

Poetry Series

Jimoh Ibrahim
- poems -

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A young upcoming writer. Author of unpublished poems and drama works. A graduate of NCE in the department of English and an undergraduate of in English

A Call

Through the end of the tunnel
Cutting across each phases
Where dimmed light pass
You will hear a call
Comming from that pleased hall
Yes, a call
When dust will go back to dust
Going far from mothers tent
Above the whirling and whistling
Of winds
Yes, a call
Something great will happen
Things so great that your figure
Becomes motherless
Heart becomes gripped
Brain will shut down completely
For only those who can take heart
Will wail at your still body
Because you have heard the call
When sous shall rest

Jimoh Ibrahim

A Plea To Ogun I

In the creation
Lonely in confusion
Sought for a companion
Was made to scour for ogun
Cutting across phases of life
Among crags and Hills
From sea to ocean
I came in contact with ogun
Affirming that there is no end
To God creative mysteries
Beauty comes in different forms
God has given ogun his final touch
I have seen numbers of birds
The peakcork is picked out
Glazed with different colours
I have come across snakes
But the bead-like snakes is unique
It has a robe of velvet
Until you watch the gelede masquerade
You haven't seen any performances
Ogun who posses two cutlasses
Each made from the rust of iron
The gods of many atrocities
I paved a way and persuaded ogun
Ogun gave companionship in return
Sacrifices are made to plea ogun
Ogun requested for the blood of a sheep
It was offered
Ogun requested for the blood of an hyena
It was splited to appeas ogun
Ogun requested for the blood of an ant
Which I gave without hesitation
Now, Ogun is requesting for more
Whose blood would it be?

Jimoh Ibrahim

A Plea To Ogun Ii

My geomantic predisposition
Journeyed towards a corybatic domain
There i stood,
With an inquisitive gaze
Lumbering through think thin thorny turnings
Lost in confusion
Did she really requested for my blood?
I who had made endless
And countless Sacrifices for her sake
It has actually drifted
Towards my direction
In a perplexed state,
Rejecting to offer my blood
Yet! , could still not let go of ogun
Feeding a pain in me
Which i could not nature without crying
An hidden affairs i would recall many times
Without the coldness of forgetfulness
If she deserted
Pains which I cannot hold on to
Did she actually requested my blood?

Jimoh Ibrahim

A Plea To Ogun Iii

A plea to ogun I I I

Can there be a love
Which does not makes demand on its Object?

Suddenly, Ogun let go off me
Being abandoned in my tutulage
Ogun has stopped threatening
What must be keeping ogun occupied?
Is my blood bitter to gulp?
Has my flesh become rotten?
Is suffering and hardship
Imposed in response to ogun request?
Not knowing ogun has drifted its attention
Ogun chooss to stay with another priest
Expecting satisfaction in return
Ogun requested for the blood of a lanb
Which she was denied of
I wondered seeing ogun
Returning back to her old tutulage
Fear built a home in me
Is she back to have a taste of my blood?
Which I am not willing to offer
Ogun came requesting for Sacrifice
Ogun requested for water
Which I am not willing to offer.

Jimoh Ibrahim

Abiku

Abiku

I am Abiku
Paragon of beauty
The son to Ere
Surmoned with forty bitter kola nuts
With tall hefty fowl
Why then restrict me?

I whose hands borne
The key to the door ways
Having vertical and longitudinal
Access to the banks of life
If man knows itself
Abiku is what I am
Abiku you will eventually become

What if I lives to suffer?
I am the host of heaven
Guest to the world
Made to report to your household
What then is my conviction?

I am born to die
Reincanating several times
And to be reborn is my wish
Preparing special jewelry and foods
Just to be tempted?

Must you know Abiku when he calls?
Scares inflicted
On the little innocent body
Face defaced with marks

I am Abiku
Must you break re-unification
Promises Abiku makes?
Must you bring me mysteries
In replace of your misfortune?
Why then you call me evil
When you are injurious to nature?
Evil is inbred in human

Once and the repeated time
Tears running on your face
Are valuable in the kindred spirits of Abiku
Leave me in haste to return to dust
Not for you to mock over
My misfortunes and failure
On earth

Jimoh Ibrahim

Alakada

I dont date BROKE DUDES
will have to change my wardrobe every sunset
so she said

I cheated on my fears
broke up with my doubts
got stucked with my faith
what then is my fate?

Sailing through the world of
misfortune,
the rhythm i am yet to decipher
yes she is LUCIFER
who m, ade me suffer
again what then is my fate?

That the dart blossoms in me
i worked hard and fixed my brokenness
wagging war against savagery
so she came back
and i told her
i only dates VIRGINS
am waiting to see how
she fixes that.....

Jimoh Ibrahim

And So It Came To Pass

And so it came to pass

And so it came to pass
After months of happiness
A me yeilded Supreme powers
Making me at logger heads with
The ominipresent
I gave warmth
Even breath I bequeated
I was at par with her
Cared so much for her
Companionship which I gave in return
For so much concern
I gave an endless joy
Which i thought to survive
The affairs became healthy
For so much love
Gave a countless cowries
That set up her dreams
Through moonless nights
I gave her light
Which the candle throws
For so much shelter
I merge close to her
Drawing my breath close to her
Performing my masculine duties
Preventing the august of rains
Putting an end to our affairs
 And now which I needed her the most
 She forsake me
 Living in a confused state
 To carry my cross alone
After piercing my heart
With a sharp smooth dart
She has fast forgotten my guidance
As a concern man
Playing the role of a father
But i had a studious fellow
Who came as a brother

I gave him a companion
He took away my mistress
Hmmmmm..... She is lucifer
Who wants me to suffer
Breaking the robe of brother hood
Just to feel my space
Oh! I could remember
A warning from the soothsayer
'who ever listen to the voice of the
Elderly is like a strong tree'
A century in a relationship
Hurts more than a decade of being single
I have been restricted to the affairs of this world
She gave me a gift of tragedy
Which is like a chamelon feaces
Smiling is impossible
I beg of you!
Leave my memories
For I may be happy
And free from heartbreaks
And then it came to pass

Jimoh Ibrahim

April Rain

April rain

Here you come again
After five months of dryness
Farmers begging for kindness
We heard the rushing of water
That sky was shedding tears
The roof could not withold the current
You have poured more than enough
More than what the earth could drink
The playground flooded
Restricting lads of their privilege
Being their rival
You have poured more than enough
Our roof thatch and cry
Great water drops drizzling
Falling like over riped fruits
Drumming so hard
You have spilled more than enough
the house can not endure your tears
You have done us evil
The house is falling and
The fence are broken
OH! April rain
You have discharge more than enough
Becoming an outcasts
Depriving us of our homes
Hold up under bridges
All covered with dept
We cried in agony as we
Are left with nothing
Our riches are swept away
By your so called tears
Your raging storm is a tyrant
To our house hold
We are left wandering
In the great wilderness
You have waged war
Against the inhabitants

We have come without penury
On a plea for mercy
Stop the tears for the sun to shine
OH! April rain
Here you come again

Jimoh Ibrahim

Come Back Home

Come back home

Come back home
I hear the double headed drum
Whose pics regulated to
Music the tone and prosody
Of human speech
Make your feet come back home
Make your leg come back home
The way you left

Come back home
Out of the blizzard and squalls
Of a futile tour
I see panting dog
In a cloth of blood
Struggling in distress to survive
I perceive the bata vocalizing
Plant your feet and your legs
Below in the village you belong to

Come back home
Lost wandering In the wilderness
In fear of a phrase at a gun point
Jackbooted to the strangers desire
Forced to dance to the tone
Of the diminuendo

Come back home
Bata is the permission to
The talking drug which
Cannot be unvoiced as
Ayangalu can not be detached
From the drum

Come back home
To your mother's tent
And rejoice
For a greater alleviation

Of dis comfort.

Jimoh Ibrahim

Dreams

Whoever is monitoring when the crab sleeps
would be long at the river bank
why all your needless pursuit
you keep tracking my success
yet you failed

standing firm
with determination and comfort
with vision and mission
that leads to my ambition
vision without mission
is an allusion

two hundred flies cannot
way lay the broom
I use my hands to beat my chest
just to marry my dreams
believing in myself
knowing that
a squirrel that would climb the plantain stem
would have sharp pay nails
never give up on your dreams
except they are just NIGHTMARES

Jimoh Ibrahim

How Do You Want To Die?

You don't want to die of infirmity
Moved on a four wheel couch
Wired and re-wired
till the arrival of the divine Messenger
Ready to apprehend your soul

You don't want to die of combustion
Seeing each vein and fur and spike
Razed down by fire storm
Till dust and embers are left
Ruffled by a slight breeze

You don't want to die of crash
To prevent assemblage of mortals
Seeing how your bones crushes
While the wreckage is ablaze glittering for their last curdles

How then do you want to die?

Jimoh Ibrahim

Lust

If you are desperately looking for riches,
I have a way out
lock yourself in a tunnel of your roof
start to think
what your hands cannot reach
you want to use rope to draw it closer
think about your friends who has crossed over
to the world beyond
try to reflect back to your past
are you still the same?

if you are desperately looking for famous,
here is a way out
stroll down to the psychiatric
see for yourself those who have lost hope
whistling, chatting with the world of unseen
can you withstand the pains inflicted on them?

if you are desperately looking for power
here is a way out,
think about those that are on the mobile bed
feeling uncomfortable in despair,
been abandoned by their people
living in pains and agony
can you feel the pains they feel....?

what you think of is wealth
you can't plant cocoa and harvest honey
if the fry pan is not heated up, the corn cannot pop
you become rich,
driving in luxurious cars,
moving mountains with your money
with your desperate thought
buried without shield
what essence is then your wealth

as long as there is life,
there is hope
the groom shouldn't be anxiously straining

his neck to peep at the bride

Jimoh Ibrahim

Obliteration

Through the tunnel of motherhood
in a frenzied manner,
is the wailing noise of a tot.
Without distress,
the matriarch experience the tribulation.

yet!

The dropping of the leaf off a tree
presents no burden to the tree
merriment filled the air
liquor till stupor
but in a twinkling
will discard the world
and ones flesh and blood.
will never come back
wailing seeing my portrait
you will dissolve into tears
seeing my still body
you will feel nostalgic for my absence
wont be able to hear my voice
my mouth becomes numb with cold
jaws becomes ponderous

yes

tears will surely flow down
because death is inevitable
my body has been shoplifted
to the second world
the home of our ancestors
and returning is not possible

Jimoh Ibrahim

Poet's Highlighter

My Highlighter lacks expressions
To make my thoughts mightier
Form created in my mind
Lost in the mackenzie river
Imagination gone so deep
Finding its route in the Amazon river
My Highlighter lacks courage
And ceased not from writing.

Jimoh Ibrahim

Poverty Is A Woman

There is a woman in town,
she is the shabbiest,
unattractive woman on earth
dresses in soiled garment
making a man to drink
From the stream of misfortune
who is she?

whoever dies of poverty
dies a miserable death
cos no man is destined to be poor
wake up! ! !
oh you slumber
and chase her out to the market square
I am hungry is not to be expressed by whistling

Jimoh Ibrahim

The Second World

In a non compos mentis state
Despatching remarks to the
Spirits of the second world
Belonging to the road way
Dressed in tattered clothes
With dip stick dangling tro and fro
Beneath the pathway
In a frowzy dreads

Alas!
The world has treated him thus
From decades to century
Lost in a psychopath
Trailed with millions of flies
Chuckle, spinning to a
Non rhythmic tone
With white grey hair

Tell them
They have done him evil
They have drawn a close to a generation
The household is falling,
It's nobody's fault
Its famine that makes one
Eat the fruit of strange trees

Jimoh Ibrahim

Trick Me If You Can

Trick me if you can
and i will proffess to you in return
i only need your courtesy

Trick me if you can
but remember one day,
the anus of the hen will be exposed
to the whole world and the truth
Will be revealed
that the love you have
is a decent.
now knowing you are the lucifer
i will smash your heart against the wall,
you will be left wandering alone in the thick
of the forest
like that of the helpless spirit
in the underworld

Trick me if you can
and i will tell the whole world what we
cooked that set the house ablaze
remember
when wood breaks,
it can be repaired,
but ivory breaks forever

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