Yinka Meander
- poems -

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Yinka Meander(3/18/1967)

Agonized in the hands of my stepmother, forgiveness paved my way to success and my poems shall continue to be my comfort.
My American Sensei

I have a teacher
Who has revealed
she could have taken the gilded corporate path
But choose to take the slow journey up the hills
Of humanity way

Her humanistic touch
like a wand to a bell
Rings fourth with sincerity.
Her method of encouraging students
Makes each pupil a building block
In erecting the completion of each class

Recently, she informed the class
Of her upbringing
Which makes for a fascinating epic

In essence, her recipe for learning
A true blessing indeed

Thank you my American Sensei!

Yinka Meander
Distant From Everyone

Years, we have longed ----- for space
Distance from everyone
To be far away, Like the sky and the ocean
That look to each other's face but never meet
When the world strives to keep its contents
The presence of a warm human became a burden,
To one another, save for the silhouette

A new order.
This shadow permits us to be distant
In a world that now strives to be close
Like the whirlpool that makes her turn, and turn
And turn..., as if chasing her lost ones
For all to be close in the bliss of the water
Whence we look, yet, distant from everyone.

Yinka Meander
A New Birth Year

I tread on the Path of another birth year
My heart rejoices like the heart of Spartacus
In the midst of a trial
Fewer friends, yet worthy friends

Like the moon's ever accompanist
That bright star, Hmm. Forever.
Both on the path of another birth year
Linked. With my heartthrob

The path of another birth year
Like the arrival of a new born
In the hands of her mother
Suckling on the milk of wisdom

Yinka Meander
Grace

Delighted to embrace you
Change my mind, change my mood
Clothed me with a new robe
Allured with happiness for both
Never thought i could a’ve you
Brought me home to see mother again
The one i so wish to have
It is grace to be blessed with a mother in-law

Yinka Meander
Long Journey

Long journey, so Long a journey
Little did I know
In my cocoon of folly
Lessons of the past
Converted to working tools
For future purpose
What awaits!
Worth waiting for
Waiting in the past
Showing up at present
Meandering my ways to this extent
Oh Lord! Oh Strength! perseverance
I seek.

Yinka Meander
Garbage In Your Baggage

GARBAGE IN YOUR BAGGAGE

I was genuinely service bound to cultivate
In the light of compassion, empathy, faith
On the road to love with my package
Hey! You intercept with your baggage

You are grudgingly service bound to damage
Filled with anger, resentment, revenge
I shall flee to continue in love with my package
And my escape shall be managed with courage

For your baggage shall lead you to the garbage
Damaged! On the road of hatred with your baggage
There you shall stand the text of time in ravage
Till the Lord of host will sort his adage

Yinka Meander
At birth you have been a traitor
Cast away
Live away with your head covered in veil
Oh coward!

But in the tenderness of my heart
And in the light of forgiveness
I have decided to dine with you
While thinking of this

You were plotting another downfall
Though I realize,
What you are meant for—Oh Coward!
And that is what you will continue to be called

When will you consider the importance of life
When will you shed your curse?
Now youstormed
OhTraitor!

Tongues wailed, Souls bitter, Lives ruined
Soon you shall eat the food you intended for others
Fight against yourself
Reduce your generation at your expense

Soon you will be stoned
Just like you stoned
And the ghosts shall serve you water in desert
Oh Coward!

Yinka Meander
Chameleon

Here goes red and she is red
Show me the color, it's at her disposal
Cry, she will cry
Smile, she will smile
Hey! Chameleon, don't you know that
You have to possess an extra effort to deceive an Artist
Your mimics are mere cajolery to Poets
And tools in the hands of Artist
Wait you fool until the Artist paint you black!

Yinka Meander
Good Times, (Bad Times's Cousin)

Our relationship was and will always be!
I am the messenger and Bad Times my wheels
I beg to cover Bad Times the shame of being my wheels
For a while so, let me be invisible
Knowing my future I move reluctantly
Does this intend to dose intellects with puzzles?
Or time advantage for Bad Times to demonstrate her skills?
Prayers begged me to arrive
I am clad in ego and pride
Demonstrating my care to a cousin
Now that I’m visible least I withdraw for Bad Times to revenge
It is the hour to shed memories of bad times
And be welcomed by all.

Yinka Meander