

Poetry Series

Ifeoluwa Philips
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2022

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ifeoluwa Philips(23/01/1996)

Ifeoluwa Philips is a young talented writer, a skillful poet and a gracefully fashionista. He is also a good guitarist, he was born in Oyo state Western part of Nigeria, he attended Christ Angelican Primary school in Ibadan _oyo state Nigeria, he was admitted into Christ Angelican Secondary School Ibadan as well in the year 2011, he was a very serious kind of a young man in his schools days. He was nominated for the post of senior prefect due to his ability in academics and his neatness. He was then voted in as a senior prefect cos he was a very social kind of a young man. I remember he was nominated also for the post of class captain and a game prefect fortunately for him, he won those tangible posts also. After his junior secondary School years, he proceeded in the same school for the senior part of the college. He was in commercial department and graduated as a well trained accounting student, but little did he know that Providence can't be cheated, he finished his secondary School classes in the year 2014 it is so unfortunate that he couldn't proceed to his admission into university due to the fact that he has no direction for the course to study in university cos he was so confused on what to study until he began to see an unusual ability of writing poems in him. Since then, he has been writing poems and stories for individual, occasions, festivals and personal. And his love for poetry is just too enormous, since 2014 that he has started writing poems, he has been winning awards both home and abroad in poetry competitions... And later, he was admitted to study Literature in English at Obafemi Awolowo University ile ife.(OAU)

Love Imagination

So, we have our own way
We've created such a love beautiful way
We lean on a tree by the road side of love
Playing such a melodical songs of love
We have our own wings
We grew up our love feather to wings
We fly above the reach of feelings
Where emotions can't describe our love feelings
We have our own stars
The galaxy that we created by love beautiful than the shining of twinkling stars
We have created our own light
Brighter than the shines of a sunlight
The world we created is a beautiful one
Such a beautiful world created with love
A world of a single pillar of love
Though two souls joining to become one

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com

Ourselves Dancers

Let us be ourselves dancers
Since our sons are our singers
With the beating hard of Okuku drum
See the stirring of our bairn ankle to the call of the Okuku drum

Where are our damsel daughters
Who can interpret Okuku sound to our drummers
The thin air sounds sarcastic
So, also the Okuku voice lost in drastic

Obenbe the priest has slept off
And the house is almost fall off
There are sorrow bearers standing there
And their bow of tears in their hands over there

Our tone is similar
Our pain is familiar
The tears is thicker than our imaginations
Our sorrow bearers in advance stagnations

Okuku drummers are deaf
Their soles interpreter has left
The day is about to clear
When every eye of a blind dancers will be clear

Okuku has no sacrifice
The okuku drum is much of sacred sacrifice
Soles are too flat to dance the sound
And the boot in deep kiss with the sand

Okuku the god of palm
Drunk of self ego and embalm
Who shall offer to Okuku
The dance that will wake him of his deep sleep?

Ifeoluwa Philips

This Farewell Is Forever

I fell in love but with tears
Tears furrows in the veins of my eyes
Though I was wronged
For holding your hands
By the river's bank
When sea was flowing its garment
And bedecked your tangling hair
I was at edge of the world
When I heard a tunning sofas song
Sounding and dancing your heart away
I knew, I was defected
And now I am of feelings affected
No more love
Cos, the music dance off our lost
In the same way,
Feeble I am in a mindful list
I heard, when the wind of south
Called for north
And east set ablaze your west leg
No rain left
And no more love lamp
Ray left for darkness
And all got in eyes singing tears
As this farewell is forever...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Love Philtre

I love to drink more of your philtre
Not in small but in immense filter
Its taste is sweeter than a sweet wine
Pleasuring my soul even more than a grape wine
Oh, your heart is a Petunia of love
Charming my soul boot to stick to it's love
So beautiful to the eyes of my heart
The pulchritude is farther to a diamond's heart
Have I ever tasted a sweet love wine?
Definitely your love was that sweetest new wine
Have I ever walked on the bridge of of beauty?
Oh, when I was caught in your love beauty!
Give me to drink of your magic love wine
Let it intoxicate me beyond the strongest wine
It sweetness I can't explain by words
Maybe the heart lacks the rightful words
Let the magic wine fill me more
I want to feed my soul with its sweetness even more
Such a beautiful drink I can't resist
Keep me loving you more than ever!

Ifeoluwa Philips

Dying Son

At the blade edge
Blood painted it red
Life lost and find
Leaving aside the dead fine

The gate of hell is wide
And only therein light run and hide
Peace aisle is narrow
And pieces to sights sorrow

Slipping through the sole
And drafting a lost soul
In Concord of a gone age
Who then has a key to lost cage

Piano telegraphing widely
To the ear of a deaf loudly
Drum is been beating hard
Calling to attention the detained Shepherd

Ifeoluwa Philips

Mind Enslaved

In light ironed room
Filled with emptiness
Boredom and craziness
All dine in the sane room

Opportunity was placed on the deck
Freedom and bread of slavery
His soul was in slavery
While body for bread stretching the neck

How then you lack to man
The mind really in coat of slave
Fashioned with a wreck flesh of an hungry slave
Who then tamed your soul of blind man?

Freedom near to your reach
But in klutziness you push it away
For a bread meant for short hour of the day
All you could see through is the far bread beyond your reach

I see pain your soul
As the thick black cloud rain it tears
So long your mind wear and tear
And your mind stick to a slavery sole.

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Colour Green

Dedicated to darling Jane ?

Perfect colour seems unknown
Until I find on you a green lace
Then the true beautiful color was made known
Then I feel the weaving of your love lace
What a perfect day seeing you in green
After the dullness of the sky
No wonder God made nature in green
And beautify the dullness of the sky
Let's talk about beauty of the day
Without the green on you what a dull day
Sky flaunt your beauty and smile
Yes that's perfect as any miles
I love the green on you
And the true beauty epitome remains you.

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com

Let's Buy A Lie

So many years ago
Without pride or ego
We paid for the truth
And lie was sold for truth

They came in white Agbada
Wrapping lies in fake silver wrapper
And they use us and us the worshiper
And for long we enjoyed sitting on poor border

Our eyes were veiled to see
The truth behind depth of the sea
So like a stranded mind
We were left for years in our lost mind

Every four four years we see them
Coming to advertise lies, yet we did patronise them
They will flood the land truth
I mean lies wrapped in stinking truth

They have mastered our thought
With what seems truth we were taught
After huge amount been paid
Like church rat we remained and preyed

But now comes our lost thought
After we've mastered what we've been taught
It's about another four years
That they will place value on lies for more years

Yes, since we've bought truth for lies
And in us a hard groans lies
We then need to buy a new good
From unknown source who never placed his good

Let pay with our inner eyes
See far before lured our eyes
Not about us now
But for the generation after now

We've tasted the truth
But it's sweeter than lies
Then let invest on lies
It might be the real truth.

Ifeoluwa Philips

Ink To Peace

Like a snoring beast
So deep asleep the peace
After the love preacher
Lays on the path foe teacher

The game then set for the wise
Swift to hatred then rise
A song meant for love
Now mime in funeral for love

How our released dove couldn't fly
After struggles of violence set on high
The love calabash has broken
And the still spirit left the heart broken

So tender everyone in garment of turbulence
Walking away the mind of peace in silence
As the love preacher got drunk of ego
Leading the tears on highest tone crescendo

Peace come back to your hut
Your leaving is too hash than hurt
Even though our peace singers lend their tones
Yet, the wafers pleasantly sing in high tones

I hope my letter to you find you in peace
Though here I am broken and piece
Send not your voice in ink
But show forth thy beauty here in response to my ink.

Ifeoluwa Philips

Love Unrealistic

From the cloud of love
Where heaven shares its tears
How then the role of love
Leads to unstoppable tears?

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com

Laziness

Oh mighty Ant
Laughing loud lazy mighty mind
Weary and empty mind
Take look keenly the strengthen tiny Ant
Slumbering and snoring
So harshness your soul cut snaring
Long sleep and short think
What a brain have the Ant to think
Take your cloth off your eye
Coming soon the sun into an ice
Working hard in dry season
So Ant works for the rainy season
As Ant with minus mind
Yet, bigger than your gigantic lazy mind
Take your bed on your head
As time far runs your future ahead
Time is quite but swift
Success acquired the boot of the swift
Who has has learnt its move
Yet still has the gut stick in the grand without any move
Wake up your head oh sleepy mind
How then you know not that you're the product of your mind?
As life is short
So the moment for your soul so short
Take your mind out
And be crazy from inside out
Mind my words of lazy
How then as little as ant is, it never encouraged to be lazy.

Ifeoluwa Philips

Hope On Exile

There is a strumming of strings
Across the liberty road
There standing a blind bairn who sings
All men watching with a loose lips on the road
Mother took and retie her wrapper
Father loses his loin to a beggar
Running boots hitting hard the ground
Sounding like a matching armies to a battle ground
The home has been left for the strumming strings

Whose hands strum hard to life a nefarious spring
Alas! Men watching on the road
Fallen statue of a grey hair in hold
Chartered of mouth in barbaric tone
So lousy the strings left in tone
Liberty road is destroyed
And its bridge totally destroyed
But men were carried away with a dis-tune sound
Telegraphing the atmosphere with aching sound
And hope traveled on exile

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Lost Beauty

She was a pure gold
Fashioned with rust
Reality was far to her old
And in wrong she trust
Aching dust wrapped it shining
And rough moldy sand blurred her beauty of sparkling
She was stole of her beauty
In dilemma of ashes for beauty
She was stripped off her glory robe
Climbing thick hopeless rope
Her days was filled with bitterness
And she was robed with shyness
After her beauty was taken away
Through the narrow of her plaited way
She was given to dilemma
And shamelessly sold her remain star for trauma
Her child lacks fashion
Of aged faded robe he was fashioned
Wounded soul she gave her lad
And breath lovelessness to the mind of her lad
The son of the soil has nothing of her mother
And his mother cheater was her husband murderer
Living this beautiful soul in great ache
Stronger than the clap of a Thunder's ache
Slowly, slowly his robe fell off his neck
And with wrath of an ancestors he bore upon his neck
He cries! Alas oh dear sun
Read my letters to the moon son
Before the night breaks in dark shade
Tell the moon to spread my feelings to the sky at the dawn shade
My mother tongue can't be listened to anymore
And my voice isn't understandable to her anymore
Paint my mother of her beauty
Before she was caught with faded beauty
The land in dilemma of my mother beauty
And robes was took by light wind and exposed her nudity
I was never born by her calamity
And with shabby smile she fed me with bread baked by her enmity
I have not seen the beauty of young age

And shame my eyes saw even from my early page
Tell mother to tell me her then beauty
Because not for once has my eye beheld her true beauty.

Ifeoluwa Philips

Groans From Within

I have a groans in me
I need a long walk, but no one to lead me
I want to make the journey
In sweet ironical taste of honey
Sabbath on heels of piece
Heart running amidst of past peace
I wonder who tore the sky's garment
Which linen the up world torment
There is a grief in sun
Backing the dying giant son
Monster the saint master
Saint in crystal fate garment shining star
Wheels on walk
Towards the diverted north and stalk
Father, father oh father
If there is a tryst
Let walk more farther
Until the grief is lose to trust

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com

The Gong Song

(Dedicated to the massacre that happened in Owo @ Ondo State Nigeria)

A loud unspoken word
In our dear beautiful green world
Stains on the purity
As saint's blood flooded the land, how nasty?
Right from our eyes
The peace waving flag is iced
And silent becomes louder
Even to the aching aching heart it beat sound louder

At our of worship, praise song was beat loud with riffle sound
Where wine for communion was mistook for blood
The bread was broken in piece for the dead and wounded lying on the red
painted sand
Paint made from a thick worshippers blood
At a silence moment of worship
Then came a rapture in pain and hardship
So loud the drum of pain
And dancers were forced to learn through sorrowful rain

Praise the Lord
Where was it said so said the gun lord
Fire in the rain
And no rainbow to suck off the evil rain
A great flood of blood
Barbarically splash on the sky and rain a great flood
Boots curiously running to meet savior
While the gate of hell was open wide even at door of the savior

Who to tell this unspoken words to?
To the deaf or dumb who lacks words too?
Who will listen to the cry of the unborn?
Telegraphing the world sorrow though yet unborn!
Who will tell the mother of this land not to cry?
As the sun shaded the sky with heavenly cry
Who will stop the father from going through the tiled road of sorrow?
Even our hope for tomorrow is too narrow!

The silence is loud
But who can tell how?
And the crying cloud
Having headache, who ought to say now
The gong has sounded loud
And the earth drummer lost their beating sound
The louder the silence become
The heavier the earth hard cry become...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Love Pleasure

Love is an entity that is bound not with time
It has no definite season of expression
Love has no moment of displeasure
For every moment of love is full of pleasure
A pleasure in thinking about you
A pleasure of looking at your picture
A pleasure of singing love songs in your name
A pleasure of sleeping and waking thinking about you
A pleasure of taking my pen to write something beautiful about you
A pleasure of holding your waist
A pleasure of cuddle you tight
A pleasure of romantic scent from your cloths
A pleasure of sitting next beside you
A pleasure of looking into your eyes and find joy
A pleasure of expressing love aloud like a thread of a rainbow
A pleasure of forgetting myself for you
A pleasure of waving bye yet couldn't walk away
A pleasure of talking about the most beautiful creature and still find it to be you
A pleasure that can't be spell by mouth or feelings
A pleasure that lost it's measure
What a pleasure of having you ever new
Today, for those beautiful memories
For those deep thought of uncertainty
For those sweet words from you
Indeed you're ever the very best
That's why val can't have an idea of how much I've chosen you even long ago
before we met
To the sun of my days
And to the moon of my nights
To the Angel of my soul
I wish you a love filled day

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Stoning Mind

I have my tongue split
I have it's margin in piece
I have my words in number
I have all the counts asunder
I knew my track
I have many songs to hear
Yet I repeated a track
All ears lost even to hear
I have loin my mind
Either wrong or right I don't mind
The way is short
But I chose to walk in long and not be shut
I have built my hope beneath my tongue
My belly conceived many voices
Yet with bones unbent remains my tongue
How long my view is right, I couldn't count their voices
So I walk so long in dilemma
Shows of trust in eyes reddish
Plainness of honest only to darling self
I walk and slip yet trust my soles
I walk and fall yet love my soul
Heart beams loud and pain in smile
I have so many words to darling mind
Listen and yield but to thy inner word
Ignore to them their priceless word
Ignite love candle to see through their heart
Be of weak but stronger than ever
Be of stronger but weaker to their desire
When it's dawn
Remembered thy walk alone

Ifeoluwa Philips

Here We Are!

Here we are.

Where murderer becomes King's kin

And innocent the King's foe

Here at the round table of stupidity

Feeding to the brim our enmity

Taking from us our bread of love

And feeding us with filters of sad loaf

At the entrance of the King's gate

There they hide and at us they gaze

Here we are the sleeping tune

Harp been strum hard to our ear to wake our tied ballistic tone

Someday so near we will clear our anger throat to speak

Our loin will be tied to their waist

We will together dance the hard dancing steps to a far away mountain of trust

But our boots won't have us pitied by then though the broken glasses a rug to

the floor won't hold us back to stick

Spider web will be too strong for us to hold us to walk.

Now the sleeping peace seems snoring

When the day comes, tell mama and papa the salvation won't come again so said
the Penner

Ifeoluwa Philips

Filters Of Religious

My race of black
Inmate of klutziness in mind
Trapped in act of thick black
So much to tell, yet no one mind

Africa my home of peace
Religion set in and break in pieces
Home of our ancestors left broken
And their fallen walls is woe its broken

Dogmatic in thinking
Why should we set free our peace
Religious didn't set us free, where is our hat of thinking?
All we've gained is nought but a soul in piece

We fight for religion
Forgetting our coming forth region
Like a cramps and pain
We all role in great pain

Africa of beauty
Road made in greens isle for beauty
Where then is our identity
As our religions set us in great calamity

I could feel the heaviness of our Father's heart
Their pain and agony imprinted on their sourish hat
Their eyes is cumbersome with tears
When they saw their sewn love garment in pieces tear

I have lost hope in religion
It sets our pain expression beyond
Our brother and sister set ablaze all because of religion
And at first, our love strongly in bond

What then should I say
After my eye has seen all colourful ache
In blueprint of lust for religion

Set ablaze our love region.

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Sold Peace

I have sold the peace
For just one gold piece
I have laid aside my fear
After all i got from life wasn't enough fair
My soles aren't walking me high
But my soul resides where on the great high
I have taken away my prize
To the fast lost seeking pride
Leaving ache to the spread of the sun
Beside the sick dying son
So gone like a bullet shot
Wrist twist to pen down but mind mile is short
At the archaic world
Simple lost love in word

Where lies my salvation
I have but peace in moderation
Leaping the upon the dry ground
Seeking fear in a faded grand
To my eyes, I've led my tears to pray
To my heart, it's an aching prey
How then my mind breeds ego
And stick my boots fear to go
The sold peace can't be find
Even the buyer can't also be find
Walk me abase the passage of love
Maybe there lies my soul feeble loaf
I will engulf it
And wait if I will then find strength in it...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Iscariot Rebirthing

Who will exhume Judas
Though peter on the sea
Having being glut in a deep blue sea
And ashes in place of petals

Alas! Alas! ! Alas! ! !
They are both sinking Alas!
The Judas deceased has been exhumed
And peter not on the right path still assumed

This now is dying of moral
And Judas in john's heart moral
Betrayer the sailor
And soul garment given to a wrong tailor

The young are deepen in alcohol
Filled with lust and no more anchor
The strength are dashed out
Long ago after the deep sleep of Judas all out

This now is sick
Who knows the healer
We've all around seek
But we've passed the route to the healer

A silent moment
To the dead of the grave bone
Let's there be interment
For the lie of Judas that has gone

I beaped out to tears
When I saw them full of drunk
And on the street dying and tears
Cos they've sold strength for drunk

How shall this beauty dies
Dies and lost in dark
Where are the graves where beauty lies
Finished and fashioned with dark

Oh I plead thee Father in heaven
Send again to us John the beloved
This generation is stink isn't reaching to heaven?
Pls send to us again your only beloved

Alas! Alas! ! Alas! ! !
Awake from your dying state of mind
Oh you strength of the this generational
The cry is not now but later a flood in our mind.

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Talking Drum

#The_Talking_Drum

Speaking bewildering
Tongue dictates alluring
Calling a lad from a far
Having piece of loaf yet suffer

Telegraphing the space and time
Most of its voices are out of time
Talking drum in deep talk
Wise ones listen carefully and be stalk

Sound is clumpy
Fool in robes of pride
And fellow of epilepsy
What gives then a pride?

Dialect of wisdom
Yet unheard in the kingdom
As far as home seems to walk
Lending to son of a stranger a cheap work

Hallowed and shabby
Calling moon of the songwriter to sleep
Like a well composed lullaby
Which ought to make just formed to sleep

Patterns of hearing differ
Not even a solace from a giver
Awaiting song of wisdom
Telegraphing to the ones in a boredom

Clap amazed the fool
Celebration staired the pool
They flooded in sound of the drum
And abase the knowledge of the drum

Sarcastic took over the sound
All men in ashes jubilation then sank

Picking the piece of spoken words on sand
Almost picking and the sound left still in sank

Who knows the tone
Tell to us the words of the drum
We are lost in lustful tone
And the calling hear is deaf to the drum

After so many time
We heard it so very clear
That we can't gain those spoken words time
As disarray tabled the party to be unclear.

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Richest Town

Graveyard becomes richer
Cos there lies rich potentials
In grave are many unwritten stories
And veiled treasure in grave

In grave are golds
Diamond and bronze
Strengthened and strong
Even stories untold

Life is getting poorer
While grave getting richer
Faith is changed for fate
As grave enriched with unused potentials

In my thought, I dig till I dug the grave
There I find gold turned dust
I find diamond turned rust
And silver turned chaff

All these enriched grave
Grave is getting more expensive
Cos, there lies unused treasures
Fashioned the grave for pleasure

I saw in grave an instrument of healing
Never played to heal lies in grave
I saw note of miracles songs
Never sang but lies in grave

I saw words of solutions
Never spoken but fashioned the grave
I saw the eyes of a seer
Lies in grave and never saw

I saw glory meant for here
Never shone but light the grave
I saw love for souls
Never expressed but dies in grave

My heart grip unto tears
I sought help but couldn't find
My voice ceased with cry cos of the seen
All precious treasure lies in grave

Before went off my heart fainted
Millions of precious treasure buried daily
And our world is getting poorer
While the grave is getting richer

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Beauty In Your Eyes

Your eye is full of petals light
And there are blinking roses in your eyes
The beauty is beyond measure
And countless love treasure

I saw love in eye
And for your feelings I could iced
Crystals can't be compared
To the light in my heart already prepared

Words are meant to be spoken
But valued before broken
So your love to my heart
Which hailed me with a golden hat

Let me talk about your beauty
If you are not exist, then life has no beauty
You made the clear picture
That life is not beauty without such your nature

I find it to true
After all I went through
I know the beauty of light
Is just to shine in the dark

When love went on exile
You find your way back exist
And wrapped yourself with medals
And built feathers

You are what life need
But made yourself for me
You are all what life lost
But your love you to me all at no cost

If I love you
Then it's my priority
If I want you
Then it's my priority

Your love will grow to no end
In my heart where there is no wall that end
I can't wait to live with you forever
Even now that start a journey to forever

I love you so much
Beyond much word
And till life ends
I will ever love you my Queen.

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Flimsy Love Line

This is the line, the flimsy love song's line, I counted it beats it landed on nine, I find emotion on the rhyme, the music of love is telegraphing to my ears, calling the melody of feelings to dance along, this music of love is becoming much of my night and day Dreams, when love seems musical, it makes my heart strum like a still guitar strings, I lost the first note of my musical chords of love but I find it pleasure when your love strike my heart strings and sound in harmony of my lost note, your love binds scales and rhythms the bed of my heart feelings for your love, I love music cos it highest crescendo is the beginning of my love feelings, at the forth octave of tones it sounded at ease, this love is crazy and that's all I know. Night comes in solemn musical notes of love, let each sound crave for their voices and tone sounding at upper lips curve cos it's a moment of two lovers in chord of kiss and have dine with each other before the music ends, though at that time the love just started, loving you is the beginning of all my musical scales

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com

Neo Sodom And Gomorrah

Sodom rebirth
Gomorrah in birth
Sodom in fashion parade
Gomorrah busy with her trade
In suit of modernness
Wrapped immoralness
Sodom and Gomorrah
Again has lit the light of immoral
And our Lot couldn't see
And call for a great mercy
Lot's wife has turned to beauty
Busy hunting for immorality
As Sodom in robes of seducing
And Gomorrah with loins enticing
Woe to first Sodom
In beauty fire consumed her first kingdom
Woe to new Gomorrah
If the old can't be called moral
Fire pierced in throat
At first, it wasn't worth a threat
Who shall name it Sodom
For it's a beauty sold for boredom
Who shall name it Gomorrah
All the beauty has faded and yet we haven't find Deborah
At a long given name
I soaked my tears in rain
What profit it is, for this shabby heart
In pleasure of klutzy, and having bronze hat
Fire awaits the beauty
Beauty in terms of reality
If first Sodom couldn't escaped it
The fire that falls like a rain
What then, shall save you again from it
The fire that shall greatly fall like a rain
I call to the flying birds
If there remains a vein in the land
Can you emit my letter to the lad
I say to the flying bird
If Sodom had a daughter

I will then ask lot to sacrifice her daughter
If Gomorrah has a son
I will surely curse the sun
How could she live to survive and give birth
And our precious land having blood stream of her dare birth
If God spare the sun
Gomorrah shall be again justify
If God did not spare Sodom
He is indeed patient just to be rightly justify.

Ifeoluwa Philips

Maybe It's You

There is a light in you
Its a light to lit up you
There awaits a breeze
Blowing in high snake hiss
Who shall bear the flag
Flag like a worn rag
Moving beyong the toast of darkness
Having dine with stillness
Fame of stupidity
In frame of frailty
There sleeping in you
A spirit to light up you
How shall you see
If you walk like a blind
How shall your man see
Beyond the weird bond of blind
You are damn sick
Who then shall you seek
The light is dull
Like a sound of a sleeping doll
What a gain
Filters in groans and pain
Hold a still candle
Hold it tight but never cuddle
Till up your soles from the ground
Aiming you to walk all around
What eyes shall see for you
If you lay your fore on the old rule
Slip a moment again
Touch your path and attain
If light still dull
Hide your mind from secret
Shout out loud
Light it again in the deep dark secret
Let see waiting sound of the cloud
There is a light in you
Maybe its really you.

Fate Of Time

I have beautiful tone
I want to sing, just for time
My strings are well tuned
I just want to play it for time
I will play and swift her legs
I will make her loose her hairs to dance
I want to make her to dance off her legs
And grant my heart desire with her skillful dance
I wish to see her now
I will tell to time
I will tell distance to move nearer now
I will tell my emotions to time
If I would love to see
Let us meet near the flowing sea
Let me see her beautiful smile
Which I can't wait to walk for a thousands of miles
But who knows
Where she lives?
Who knows
The road to where she lives?

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Sold Beauty

It has been sold
That beauty of old
It was sold for cowries
But left 3pieces of its worries
At the night
All men in wears of a knight
For farther faith
Maybe arose their very fate
They cry, bright off the sky!
See through this tender night
Come up either the light
Let's make cold 'the smiling sky
Bet the call rage
If our home a lizard cage
Ignore the funnel praising fame
The tears of the cloud is about to flame
Arise oh hope of the lame
Gone so cold their land tamed
They beat 'who sold our tribe
With cowries as the price bribed?

Ifeoluwa Philips

Wear Upon Your Soul

Why should we war
When our home is of a broken wall?
The battle broke and never build
At the center of the left home hides its build
Rain of blood on the floor
Who shall tell it to stop
Fire of cold war a flood on the floor
Hey, array it to stop!
If our broken ribs left on the sand
And our own very tears like clumsy sound
Where shall they set up sun
If all the lad can't be the aged son
War is sweet
Only for the swift
Though, battle is not for the swift
How then shall we say it is sweet
Black day awaits a light ray
Blood here and there blinds the day
We walk our boot of war
To the nearest place of no return
The shield is a broken wall
And we are meant to walk a miles of no return
Why war?
Why not build our broken wall
Fix the narrow sore of peace
Why should we make gathered to piece
A long trap been set
To wait the death fertile land set
Beep of strength and of power
Rather than a beautiful flower
Stop your walk of war
Ceased your walking boot of war
Wear on your soul
That peaceful sole
Let make this peace a flag
And our hurt blood glad
The war is meant for the blind
Cos no one knows how it ends.

Eulogy Of Peace

Soldier attention!
Oh give me thy ears
There is a love diversion
Who then really cares?
There is a blood stream
Flowing beneath our dearest heart
Either I shout loud or I scream
Kindly take off your mystical pride hat
Soldier attention!
Pleasantly give me your eyes
There is road to emotion
There your heart will be made to ice
Bullet out of your gun
Do you really know?
I thought you would have gone
But all my questions only had the thy word of no.
Soldier attention!
Give me your love
There are soundless lust inversion
But all I want is your yeastless loaf
Could you see the blood on your sword?
Swimming in the lake of wordless
But if your sword could hears their words
Maybe the peace will be countless
Oh soldier
Go no farther
Let make love
Truly than the ache of love.

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Town Crier

I have walked through the thin
Through the dark with nothing
I have thought about been well
Though all seems got deeper than the well
Father and mother on the road
Sister and brother, on their hair a heavy load
The little child crying
Crying for nothing but for sucking
Moment has traveled farther my age
In little understanding farther to my age
I have walked through the dark
With loveless and careless aback
I have seen
Maybe when I thought about my sin
There lives like a black light in my mind
I ink in the sheet all read but never mind
I have walked through the broken glasses
Leaving aside my sight less burnt glasses
I had it walked alone
Pray for my father never to die alone
Ways are well combed
Alluring the sights like an honeycomb
I have rang my warning bell
But everyone pretend sleeping on a sooth bed
Yes! I am a town crier
Should I tell a lie, and become a lier
I have my bell with my pen
Snoring through the ink less pen
Tough and rough
Clumsy words never get enough
If I do be myself keeper
What a gain is it, if my brother is sinking deeper
The rainbow has faded off the sky
Only meant to express a love beyond the sky
My sister couldn't see the cloudy cloud
And my brother in lamentation and crying aloud
Dong dong dong!
Maybe it couldn't sound beyond its dong
Dong dong dong!

The tone of a town crier still sounding ding dong
Hear my words, oh wise ones
Give meaning to my clumpsy voice oh ye wiser ones
If I tell my story in cry
Oh give hear to my sound of cry.
When you hear the sound of the gong
Give hear to my ding ding.

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Man That Lacks To Man

Holy shit!

How can I pen this on my sheet

Of a man who lacks to man

Man his own very mind man

Feeding his soul-meat with pain

What art thou have to gain

Though whip of hope you've lost long ago

And against your shadow you build up ego

Your hands clap on your soul-meat cheeks

Matching her flesh like a dead chicks

Feather of of fatherism fell off you

Meanwhile the bloody smile of your heart can't have you

Isn't insanity dines in mind

All what did wrong and right wines in mind

Stop, take your mind in control

Your high hat heart bring it low

Patch up your wounded heart

With nothing but your soul-meat smiling heart

When yoh raise your hands

Let it be of cares soothing to fix her hands

When you raise your voice

Let it be filled with a love songs soothing her voice

She is your rib-bone

Can you be perfect when you have it broken your side bone?

She wasn't wrong fell in love with you

Bless the heart that really wants to be with you

Its of pain to see her tears

Why should you smile and let her in tears

Melody is song of love

When you refund her with love

i hope the pen bleeds aright

Listen and treat her aright.

Ifeoluwa Philips

I'm Sorry

I'm sorry, if I can't smile to love
I'm sorry, if I can't truly love
I'm sorry if my smile seems lost
I'm sorry if your mind gets in lust
I've been trained to be
If what you have to say is to let you be
Love is owing me thousands of smile
Smiles that I gave in walk of a thousands of miles
I'm sorry if my eyes aren't blinking in love
I'm sorry to tell you that I can't again love
I'm sorry to let you feel alone
I'm sorry if I love indeed to be alone
I have sold my love in 1 penny
Which my soul can't get in return of any
I have sold it also my tears
After thousands of hours soaked in tears
I'm sorry if I can't call you for days
I'm sorry if my words are less for days
I'm sorry I was not made for feelings
I'm sorry though I have all but feelings
I know you are an innocent
But I was then an innocent
I was trapped in my emotions
Thousands of times I paid in pain for my emotions
I'm sorry if you see me not anymore
I'm sorry I can't cuddle you anymore
I'm sorry my love is dead
I'm sorry I buried it cos it was long ago dead
I thought love has a pair
I didn't know I sold it to a wrong pair
All my mind was in filters of pain
Flooding my soul away like a heavy rain
I'm sorry to at first tell you this
I'm sorry I shouldn't have told you this
But I'm sorry that time make you have me
I'm sorry I know how deep you love me
If sun was made for the night
Having all dimes like my might
If the moon was made for the day

I will then come back to love you again
I'm sorry to have once be your sunrise
I'm sorry to have made my mind to rise
I'm sorry to have once be your dreams
The time couldn't help me have you more in my dreams
I have Played my strings in your name
I couldn't have it saved in my name
I played it so hard
Till my strings cut and board really hard
I'm sorry. Couldn't play anymore
I'm sorry m strings couldn't sound in love anymore
I'm sorry time to wait has gone
I'm sorry I have to go far father than the shot gun.

Ifeoluwa Philips

I Don't Wanna Leave

I want to remain in my hut
Where life forget its hurt
Where there is no trace of love
Nor a walk of lost love
Let the star shines brighter
Let the dark deep even deeper
If my hut could sooth my soul
Then no need to walk my spoilt sole
I want my hut
Even, if it hurt
I want to be in there
No one will know a soul lives there
Either the breeze is cold
And all fashion wrapped of old
I will still choose to remain
To live where I will domain
Does sun has a pair?
Even moon we thought was with its pair
Couldn't rival with its light
Though both smile out in beautiful light
Maybe I will leave
When my eyes could see the breeze
Ready to pass through the nose
If my own heart hole
I don't wanna leave
Until there is way to lead
Leading to a solitary earth
Where life can't find love earth
If I will have to go
Give me a broken part of my gold
Linen it with a purple rose
Decaying soul in many holes
Don't let me leave
Here in this hut I want to live
I want it, its my heart pleasure
Seeking no more, love treasure
I can't bright my soothing hut
To many it might be so hot
I can't believe my mind

But I will say do not ever mind.

Ifeoluwa Philips

When Will You Be Mad?

When will you be mad
Leaving aside your mind of lad
Letting go of competition
And be in charged of creation
When will you be mad?
When would you stop to expect
And let the expectations really hope to expect
From your mind a thin hope trade
Stiffing your wishes in hopeless trade
Please, when will you be mad?
Though he was mad in giving us light
Maybe our mind would be in dark light
He was mad to make the world connected
Yet on a platform of madness related
Benjamin Franklin Achieved his mind madness. So, When will you be mad?
She stopped the killings of twins
Yes, at first seems a trend of mad wins
In jot if time, she achieved her plans in mind
And the world could record her in her own dearest mind
Mary Mitchell Slessor was mad, so, When will you be mad?
They thought if soulless flying bird
Moving faster and farther than a strongest bird
They at first thought it is mad
And even at first all ran from what seems the call of mad
The Wright are mad, so, When will you be mad?
They came with modern oracle
Knowing all than the knowledge of obstacle
The oracle knows all
Even though not equal to Him "All in all";
Oh Google is mad, so, when will you be mad?
The cloud seems solid
Yet, they could drive through the eyelid
With their eye they saw another earth
Though at first seems mad to hearts
The Astronaut are mad, so, when will you be mad?
Madness is when you create
What impossible mind can't to create
When will think you of being mad,
Leaving aside a mind food of lad

When will you be mad?

Ifeoluwa Philips

The Walk Alone

I have walked a very long miles
I have so many tears in dept of my smiles
All my race seems boring
Nowhere seems alluring
I have walked the walk of trust
All alone walk yet I was lost
I have my miles trekked alone
In a deep thought of mind still alone
I have my wine drank in dark
All light seems more darkening the dark
I have my loins tighten to my waist
To the right time all seems waste
I'm going to the well
If it is right or not well
I will drink from the flowing stream aback
Where all minds wishes to set back
I want to go give my cup up
To the the dried rain coming up
I will give it all to my lost
And let my mind dash off to lust
If the glass hold not, I will have it break
May be the time is yet to have a fun brake
If the calabash can't be made for mold
Then I till yp the ground for a clay mode
I will throw it down
If the night can't be dawn
I will slide it away
If I can't trade my real way.

Ifeoluwa Philips

A Fun Night

I want this night long
I want the moon along
I need not any star
For in your eyes the brightest star
I need along no one
Who could love me like you do, I bet you no one
This night cold is for two lovers
The weather that glued together two lovers
Who listen to the silent love song of the breeze
This night is too cold
I need your head on my chest and warm the breeze
But this night is waxing old
I want to live in your heart
Cos that's the most secure place to be
Do you care listening to the beat of my heart
Anywhere you are, that's where I do love to be
This night is too beautiful for memory
But I do pray to lead us to long last harmony
Cares abase your smile
I love to see your beautiful smile
Yes, even at night it's brighter
Brighter to call my smile also closer
Should I wish this night fade away
No I want it in my naked eye like an open way
Let your waist dance
Let it move like a princess dance
Let it speak of love
Maybe it can tell more about love
This night I love
It's nothing but all about love

Ifeoluwa Philips

Spares And Scissors

Lifeless in womb
All like a hell in tomb
Wellness afar of the life
Blood of a thin line high to live
Some songs of the nature
Blood flooding and abort the nurtured
With spares and scissors
Tools for the hands of the oppressors
Slanting the formed of a bairn within
Cries of the blind in the womb
With tied hands to until wound
Why hailing stupidity
When apes in suit of society
Arose mood of pleasure
Creating sound of groans for the unborn
Isn't hell beautiful for such aborted child
When they cry in loud
No sound pickup to trans to the cloud
With joy of sorrow
And death at a narrow
Pleading the still live to leave
Why at first created to live
Skin of shame around the mind
As the heart in a bloody breath
I cried sorrowfully when I saw the garage of the unborn
All crawling with no mission
Sight blur and gone vission
No light but the thick darkness
I saw my tears on my knees
And I lost my strength of humanity
Bread for the fools
Is a waste for the wise
Let all hands on desk
With tears and hands on pen
Sign NO TO ABORTIONS...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Swing Is Ready For Me

Should I love because you care?
Maybe I should say I do not care
Why should I tell about love
Reckless and abandon heart of love
Should I then talk about the past
Leaving my care soul outside and pass
Should I ever again talk about trust
Feelings for gall a painful lost
Summer so fun to be with
Without a toast of love and a soul to be with
Why should I say I'm in love
I am not to talk anymore about love
Swing is ready to play with me
Either a heart cares or not, the swing still love me.

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com

Let The Child Cry

Let him cry, oh the crying child, let him cry
Let him die to laugh oh the crying child, let him cry
He sees the pain in mother's laugh
Celebration of new born child that makes all in uniform of laugh
He has seen the sorrow wider than him
Lying flat like a dead man on him
He he well seen the pain
After awhile of flimsy glory tamed in pain
He sees the falling mansion
And the drying ocean
The blocking roads
And the world heavy loads
Let him cry, the childish cry
Let the elders never asked him why
Let the tears come in thick
Thick like a standing stick
He sees the cloud of tears
An old way garment in new tears
Isle of hope in blood of cowries
And the ancestors in robes of worries
Let him cry, oh it worths him cry
Let the heavens also join him to cry
If the elders can laugh
Let them cos to them it worths of laugh
Why are you crying
In tears the heavens road is blocking
The way can't be traced back home
Where banners of love hang on its own
Everyone celebrate the new born
Who gives ears to the cry of a new born
The child is crying to return
It's too late the world says' you can't return
Father oh father
Mother oh mother
Let the sound be heard
Maybe a voice of a clumsy shepherd
Let him cry oh let him cry
Let him die to laugh if loves to cry
Tell my tears to drop on the bowl

A sucking mouth of a child to mother like a rainbow
They cry, we laugh
They ask why, yet our mouth is rough
Enough of our laugh
Isn't the crying of the child enough?

Ifeoluwa Philips

Scars Of Love

flawless love
afar love reality
painless love
not a true identity
love is of pain
pain in reward of no gain
sacrifice of heart
no medal of pure heart
solace land of sacred
where lullaby a terror rampage
pestilence a love singer
cares in dark world ranger
where is love garment
loitering the road to far firmament?
here are here walking soles
decaying nobles of a kind souls
am awaiting my mind bank
we need a long walk to a rivers bank
am awaiting my broken heart
where men lost and find not a true pairs heart
Can you hear my voice
Voice of the road clapping voids
Can you see through my blur eyes?
Maybe the window can shoe the heart made of ice

Ifeoluwa Philips

We All Have A Need

There is a needy kitchen
Not faraway the rich bin
There are sickening pots
With tommy up and lizards casting lots
Web, the fence to defend the spider
Flies riding in hunger as a sad rider
Stove in cold war with grains
As the pot couldn't have a taste from a rain
Stone gathered for bread
And phlegm ready as stew to glut the bread
Sweat the water to drink
Who shall love to drink?
The rich bin
Dining daily, even giving the lack in being

Sweet aroma day and night
Pleading the day to turn off the light
Bread in much in store
And sweet taste water in ready to drink store
Beggars grabbing from the bin
All suddenly becomes friend to the bin
From the window a crying tone of a child
Crying and praying to be a friend the rich child
The rich heard the cry
And wished to lie and better try
The child cry more aloud
And reach to the cloud
The heavens then shed tears
Like a old fashion rags in tears

The rich bin in cold
The needy kitchen wax old
Maybe we are all needy
In garment of hope, but never ready
If I have and give out not
Then all I have is a big naught
If I smile and watch other crying
Then I'm the most miserable kind smiling
All I have are for others

Without fear and mind orders
If my bin is rich
And your kitchen lacks bread to reach
Then I am also in need
Cos one way or the other, we one thing in need.

Ifeoluwa Philips

On Sacrifice Day

.
Blood of cowries
Innocently shed
Meanwhile, a white ram is laid
And a dark goat was slain
For a sacrifice
Mother told me something new
Which my father chased me off before
I heard the crying of a sea beings
With a soft cloud tears
Rainbow plead for them
That with their hands a light of knife
All saint drank of the innocent blood
Like a wine of furious
Since others lost their calabash for ritual
A red cloud embraced their lives
And suddenly, we lost their standing
No one could say
Even the priest lost his understanding
For all lad laughed hard
And suckler shed tears
They knew the way they went
It is off this world
By the stream
A masquerade fell
And all their aroma of joy was refrained
Sourish songs of the saints
No wonder, the land is embellish with their sons blood
Little voice of an aged
And lousy talks of a new age
Ballistically thunder dance
And clapped for their main dancers
And singers lost their main chords
And progressions was find beneath their tongues
A soul for thousands cry
And sole for a leopard night
Sacrifice was made
And made in song of sorrow
No more tears left

And no offering fond
Land accommodated fear
As all lost bow of wine
And elders wrapped their curse in their camp for sacrifice
What could be wrong? A wise asked
And fool jubilate in fear
All land is wet of blood
Blood of cowries and of all saints
Wicked paid their price with saint's blood
But no other of same voice
Letting go off the ground
This day of sacrifice....

Ifeoluwa Philips

Love In The Night

Oh comes swiftly the night
night ushering my heart
to where you are
making stick my legs to a point round
now i know
the reasons for night
that enveloped the dark
it is for your eyes
to bright my heart
and give a minor strings chord
so my eye can see the light
rather than the thick darkness
for your love is hot
hot like a tongue of a rod
piercing through my heart
for your away it is
but your presence
is the melody to my mind
and the rope binding to me a joy
for coming morning
i can trace your tongue holes
having them breath beyond my nose
coming to know the best
best of all night
is the night we are together
having each hands holding another
joining our waist in the sum of our touch
love this love night
it is the pleasure to our heart....

Ifeoluwa Philips

Lost Hope

is there hope
for a gone day
to feel its hold
with the same off ray

is there still hope
for dead fish
floating on a sea
with hands not to reach
neither eyes to see

is there a hope
for young soul
that sat on a rock
in the quarter of a sea like a dried bone

is there still hope
for the little goat
that knife sings on her neck

is there still a slight hope
for a dog been killed for barking
is there a hope for a leopard
that was caught in claw of a lion

is there a hope for the dead man
wrapped with blood
socking in the lack of realities
of who he is

is there hope for sun
that lost its light
even till comes of a night
and blazing a dead wave to moon to hide

is there hope for a lammed man
that caught in the sword
bleeding on ground
till the lost of breath

so, if hope do lost
then, let's make away the lust
and make a hay
while the sun shines...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Like Heaven's Light

Like a heaven light
will my love ; last long ;
like a golden wall ;
will i embellished my love for your world ;
every stars shall come to our brightness ;
even wen we are in the oneness ;
I'll keep loving ; and cherish u till eternity ;
even till our mortality yield to immortality ;

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com

Extravagance...

old bridge cut
as our father cross
the land g't hurt
by the steps of his word
he called the wind
blowing by the side of a river
and all gathered
forming whittling sound
in a frame of stagnant cloud
all ways were made
through the waving hands
of a clapping cutlass
handling by a joyful soul
with a piece of linen on neck
cutting without reward
but for pleasure kneeling behind
life g't easier
when our father made those blocked bush a way
than this day
that no man has the elbow
without a huge of reward
claiming technologies the best
having fun for self
for passion g't buried
splash away like a perished berry
for with no invention
life was sweeter
for both cat and lion
than when life was paint
to us as poor
without the new invention skills
now the road are eating
eating but always hungry
bringing strong to pit
bathing week with blood
yet never stop of consuming
the total average used to invent on its newness
innovation is good
but trying to who we are not

caused us in hurt
rather than gleeing in our hut
we build mansion to colapse
and tells to us
for you buy what kills you
life is good in natural
with little technologies
it's better
with extravagant of who we are not
it kills....

Ifeoluwa Philips

Man Of Vision

#Man_of_vision_never_dies_of_tension.

blur sight
like the seeing of an owl in the light
makes mind disorder
sometimes, makes eyes shield withal
having a bamboo of mind
strong but easy to set ablaze
big mind
never set for little but high array
when a man of vision
dies of tension
how will the dead of a blur sight be
it will comes like a waves in the ocean
it will rolls like a vapor in the wind
the dead shall be of shame
for the blind
will dies of honor
than the man of blur vision
man of vision
moves like a staff
pointing to north
hitting the high
he will hears no sound
he will turns not his back
his mind will be cell
to the place of his goal
he will bye his ego
letting go of noises
never hear the voices of birds
he will bypass the rules of world
using his nose breath to create his own world
he will be strong like a blind wind
blowing without been hold...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Till I Find My Way Back

what a rain
that makes us derail
from each other
without gaining our order
the table is set
to rage our legs set
from the turn of love
we together lost our trust
alone I thought
I thought of walking alone
walking bear tears of tough
until I find your shadow around
I keep walking in hope
having in my hands
but a standing shield
curbing my my head
from the tears of heaven
that flood my heart
to remember
the dark of the past
suddenly I smiled
cos your love is not of dead but life
I find your smiling
forming to my path a light
leading me back to your arms
even during the rain
and I know not of its ray
until I find me back
standing at your love bond

Ifeoluwa Philips

Together Again

since the blank past of years
we can say 'we lost nothing
but the misunderstanding'
coming together again spending 90 years
having reasons to hold each other
feeling the love wind in accordance
what we gain
is not of the pain
letting go of one another
but now having reasons to be together
though the pulchritude of love
spreading to the sky only for our love
so, lets clip our hands again
not as there be before today
now lets make the stars
our shinning light
that where we are
we will not slip as we were
for this is the reason
we have the nature's beauty
to make bright of our night
of love, leaving not behind
the moon's smile

Ifeoluwa Philips

Caught Me Unaware

I was in the road
slip off my legs
when top most closed the road
to the wind caged my my legs
I was unaware
when she came
I was blindly ware
that to me she came
I find her face veiled
thinking she was going through the full ray
I wait patiently in curiousness
to find your veiled removed
but my legs sticked and not be moved
I caught my heart in awareness
I still wait in the focus
not knowing that it was for live locust
I felt so ashamed of waiting
for life is beyond my faith
and running off to this fate
been afar of love am still waiting
if the heart broke again
and the realm is full of pain
to lost wasn't for lust
but the grains spread to lost
for a heart that love me
and never tell to me
where the shame off
my face in a phrase
old train got broke
broken the strike
now I know that love is blind
love is in dark
love is awaiting not
giving shamed of nought
I will still have to cane my heart
to hold the broken earth
veiled of love
for all I know since about love
is that love is scarce

even to hold down

Ifeoluwa Philips

Pain For Lust

Looking for hope passion
Thought breath in you
Rushed to you
Now out of you
With great oppression
What a bleeding sourish dried leaves
Full of grains of dust
Great vaderlizer of wrath
Mephistophelean in saint
Flibbertigibbet in acts
Lust in feelings
Strumpet in the temple
Hazard in the heart
Scorpion to the innocent
Snake to the blinds
Now i see
What kept u under the sea
If by later i know
Then i wouldn't have make it a home
Squander of nature
Smile of tears
Laugh of seduction
Seduction to destruction
Oh green serpent of this age...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Shadow

Why are you a shadow
Loitering by side hallowed
Shading thyself in light
And running amidst of dark
All I know of you
Is thy flexibility
Flexibility to be a far of my running
Flexibility to be my running partner
Starting a race together
You have a tendency of winning
Cos you are the dark being
Using the motion of a real being
You are made of voiceless
Act in lawlessness
You are dark
But only walk in light
You are the expression of life
That tells life is unreal
You are voiceless friend
That stay in light and leave in the dark
Madness of heart
And craziness of mind
It is, when chasing the shadow
It is the illuminator
Of dark hour deeds
It is the witnesses
Of bright hour deeds
You are me
I am you
While I'm running
You are as well running
Whatever I do
Clockwise you go
So, it is heart craziness
And mind madness
To be chasing the shadow

Ifeoluwa Philips

Broken Wall

Our walls are broken
Broken from inside out
Abhorring the wicked hideout
Resting on our neck till it got broken
We are no of wall
Failing even the simple war
Opened wide our world
To them that lost on us their tongue
We invited them
Through the telescope of our weakness
Who then will listen to us
And where are those to amends these broken walls
Lost they are
In the cap of them they lie
Some builders are wise
But lost the materials to build
Most who they are with materials
Are the thin bone and fallen fools
Hence, how will it get rebuild
Are we not camping with them
Our foes
Laying thin sharpened knife
On our Young's throat
Claiming the great throne
It is not of their defect
But we are to be blamed
Who will build these wall
Those whose hands are tied?
Those who shoes could walk no more?
We are to thrive
Thrive to survive
This is the beginning
Of our journey to success...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Solemn Night

Silent night
Fades away light
Little breeze wave
And greens keep dance
Silent night Broke
Like fallen of Calabash
Stagnant of movement
To all like a fallen angel
That withal his wings
On a wave by wind
Why are you silent
Ye singing birds
Why are your lips closed
O ye talking worms
Why are the songs sang in solemn
What cut the beak of a singing cock
Who cut the players strings
Why the night came solemnly
Why tears stand in place of strings
Who bite us at the back with sting
Solemn night
Concerting tears
Orchestrating sorrow to rampant
The tongues are cut
Where are the vultures love
Where are the parrots kind
What mouth will laugh
What mouth will cry
This night is odd of light
Darkness wrapped our young heart
And thick darkness veiled our old
Oh solemn night
Blood on land
Splash on sky
And darkened the heart
Song of our young is still solemn night

Ifeoluwa Philips

Why War?

when will it ends
the day of whispering arrow
that sings with blood on lips
fire on the tongue?
why war?
why not mending our broken world?
why not using the war strategies
to build the fallen walls?
why including flame
to our smoking heart
why should we tamed the curse
coming out of a wineful and unmercy iron
that bleeds with hurts
and blinds its heart to grace
why not embark on love
share when its hurt
wait when its bloodful
sing when the light fade
dance when moon smile
but rather,
songs of fire
never listen to ear
ready to pierce
why war, why war?

Ifeoluwa Philips

Taste Of Love

Love is a wine
Panting my heart to drunk
Love is a pain
But gives to me a joy
Love is what i don't know
But breed itself in me to know
Love is a light
But always bright me in d dark
Love is bitter
But always drag me to a sweetness
Love is a flesh
But gives my back a bone to stay
Love is a world
But gives me a word
Love is a war
But gave to me a wall
Love is hot
But doesn't mind given me calm
Love is kind
And input in me cares
I love..u... But really am in love with..u

Ifeoluwa Philips

Missing

#Missing

My love and my heart
Where do you go so far
You forgot to tender my heart
And left my soul to suffer
My heart mender...
Where should i go
When your mind don't remember
The days i ought to go
On me rain was falling
And i remained smiling
Cos my heart was kept in the hallowed place of your heart
I remembered when storm was heavy
You came to rescued me with your priceless cares
You placed my head
Only on your chest
And you make the beat
To sings in rhyme of my heartbeat
When wind was blowing
I recalled you stick your lips on mine
And the wind lost its hope
I also knew of the great day
When precious of your mind
Was making me to smile
Time of pains? ? ?
Time to joy! ! !
But where av u been
An in cold of your love
I want the sweet fragrance of your heart
I need the juicy taste of your lips
I want to dance to the rhythms of your heartbeat
I still throw back my love
To the precious heart ever
Even though you are far
But lives in your love forever...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Feelings Suspense...

I was alone
When she came
She came alone
And have my lips taste
She took my hands
Around her waist
She laid her head
Upper the skin of my chest
She made her hairs
To dance to the beat of my heart
She whispered to me
Do you love me?
I was curious to answer
But my lips each other clapping
And my nose blocked of breathing
For a word to come
But she produced out my Yes
With a soft kiss she gave
She then told
All I know about you
Is true
And your love is a sacrifice
For my soul to dance alive
She pecked the narrow line of my neck
I never wished she moves away
Until when night came
She then flip her legs
And turns to me
She then dice her word
With a beautiful smile
And she said
I love you
But I am not for you....
A love suspense that wind off my tears
And soaked me in tears

Ifeoluwa Philips

On A Love Journey

I was on a love journey
walking by the north wind
sighting by my feelings
and making happiness my breathing
i saw you far
with your heart robe white
all tension
lost completion
my legs stick to move
my eyes plug to see
by the side of a flowing sea
i could see completion in you
i wait to become a waiter
not so long that the rain fall
i was bathed in love rain
and i was soaked in a joy water
i count your moving steps
and i lost all my count
cos your steps
move like a wave that tossed in the ocean
your sight paint heaven to me
then i lost my feelings for heaven
all i wonder was your smile
even from afar healed my heart wound
your hair from a thousands of miles
wipe the tears of tension in my eye
i was at lost for searching
and never know the time you hold me
i regain my mind
when your mouth kissed me
then, i need not to go far anymore
for the love i was going for is you
and forever will i love you...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Will You Marry Me?

I find in you peace of mind
After searching all over the earth
I behold your smile
After many passes by
I withhold my sighting
When I heard your breezing
I find myself in chains of your love
Holding my whole by waist
All like a love panda
I tamed my feelings
In a moment I find you
I know we were made to like
But I changed to love
To love not another but you
For all I was searching for is in you
I restrained my move
When night usher the moon
Of your eyes
To lit my night
Your love is peculiar
It beats in me with s strong desired
When you hold my hands
I know love came to pay a visit
When you kiss me
I know the symbol of blessing is with me
That's why,
I find the pleasurable feelings in you
And chose to marry you
Will you please say yes
When I say 'will you marry me? '

Ifeoluwa Philips

Love Letter

When the sky turns blue
And cloud for dark
Even shinning for sun
And dull for moon
I will smile and smile
For I know your write-up
And I know your feelings
Each of your letter
Seduce my heart
And fill up the tangling of dance
I love to read your letter
I love to smell the scent of your write-up
It kills in me lust
And I ever develop trust
For your painted word
Is a live to my soul
And a joy to my heart
When ocean standstill
And the air stopped its breeze
Even when star refused to shine
And day forgot to break
I will be glad
For your word
To me is another world
And I care not of here
But there in the clef of your heart
Let mind ceased
And let earth break
I will not be afraid
For your best is put to sheet
And to the right it drifts
All these you painted to me
Once a second in my mind
I became your heart slave
Co's your ink arrests my being
I love the creativity of your love
It's a peculiar to one and all
Let your letter flows
The letter of your feelings

And feelings of your love...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Wine Of Love

I laid on the air
A cup of sparkling love
Dance in the air
And paint to world a picture of love
My heart beat slowly
Cos, I know not the lucky
Every of my soul ceased
And my lips wet of kiss
Only to know
That nature is at our love watch
I sight around
But only find the pleasure of trees clapping
And nature of rivers flowing
All eyes speculated on us
Cos the wine splashed us to the sky
Love came to watch
Feelings forgot its oath
When the dim star smiled
And morning due
I open my heart
Only to find your tongue in my mouth
Then I realized
I was drunk of love wine...

Ifeoluwa Philips

Love Bridge

i was at the risk of love'
while walking on a rough love rug,
all eyes went blind
as the the light lost it smile,
natures filled with singing tears
and no man to withstand my broken heart
when ocean rise
and the thunder roar
I stick my heart to wait
till the bridge joined
now my heart glee
in the beauty of your love
though once lost,
but now find...
your heart us the love bridge
that joins you and me together.

Ifeoluwa Philips



PoemHunter.com