

Poetry Series

tauhid alausa
- poems -

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tauhid alausa()

Born Alausa Taoreed Olawale, from the ijebu clan of the Yoruba tribe of the southwestern part of Nigeria. he had his primary, secondary and university education in lagos Nigeria, where he obtained his law degree at the prestigious Lagos State university, before proceeding to the Nigerian law school Abuja campus for his BL degree. he was called to bar in November 2014. Presently he is a practicing Lawyer. He developed flair for writing at a very tender age, he wrote his first poem deemed publishable at the age of 14years and has lots of unpublished poems, stories and articles to his credit. he likes watching football, movies, cooking and writing poems of course! he hopes to be remembered for his poems which inspiration he gets from his experience from the streets of lagos. he calls his genre of poetry "poetry without rules";

30 Days Of Grace

335 days sin abound aplenty
we look no further for remedy
cos'tis' all we ever do
sin, sin, sin is all we always do

then come the crescent of the glorious month
people pray from East, West, south and north
cos it's the month sins are really forgiven
Satan and his cohorts become so frightened

the days are filled with worship
thirst moist the throat
hunger satisfy the belly
at the coming of sundown the spirits liven up

30 days after it has had its fill
we become stronger in the practice of faith
we become meek in the exultation of his Name
the all MERCIFUL and MOST GRACIOUS

tauhid alausa

Aduke

love has always been that golden fish
so elusive to me that I gave up
I immerse myself into books
and started a romance with poetry

I felt love was for the weak,
fools and those who are meek.
all daughters of eve I spied on with hate.
I never for once thought of a mate

until one beautiful Wednesday evening
along the pathway very close to my abode
where nature merged with humanity
where all is always calm and clear

I saw an angel in human form
calm, gentle and graceful like a cherubim
a pleasant smile at the corner of her mouth
lost to thoughts only known to her

her face shone like the morning sun
her footsteps light like the swaying of trees
residing at granny's backyard
her smell leaves my nasal cavity in torture

hello pretty I Said! .
my name isn't pretty she replied!
my name is aduke!
sorry I muttered under my breath

she walked away leaving me speechless
I was tongue tied like a boy
stealing a piece of meat in the pot
when his mother suddenly walked in on him

my silent musings slowly left
I lost track of time as I thought of aduke
the ebonic damsel of my dreams
of braided hair and sumptuous lips

aduke took over my dreams
she seeped into my thoughts
I feel the residue of her smell
in the early morning air

two weeks gone by, I saw aduke
I saw my future on her face
I approached and planted a kiss
on her soft rubbery lips

she was stunned to her depth
she stared at me for long
as I enjoyed the taste of her lips
that tasted like heaven mixed with honey

there and then I asked her to be mine
I promised her a future filled with love
a life filled with laughter
never to be consumed by sorrow

she accepted to be mine
instantly I became alive
suddenly love became the sweetest thing
as i gaze upon my beautiful aduke

few months later I stopped seeing my aduke
I searched far and wide, I drew a blank
her absence created a hole in me
my nights became filled with nightmare

I hear she is now far away
been soon I held her in my arms
even though I feel her presence
and the heavy honey smell

I see her face in the mirror on my wall
and it keeps me company in my quiet moments
everyday I still long for my aduke
and her beaded backside

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After Life

if only GOD will let us hear their cries
of pains and regret of things
left unsaid or undone while alive
we would all think twice before sinning.

if only smoke could rise from their graves
of those condemned to hell
so we would all take heed/cue
from the lives of those

if only flowers could sprout
of heavenly fragrance and paradise beauty.
of those your mercy lies upon
then we would nail their deeds on walls to emulate every day.

of only we could hear your voice
so loud and clear and holy
each time we commit acts of sin.
and everytime acts of Charity comes from our being.

if only we could love one another.
if only I can truly call. you my brother
if only I can what's yours mine
if only everything can be so right.

if only if only if only if only.....

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Anike

Another day of beautiful laughter
Nestled upon an angelic face
Ibycus lyrics so sweet on your lips
Kneeling in humble prayer mode
enamoured by his promise

she never fails to call her self ugly
to spite me but she is lovely
her smile leave words unsaid
I stammer even in her absence

she looks like creamed coffee
taken any time of the day
with or without sugar
she will always be my sugar

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Broken

beads of sweat forms a path on his body
heavy sac sways gently in his burly Rhythm
legs so heavy, a reminder of spent years
just one glance you know he has been broken

her skirts flutters in the windy night
she is cold to the bone, but she needs to eat
with painted face and mascara like that of a masquerade
calling out to fast running cars., she has been broken

she glanced sideways at the empty bed
long gone occupant at the other side of town
in a lustful embrace with no consciousness of time
once a sweet marriage, now a memory, it has been broken

he looks at the board draped in binary numbers
after several years of sleepless night of reading
of hunger games and street trading
no result, no graduation, the Drem has been broken

40 years in corporate servitude
piles of unpaid loans, swimming in ocean of debt
rent dues, utility bills, no gas to cook
he contemplates suicide, he has been broken

it started like a cindarella love story
she felt love couldn't be so weer and true
lost her virginity for the one she truly loved
got pregnant, got rejected, aborted and broken

I share their pains, they smile in agony
no where to run or hide - helpless
I feel angered - I can't help out
their pain, terms and fears leave me broken

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Full Beard

I have a full beard
Finely combed and shiny
that's why when I walk,
I walk with shoulder high
When I smile or laugh
It radiates and awakes dead soul

I have a full beard
it covers the skin blemishes
it makes me handsome,
humane and not a terrorist

my beards make me proud
it brings happiness and sheds depression
I'd have it over all the wealth in this world, cause Islam says so

Note, I speak bearable English
sibe sibe omo yoruba nimi pelu
i majored in law
So you need not utter disrespect

I pray five times daily, read the quran
Every good reward I earn is mine
I follow the hadith and sunnah
And no, that's not a crime!

You all gossip as I walk by
You hate my beard because you don't understand at all
But peace and power I have found
As I am equal to any male!

I am a Muslim
So please don't pity me
For God has guided me to truth
And now I'm finally free!

{final verse courtesy of an source}

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Giving Up

all you did see was my laughter
smiles and friendly banter
never for once you really thought
that deep inside I could be hurt

I tried to live my life the best way
I could, just to make you smile every day
and you never saw the pains and tears
that i hid deep inside all these years

but today I am giving it all up
bringing flowing tears and blood to stop
never to feel again the chest rise
to the beat of life which is a ruse

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Good Bye

I hate to wake you up and say goodbye
I am leaving without your warm embrace
I wanted to stay, but it will bring you pain

So many beautiful laughter we shared
And joyful tears we mopped together
It just was never meant to be

So sad to be leaving all of these behind
Tried all my best, but it didn't work out
This love was never meant to last

So many beautiful memories you gave me.
Our dreams like dust reappear in my eyes
No matter how hard I brushed them away.

So many promises we made to each other
We were scared, so it took us away in our fright□
And further it drew us apart.

Oh! I am leaving with pain in my heart
And the warm tears you cried last night
I hope to be back only if GOD thinks it right.

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I Will Be Back

as the sun shuts it's eye to the world
so the moon could start it's nightly watch
and the winged fellows make a homely bow
I promise I shall be back

I ponder a lot about he who is my LORD
despite all my fault he still gave me much from my youth days even till now
I am sustained and will never lack

even when pains and hardships made me cry
and foes and friends were all alike
my fears synchronised with the the beat of my heart
I just knew I had to go

I left to give a new beginning a try
to heal the soul, body and mind alike
to make the head rest at night
just don't worry, I needed to go

never wait the night up for me
it's my cross i have to bear
if it takes a lifetime to do
believe me or not I will be back

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Its A Crazy World At Arsenal

if we are all crazy then who is the craziest? ? ? ? ? hmm!

So crazy! Yeah so crazy! i Am crazy because i support arsenal,
arsenal fc is crazy because its has not won the league for 12years,
we haven't won for so long because our coach is crazily crazy,
the board wont sack him because they financially crazy
and want profit, alisher is crazy for not buying more shares
because he crazily loves this FOOTBALL CLUB..

Arsenal plays a kind of crazy football second to none,
barcelona fans you need crazy lectures.

barcelona style is crazily boring.

its crazily one sided and thats not football.

arsenal crazily allows their opponent to appreciate football. heartbreaking as
arsene's crazy philosophy might be,
his football brings joy..

though everything needs crazy luck because
thats what arsene crazily needs.

sometimes when arsenal draws or lose i ask myself what went wrong? Player
choice and commitments are generally poor...

arteta is too old let him go, even suarez and neymar has gone crazy,
walcott is crazy for running all the time and telling the press we have to improve,
bfg is more crazier for been too slow

wenger is crazy by supporting giroud always
maybe they share his wages i don't know,

jack and rosicky are both crazy for getting injured all the time,
ramsey is crazing for complaining about his deployed position,

alexis is crazy for trying to do a ronalmessneymar,

gabriel is damn crazy! I need a gun for him,

for allowing the rashford to out-jump him,

he needs to fastrack his English

cech is so crazy for getting injured when we need him

coquelin is crazy for that for card against spurs

we are a mighty crazy team for getting a point from the game

and i am still the most craziest for being a gooner

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Journey

I am on a journey in search of my dreams
Whether clothed or naked, my embrace it wont escape
Even though dirty and weary I become

I am running away so fast from my pasts
Its trying to draw me back with all its might
Even though I owe it no regrets

The future looks so so far away
Its eagerly calling out to me and awaiting my arrival
The present has entrapped me in its thorny embrace

I want to hold on so fast to my dreams
My past deeds I do not regret
I need a nudge to awake from this slumber

Dream it is I will dream,
I hope it is not blurred by the coming of the morning
As I stand to start this voyage of discovery

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Love

I am lost in your thoughts

I find my self on your body

i die on your skin

I resurrect in your words

tauhid

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Murderous Rampage

Don't be scared! But i really want to murder!
To murder the bad things in my life..
looking back at 2015..
there were things i did in 15'
that i vowed not to do in 16' and i thank god it happened..
2016 i plan to murder a lot of things..
where there was hatred, love will replace..
where there was bitterness, happiness will replace...
where there was anger, calmness will reign..
i plan to have 1000 friends this year..really!
And it wont be on facebook or twitter or instagram..
those people who offend me will be pardoned..
especially those on death row! ha ha ha!
Even those i offended, am extending a hand of friendship
so you will forgive me my iniquities..
even if you see any bad thing about me don't hesitate to tell me, because its a
new meeeeeeeee

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My Arsenal

if you need new legs I could donate mine
if you need hearts of valour mine is available
if you want to win again, please spend the money
Arsene please bring my arsenal back!

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My Stranger

oh! beautiful stranger
even with your rainy smile, you sparkle
as you walk stealthily, you seem to float
like beautiful clouds in the sky

oh! angelic stranger
since the day I glimpsed your face
it never for once left my stubborn mind
it keeps me awake through the night

oh! pretty stranger
please can I get a moment with you
I want to tell you about my dreams and fears
or should I just stand and gaze at your grace?

oh! my lovely stranger
can I just walk beside your majesty
holding your hands, keeping them warm from this biting cold?
or should we just walk and laugh like old friends

oh! my exquisite stranger
why don't you just look at me for once
or is it not the right place and time?
or because the west wind. brought me to you?

oh! my majestic stranger
today has never been wrong or right
just the exact moment I wish for
solely in your arms I want to belong
oh! my sweet stranger
your beauty froze me in icy limbo
the feel of your skin melts my holistic resolve
nothing left in me but yearning of your love

oh! hearty stranger
my heart heard every word you wouldn't utter
as I stood with the tooth picker dangling
lost in daydreams only me could conjure
wishing you would go home with me and be my love

oh! hideous stranger
I am tired of calling you that
I need a name to that face
I need a moment with you
to save me from this longing mood

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Ode To The Green Bottle

it was dearest to me in time past
it was my Companion in times of distress and anquish
even in times of joy and celebrations it was always dear
it was my best friend
the green bottle makes men speak the truth when they kiss
the green bottle so smooth and enticing when chilled
it quenches the thirst after a hard days work, it intoxicated more than human
love
it unites more than anything
the green bottle is a hero
but alas! suddenly you left my life
your departure gave me more vision and focus
I wish I could miss you with all you ever did in the past
the thought of you nowadays brings up the bile from the depth of my stomach
the smell of you bring lollipop
the memories of you are far from fondness
good luck to you and your new found friends,

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Ololufemi {my Beloved}

b'eránko bà p'égbá nigbò, kiniun lolori wòn
b'eiye p'ògòfa l'òdan a?a l'òga gbogbo wòn
b'òba p'egberun laiye, ònirisha ni baba wòn
b'òbinrin ti p'òto laiye, iwò motunrayo ni mò yan layo

ife re n'pa mi bi òti
oyi ife re n'kòmi o mu mi lotutu
gbogbo ara mi ngbòn bi eni w'edo
b'òba f'òwò re kanmi, arami aya gaga

ololufe mi ap'ònbepore
o'nfa òfun ni kij'èran pe lenu,
ohun mi k'in wa e m'òya, irinajo niòje
ni?eju i?eju l'òkan mi fa si e

ololufemi abefe, ibadi aran awelewa
ewa re tan bi m'ònamana
otan kaari aiye, omu im'òle wasayemi
ofimi l'òkan bale, aiya mi o ja eru o si bamimò

ife re mumi rinri ajo ayò
omumi de ebute idunnu ati alafia
mowoke modupe l'òwò eledua
to semilanu nigba ti mo ?e awari ife re

bi ewe ba pe Lara o?e, a ma d'ò?e
ekurò lala b'aku ewa
bi inu ba ?è ?ì, aworan re lowa ni be.
iwò ni monife julò.

mawo ariwo òja rara.
ma?e da awòn eletan l'òhun
iru ife wa yii lowu wòn
ife at'òke l'at'òrun wa.

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Once Upon A Time In April

everything become so real
laughter, heartbeats so fast her face enchanting
her smile infectious
once upon a time in April.

he sneaks out in the middle of the day.
her presence mesmerising
her voice angelic and echoed miles and miles away
once upon a time in April.

his phone becomes the mirror,
he glances furtively in anticipation of the sound close to the trumpet call,
expectant in lovely misery
once upon a time in April.

two hearts beating differently
same sounds, equal vibration
two bodies too long apart,
affirmation from her love begins
once upon a time in April.

he loves the journey
two hands locked in dreams
thousand steps, millions more to come
tears and smiles unavoidable
once upon a time in April.

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Pointless

if I were with you right now what will you do? will you say you love me? kiss me?
or hold my hands?

I had a dream last night and you were in it
I wish you could be here right now

even under the blanket I feel so cold
my socks lack the warmth only your legs give
am trying to sleep but you torment my dreams

I am staring at your unforgettable face
even if you stay in Antarctica I will find you my love
am not going to stop, will keep trying
until I hold you once again in my manly embrace

you are the best person I have ever met
without you I have no life
your beauty purifies the air that I breathe
I love you just the way you are

when I see your face everything becomes beautiful
every dreams become a reality
all my goals open right in front of me
even the sun shines brighter than ever

whether evening, morning or afternoon
the only song on my lips is your name
the sound of your voice is the beat I dance to
like an alien you invaded my world

your sweetness is enough to give me toothache
let me cover you like sheets on my bed
my life without you is like a blunt pencil POINTLESS

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Raise A Glass To A Woman

physically beautiful with scars or not
mentally awake, sexy or hot
aesthetically pleasing to the eyes
humanly generous than others by miles

she is woman like we all know
when she wants her love could be pure as snow
when she likes she can be as plain as paper
at the same time as sweet as wafer

she is a mother first of all
she gives her all till her strength falls
she goes hungry till they are satisfied
making parental love magnified

across the years she has been fettered
loved, appreciated and likewise battered
she has been used to the point of depression
till today she still lives in oppression

let us rise up in defense of our women
their love and affection is mightier than the pen
the foundation of the world is built on them
thats why i wrote this poem for them

let us raise our glasses to all the women of the world
lets love them and spare them the rod
they are made from our manly ribs
they deserve our praise from every manly lips

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Seductive

So seductive my angel.....so high class u need not a label.....the most beautiful creature i ever set my eyes on.....the shining light brighter than the sun.....a happiness felt by the coming of the morn.....my angel so seductive.....so relaxing like sedative.....she purged my life of vanity like laxative.....what can i ever do without my seductive

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Smell Of Your Presence

My nose wrinkle at the smell of your presence
I whisper my heart onto my palms for warmth
From your heavenly embrace my skin takes its glow

I feel your presence, even though I do not see you
The tone of your voice seem distance to my hearing
Just to catch a glimpse, my visions become blurred

Your embrace leaves my skin scarred
Like patterns on graffiti on a ghetto wall
And I whisper again into my watery palms

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The Lady Of The Throne

she sits with poise on her throne smiling,
just like every other girl but she isn't forming,
beauty with brains, she lights flames with pen,
what a pity, fate fate decide to steal her stride

in her disability lies her ability and humility
still her beauty ensnare you in captivity
it makes you tremble and want to kiss her cheek??
hopefully you share with her simple humanity

her smile feels like paradise is earned already
like those tales you hear at the bank of the Nile
only told by nomads whom home seem distant to
to melt the heart of even the most hardened

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The Past

there has never been a perfect life
we all go around with our troubles
hidden beneath our trendy garbs
masked all round by friendly smile

I have never been out of that circle
broke hearts, fell in and out of love
missed lessons, skipped class
and other youthful mischiefs

moral uprightness thrown to the trash
easily angered by little things
hardened soul only meant for warriors
except I never went to war.

university came, I packed my bags
so young when I left the house
what will become of me I knew not
I was never taught how to succeed

student politics grabbed me by the neck
fought and fought, I couldn't rescue myself
defending others gave me zeal
and honed my lawyer you skill

I failed not once, twice or thrice
i tried and tried, second chances so useful
I fell enough of times to know
I couldn't escape what's meant to be

now grown up I still make mistakes
sometimes I just wonder when would it stop
maybe I never even grew up
can I just have my youth back

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The Silence Within

I strolled down my lane,
for a rendezvous with nature
and a little time to think

I passed the ewa agoin seller,
A cloud on every face I saw,
sign of distress and anguish.

of daily struggles and hunger
of truthful lies in pitiable conditions
of dried tears turn to dust

I saw it in all around
the quiet stomach rumbles
In every closed empty soup pot,
the spotted skinless dog

Then I saw the protruding belly,
of bili the street honeypot,
of an unborn fatherless child
cos she knows not the father

I saw the red darting eyes
of chucks run furtively
looking for a careless victim
to provide a whiff of hemp

Ali the suya seller beckons.
muttered greetings of salam
followed by complaint of no sale
and resignation to fate

then I saw them all;
the young shirtless boys and girls
running all around the street in
mindless glee

the boys chasing a round leather
the girls playing hide and seek

little effigy in between their thighs
playing motherly roles to dolls

the motherly head bow in thought
the childish head bow in mischief
the mother's in fruitless hope
the daughter's in mindless anticipation

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The Soul

where does the soul really go to
does it perch on the tree like a bat
or fly mightily like the giant eagle
or does it roam the empty Street
like a hopeless vagrant

does it carry worldly pain or joy
tears, laughter or happiness
can it be said to be a empty
bottomless pit, monstrous, vague
mysterious, and enchanting?

or does it just stay around awhile
to possess the trees in the forest?
turn to fruits and drop at will
to be feasted upon by birds
and anything living around?

where does my soul go to after am gone?
is it divided into two parts or one?
the good part and the bad part
the beautiful and ugly part,
what a noble and shameful brat

can it be found beside the one i love?
or does it hover around them
to protect them when in danger
or remember me in times of joy
or vilify me in painful memories

or will it just float away like debris on an ocean without trace?
or evaporates into the sky to bring rain?
and pour shower of kindness on
the beautiful ones I left behind?

or will it be trapped in everlasting torment?
I need to know what happens to my soul

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The Stubborn Rose

there was once a rose
a beautiful pretty rose
so radiant and pleasant to the eyes.
everybody wanted to have it in their house.

she was betrothed to the thorn
he took care of her till she was matured.
he protected her with her beauty
until one day she felt he couldn't complement her.

she went to her mother one bright morning
she said 'mother all my ugly friends have been picked by good men, why am I
left out'
the mother replied 'because you belong to the thorn.

' why will I marry this ugly thorn she replied' 'the only thing he does his protect
and nothing more'
'he can't buy me new clothes to display my beauty'
'I will rather marry that old farmer than waste my life with thorn '

be patient my daughter the mother said, thorn is a kind man
who will leave you to any man who is gentle, to take care of you

a man who will treat you like a gift
and show the world how beautiful you are.
mother the little rose replied, ' I can't wait that long for such a man in fact I will
call on the farmer next time I see him' I will gladly offer myself to him and follow
him home'

my daughter be patient the mother cried, can't you see how I have lived so long
in my ugliness?
your father must be proud to have me as his wife.

'No mother that was then, this time I do what I want' OK no problem the mother
agreed and resigned to losing her precious gift.

the next day the farmer was coming back home, so tired and so weary from the
days job

oh farmer please come take me home the rose cried, I want to be with you forever,

say the farmer replied, I am old and ragged and have no means to take care of you.

farmer never worry I will leave with you, I will persevere till everything is fine the farmer looked at his hand already calloused and begged the rose once again to find someone else.

the rose burst into tears and promised to kill herself
the farmer finally agreed to take her home
the thorn looked at her and the farmer In a sombre mood
and promised never to let her go.

the farmer tried to free her but the thorn won't let go, the farmer and the thorn began to drag the rose between themselves

until the rose became damaged and gradually she lost her life.

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Turmoil

the pain eats slower
the turmoil gets deeper
they think they know
but that's their imagination

everything looks normal
even smiles come easier
the tears that come
felt only by the one in the mirror

shattered dreams, unspoken fears
bleak future all rewards of sin.
shared moments more saddening
future tales less likely

the will to persist evaporates
the urge to give up radiates
I see the strength go gradually
I see their tears now more clearly

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Twenty Youths, Twenty Years

different parents different homes
all we shared was just our genders
and our little naked fraternity
as we chase the orange ball around

we were all too young to know
that life will never be so fair to all
some will be poor others will be rich
some will be near, some will be out of reach

some went to universities, others did not.
hawking sachets of water to earn a living while others dwell in life's rot
to blame God for no reason

our youthful days, was carefree moments
to mama we would always run with bruised knees
after a little scolding we would always run back
to the arms for our waiting brethren

we always thought we would be friends forever
with no care in the world thanks to mama
with papa's whip always stretching forth
to curb the little juvenile comfort

I want my youth back
of running round the street of lagos
of my my friends who are now grown up
of my naked running all around the street

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Under The Mask

under the mask i am a sadist,
i walk in the valley of hatred, malice and wickedness.
under the mask my thoughts are of violence and mayhem,

under the mask, I swear by GOD, i was once an innocent boy.
full of life and happiness.
so carefree he holds no fear.

then came the anger and pain
from separation of loved ones
then came loneliness
and endless sleepless nights

under the mask, I see weakness and foolishness,
I see fears, I see pain, I see tears
cried in vain, to none in question

under the mask i feel weak and have no sense of belonging,
i did wrong things just to fit in
in a worthless and cruel world

under the mask i am nothing but shadow
i follow in darkness, disappear in light, and immerse myself in guilt.

under the mask i am not an advocate nor a writer,
I am what the world made me.
I am just a Whisper.

the mask tames the Wolf within
from devouring me and all
it protects me from my self
and the world and all is OK

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We Part To Meet Again

if we had known it wouldn't be more than a year
we wouldn't have formed a family
bounded by love and religion
eternally joined together in truth

many hungry nights we scaled through
of furtive glances at the phone
when next the sound of alert will beep
of silent curses sworn to no one

alas! it's now over finally
bags dusted and cloths packed
7/7 is the only thing on the mind
that mixed color paper is all we care about

after the khaki comes the suit
basic salary overshadows allowee
conference meeting over cds
you know God Almighty is in his mood.

as we all go our different ways
favour and mercy I pray we meet
so we shall all rejoice when we meet
and the parting might not be so hard again

tauhid alausa

Who Gets The Blame

if I sleep and wake no more
if I go and never come back. if you hear of all I ever I did
will you take a moment and forgive me

if tears ever come to your eyes
if in old age I wasn't there to lower you down
if I was the reason you never make heaven
will you ever forgive me.

if the house never re echo my voice
if my picture is the source of tears
if my absence brings you pain
will you ever forgive me.

I tried my best in this sinful world
I lost my way so early in life
I looked by my side I didn't find you
will I ever forgive you?

tauhid alausa