Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2025

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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29 Years Of Me

Looking back on the 29 years I've lived,
I wonder have I done enough?
Sometimes it feels like I'm falling behind,
But still, I hold myself together in the only ways I know how.

Childhood was painful
A weight too heavy for little shoulders.
My teenage years?
A storm I barely survived.
Now, adulthood…
It's strange. Unfamiliar.
Yet here I am still moving forward.

I've grown to love who I am today,
And who I'm slowly becoming.

I live a life that often makes me question,
Why was I born?
Why did they bring me into a world like this?
Why do I live with so many unanswered aches,
While the world seems so cold, so unfair?

But then, in my quiet moments, I remember,
I was born for something more.
To be a woman who is deeply loved.
To be a mother whose heart overflows.
To be a sister, a friend, a safe place.
To be a wife, one day, filled with grace.
To be strong. To stand tall.
To build a family bound by love.
To meet the souls who color my world.
I was born to be someone remarkable.

Some days, sorrow lingers like a shadow.
Other days, I shine so bright,
It feels like I'm dancing on the moon.
Joy, sadness, laughter, tears
Each one has taken a turn holding my heart.
Which do I choose?

Maybe all of them, maybe none.
Maybe that's just what it means to be human.

I wish for life to be kinder,
For joy to find me more often.
I want to make myself proud,
And to leave warmth wherever I go.

Today is my birthday.
A celebration of life.
Yet, once again, sadness quietly visits.
I smile, but I feel it there lingering.
I'm not surprised.
It comes every year,
Like an old friend I never invited,
But somehow learned to accept.

Still!
Happy birthday to me.
A warrior in silence.
A soul still rising.

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My Inner Strength

Your Inner strength,
Can't easily be seen by the metric,
An inherent asset in great lengths,
To learn and improve to not become dyslexic

In shadows it dwells, quiet yet bold,
A treasure of stories that remain untold.
With each stumble and fall, it whispers to rise,
A beacon of hope, where true potential lies.

Like roots of a tree, holding firm in the storm,
It nurtures the heart, keeps the spirit warm.
Through trials and pain, it teaches to grow,
A fire within that ignites with the glow.

The world may see numbers, charts, and grades,
But your worth shines brighter, in countless shades.
For hidden in silence, your power ignites,
A dance of resilience, in dark and in light.

So trust in your journey, be proud of your mind,
For strength is not measured; it's uniquely defined.
Embrace every challenge, let passion direct,
Your inner strength is your greatest project.

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Rich In Past, Poor In Future: The ‘90s

Rich in Past, Poor in Future: The '90s

In the '90s glow, a world full of dreams,
Riches flowed freely, or so it seemed.
New brands emerged, the latest delight,
Access to treasures, from day into night.

Life was a playground, a shopping spree,
All that you wanted, so carefree.
Yet shadows lingered, amidst the bright lights,
For some lived in silence, out of the sights.

To be poor in those days was a heavy cost,
Dreams pushed aside, ambitions lost.
Feeling the weight, of hopes turned to dust,
In a world so vibrant, it was hard to trust.

Fast forward today, to the twenty-first age,
Riches still flourish, the same old stage.
But struggles remain, just wrapped in disguise,
The wealth gap is vast, the truth often lies.

If you have abundance, lift your gaze high,
Grateful for moments that pass you by.
But if you feel left out, lost in the grind,
Remember, time changes, and fortune's blind.

For wealth may fade, and poverty shift,
With patience and hope, life offers a gift.
So cherish the journey, wherever you stand,
For what's rich in history, can still be at hand.

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The Map Without Directions

In a world of roads where signs abound,
A traveler wanders, where none are found.
With compass heart and feet of dreams,
They chase the whispers of silent streams.

No arrows pointing, no maps unfurled,
Just instinct's call in a vast, wild world.
Each step a question, each turn a chance,
Guided by stars in a cosmic dance.

Through tangled woods and meadows wide,
They find their path where the shadows bide.
The mountains murmur, the rivers sing,
Nature's language, a sacred thing.

With no destination, the journey's the prize,
Discovery lies in the unseen skies.
The wind carries secrets, the earth holds grace,
In every moment, they find their place.

For signs may mislead, but the heart knows true,
In the depths of the forest, in the morning dew.
A traveler guided by an inner flame,
Finds solace in wonder, and joy without name.

So let the road twist, let fortune bend,
For the journey itself is the truest friend.
With open eyes and a spirit so free,
The map without directions is the way to be.

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Tangled Confusion

I had one once, but it left too soon,
Now I find myself beneath a heavy moon.
Two have appeared in this tangled embrace,
One seeks my heart, the other, a different place.

One likes me dearly, I feel the same glow,
Its laughter, a melody, a gentle flow.
The other admires, but my heart cannot sway,
Yet still, there's a weight, I can't push away.

Once there was one, we shared a deep thread,
But now I'm uncertain of the words left unsaid.
Do I still hold a flicker, a chance to revive?
What's better, a spark or the ghost of a vibe?

Each day brings the questions, each moment a phase,
In this complex dance, lost in the maze.
Does it think of me still, could we spark that flame?
Or is it just echoes, whispers of a name?

One likes me truly, its feelings are clear,
But I can't reciprocate, I feel it near.
Yet, in this confusion, a truth I must find,
What does my heart seek, what's gentle and kind?

Oh, tangled emotions, a riddle so deep,
Wading through choices that hardly let me sleep.
In the end, I just crave a connection that's true,
A heart that aligns, a love ever new.

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