

Poetry Series

muideen olawale jimoh
- poems -

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muideen olawale jimoh(13th april 1986)

Poet, photographer and teacher!

A Lovers Cry

Oh love! Do stay

Don't go away

I pray

Beam your ray

On thy heart of clay

Show me the way

To thy happiness today.

Oh love! This ethereal feeling

Encapsulates my being

It's a feeling unheard of and unseen

My heart is full even though my purse is lean

After sweeping my heart clean

I alone can tell what you mean.

Oh love! You've set me free

And made me the man I wanna be

Oh love let me see

What the future holds for me

As I beg thee

To stay with me through eternity.

muideen olawale jimoh

Baba Do Not Die.

Oh Baba do not die, let's dine

The soul looks out through bloodshot eyes

So questioningly into mine

That my tormented soul replies.

Oh Baba do, not die

You hold the soul that talks to me

Although our relationship be

As wordless as the windy sky.

Oh Baba, do not die

Cos I'll be lonely

As ideal with the world's lies

And I'd ne laid melancholy.

Oh Baba, do not die

Get up and hold me

And cover me not to see death's eyes

As cold and ugly as it can be.

Oh Baba, do not die

Cos you taught me to be strong

And never ever cry

As I listen to death's ugly song.

Oh Baba, do not die

And even six years after

In the cold grave you lie

Your words I still remember.

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Darkness That Illuminates

They call it the Dark Continent

And with pride it smiles

Relishing the fragrance of the compliment

And swimming in the ocean of its own style.

A continent of people with intellect

Dynamic people with strong will power

Whose touch on many life's reflects

The gratitude of its effect forever.

Where are the developed nations?

Without the dark torch-bearers

Whose skills leave the world in admiration

And give nations the nickname, 'super powers'.

Oh! Africa, do smile

Cos the power of Africans this poem illustrates

For It is indeed worthwhile

To be labeled the darkness that illuminates.

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Feathers

They fall softly
Upon my shredded soul
The thud of their descent
Resonates heavily
Like thunderstorm

Thy bleeding heart
Weeps still
Remorse far from these guilt
Hollow eyes still lies
Deep in love's abyss

Here's the fate of this young
Dealt this deadly blow
To love and see it sail
Far within reach into the fall
Of fear, trust and deceit.

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From My Sister's Lips

From behind these veils
Of mascara and eye liners
Whispers of stale
Music
From my sister's lips
waltz zuma into suleja
Serenading the pregnant night
With poisoned lyrics

dusk births
A different tongue
licking their ears
With the same song
Of subtle lyrics
They hum the tune
But a mouthful
Of fiery coal
Can only produce flames.

Time has doused
Angry flames of yesterday
Whispers are sprouting
Again
Poisoned seeds
Blooming fauna
By the watery words
From my sister's lips.

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Gunshots From Heaven

The earth's magma shook from the roar of thunder,

Piercing through the night's eye,

Like Christmas songs in December,

One wonders if it's a blessing or curse from on high,

The pauper defies the wailings of the heavens

On his already worn-out skin,

Bent on reaching the tavern before its closure at eleven

Just to drink his life into a new spin,

Molten metals are fired

From the masked men's barrel

And the thunder belches anew

From gulping their sound.

The pauper lay lifeless,

Trampled upon by the rain unending

And the emerging moon-shine seamlessly

Casting a shadow on a death untimely.

Was it the lightening or thunder?

Or was it the fire from the beast?

I wonder,

But just close to midnight, the vultures had a feast.

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Hajar-Al-Aswad

Where have you been?

That it took me long to find thee

Lost in a Hausa romance scene

Or swamped by a swarm of king bees.

But, Hausa you are not

Neither a queen bee you are

I'm lost in thought

Of the origin of this black star.

Whoever says black is beautiful

Makes an understatement

How can you be beautiful?

When you surpass beauty's testament.

Your curvature leaves the hour glass in envy

A contest it dare not start, nor think of winning

You leave the wolves in frenzy

And this poet a weakling.

Your beautiful eyes, a replica of the smiling moon

This cast a glow upon my heart

Like the shade of the cactus blooming in June

Is a sheer miracle to look at.

The sparkle of your twin dimple at night

Like two silver coins upon a threshold

A beautiful delight

For a child to behold.

A marvel to touch

By the hand behind these words

But a caress of such

Would be met by your eyes' wrath.

I could liken you to a burning candle,

A wonder to look at

And a disaster when mishandled

As a burnt heart is the aftermath.

Your flawless black beauty

Like the perfected art

Of enchanting African poetry

Rendered by heart.

Like hajar-al-aswad

Kissed by virtuous men and women

Holy in pristine swab

Amongst black beauties, you are the doyenne.

I do not have your love,

But I'm lost without it

Like a long lost dove

Farther away from home, with every heartbeat.

(hajar-al-aswad is arabic for 'the black stone', it is found in mecca.

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I Don'T Know You

No! You should know me
tears and torn torsos
Heralded your dawn
Built your city
Under the eye of the sun
But you push me into
The wombs of dusk

Ask! I conjured the berth
That carried the bed
Of your lustful ancestors
You were
But a mere thought
In the bossom of heated loins
I am your threshold

You know me!
Wailings of my fathers
Should hunt your nights
And cast a hue on your days
Charred skin and clipped lips
Ripples of blood
From the fury of your whips

Ah! You still don't know me?
I am your eden
You are my hades
And when before my sight
Your nation shall bow
I shall whisper;
You are white, I am black.

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Lonely

When my gold sun refuse to shine

And my world seems like a small house

Just seconds away from dropping on a goldmine

And my life seems to have lost its course.

Rose flowers refused to bloom

And stars stopped illuminating the sky

As they prefer the solace of their cocoon

Up in the skies, up on high.

It's like I'm standing in the middle of a dark farm

Surrounded by wild bushes and monster crops

I know not who or where I am

Cos every minute I feel cold dead I'll drop.

I've lost my entire mind

Saw bread and called it stone

These feelings are strong, one of a kind

I feel all these cos you left and now I'm alone.

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Musings Of A Mad Man

Why do they stare

At me in my rich attire

Since don't care

About how it is acquired

They whisper when I pass

And make their kids throw stones at me

I live amongst the brush and the grasses

But they still don't let me be

What I eat is what they don't need

Unripe bananas, dried crumbs of bread

Dirty vegetables and unfermented seeds

My world is a big mass of red

They think I'm mad

But I'm happier than they are

Cos I'm never sad

For only I can talk to the stars.

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My Story

Let me introduce myself

My name is Aderanti Fasasi

Decades ago, I was just twelve,

But now I can barely see,

The skin on my body taut like overstretched leather,

What a nice talking drum it would make,

Because only it can tell this story better,

Cos on it, is a clear portrait of my hurt and ache

The last thing I recall was his eyes,

Bloodshot, fiery and his large barreled chest

He sold our future for a prize,

2 thin cows and a fake golden crest.

He stole me away in the depth of the night

Despite the wailings and pleas of my folks,

To a land farthest away from their sight

Bounded in chains and locks,

I woke up to find myself in God's own country

In a mine embedded in the core of the earth,

Where days seem like centuries,

As we toiled in magma's depth,

Black pearls became prisoners,

Slaves to the white man's whip

Through agonizing days in midsummer

And the pain from our clamped lips,

Drilled and clamped with a key,

To avoid us stealing their precious stones

We fed on a slice of bread and 2 drops of tea

Food didn't do it, hunger toughened our bones

And for years we hustled

Their offsprings beget by our sisters

Sisters in the same struggle,

Raped and depraved, their soul is blistered

And oh yes, we had off springs too,

By strong black women, who saw us as the future,
The future of Africa 's history and its glory too,
They say, they will never abandon their culture,

Alliance between slaves

Was an invitation to terror,

We met in secret hollow caves

Amidst fear and impending horror,

The shot rang in the air

And then a loud thud followed

We all stood and stared

As our shot comrade stumbled below,

Shot by James Barret,

For taking a nap on duty,

That was the justice of the bullet

Stainless steel, filled with horror, filled with beauty,

Every other day, we lost a brother or sister

Either from the sting of the whip

Or from ageing bones to the cold in winter,

Or from been thrown out of a moving ship

Not a word from home,

Since home existed only in my young memory

I was on my own, but not alone,

Blacks everywhere in the world are a colony,

Like roaring thunder,

Our lives was a nightmare,

Controlled by the whip and gunpowder

We lived in constant pain and fear

I toured the world

Not on vacations leave

But as a single word

“Slave”.

Freedom was a distant dream,

Some believed it, some think it sucks,

But I coated mine with cream

And rubbed it on my conscience till it stuck

We are black

And we were slaves

Now we are back

And I've been saved

Let me introduce myself once more

My name is Gerrald Lawson,

I lost my identity in Singapore,

But I'm proud to be Africa 's son.

muideen olawale jimoh

Olusola

Olusola,

Raven black beauty

Like glistening earthenware smiled upon by the sun

A gift given me by the almighty

Found upon a path laced with flowers crowned with thorns.

She was like seeing the sun at night

With all traces of darkness swallowed by the day

Wrong became right

And for days, her name was all I could say.

Memories of her voice serenaded my nights

And my days became filled with images of her

Hollow enclosures of my heart became filled with bright light

And the longest distances seem not so far.

Olusola!

At her gentle laughter

Whispers from a flute

Played by a master

Does nothing but keep mute.

Her words give strength to my bones

And makes me spring to height I want to reach

Her lips like an ice cream cone

Sweetness of strawberry with a touch of peach.

Alas!

We are in a battle against fate

Against what path to take

Would our folks embrace us with hate

Or bless our union with a wedding cake?

For she is the cross

And I'm the crescent

But our love has a gloss

Despite our religious descent.

Is their hate worth our love?

The latter is stronger

Than the wings of a thousand eagles in the sky above

Flapping their way into the sky, further and longer.

I could have written finer words

But like the lyrics of a true love song

Accompanied by the sound from the guitar chords

This is the plight of our love, still going strong.

Olusola,

We've sang the song of our living together

It's my dream that we dance to the beat

And if it's our destiny that man shall put asunder

Olusola omo ajodidi eran...lets change it.

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Pain Love And Death.

It reaches your brain in a mad rush

As adrenaline pumps steadily

In a frightening mad gush

On which effect your body vibrates heavily

As you groan in it, you're either hush

Or your mouth is screaming noisily.

Your heart softens at the effect of its smile

And the world stands still as you relish its fragrance

You've lost consciousness of time

As you swivel in the ocean of its radiance

You're healed cos the feeling is worthwhile

The feeling of ecstasy and unequalled brilliance

The poet slumps at his table

The fisherman drowns in the ocean

And the fearless soldier falls in battle

All these leads to one conclusion

It's unpredictable and inevitable

And when it does come, there is no solution.

muideen olawale jimoh

Poetry Cries

Get a paper

Snatch a biro

From whoever

You want to

Write a line

Read a piece

Oh! How fine

See what you've missed

Pour out your mind

Express how you feel

And relief you shall find

Like after a good meal.

Use me, don't misuse me

Cos you need me and its no lie

For when I cry, poetry cries.

muideen olawale jimoh

Raynab

Raynab, O Raynab,

My charming dark Arab

My Raynab of silver oceans

And cascading waterfalls,

My raynab of coal colored lotions

Tall as the ancient pyramid walls,

Eyes like a king's goblet

On a face fine-tuned by the sun

Beneath which lies a mouth, her promises outlet

Lover of fun

And its disciple on this planet

O Raynab,

Raynab of love,

My raynab of promises

Has flown north like a lost dove

Into northern rich tall grasses

Handsome 'baban riga ' with a point to prove...

That a coin-filled purse

Is the ticket to a ladies heart

What ticket bought my raynab over?

Nice evening outings

Summer holidays in Vancouver

Or 32karat gold earrings

O Raynab of wonders

A genius with numbers

And a murderer of love's passion

Her love, my greatest obsession,

Eyes that caressed me with warmth

Now burn my skin with their wrath,

Lips that sang sweet love songs

Now lash at me like twin prongs

Long lovely evening walks

Filled now with heated talks

Oblivion seems so near,

But I know not where I erred

I've dug my grave with my own tool

And my home awaits me to come

A shallow abode of pain

Hurt and despair

A worry train

And heartache in pairs,

But for me a new lesson learnt,

He who uses a woman as head pad for his load

Carries that load on an empty skull

Maybe in another life

My lost Raynab

A better long love song

So long my dear

Forever cherished

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Sumayah

Sumayah...

Wayo sumayah

Sweet song of the nightingale

Music from across the savannah

Like the gentle prayer of angels

Sumayah na

Soyaya ruwan zuma

Sumayah O Sumayah

Sumayah rabin rai na

Why give power to my feet

And steal away its brilliance

Why teach me the beats

And leave me alone to dance

I cannot stand alone

Cos I've lost my balustrade

My wings are gone

But I can still fly to your aid.

I'm in a room filled with light
But darkness still prevails
I can't tell my left from my right
And I wonder where I failed.

Sumayah O Sumayah
Radiance in peaches and cream
Ni daya ke daya
....my lifelong dream.

Sumayah...colossal beauty
Bright as the northern star
Cat walking on the chests of the high and mighty
And shutting them out of her heart's altar.

I've learnt two new words since you left
Emptiness and misery
My life is unkempt
And your leaving is still a mystery.

Return Sumayah, I pray thee

To relish once more with you, a love so true

For without you, there is no me

Cos all I want and ever will need is you.

muideen olawale jimoh

The Sun Cried

The strong is frail

The warmed seeks succor

The ship sets sail

With the captain still at the harbor

The clock goes tick-tock

But time is motionless

Ahead of me seems a rock

Alas! Behold my eyes sees nothingness.

The stars travel down to my room

And my soul is still devoid of light

My world seems swept clean with a broom

And I can't seem to trace my right.

For you I cried, the sun cried

My life can never be the same again

Cos with you I wish to die

And on my body feel the pain of rain.

muideen olawale jimoh

Time

Time is a bird
Flying into
Wilderness
Of blurry past
Hinged on
a balance
Of light
And darkness.

Whispers
Of ancient
Wishes
Hanging on its
Short wings
Ponders
whether to rise
With the howling wind

Or break free
Like dusts of
Crumbling clouds
Riding
With the emissary
That lulls flower
Into bloom
And lure them to wilt.

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Untitled

Their rich cloak smells wealth

An aroma fuelled by our governments' money

With no regards for the masses health

But at the hint of a headache, they are in Germany.

I put them in office

These sweet-mouthed reptiles

Their treachery didn't suffice

Till they possessed governments files.

Someday, they'll be gone

And I'll still be here

Still looking on

Their offices will still be here.

Waiting for its next occupant

Another treasure looter

With the intent of digging into governments pants

I'll be here, with my pen, I'm a sharp shooter.

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Untitled 2

Decency took a trip downtown

And hasn't returned.

But in its absence

Chaos and madness visited.

Large baggy trousers

Far below the waist.

They call her spaghetti

But not so good to eat.

Is that a man or woman?

He is bald, but an earring dangles from his ears.

Her nipples jut out

But she walks with swag.

They call it hip hop

I call it madness.

Decency took a trip downtown

And is yet to return.

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Upon My Stool Of Love

Upon my stool of love

I'm buried in a casket of doubt

My heart is like an injured dove

Which has been dealt a clout.

I can barely see tomorrow

Today is a lost shadow

Survival leads, and my heart follows

Feeble it is like a bones marrow.

Love ought not hurt this much

When a wink from an enemy

Or a wave, or a touch

Is subject to scrutiny.

Love is a prisoner

A helpless victim of pressure

Love is a wanderer

To some...an everlasting treasure

....Love is a lie...

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