

Poetry Series

Kareem Azeez
- poems -



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Kareem Azeez()

Kareem Itunu Azeez, Solace writes is a writer of articles, poems, and quote creator, he has written various articles, revolving around politics and changing the status quo, concerning how things are done in his homeland.

He graduated from the Lagos State University, as a Political Scientists, and Education student, prior to this, he has earned a National Diploma, as a mass communicator, at the Yaba College of Technology Yabatech.

Solacewrites is a content creator, a blogger, and also a researcher, who has written many poems, some published some yet to be published.

You can reach me on: +2348134249115



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The Second Scramble

First, it was the assimilator.

During the ages of stones and sticks

They came and conquered all of Luanda, Abidjan,

With their jackboots and shady deals

And then some form of asylum

Then the grammarians came too, to the west,

-To my land, first, it was trade, then they took it by force,

-To develop, to make us grow, and make our eyes

More open, so they say

This was some hundred plus year's ago...before my great-grandfather was born

The black man was left alone to mature

To love himself and put his house in order

And understand why it shouldn't go in circles

The black man was taught it need trade, not aid

So they put its continent in its place,

From the west to the north, the south and to the east

They all left their footprints on the black man's sand

No matter how he scratch, its wound becomes deeper

And ages after, the black man can not stand alone

And bullets upon bullets were their rains-

Hatred upon hatred, for his kinsmen

Greed higher than the explorers,

For the black man is the oppressor of the Blackman

So he twitches and screech alone in the dark

Times have gone dynamic,

And the freedom fighters have become wise

That land is fantastically corrupt,

We shall aid them instead of trade with them

Their wealth shall come back to us anyway

The black man's land is juicy,

Filled with all to keep the world in existence

Their future we shall harbor here

In form of desperate journeys,

To develop them we shall lie,

And to them, they shall willingly give us their souls

The west,

Down to the east,
And north and south, the scramble has begun
For a second time, and shall be so, till eternity waves at us,
The black man is not ready to decide, because he enjoys being ruled
Too divided to see the destiny
Soaked in hatred of his brother to remember strangers shall take their lands
Too greedy, to remember death shall come for us all
Too down to even remember there's a place call up-
The fight may be lost, even before it starts
The second scramble is not force, but willingly.

Kareem Azeez

My Lost One

AN EPIC POEM

What sweet bitter sorrow I see?
You are the star that bloom,
When there is no hope.
You fly flags of love,
Where ever you find yourself.
Though your days are numbered,
You maketh me whom I am.
Making claws of jealousy fill your enemies.

Curse, bless me now, I pray,
Before wicked fate turn you away from me.
As they name the sky their own,
Making time chisels away bits of your memories.
Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.
Up to Paradise, your stay.



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Written by --UGWA FAVOUR KALU.

Kareem Azeez

Time Heals; But Not Everything

Bloom forth, as if life-
Had not happened, as if love
You have not lost. Cry!
It's your tears, so cry it I say!

They say; the sun would rise
And again, we would try.
But what happened to the times gone?
The trust built and broken
Time shall heal it too...

Give the sun a chance-
To shine on your rubles. And on your face too
This too shall pass, and more shall come
Smile for the fond memories
Treasure the unique times
You won't be happy always...

Time heals everything; so they say
Pain has heels too
To skip past time,
Some-things just never heal.
For as long as you remember,
You won't smile.

This is the product of my brain
An invention from my past,
A hurt that builds a hut in me
To live forever in my anals,
A feeble smile pretending to times
Chariot wings...

Time heals, but not everything
Not the past,
Nor the fond thoughts,
Nor the scar,
Nor the rubles after the storm
Just encourage me to cry my cry! ! !

To A Child With No Direction

I have found no place that I can call mine, in these things call life
For all that I wanted, didn't find me,
And all that finds me, I did not want.
In-between these rubbles, I came across time
 They told me to go forward, that I shall find some permanent joy
From thunderstorm to thunderstorm,
Hurdles yet again to cross hurdles.....

I am the wanderer with no direction
The lone ranger in-between rubies of life, yet I still breathe
Those who sold love here, have gone bankrupt
Life and people had pushed me forward, tied me a mile away.
Our people say, if you want to walk on soft spots, wet the ground
I had washed the soil beneath my feet
Fill the bellies of men, and serve kings, some treat me like a slave,
 Better a slave, than false love, for these my people has a lot
And so again I walk through the lights that one day I shall find
Those who do not sell love for lesser price

I have no place that I can call my own,
For all the place I taught permanent were all made with rods of temporary
The beds I sludge my head
Where leaves rotten in the abyss of time
I came to the imported home of a religion my people are fond of
Yet inequality lives here.
They say it isn't the creed, but the practicers of this creed,
What good is a way of life that changes not all, but a few?
For my heart remains insatiable
I have come these far, not to settle for the hypocrisy of men
The hypocrisy in the eyes of the ones I call my own, and in the eyes of the ones
who taught me how to lie and love again.
So I ask, where then can I find satisfaction from the bottomless whims of men
They told me to go forward,

There they pointed, and forward I roam,
Into the dark and endless pit men call life
Into the oceans of blues and hatred
Into the thunderstorm of little relief
For the doors where truly dim, and logically pleasing.

Right there I found life, life eternal.

Kareem Itunu Azeez

Anthology of the waiver bird

2022

Kareem Azeez

Whom Do I Give Thanks To..?

Every morning,when i arise
Always in my hearts, are the many questions
This i carry, from child,
And now that i am a man;
After eating, and even for the joy of
Waking after slumber
Whom do i give thanks to?

To a God,i was born and raised existed,
Even yet u have not encountered him
Nor' to the universe which dim it fit
Of my importance.....
For i know a God.

I know a god with eight arms
I know one who seems omnipresent
I know one who speaks through books
Anotherwho speaks only in waters
There is another who neither speak nor listen

But i must pay obeisance to only one
For the others would be jealous of my soul
Each followers claiming originality
If they see this: they tag me frenemy
For they are first my friends, before their creeds
Turn them against me,and humanity
So they lost the touch.

My father never gave me the answer before
His death, on a Sunday morning; but he taught
Me to be a man.
I carry this same question now that i am old
For whom do i give thanks to,after each breathe
After each gulp,
All the gods available are imported
The one, after my color and race is painted diabolical
So i carry my questions to the grave

Oh Daman, My Sweet Mother! ! !

Her palm has gone hard, they say
Their mother's palm....
Whatever she touches, becomes dirt to them
And for so, they prefer not to see her..
Not for boys like us, irrespective of age,
We will continue to be children, children to grow her! ! !
Oh Daman, my sweet Daman

So many years ago,
Through the dark and angry forest, she weaned me
For many nights, into the desolate island of dream
She ran through, with my noisy tears,
No sleep, no rest..
Yet she sails silently so...

Oh! ! Daman
Her skin, forever fresh, like the westwind from
Old graces urn
Her words are arrows, and shield covering
Me from a world that never really loved me
Her smiles per my tries are treasures in my bank
Even in my after-life
Oh Daman

You, the comfort in times of distress
The peace weltering my storm, each time
I set out to sail,
In my hopelessness, searching for love under some
Foreign arms
Lost in transit, Daman's voice echoes my return
I hear her from under foreign skies
For no matter how far I roam my soul is in the village
That village is where I breathe life
Oh Daman! ! !

May life in its longevity find you a home
They say, which love is greater, for a man
The Wife or the Mother... For boys like us that is easy
We have seen none look our eyes when the jungle was harsh

We have seen hot tears from our mothers eyes when the world was against us
We have seen,pain as our mothers next of kin, to some errors we made,
Daman never thinks twice to give all her air for a single breath....
I hope this answers their question
Oh Daman! !
My precious mother! !
Like a spec of dust, I am only one of the joys the world has given you....
Forget me not in your prayers
Oh Mother! ! ! !

Kareem Azeez

Mandela Day; What Have You Learned From Madiba! !

!

Madela-Day; What have you learned from Madiba..

Itunumi Solace

When i talk of Madiba,i remind my brothers
I remind my sisters,of the blood,and sweat
Of them whos sacrifice reunite us..

When i talk of Mandela,i request to know
If his suffering still lingers on in our hearts
I seek to know,if his yearn for love still burns

When i talk of Nelson, i task his successor if they maintain his legacy,
His long walk to freedom.....

When i talk of Mandela,i talk of those graves, lost through apartheid, i talk of
those people who can't afford knowledge however free it is,
About why we should be one! ! !

When i talk of Madiba,i remember Azikiwe, i remember,Thomas Sankara,i
remember Nkrumah,i remember the times of Agostinho Neto,and those who
fought the war but never see the end..

When i talk of Mandela,i talk of you,i remind you of a course of which our
struggles are borne; a course of which we should be prepared to die for...

Hail Nelson Mandel.....

Kareem Azeez

Written In The Galaxies

Written in the Galaxies
Itunumi Solace...

Right from the start when the earth was formless & desolate
When the earth was all engulfed in darkness,
When He said let there be light, and so did our story begin,
When He was pleased with what He saw, who knows? It could be our story,
Not a fairy tale, but a perfect story,
A story that was written not just in the stars,
But scribbled in the tablets of the galaxies,
Each breath given to every creature from the start,
Gave detail and life to the perfect story,
A story that came to be our love story,
Not just in the galaxies but in the entire universe,
And so we were sent to fulfil the perfect story on the globe.
And he also said, let there be me....and i roam continuously helplessly needing an
helpmate..



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And i live freely in the garden call life
Yet alone
It is just the greatest show man has to witness,
For it is up to us and the world is ours.
Then the world tremble, i had never seen such
A beauty beyond my deeds could afford

As written from the scribe I slowly fell for you,
I fell for each touch of friendship,
The perfect noise in your silence,
The extraordinary chemistry and energy around us for every moment we spent,
Unlike any ordinary love story that begins with smiles, ours began so weird
Marking the start that has no end,
That couldn't be changed,
Unless the galaxies are recreated.

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months have passed,

And years will pass too....

Our perfect love story will survive it all

For it was written not just in the stars but scribbled in the tablets of the galaxies.

And love will never lie

Fareedah-Forever

Kareem Azeez

The Powers That Be

Wake up every day to do the same old things,
Easily lead astray wondering what yesterday sings
And what today may bring.
Drowned in thoughts and surrounded by voices,
Staring into life's eyes seeing multiple choices,
Even when sleeping thoughts become like voices.
This game called life is like stepping stones
Surrounded by darkness and rotting bones,
Make it to the other side to claim the throne.
Make no mistakes or forever be trapped in stone
Listening to the echoes of the past moan and groan,
Falling deeper and deeper into the spiral of being alone.

Breaking free from the cycle isn't black and white,
Understanding that they're the same will enlighten one's sight.
The journey will require wisdom, knowledge and might.
Bring light to the table and widen the sights,
This is and always will be life's most significant fight.
Forever enslaved within this hell,
There's bidders for the souls in the shadows they dwell
Patiently waiting to suck the life from one's hollow shell,
One who does not have what it takes to repel.
Leaching of the weak those who only believe in a hell,
Those who have a price and their souls they're ready to sell.

Those controlled by ego with little spirit will proclaim they are above the rest,
Making all decisions pretending it's all in the people's best interest.
With power and greed really at heart they claim that they know what is best,
With no care for the rest just their own personal gain;
Anyone who can invest or anything that can gain interest.
Those guided by the spirit will spread love,
Happiness and joy to every man, woman girl and boy,
They will refuse to become part of the ploy.
The only aim will be to live life to its fullest and enjoy every step,
Not to be controlled by ego, they are beings, life is not a toy
It's not to be played with it's not there to destroy.

Kareem Azeez

Mourning After

The mourning after
Itunumi Solace

(Justice and Oppression)

Peace will come
Rest will be had.
However before then
Action must be taken
Injustice must be corrected
Wrongs must be righted.
Despite this, my heart remains heavy.

Not just mourning a wrongful death
But at watching the fire of anger and inequality continue to be stoked and fueled
Despite all the pain those fires caused.
The conversations that need to be had still haven't happened, and there can only
be so long those silenced will tolerate being unheard.

Still, I mourn. My tears fall at the base of this fire, hoping my generation can
finally put it out.
A generation with misplaced priorities

They all want to live eternally without having to die...

Kareem Azeez

We Are Two Ships

Two Ships
Itunumi Solace

(Life and Choices)

We are two ships
On a solo sail
One upstream, and the other down
Night falls
We drift along
Our beacon, the light of the moon.

We are two ships
On a solo sail
One downstream, and the other up
Day breaks
The sun arises
One departs, the other retreats.

One ship harbour free souls
The other ship drives them into oblivion
One brings life and light
The other remind you of the darker world
Yet, we prefer the one taking us into abbys

Two ships diverge into an endless sea,
The other furnished to remind you of world
Another tattered but preaches truth
The sea is life, the ship is your choice
Man take heed and follow a rollercoaster ride
Of life, death and earth....

Fleeting and unaware
On a voyage to nowhere
We are two ships.

Kareem Azeez

If Poem Speaks

If Poems Speak
Itunumi Solace

(Philosophical)

If poems speak, then let them speak
If poems do have wise words to say
If poems utter sheer intelligence
Then they come alive, they ought to speak.
Let it speak to me now

If poems help us through tough times
If poems shape our perspectives
If poems are heaven sent for us
Let poems speak and let us hear.

If poems had ears to hear our concerns
If poems listened to our cries deep down
If poems were thus, and truly they are
Take a poem like this one and reflect on it.
Then life would be fine

If poems had eyes, imagine with me
If they saw mankind with its sorrows and joys
If poems perceive, I could justify this
Should we not listen to what they have to say?

If poems were flowers growing in the field
Oh, if they were roses with beauty so rare
If poems were such, would they be adored
Would we stop awhile and smell the flowers?

If poems were foods or drinks people love
No, if they were vegetables, as rightly they'd be
If poems were fruits, would people consume
The poems are key to social well-being.

Well, if poems were human, people like us
If poems had rights, freedoms as they do

If poems then spoke out, would men give heed
I tell you the truth, they speak louder than men.

If poems were lawyers in a court of law
If poems were judges to deliver a verdict
If poems were thus, how would society be
You know I am right, let poems speak.

If poems were doctors in our hospitals
If poems were to treat us and I know they do
If poems could cure, how would man respond
Let them diagnose our illnesses.

If poems were drivers, teachers or police
If poems were our next door neighbour or friend
If poems were this close, would we now listen
We must not deny their proximity.

If poems were preachers, I would love to see them
If poems preached truth for all to repent
If poems condemn darkness and point to the light
Let the poems preach and bless our hearts.

If poems had arms to hug and comfort
If they could reach out to the brokenhearted
If poems would do so as indeed they do
Our hurts would heal quickly if we let them speak.

If poems can portray undeniable truths
If poems are put forth with no prejudice
If poems were clear, precept upon precept
Then let us be humble to listen and learn.

If poems were real weapons, I believe they are
If poems were as lethal as a nuclear bomb
If poems were so, would people now hear
The poems wage war with social ills.

If poems are tools forged by a master smith
If poems are meant to revolutionize
If poems have power underutilised
We can wield our poems if we let them speak.

And if poems can show us the way to live
If poems help shed light on the meaning of life
If poems explain what science cannot
Long live poetry, let the poems speak!

Kareem Azeez

The Rape Of Lucrece; A Nigerian Womans' Tragedy

After the autopsy,
He sashayed through town,with the
inscription, "Nothing works here" I will do that again..
And so a chapter was closed, raped and killed
Cold blooded, and her pride washed away into oblivion, nothing was done! ! !

Born and bred, innocently,
Trained to trust, told to locked up her emotions,
Told to hide her troubles,
The world would stigmatize you, if you tell them,
Hide your feelings, and never say you were raped,
And on and on, it goes on
Swinging even on and on, continuously been raped, killed and dumped...
The rape of Lucrece, Nigerians tragedy
When you see a rapist, don't report just kill him

It's time we take laws in our hands,
A woman is ten times stronger than a man
She knows it not,
Because the Society scared her,
She's got claws, strong enough to pierce a man's soul
Canine twice sharper than the great white shark
Yet used and dumped by a mere combination of sperms raised by her....
Today it's my sister, and no law was enforced
You sit home and blame her dress-code,
Tomorrow it might be your sister, your wife or even your mother
Don't just cry to me, for I won't answer..
When you found a rapist don't report, just kill him

Kill him slowly,
Show him the many phases of hell,
Show him the shame you been through,
Kill him slowly
If he hides under the Society that encourages rape,
"That God would forgive" since he's a changed man
Then let the Society knows "God would still forgive you when he's
gone";....

Shall I tell you how to kill him,

Don't cry, rise up psychologically
Smile and do what a Woman knows how to do best..
Exact your revenge, and stay Alive..
But kill him, I repeat Kill him....

Kareem Azeez

Laments For Lola (1)

As I watched Lola go....
See her stepped into the dark
Her hips delicately poised creating a scene
Like forever ago...
And no longer will I smile to the sun again
For that shades that look through the sun
Just stepped into the shadows, into the arms of strange men, and
-Here I am, watching as Lola goes...

Shall I tell you few things about Lola
This isn't some narrations you smile and forget
They are the many words, scared to be spoken
Words bottled in me, waiting for a chance to tear out...
She is a black Tamo chanter,
Her whitish teeth send the signal of
"This isn't your level, don't even dream it";
And so I bottled my first Hi...to Lola

But.....



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Here is an equation that is thoughtful
A math question that is mindful
First let x be beautiful
Then let y be graceful

The solution is rather simple
that only Zero squared can say no
It is not just because I say so
The formula is what I know

A positive integer is a clue
Another hint is that it's true
Here is what you have to do
Merely Simplify x plus $y =$ you

But I am just here holding the pen, while in reality, Lola isn't even mine, but I wish she could.....

TBC.....

Kareem Azeez

Think Of Me As A Savior, When Life Knocks You Down

Dear fareedah when life knocks you down
Think of me as a Savior in human form,
I write emulating the copy of the son of
Liquid words, when he writes his queen too
Tagged "Dear Ivara"

White is an improvised color,
But black the color of all days..
But Fareedah did be impressed with the dark
I see the many battles bottled up in you
In your innocent yet brave heart,
So I write with the many dignity left of me, Fareedah....
If love makes one mad, then let me be mad

So when life knocks you down think of me as a Savior...
I feel you are somewhat a neophyte in matters of the heart, if this is true give it
time..I am just a traveler who's destination is you, I will wait,
For if not you then none else..
I have found a place where my heart belongs, if you are not for me, then our
roads should never have crossed paths, my dear Fareedah

I am the child showered with less of love
And some youthful fantasies
So shedding out some part of me is rare
But for you I will pour down many more of me

Everyone Preaches what they can't give just because of what's between a
woman's lap
Many a man would give what I can't offer but would not give what's beyond my
heart, for I have seen the many shades of the heart
I have seen the true meaning of Beauty,
Dark as night,
Her smiles like Tam o' chanter
But remember Fareedah when life comes calling I did be standing waiting to walk
through the storms with you

Everything isn't going to be rosy,
But should leaving you cross my mind
Then let your childish act made me laugh one more time..

Dear Fareedah think of me as a Savior
And as a lover.

(For Fareedah my own Tam O' chanter)

Kareem Azeez

Solaces'sonnet Of Death

Hands cold as night, drags
Me- From this hollow world
and this shallow hole
To the ocean of no return
For death has made war on our homes

Eyes dark as night,
Time has tore that from me
Shut eyes so I can see
The rest of my eternity

Fear has filled my sun
I fear this that is to come
I- fear very death itself
And maybe this fear is just
That I too shall alight oneday

Kareem Azeez



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If Oneday

If one day...
Itunumi Solace???

If one day
I choose to hide
Search for me
In the dark.

If one day
I choose not to speak
Hear me
In the loudest cry of thunder.

If one day
I choose to walk away
Walk beside me instead.

If one day
You find it hard to love me still
Then stop.

If one day
You choose to hide
I'll search for you
With a beating heart.

If one day
You choose not to speak
I'll hear those unspoken words
So clear in your silence.

If one day
You choose to walk away
I'll be waiting for your return.

If one day
I find it hard to love you
I will make you smile
So i'll have another reason

To love you.

Kareem Azeez

Of Death, And Eternity

Of death and eternity

We are living stones,
Made of hardened hearts, soft souls fragile at the same
Life's freckling pushes us ashore
One day boisterous tomorrow so weak to talk...
For the kings, the serfs and all who gulp air, death comes...
Down through relics, times immemorial canvas
They tell me, smile and wait.
Your time is not now...
Of death, and eternity

Should there not be eternity,
Whence shall my weary soul end,
A soul thirsty for newer world
Hunger for greener meals
Stars and dust we are, serenading through life
Through autumns seasonal times
Life's but a walking shadow, only the wise live happily
When this bag of bone is tired,
Then shall my weary giant see the end of the earth'
Of death, and eternity...

We are all living stones
Walking dead
Shadows we are,
When the light comes, our life banishes
When darkness falls upon us, we shiver
And for of all the saddest words remembered of men
"It should have been" pains the heart more
Fellow walking spirits
Live life in a crescendo
Of death, and of eternity

Kareem Azeez

Twilights And From Kirikiri With Love

Twilights and from Kirikiri with Love
Itunumi Solace

Twilights descended speedily,
Before the problems of the world came
Where went the joyful bliss where we recorded,
Our names, and the hearts we inscribe our loved ones
Where whence the day I met you
In springs summer tales, where alone we were left
The wide baobab tree was our shelter
That tree is no more, it has faded into oblivion
And the sizzling breeze carries our passion abruptly
So swiftly we forget how to flow.
And now I roam the four walls of no freedom

Twilights descended speedily
Where is gone the times of our youths
The joyful promises we made while we were much younger,
Where went your sharp smiles, melting rocks and
The prisoners here too.
The break time in school was our gleeful urge
Now we are very much more than that,
And the breeze has blown me into the hard hands
Of a law that never give trial nor accept plea
Not for temporary times, but into endless agony
From kirikiri I write you my love.

Twilights descended speedily,
Under this immemorial blocks, I planted your days
In lonely times, I walk past each blocks
Each fallen leaves carries your scent,
Each reminded me of a time with you, a time
When all that matters was the talks we talk
And the advises you gave,
You will always say ' "Remember me" even as I journeyed into this
unknown terrain,
Now I stand here alone renaming our memories.

I will call the time we met, Autumns gift
I will call the fights we had, Sumner times
I will give the moans we made, the eternal bliss of a
Deserted ledge, springs time
I will call the day of my sentence into hell, life's daunting time.

Now I face darkness alone, without you
In rooms of iron bars.
Without your moonlit flecks,
Each night I will write the paper sky about you
And if a star shines brightly to me,
I'll know that's you smiling, under influx of love
Do you not feel to be quite younger than now
How we rock days and nights,
How we run away from the arms of fathers and mothers,
Jubilee ring! ! ! Jubilee ring! ! !
How we created dayforever in our hearts...
You were the sun, I was just the wind..
But now, such days nolonger will we see
And letters alone can we send....

My warder says my time is now
I must sleep, in here its a lot of darkness
But I won't cry, I will see you again.

Kareem Azeez

Hope For The Beloved

Hope for the beloved
Itunumi Solace

Been born in a world of compromise hurts
Raised by parents who are stricken with worry
Half baked our joy,
We are children raised in pain
Raised in the two vast eternities of the past and the future
Heated by the furnace of "TOMORROW should be good";
But hope for the beloved.

Standing at the deserted edge of time,
The tomorrow they told us was yesterday
Born in the old lady of today
Each time we rumble, we mumble
We are the street lords who wail at night
And roar during the day,
On the risky plains of a regime called "HOPE";
Indeed there's hope for the beloved

I have lost so much that all I remembered
Is the last meal I ate,
I have thought so much that all I could think
Of, is my last thought, which is to die
But at least, let me have my last meal
if I will be lucky or not this night,
what shall I be served?
Our kind is used to the 1-0-1, if you know, you know! !
Days when by mistake we complete the maths
Of 1-1-1....we roll on our paper bed till morning,
For only when we were born was the best days of our lives....

Our heads are box of dreams,
So intoxicated that we forged the flow of truth
To control so much lands, in its vastness
To posses all things Born and bred beautifully
Greed has made cornflakes with our lives,
Our blood gush forth its milk.....to complete the diet of death! ! !
To our kind, blame us if you will, our dreams are such

That when we wake, life is too harsh to be real
Yet we hear, daily; Hope for the beloved
If I never wake up as I lay, never worry about me
Nor kids of my kind, everyday we roam the streets
Yet all you ever thought of was how to be better than
Yesterday,
What if you were us! ! ! Yes us! ! !

Yet there's hope for the beloved

Kareem Azeez

Take Solace

Take solace....

In what you have; rather than what you wish for
In knowledge, when others struggle to know
In financial breakthrough; when others falter to spend
In honesty, when others can't be honest
In truth; even when forced to lie

Take Solace.....

In what you look like rather than what you hope for
In wisdom when others pretend to know
In attraction when you seem to have it all
In beauty; judging by today's criteria of beauty
In been satisfied; when you don't have it all.

Take Solace.....

In the love you have; rather than the one that never came
In the relationship wavering because of you; rather than clamor for what's yet yours
In appreciation; rather than aiming for a dig
In all that you have which seems not enough; but otherwise worst for others.

At the end, the maker is not so blind that he can't see.
For within you lies endless happiness
But in self contentment come Peace.
Peace forever.....

Kareem Azeez

If Only You Would Complete Me

If only you would complete me
Itunumi Solace???

Even though I smile to this vast ocean
If not for past memoirs stored within time
In rubbles through night, with you,
With us, and for God
But though a lonely figure walking across earth
I have become now,
If only you would complete me.

If not for joyful nights,
And short term ecstasy
What would I have rely on
In this days of wars and depression
Those short days, when I wash your feet
And swing you around the sofa
With you we run through streets and the jealousy in the world's eyes was our
passion
Defeating fear, defeating people
But oh, why oh why.....
Maybe you would have complete me

I have gone through times
Scale through rivers
Watched the monsoon go meet his love
Though you wanted me to be more than I am
To be what I can't become
To be all that I am not,
You forgot we were made for each other
For I am incomplete without you
And you er not a whole without me,
But you seek dreams in lands that won't stand
Maybe you would have complete me
And together we would have brick a castle!

I will keep our days with me
I will tell the world; the joyful nights

I will write the sky the shades of your eyes
I will sell to the wind, the passion of your kisses
I will smile to the moon all night,
Because it reminds me of our secret haunt
I will walk through seas holding your lights
I will paint the forest in the colors of love
I will dance through death, through sorrows
I will remember you, all minutes
They say men don't cry, but I will cry.....
I will walk through smokes just to watch our past...

No one would complete me
But maybe you would have complete me!

Kareem Azeez

To Fatima From A Vincible Heart

I have read so much of Pablo Neruda,
Eaten so much of Antonio Jacinto,
Still to walk up to you, drains me red,
Your moonlit flecks and walk,
Makes me demand more blood...
You are a blazing touch.
And my pre-spoken words vanishes when I see you
And till now, I watch you walkaway
Just waiting for me to speak the first words
And seal the first kiss....

Fatima is from a part of my country
Which stretches its mark down to Eros
I have drank so much of Baccheaus
Walked seven lifetimes with the seven sages,
Was a student of love, but I still stutter, around you
When you magically move your ferocious eyes
Towards my timid direction, hoping to see me smile
Yet again, the man in me is ever sleeping
So I pen my taught to you tonight.....

Yesterday, someone told me you have found
A crown! ! Is that true?
A lord over you, is that so?
Was he smarter than I could hope to be?
Richer than I could ever dreamt of becoming?
Thousand of question raced through me.
Oh, I also heard he's got some foreign made beards
And am just a blunt beardless man, NO! ! -boy
I picked my barrel of written words
Walked the streets of despair, through the roads
Of jealousy.....
Without shame! ! !
Without fear! ! !
Without been discouraged! ! !
But heavily disappointed...

Just before I open my written piece to Fatima,
My everyday jottings of her,

For seven years, have been muted, at her sight
Fear of rejection! !
Fear of been looked down upon! !
Fear of coming with no four legged metallic monster! !
Just before I could tell Fatima,
How every day of my seven years was incomplete
Without seeing her,
And how I gullibly smile at her ravaging traces..
I heard those words, "You May kiss the bride";
And it, Send me six feet into abyss where till now
I continue to nourish my internal bleeding.....
A bleeding that may never heal till I become a Man! ! !

Kareem Azeez

The Girl, The Lover And Me

The Girl, The lover and Me..
Itunumi Solace

They say good fences make good neighbours
Before she settle down with that stranger,
Boys like us, have made life somewhat unbearable for her.....
Okay, here's my narration.

If you remember dolly the sheep,
first mammal to be cloned,
So was she to her lover, now estranged
Because I changed her history,
I am a man with no price tag I can't be bought
I go where love lives then dump my heap
Of miseries, then I walk away,
Pretending to be mending walls.

I came into her life,
With a promise of newer things
Adventures far beyond the center of the earth
With promises, like raising a castle for her in the air
"All women come with their price tag"
It only takes a good negotiator
And I earn my masters in negotiating
So I buy my way as a shareholder in her life
And the lover boy was aside mending walls.

She gave a different color of herself to her lover
And me the negotiator was having my time
You don't have to be an alpha male to dominate a woman. Just posses the right
vibes, life's short afterall
The lover lad understands the game,
He hates to lose, so do I
So the princess was left in dilemma,
A dilemma borne out of greed...a woman's greed.

He promised her his life
I promise her my air
He promised her his world

I promise her my time
He told her, "I will spend all my time with you"
I told her, "I will make every moment count"
He was angry and confuse
She was in a state of dilemma,
Should she break up with her lover for me
Her lover that was once her everything and,
Here I am, piling my heap of misery.

I gave her borrowed time,
Spent on her borrowed money
And have her moments she's used to seeing only
In movies..
"Women think straight they don't think backwards"
So she dump her true lover for me.
Because I have the blinks
It was all I wanted.
"Women don't think about the future, but they live for the now"
And so the lover walked away, he was a sore loser.
And I, the undisputed destructor of all things love.

Within days, I soon sow The seed of lies
She wasn't fateful to true love, why should I?
I smile as I prepare to walk out of her life
The same way I had come, my job Here is done
Now she's depleted, desperate for any man to tie the knot
So she ends up with that desperate man on the road
Just to cover her shames,
When next you see her wedding pictures
Tell me if she looks satisfied.
Am coming for you too pretty....

Hater of all things romance.

Kareem Azeez

To Love A Poet

You do not know the gravity of heartbreak
Till you meet a poet, but again- he breaks....
You think honey and sugar are the Sweetest
Till you spend few hours with a poetess.....une belle poétesse..
A poet will make a day seems night,
You will pray for an endless flight.....
He turns darkness into day with sharp sun.
his pen, he paints the sky for you, like he did for his son.....
He takes you to Paris without leaving his parlour
He buys you Bugatti, with words from his hollow ground.....
Yet, you feel it in real world,
Believe me! ! !
A little here and a little there makes it all balance
Nothing is ever balance with a poet in his palace.....
He doesn't take you out on romantic night
But inside: you already feel like a knight.....
He paints cinemas for you in writing
He praises you on subway with poetic lightening.....
You forget, what adventures looks like.

Never give your life to a poet crossing the port
If so, on se voit au port.....
Poets don't have a heart,
Their souls are in different pages, of the earth
how many pages can you gather?
Who can you give your heart to if not a poet though?
He alone knows what the heart is made of
He alone can sooth the broken heart
Mends it with different tissues
He alone knows what to love truly mean,
He brings back your broken.. pieces
You look the mirror and its all straighten
Poets don't have a heart, they can't be broken
Because they belong to everyone.....
And everyone is a poet too.
But; mon genre de poète aime à peine

.....This is Solace talking poetry.....

The Tunnel

Been born free, doesn't guarantee freedom
The firewood, was once a fruit tree,
Hacked down, by the forces of life
Everyone encourages you,
They say there's light at the end of the tunnel
But no one, tells you how long the tunnel is,
If you would truly see the light.

Down through series of heroic deeds
Struggling through nuit de sine
You ask, whose bones are scattered around
In the tunnel,
Are they of wild beast or of men, who thirst to death
Inside this tunnel I am headed too,
They say, its bones of men and women who never
Forget or ever forgive.

The tunnel, which many a hero could not
See its end,
They bow out of life with the hope that-
"There's light at the end" sadly nay
Today am free, and strong, tomorrow I am weak
And in chains,
They ascribe my travails to-
Passing through test of time
And if I never make it out alive,
The tunnel was perhaps supposed to be my home.
And the skulls and bones where my friends.

You can never be at peace with yourself
Until you are at peace with everyone.
.....Solacewrites

Kareem Azeez

I Wish Could Go Back To Been A Child.

I wish I could go back to been a child..
I wish we could chose between forever young
And adulthood...

I miss times when I trudge streets with heart full of pride,
Roaming different neighboring clans,
Fearlessly, I remember the football field, where I made myself a name, and a hero...

I remember the days when I sleep smiling to our ceiling,
Ceilings that when it rained, it washes down our bed..
I miss the game call soccer, where my biscuit legs become rocks of mahogany,
The red clay won't reject me....

Yuri Zhirkov here and there....

I crywhen I remember my trips to Sanbelalu, the street of champions, where like Achilles I killed their Hector, my conquest against the team from Ayodele...

I am from Ipaye....a hamlet to reckoned with back then in ikorodu...

But today, our pitch has been destroyed,
On it lays a frustrating structure of motels

I miss my childhood.

I miss my friends, so long I may never see them again

Boys whom we plan tomorrow together,

Look at us now, this thing call adult has cheated us

I look back with tears,

I miss those faces of Awele, beautiful as anyone could be,

She was the icing on my cakes of football....

Today from hustle to hustle trying to justify growing up

There's no better time to jot down memories, than been a child,

I look back to very many periods of love, when innocently and courageous we decide time

Awele wouldn't care about my pocket sizes, nor my looks, nor the way I speak,
nor the way I walk, nor my heights, she simply loved me for who I am....

And then came adulthood,

We had taught, that's how our forever would be,

Long before she met daughters whose eyes are wider than the Pacific,

Men who's pocket are wider than the shape of my heart

Maybe I still drink the waters of been a child.

My smile today are limited, so is the smiles on the faces of those I see,

I can tell you they miss their childhood too.

Matured ladies walking the streets of solitude,
Men with so much wealth walking frustratingly,
We have lost our true period of joy to the perils of old age

To me, the black boy from Ipaye, for of all the smiles of today's generation,
"The I miss my childhood smile, is the only one that made me cry".

Kareem Azeez

Afiirika! ! !

I am an African..
I know no white Jesus of the jews.
nor the prophet as imbibe on us,
I know no Bible which was written by apostles.
nor purely written ayats from the arabaic world.

For I am an African.
My umbilical cord was buried by my hut corner.
To symbolise my sense of belonging.
In times of trouble and despair,
I run straight to my chi, Obaatala, Amadioha,
Where I find my gods waiting for me.

Where I speak all my sorrows,
Where I ask for guidance and protection,
In my grannies hut, where I used to hide away from my moms beating.

I am an African.

In trees I find my medicine,
In my ancestors who speak deep down to my spine,

I drink herbs to cure my sickness,
I listen to the voices on my ground as they speak,
I wear lion skins to sell the blackness of my pride
long before civilization kicked us in the face
and imperialism murdered our fathers and
raped our sense of belonging into depression.....

I listen to my Alam?daju, as he caste the bones to connect me with my bones,
I know a black Jesus that lives on my fathers graves,
and a distinct prophet amongst many others

Jesus died and rose again...so was I told
My ancestors died and rose again in the spirit form,
this one I know without been told..
So let me be,

Let me praise my ancestor,

Let me drink my herb,
Let me wear my lion skin
Let me dance round the Iroko
Let me play with the dirty mud
Let me rejoice in the folly of the white man

For I am not diluted by means of fame and fashion.
Cast the bones my medicine man, and let my ancestor speak.

While they shout amen,
I will shout Asee.
When they say I receive
I will shout Isee.

For I am an african
Not diluted by means of clothes and label.

For Thokoza my friend
Mumu de poet.

Kareem Azeez

Moving On

Moving on
Itunumi Solace

When he pierced back one more,
about the irrevocable memories, a sigh
of dejectedness engulfed him,
hot tears now his friend

she looked back, and curse the day,
the day they met,
not again, as left alone as she feels
cold shivers ride through her abruptly.

the world were surprised,
the streets mongers,
gossipers
and sad wishers were sorrowful
about what they see, let me use saw...

The two have moved on,
he looked back to her and he
knew the mistakes,
she looked back and ride forward
how quick, what's the secret of been unbroken
for short, after some heart cracks

this time she knew,
he knew too, Au revoir à jamais. they both wave
they were never friends from the beginning
True friends don't break....

Kareem Azeez

To Be Genuinely Free

Be genuinely free! ! !
Itunumi Solace.

I put on my rugged coat
Knot my torn ties
And roll out on my shoes with hoes, sashaying into the serenades.....

I do not have all that I want, I do not want to be the man, hiding in the glass house afraid to open his doors, for fear of people.

Every morning I wake up, seeking for who needs happiness, hoping to make someone smile, for this reason have been stuck in one single route,
I do not pile up treasures like the rich,
I do not live in castles, I always want to hit the rock,

Happiness, is the name I carry
I want genuine smile, I want wide laughter,
I want the world to say oh yes he's gone mad again, I found this in the streets,
I found this in a world with no ambition...

I am a man with no ambition,
I am a man with no dreams,
I am a man who has everything but no vision,
All this won't let me live life,
A man with dreams, ambition, or vision has a price,
But a man who want nothing has no price,
How can I be bought....
All I wanted is freedom,
From the icy hands of time.

For my priceless moments cost me so much world prices,
I am the comfort in times of distress,
The smokeless fire that rises still after dawn
I am the poor child who's happy for the world is all mine.
I have nothing to lose nor anything to gain
I just want to live in the moment,
I don't need love, for the love in me is much more than I could survive with.

I am free from flicks from framed foes.

Free!

Free! !

Free! !

Kareem Azeez

Traveling The Road Again

Many happy years are left behind.
For my active days were my earning days.
For we the children of the new age.

Unwise i was to let my raining days rule me,
And now my peak periods are gone.

but if i am recreated to travel these journey again
then i shall look before i leap.
And i shall save for the days when it would be all dry....

To friends i shall have but a few
For with a smile was i sucked dry during my raining days
but nay to my cradle memories.....

Memories that remind me of past unwilling foes,
of women, of young and tender caresses

But if indeed i am to pass through this route again
then i shall look before i leap
then i shall save now it's raining,
for the days when it would be all blazing.....

But now i know my happy years are gone.
My sweets moments are gone.
Now all my feeble bones can ask for...
Is just a peaceful bed to lay my head....
And look back to the times behind when I was all in all....

Kareem Azeez

Dance Freely Child, Dance!

Dance freely child dance!

At autumn leaves demise
as the sun beams through your
eyes,
judging through your freedom,
innocence and wishes of a freer
world, dance! dance freely child
roll your hairs through the
sand of beach, stretch forth your
hands and soul
through the airs of uninterrupted
scars,
think not, and let your mind be at ease,
dance freely child, dance!

been Young,
you have not seen the days of trouble,
you have not seen what elegies look like,
you have not cross seas of hopelessness,
dance now and freely child!
let sincerity cloud your smile,
and leave agony days ahead
dance freely child dance! !

The day of death has not come
Now visit all the seas
Sprinkle water on all deserts
Allow times judgement pass on you
And when the days of wrinkles come,
Smile freely child, smile

Kareem Azeez

Can't Believe I Sent You Away

You remember those days, when i ere'
those times when my fragility was been tested, you always come around to pick
me back up, from the depths of shame where my peers dumped me,
still cant believe I sent you away

Do you remember those days, when I trusted you with all my weaknesses, I was
never alone in spring's, armorial bearings, and during summers emblazons,
Downtown you walk me gallantly through shame and through fear, what more
could I ask for.....
still cant believe I sent you away

Do you remember those times. when we both had nothing bothering us,
when for sure you always told me to go, even in the deepest of my rudest
moments, in my ancestral home where I was once slave to lust, you told me to
ride along, and all that fell, falls into places with you....
Still cant believe I sent you away

You were the Star, I was just the dust, yet I very much acted like the real deal,
you were humble, you wanted nothing in return, but the Truth.....for this truth I
decided without thinking
I taught it would be milk forever at the other side, but now my tongues are
pieced with thorns...
Still cant believe I sent you away...

You very much remember our carelessness, especially, the troubles I put you
through,
how I bite the lion's tale, and made you pay dearly for it,
how I entered into mischief, selfishly, and use your identity to satisfy my
insatiable desires,
yet you hug me and say it's all part of life,
still cant believe I sent you away

You haven't forgotten those water lilies, have you? The ones we play with,
they were as innocent as our Times,
those shrubs were as free as the truth we share,
gone be the trees where we built ourselves homes,
now all I can do is watch time heal the wounds I have uncovered,
you were only been sincere,
I was afraid of the truth, I couldn't bare reality,

so I sent you away, not because I chose lies, but because our world is dominated
by those who would look the sun in the eyes and still lie,
and you weren't of this world.
still cant believe I sent you away! ! !

Away with my laments! ! , away with my laments! ! !

Kareem Azeez

Prosperity For All

If we sit for the world to change,
Like a maim, we might achieve
Non,
May the heat of oppression
and nullification,
Pass us by,
And as the eagle changes with
The storm,
Let prosperity be our rain! !

Don't scream amen,
If you dwell, on the
Hypocrite side of life,
We have not come to break the kola
But let your Isee' shake the mountains, to this I say
May your darkest hour be your
Weapon of prosperity! ! !

Let the evil eyes not say amen to this,
For as great as the sky is,
They still hunt to break our wings,
Am a baby bird, who knows nothing
But our kind of peregrin falcon, dive through storms.....
Let your Asee' rock the gods of our land.
May your tenderness become
Your prosperity! ! !

ever say amen, if your hearts
Contains dust,
Call my friends, call my enemies,
Call my soldiers, though the
War may come and go, but my soldiers remain eternal,
We do not recall our brothers way
Of saying amen, from the other part
But may what you forget become
Your prosperity! ! !

Never say amen, if you have
Forgotten how to give,

They say give and let's give
Make the world happy,
May we not give what
Won't be recorded as good,
And may what we give not kill
Us,
Some inherit death after giving,
Others inherit life eternal just watering a guava tree,
May what we give
Become our prosperity! ! !

Never say amen, if you have
All that you need,
Some wants money, some wants health,
Some wants peace, others want wives, and husband,
Am not so forgetful about my w ant,
Dear the architect of this great thing call
Life, Love is all I want, from all corners,
May what we want become our
Prosperity! ! !

Never say amen,
if you would not die,
One by one, we shall answer
To the glorious call,
But with fond memories of the
Lives we touch, and untouch,
Remember the fire wood,
Was once a fruit tree, with
Many baby fruits,
But may our death come in ripe season.
And if this God grants wishes,
Some wish to go down praying
Some wish to die sleeping,
But when my time shall come,
May the kind of death I want be my end.
May this end, may this death
Be our prosperity! ! !

Kareem Azeez

Waiting For The Postman

They say we are going home,
but home is where we take our last breath.
home is where my heart belongs,
But before I go, I will keep waiting! !

I waited for far too long
for the letter you sent,
I waited everyday at the door step,
waiting for your gentle footstep, those steps of truth
like a tree with different branches,
I hope i did locate your fangs, the language of our people,
but the mail never came
and the letters you wrote,
I didn't see
some say the postman had gone the way of his heart,
others say the postman had lost his way to my home, But-
-just before I go, i sigh a sign of incredible relief,
just before I go, I hope you understand how confused together our time was,
You cannot read, and me i cannot write,
So people dictate how we live our lives,
but just before I go,
No matter how far I roam,
My heart still is locked in-between your delicate walks.....
I sadly wish to see the sad words of your letters,
and perhaps a surprise, smile from an unlikely source.....

just before I go,
I hope the postman locates my home
for this flesh wrinkles so much for your letter...
Don't hear about me, from people,
Ask me about me from me if ever we meet again....???
Until then, may the skies of foreign land
Cover your blushes

For Enitan T.
Solace's anthology 2017
Just poetry.

Her Own Kind Of Fate.

She lived her emotions in a bubble, where nobody can break her down.
Falling into her own kind of fate, nothing but her memories left to be found.
She was told to reach for the stars, instead she reached for the skies.
A lot of mixed up emotions, and a lot of lies.
Lies they preach to her in form of deceit...
Callous men, in clothings of saint.....
Come we will show you the right way,
They only wanted what they can't have, been unreal

Nobody was able to embrace her mind.
Only but a few understands her might
A shadowy figure, one of a kind.
She felt that she could do anything, she set her mind on.
Not knowing, she will never belong.
Her outrageously behaviour brought on another show.
Too many secrets that she did not know.

High on whatever she may find.
Her sight was fading, as if she was blind.
She felt no more pain,
Wandering through the rain.
Whatever she was promised, was gone away.
No more room here, all hearts seems enclosed
she cannot stay.
Touching the skies with her fate.
Running through the promises, but never be late.
She knew still she would always rise

Though all empty promises made
Will take time to leave her memories,
But they surely will fade, for she's the
Combination of black dry tornado.
She would rise still.

Kareem Azeez

The Flower Also Blooms On Thorns

The flowers also bloom on the thorns

The flowers also bloom on the thorns.
That's true thing, absolutely right.
Some are like relationship too.
Who live nevertheless close together.
The flowers also bloom on the thorns.
That's true thing, absolutely right.
Ever laugh and ever cry.
Ever find and ever lose.
Nevertheless we bond with relationships,
Do not lose one from another.
The flowers also bloom on the thorns.
That's true thing, absolutely right.

Believe me, there's still very much at the
Other side,
So much love, that you will never be exhausted
Passing around.....
Smile, open your complete and broken teeth so white,
For the flowers also blooms on thorns.

Dedicated to the depressed

Kareem Azeez

So We Ask

So then we ask, would heaven really accept men like us?
And the women among us, the women like us,
Been poor is condemnation to hell, in our part of the world
It is the bitter truth about life, so many to live in penury
All the days of their lives, while some, even if they runaway
From labour, the worldly wealth is all theirs
And so we ask again, what manner of life we live in
A life where some will call God, but he won't answer,
Where some do not even remember him, yet he is ever with them
A life where till end of their days, they will seek God, but they won't find him
While some, on their deathbed they call God and he hears them,
A life where we fear poverty, and forget destiny, for we are but a
Number of days, like the birds of the air, we roam searching for
What isn't lost.....
A life where some will seek health with their wealth yet they never find
Where the dead mourn the dead...be not afraid our time will come too! ! !
A life where we wish we hadn't been born.
A life where you smile a minute, and wipe your face the next hour...
A life where our vain glory is splitted
For some, they smile only for the morning
For some, only during the noon
For some, only at the night of their life,
Yet for some, from their beginning to the end,
Still for some, they don't even know the meaning of joy....
It only comes to them in dreams.....
It's still the same life, we live, where we are not thankful for.
One thing is then sure, Death, it comes for us all, with its icy hand,
To pluck us off the big tree of life, wealth isn't sure, even though the Christlike
followers say,
God's hands aren't so short to lift us up.....
The Muslim folks will say,
Nasrun Min Allah...victory is from God

Kareem Azeez

The Taught In Our Heads

I Wonder!

I wonder as i stand by the balcony
It's the night of those halcyon days
The sky filled with dark clouds like never before
Got the wits to face nature's fury.
A heavy storm is cooking in the skies,
Just a calm night it was supposed to be.
A night filled with calm thoughts.

I wonder if life will be the same when I'm gone.
I wonder if there will be anyone like me
I wonder whose going to fill these boots I have on.
I wonder if I will ever be missed.

If you love me it's better to let me know.
There could never be a better moment.
For everyday is my struggle.
I wonder if am a brave soldier
I wonder who will take care of my old mother when I'm gone.
So many things on my mind I can't even think straight.

Kareem Azeez

The Greatest Slave Master

The Greatest Slavemaster

Hi I'm the greatest slavemaster ever known.
The one that has mind control on the human race.
I truly have no power; but to them that's not the case.

I am their king & they are my fools.
For me they will break any rules.

People kill for me.
Steal for me.
Work for me.
Die for me.
Cry for me.
Lie for me.
& never ask why from me.

I whip them into shape with my enticing antics.
Without me, their souls run frantic.

When life wants to hold them in bondage I'm the chains life gives.
If they don't have me they move like they can't live.
Without me, how could they ever find a care to give?

Wherever I am they go.
By any means necessary they will follow.

I get them what they want & what they need.
If they seek growth I'm their only seed.

I can make people do the things they hate to do.
Somehow I can make the worse lies seem true.

I smile in their face as if I'm posing for a picture.
If they want me they'll give their dignity away along with a signature.

They spend me more than they spend time.
My presence causes their hearts to go blind.

Bird boxing the truth.
Blindly leading the youth.

God tells my slaves that loving me is a sin.
I feel as though I should be able to bark, I'm clearly man's best friend.
However 1st Timothy doesn't agree with me in chapter 6 verse 10.

The bible tells people that when me & love get together we stir up hate.
When we intertwine, our roots sprout evil.
I'm sure Satan can relate.

I cause greed.
& turn wants into needs.

I tell them to trust in God.
I wonder if they realized that on my back is where I lied.

I'm printed out like a 12 page essay that holds no meaning.
Yet I always have people feening.

My presentation holds all of the power.
I am the wage that determines a persons worth per hour.

I enslave them; but they still love me.
I push them away; but they still embrace me.
I'm worthless; but they still chase me.

Why do they still chase me?
It's simple.
Because I'm the greatest slavemaster ever known.

Hi I'm "MONEY! ! !"
I know it's nice to meet me.

More money more problem

Kareem Azeez

One Life

One Life

As I know
In a young age
I will die
Anytime soon
But not knowing
When it will happen
To me
With death has a cycle
Of not knowing
The day
The month
And the year
When it will occur
But when it does
It will hit you
In a second
Of not knowing
You're already dead
Toward the age of this world
We're living in
Has no guaranteed
Of how long
Our time will be
In this world
Reasons why
Our life
Is so perish
And everything's you cherish for
Can be gone in a second
And it can't be restored
That's why
Our life is so perishes
In the end.....

Kareem Azeez

I Am From The Series

I am from a place so small and so large, where love is well-known and commonly forgotten.

I am from the soil in the garden we never grew, and the silent arguments we never had.

I am from Chaos and Order, a bracelet with no pattern and unwinding string.

From a butterfly effect with no end, and six different outcomes.

A time of both blessing and misery, at a regardless kind of medium at the ends of my fingertips as well as my brain and tongue.

A time of enthrallment and withdrawal, simultaneously.

A time of buzzing your ears, neck hair speak with anxiousness, inclines, drama and body in motion as your brain trips attempting to catch up.

I am from a quiver, shaking, blurry edges. No telling up from down.

Am I breathing?

I am from a claustrophobic blinding light.

I am from a mirror made your room, where I can see everyone but myself.

A time of dirt cover heels and squinch toes. I time we're sharing is the only word I know.

A time of death without commitment.

From a frostbitten nose as I see for the first time

I am from new skin and white powder flakes.

I am from cries and screams, sweating the memories of others and my own, a darkroom of safety and love that was unspoken

What Ifs

What ifs.....

What ifs.....

What if all of our lives were imaginations?

What if you and I, had never the opportunity

To know how beautiful the world really is,

What if we are the little animals roaming the world with hungry sacks

Only if changes could be made in a twinkle of an eye,

What if we never grow old again?

What if death was to come this day, would you?

Still go ahead and do that on your mind,

There are so many what if's in our little life

That we forget we are just speck of dust....

What if in the end there is no continual of life?

What if that you want to die isn't worthy your struggle at the end?

What if men were God?

If the world were a great jungle I did burn down a forest

For the kindness of my mother, what if riches were never made,

And, all men really were made equal.....

What if I can paint the world red, in the the colors of my heart

What if wishes were to come instantly true, there did be no

Heartbreaks, I did forever wish I never have to grow old,
To take me back to when I was twenty years younger, in the
Arms of my loved ones, serenading the voice of my archaic
Friends, dancing to the lullaby at sunset beach, around the watchful
Eyes of the moon, sometimes the days are far spent much more
Than I could ever yearn for.....

What if choices had no backfire?

What if I could make my moment the way I want?

What if there weren't destinies, nothing like faith

What if we have nothing to lose at the end of our miserable?

Lives, what if we all love each other

Then there did be no need for this write up,

What if smiles cost as much as tears, what if our words spoken are

Counted, and schedule to end at a moment, to you the sadist

What if you give life another chance one more time?

To explore the hidden beauties of it.....

Dear life what if I wasn't born into you?

Kareem Azeez

While We Were Away

While we were away.....

When the eagles came to prey on our chicks,

They allowed us go, further along, we knew not.

Emissaries they sent us, to make sure we won't return

Till evil periods are gone,

All had happened to us, so terrible

While we were away,

They took our women, our home makers,

And our kids, lost into slavery,

Slavery of the mind, and of the soul,

For we have gone into foreign lands, seeking knowledge,

Seeking resolutions to our troubles,

But we came sitting on troubles.....

While we were away,

Our lands were taken over by strangers, giants,

And the light we came back with, who then shall use it?

What is the fate of our unborn children?

Maybe we tarried too long, in hands of foreign men,

For we went to places where knowledge never lives,

The duties bade to us, we honor it not,

And the future of our sons and daughters we jeopardize.....

Just while we were away.

Kareem Azeez

The Sound Of The Rain

The sound of the rain

The rumbling sounds,
and squeaky tucks
of the heavenly rods.....bade me fear
its been this way for some days
now, grunting heavily,
and me happily I love the sound,
the sound of the rain.

beats my beauty red, wet my skin softly
its lofty touch strikes my heart petrified
oh the sound of the rain....

when I hear the clouds and the thunderous applause of the earth
behold the heavens will smile joyfully to us

they tell us still intact is their love,
the sound of the rain,
beneath this joyfully waters I trudge
my fair skin,
let the rain fall, and wash away the scums of my land

Kareem Azeez