Olowo Qudus
- poems -

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Olowo Qudus (a.k.a De-philosophet) was born in 2001, 13th of June. He was born in Lagos but his parent hails from Kwara state. His father is a retired civil servant and his mother, a petty-trader. Olowo Qudus started having passion for poetry at the tender age of 15. He tries to express inner thought through poetry. As an intelligent student, he enjoys researching on things. He is the founder and Ceo of DREAMERS ART FOUNDATION.

He has published several poems of his. His two major publishers are:

AND

He is presently a student of the Federal University of Ilorin, studying sociology.
Dear Arewa,
I swear to you
My once gaping mouth is now full of words
Filled with despair and disgust
like an infant;
who was robbed of his mother's udder
crying all alone like a wailing piano

shall i lament? , your absence!
like a lost treasure of gold
silver and bronze, drifted to a fallen garden
where life is a stranger

how i wish, again
i could place my black rough lips
on your tender cheeks
before the cock crows
and before; and before
you became an empress
in another man; s kingdom

how i wish again and again!
o! again and again

Olowo Qudus
Children Of Beggars (Olowo Qudus Version)

In the downtown of loneliness
Beneath the stairs of the
Christians temple; they lay
All cold nights spent
With restless rodents
Their ears throbs from the
Bluffing sounds of crickets
With their little collapsed mouth
Singing a sorrowful song of suffering
Which neither occupies a verse nor a chorus
Their pleading and hungry palms
Stretched out for dirty cents
Thrown at them by Godless demons
Who staggers their way home?
After a night at the tavern
Their wide open eyes
Staring for vain answers
From the dull statue of Christ
At the front doors of the temple
With all night of vanity
They shrink-little body
Covered with old and shabby rags
Gotten from the daily scavenging
On huge humps at the outskirt
Of the mean town

And at the dirty dews of dawn
The tick-ticky sound of the
Always alarming big clock
Which stand at the top edge?
Of the Catholic temple
Wakes the skeptical
Hardworking-lazy beggars
To a next day of their normal routine
Tears fail to well-up their eyes
For they have ever believe
In their harsh misfortune
Thinking hope is nothing
But an Alien to their world
For children of beggars
They are.

Olowo Qudus
I remember,
when bright candles,
sings all night with
dexterity of contrast
shedding those waxy tears
into a short period of living
arousing with phobia
of everlasting darkness
and the owl hoots it
song of mockery and
loneliness,
with the farce tone
of a stupid-blind bat
that dwells in the wind of night,
where Jinns and demons
of fortune and misfortune
waddles around all night
for their dubious victims
of bad-luck
and those night
I remember,
that man of nature
and physics
who sleeps not through out the mid
with thought of rivalry
of human and its nature,
making inventions of equality
with bizarre tools
of natural forces
and when the godly thunder
smacks it heavy sound and confusing lightning,
sending the bats and owls
to their dark caves of silence
and making the clouds
shed tears of pouring
sorrow and joy
making dark dreams
come true,
for they were nothing
but dark thought.

Olowo Qudus
I Believe

My name is Mr nobody
but all i know, is that i came from somebody,
i was born without no dreams
but i felt i got some grins
but indeed i believe!

i grew up in a hood where visions are scarce like gold,
where alone, our dreams we tend to mould,
our anthem was, &quot;is there a way&quot;
and our mother cries, because we got no way
but indeed i believe!

our soul never rested in peace,
our thought and mind was never at ease,
i know we were born to suffer
but need not worry, for it is the nature order
but indeed i believe!

we weep like mourners of the deceased,
we fight our dreams, like we live with a disease,
and we play along, even in an empty stomach
for hopelessness, we have been marked
but indeed i believe!

see those mouths of genuine lies
shutting our dreams, with just some shilling byes
they say, we should go to school
and indeed we shall rule
but indeed i believe!

mama no cry again,
what else; for there is nothing to gain,
but i promise, i will build an empire of ours
for we use to be lions, not lonely cows
but indeed i believe!

i shall regain our lost vision,
and again we begin the mission,
no matter the ugly distance
we must trek and take the chance
but indeed I believe!

They have left us to die,
But a must we shall rise so high,
And their tongue will be out of words
For we now become their gods
But indeed I believe!

Oh! Brothers hand in hands, we unite
For they have loot us of our father's right,
And we shall spread like an inferno
And make their mouths say "o! no"
But indeed I believe!

And those our lost dreams of decades,
Our dreams, visions and missions
I swear we must regain
And rise in a momentum again
But indeed I believe!

Olowo Qudus
Letter To A Virgin(Dedicated To All Virgins)

I know;
you possess a treasury
that mustn't be stol'n
by a human of no
'mean city'
a pot that must not be broken
a passage that must not yawn
a crop that must not be harvested
until that superb night!
when the moon envies
your glittering garden of gems
waiting that night
to be stolen and possessed
by a charming fellow, you desire!
watching your redish free flow
staining the gracious sheet!
aye! even the sheet rejoice with you
what a girlhood to womanhood!

i know;
you possess jealousy
staring allnight
at your tender breast
and your little waist adored with beads
at the sight of a standing mirror
lamenting and blabbing to your pretty self
'when will i have a family of mine
when will i cook for my hubby
when will i leave my father's house
when shall my pot break
when shall my passage yawn
when shall my crop be harvested? '
o! sweet virgin
cast away all worries
'Hakuna Matata'
let thy worries gone
why such a haste?
reserved! was your fresh purity,
like an hoarded sweet red wine
that dare not flow; through the greedy,
dry-anxious throat of palace men
until the emperor exclaims
'toast and drink, for we cast away shame'
o! sweet virgin
i swear, so as your hood is;
preserved for a Romeo,
you cherish.

Olowo Qudus
Letter To The Dead

we shall one day
have to join you in those assemblies
of serene faculty
in those glowing white gown
like the saint mother theresa
singing all night
with sopranoic voices of sinless angels
like a mystic paradise of grants
with echoes of unheard chants
like the zulus of the south

we all, must one day have to meet,
in those playground of goners
with rows of static tombs
with epitaphs of different scripture
honoring the demised
as pledging a palm of respect
to all fallen warrior

we must some day, hum with you,
like zombies of Savannah
and dry lands
in activeness of colliding dumbness
like a platter of monarchical tombs
in the ghost home of Haden

i swear, we would sleep,
one day and all night
in those cold silent yards
of yours
with accompanied squeaks
of rats and mouse
and our hands sleeps dearly on our chests
like the Pharaohs
in great silence
of night noise

Olowo Qudus
Messiah

When he knelt
eyes up to the sky,
palms sorted abundant prayers
but answered not
were his prayers! ! ! !

Messiah o! Messiah
be with him
for hope he had lost
but i think Messiah
is asleep

Olowo Qudus
The Drunkard

Let him! take his pile with ethanol
and shall his halves, sing him a lull
let him! fly high in his imagination
and his lives rotten in hallucination

Take him away, let him see the lagoon
and shall you see, he is not a baboon
he sees, what ought to see not
and hit his head hard, like a coconut

Let him! say some absurd false-truth
imagine he said "into salt i turned Ruth"
listen! let's hear the sane-madman
for he is going to be the last good man

The tavern, there dwelt his home away from home
let him! tell his colleagues, he hath built Rome
let him! boast false, that he conquered Hitler
and he the drunkard, had killed Julius Caesar

Olowo Qudus
The Lazy Poet

O! no, i am a lazy poet,
composing only a naughty quatrain
scared of a single duet
for my brain object pain

Olowo Qudus
The Sufist

Proxy they are; with God
identity escape through their lord
Who tends to know the truth
hence! they speak to God
But what hath they sacrificed
drops of power unrecognised
Be it! flow of holiness
I see, brothers of greatness!
O! the Sufi, God had made

Olowo Qudus
Worries Of An Orphan

My eternity has become an empty barn
never with a single trace
of healthy tubers
that grows from the happy down pour
on the earth,
i dwelt
in a melancholic state of livelihood
stung with heavy worries
like the burden of the big shell
of tortoise
my world is nothing;
but a striking stung of scorpions
that resides in the big heart
of the Sahara

my plaintive throat is choked with empty words
but there dwelt my complaining mouth
full of words of all words of sorrow
left to be decided
by a man who sat idly in his Benz
they call him; i hear,
'minister of happiness'
that name built a tumor in my heart
formy complaints in return of his replies
was nothing!
but a letter of grave sorrow

i was deadly skeptical of hope;
broke down by negligence
striving in bright darkness
prisoned by fear
and chained by worries
until i saw my tomb
even before my death
for then i saw the inscription
on my grave
'so long gone; the orphan'
Olowo Qudus