youth stage,
With my grandpa on their bed,
Play like couples,
Climb the mountain to the brim,
Until she graduates all stages,
She loves to live in the youth days,
She weighed a man's weight,
My grandmother is still a man.

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The Creation

Our lord has created the earth,
for the living to reside,
he has created the heaven,
for he and his angels to reside,
only for a short period,
he has created everything,
In an eclectic manner,
he manufactured everything,

He speaks to the fire,
To make the angel,
He speaks to the clay,
the chemistry of man,
to make the human body walk,
to make the animals walk,

The earth is really spacious,
where the living lives,
the living are animates,
the created are creating,
what an anonymous creation,
that they have been taught,
by their lord!
inspired through him,
learned in his way,
they made the creation,
thus: he has made creatures out of creation,
what a great god! we served.

Young Prof.

Babalola Jubril

The Night Ends, When The Sun Rise

Clouds cover the sky,
when the sun rays go into extinction,
She burst into tears,
Her heart broken into pieces,
Frozen and embedded with pain,
As they broke into water onto the floor,

The remains of the sun rays,
Still cover the surface of the sky,
Dews flowing down her cheeks, ,
As they are white golden tears,
Of the great warriors,
In the world war 1,
She remain muted,
In her obvious dark cloth,
She mourns in pain,

The hole in heart,
Caused by the shady clouds of the night,
The loss of her ribs,
Caused by the gold digger,
Of the night,
That only wears dark cloth in the dark,
Who digs only the golden people,

She is displaced and retarded,
Wake up! the night has ended,
Cheer up, the sun will shine,
Live in the light again, ,
Because it is sun rise.

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