

Poetry Series

abbas abubakar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

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

abbas abubakar()

Beggars Mourn

I am the one singing at night
I am the one singing at day
I am the one without voice

I am the one walking at night
I am the one walking at day
I am the one without legs

I am the one sleeping in the rain
I am the one sleeping in the sun
I am the one without home

Who will look into my eyes
And break this cloud of tears
I walk alone on the street of life
With plates without food
With bones without flesh
And digits without dignity
Who will look into my eyes
And save me from the spirit of night

I sing like one without voice
I journey like one without destination
I live like one without life
And i shall die like those
Who have lived

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Black Angel

Why do you want to eat me
And give me the remains
You held my hands
That you know a spring
Of fresh comfort
U kissed me
That your lip is a verdure
Of smiles and friendship
Your soothing words like zephyr
Bonded me to your roofless hut

U cared me with love
That have been spiced
With clusters of roasted wishes
Wishes of shackles and raw sorrow
You are indeed an angel
Angel at day, masquerade at night

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Bloody Master

Why have you enslaved other masters
And tie their virginity to your bloody invirginity
You sprinkle your wings of unfaithfulness
To doorsteps of churches and mosques
No wonder you are the greatest cleric
Planting trees of worships in your palms
You are the god of masterminders
Sooting gently their rods of thoughts
With the naked tunes of your whispers
You are the photo of the satan
Parading versities with acidic desires
To drink your fleshless embrace
Some call you spring of evil
Others ocean of weavils
But can they dugde your sumptuous laughter?

I call you master
Not because you are a master
But because you have ruled masters

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Candles Of Life

Once upon a silent night
I was taken to a world
Where i saw candles in profussion
Burning in rows

Some with light
Many without
Standing at different height

I was my dad's
Whose wax had long exhausted
Beside it, my mum's
Whose flame still scud in lonliness

I was heart stroked
When i heard a stentorian scream
And echoes far beyond
Of one whose candle just fell off

I saw mine
Burning fast in fold
One day, i thought
You too shall be off

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Centuries Of Darkness

When the pulse of patience was pulled apart
Like mad stream
My heart harried in grundges
And spewed furs of centuries
Crawling on tarmac of anthills
With no sight of sigh

I made a u turn
And ran a million miles
To seek solace in the liar of death
That my bowl of barren seeds be engulfed
And i shall bath no more
In the sizzlings of earth

Dejected, i could not face death's whip
Yet, the lanes of my life are laced with labyrinth
Consoling creatures crawled to my dreams
Singing...
'When darkness flows for a million century
Wilderness still owns the land
For some days, the day shall break
And you shall sail soot in smiles'

Then i rose in smiles
And gave a wide walk into the world

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Confined

When i move
I move in vineyard
Covered by dews of her smiles

When i speak
I speak in voices
Tendered by layers of her kisses

When i tink
I think in brain
Filled with fumes of her thoughts

O gazelle
Sing to me a song from your heart
Caress me with that voice
Luscious than the cracks of nightingale
Lets go to the moon
To spray our mat of love
And there, the night
shall found us

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Congress At Congo

Every day and night its congress
On screens we would watch
Their lyrics of sweet poetry
With mask of sympathy glittering
At night they would were their wings
And fly to congo
Where no ant would feel their scents
To burry national milk into their throat
They would go hide in lions belly
Peeling off national flesh
And smile out with the bones
That the bonny masses would crush.

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Darkness

I would have risen
With a million men
Matched with arms of length
To quench its flame
Had we known its source
Where darkness sprout

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Dirge To An Uncle

My voice is low and sober
Without the benign breathe
Of this gentle nous
That led my rod of knowledge
When I toddled in oblivion

Only for you to smile home
Basket full of light
After centuries of sojourn
Your first step was on fire
Cooked by living-deads in your hut

For decades
You lay watching in loneliness
With eyes that could not see
And mouth that only drool
Your bed became a restroom
And soon a tourist
Where all birds perched
Pouring their rythmless tunes
To your drumless ears

Your final wave was hot
But not a cooler one had we
Than the smiles prepared for you
In that place...

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Enough

Enough of those jagged rod
Chopping off our intestine
Enough of those tuneless music
Burying the berries of our band
We have built mansions of patience
Whose walls are now been cracked
By the concoction of your bushy rods
Every morn we seek meekness from the sky
But our wishes, our strength, our strides
Are layed on slippery floor
That made us wade behind our sculptures

We have been crying into our own bowl
Now We understand the prickles in the sky
A night shall come
When we shall visit demons in our planes
And tell them
Gone were those days

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Eternal Axis

The world is one
You are one
Your desire is one
You shall keep chasing
About an eternal axis
Until your grip falls
To eternal sky

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Fathered

I fathered
Then am fathered

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Feast

Blood
in
Gourd

Bones
on
Stones

Giggles
and
Tickles

Fright
at
Night

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Follies

Forests are growing bald
Warriors moaning in senility
Days burning in wrath
Petals losing their allure
Rivers toddling to streams

Shall we stand like the still born
And watch ocean creep to our feet
Until the night mourn in loneliness
The follies of our ages?

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Forgotten World

When sea water
No longer break the flames
Of burning reeds
I know for sure
Behind the cliff
Is the exit of all
The end shall sprout
And spread its wing
And the world shall be
A forgotten word

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God-Father

Set the street ablaze
And let all find their ways
Let nursing mums and their infant
Run in the skeleton of their soul
And their husbands burried
Into the cannibal of death

Pull the sun to the earth
That mountains and trees shall simmer
Then fry all eyes
Roast all ears
And all eyes
That peep into your cup

Then pack all the raina
Carry the whole pot
And run down to the rock
Where i sit waiting for you
The son of my actions

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Happy Birthday

Many creatures are in ovation
Humming and singing in glee
For this day is a birthmark
Of a genius on earth

You are like a parkland
painting the walls of our world
With enchanting brittleness
Your flowers shall forever blossom
And irradiate its fragrance
All over the world

Move on
Keep breaking the tides
For an inch has increase
In the facet of your stride

Happy birthday

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I Am

I am the voice of unspoken history
I am the voice of the unhatched child
I am the voice of unborn tears
I am the voice of unhosted heritage
I am the voice of the tongueless clan
I am
I am the voice
Listen to my song

Many tongues of my age
Wallow in dryness den
But our womb hold seeds of fortune
please, touch our feathers
Not with burning fingers
But with thumbs of succulent

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I Fear Not

I fear not the beetles in my beans
I fear not the demons in my dreams
I fear not the pythons in my pitch
I fear not the vamp of vampires

Even at the zenith of everest
I eat my yam without fears
At the temple of death
I walk in the lightest heart
In the middle of the wildest night
I am confident like a child
In mothers embrace

Of what reason should i be
When life itself is afraid
And fear, much more afraid
If all edges would seek my blood
They might have it within pint
But I know for sure
I would rise again
Into a world without fear

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I Found Her

I found her
She...
She that moistened my heart
With dew drops of love
She has given me water
Many times in my dreams
And here she stand before me
In this garden of love

She called my name
I dont know hers
But when I touched my heart
I found her name lying in solace
Then I called back
That was the begining of our story

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I Saw Women

I saw red
I saw black
Red and black again
Then
I saw women

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I Saw You

I saw you
Passing by my dreams
In yellow garment
But I do not know you

But I know
You are a woman
Not just a woman
A woman, I know
Whose saint wrapped me

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I Start

I start
In your Name O Lord
The beginning of milestone

I start
With a voice, treble
Far into caves and woods

I start
With ink of the soul
Gushing pure feeling from nest

I start
With sword in my bosom
Trending through path of haunted forest

I start
With heat of treamour
To break cones of wretchedness

I start
Not to tears
But with tears of many years

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I Wonder Where The Bruise Came

I wonder where the bruise came

I that comand the birds to wash my dish
Walked with stainless feet on glossy pitch
Spoke in rythm of kings
Now become a flab on rotten branch
Of a desolate tree
I wonder where the bruise came

The world now wash my feet in mud
And greet me with mockery winds
They spiked their cracked voices
Pouring spittle on my bread
My nest, a torism of shame
I wonder where the bruise came

I stand in the middle
Watching unfathomed episodes
Like a warrior abashed by sword
I asked in confusion
Where is my cap

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Its Fun

My legs are dusty
As though a wafarer I be

My garment swims in sweat
As though a digger I be

I fly from tree to tree
As though a monkey I be

I sail on tides
As though a captain I be

But am a mathematician
Tossing the mathematics of life
Its fun to solve for more

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Jungle Brothers

I want to sing a song
For my brothers in jungle
Who wade on tarmac of tears
Who cripples on mountains of spines
Who sit on grasses of shame
Listen to your mind
You shall praise the beauty
Of your land

Where are the strays and waifs
Lead forth the blind
Seek you deaf brothers
And sing songs of mettle
And mend your festering dreams
To festoon your broken hips
With bouquet of jasmine

Dig the furrow of your faces
Until your voices echo in unison
For fervid love of your land
Then be sure to open your mouth
To sulk drizzles of honey

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Lost Valve

Even though my tongue is tongueless
My fingers would clap their lips
To hum this songs of my tears

Youths have been lost
Youths have been sold

They were sold for four cowries
For bouquet of decayed gold
They were lost in unripe lust
They now carry pot of emptiness
Matching with elegance
Into the future

Hmm, our crimson velvet
That holds the beauty of our ascent
Is creeping to the hut
Of burnt wood

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Lust

Any where there is lust
Barely everthing is lost
Cause our smile shall rust
Dipping the world in sizzling frost

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Memories

Many years ago
We were toddlers
Riding along the world in oblivion
We became naked soldiers
Roving in placenta of war
Playing hide and seek

In short dirty pant
We would swim like birds
Perching on every burrow
We were vermins of anthills
That rage on natures width
By the riverside
We would bath in mud
Chanting eulogy of warriors
And at twilight
We would flip to O mother

Night again would found our wings
We would cloth the moon
With footfalls and folklores
We were like fireflies
The beauty of the night

Just for a little nap
I rose
Only to find my missing friends

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No Inspiration

Last night
My itching fingers could not be
I sat by my crying ink
Tossing long gazes at candle flames
Grappling on my thoughts
But I could not find my mind

I rose again
Still searching my mind
In a synchronic chant with crickets
Emptiness kept smiling at my thoughts
I tiptoed the corners of darkness
Gathering winds of inspiration
The wind yet moistened not my pen

Long enough on dry leaves
Dissapointed by the moon
That left my pen in loneliness
I went back
And wrote a poem
NO INSPIRATION

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Not Afraid

I came to the world
With a word in my palm
I trekked through this valley
Just to sow this word in wind's womb
Then the world call me crazy
For the gardener that I am

If they would crush my bone
If they would bring d sun to my heart
If they would pill my skin
Even if they would pluck my tongue
I am not afraid
For this word I must sow

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Raw Death

Broken chair walk in cloud of gravel spine
Yet montanes cry of lost voices
Deserts have been encroached by stamps of death
Claws of wind tearing shielding rocks if desolate soul
Calm and rough
Tiny and wide
The echoe of death chase mad dogs
Into pit of hell

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Sadists

When there are no tears
How will our oceans flow

When there are no flesh
How will our meals be spiced

When there are no pains
On whose gong shall we dance

When there are no sorrows
Where would our inspirations be

When there are no confusions
On which feather shall we mount

And when there is no fire
In which hell shall u burn

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Shadows Of Sun

Its indeed sunny
There are sparrows in winds tongue
Gushing from the belching of sun
Mothers and sons in race
Groping for sketches
To stitch the baldness of their skull

Wrappers are on fire
Caps on melting zone
Tongues are dry
Eyes emitting thunders
And in one voice, they rage
Where is the shadow

Its the same Sun
That burns
That shall still carve shadows
That subcools

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Simple Lines

I ferry
On this lane of poetry
With stanzas not like storm
and lines not like rock
like gentle breeze at twilight
I tender the mirror of my mind
To a waveless flow
while i sit in silence
milking the wind
with songs of inspiration

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Sons Of Africa

Sons of ancient soil
Sons of ancient moon
Sons of our old mother
Who wake before dawn
Milking the arid tongue of father

So much love have we
From your arms that oozes
Layers of tents
In the rain, we were warmth
And this rain of our soil
In the sun, we were sheilded
And this sun of our age

O sons of Africa
Grasses are bowing for your strenght
Ridges are eaulogizing your breath
Do not whack your canine on irony
Stand on your shore
And polish your feather
The shinning black

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Sychophants

Like ants
Drummers cluster around
Rotten beads of sugery beasts
Their drumsticks land on band
That eject balm of black sky
In hummery of rythmless chants

In nudity of down
And stillness of night
They wear their woes
And match like merchants
To bows for dungs
In silver bracelets

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The Cloud

Ever since my eyes are ripe
I have been wondering
If it shall rain all day
For the cloud gets darker

Aeon past
The darker it painted
Melting the patience of my soul
I ran to mum
Asked of the long awaited rain
She only mumbled something on my palm
I never understood

I went treetops
Listened to songs of owl
In burrows I rode
Nurturing footprints of demons
Desert I excavated
Gathering songs of wind

I learned
The cloud above
Is dark and pregnant
But not of rain
Of something black
Of something red
Of something.

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The Rain

Once again
We heard drumbeats on our roofs
Our heart lit with drops of happiness
For our land, gushing sizzling wind
Came back to life

Just as the heat is strangling
The cord of our soul
And the earth cleaving
The walls of our innocence
The rain came
It rained smiles and joy
It rained honey and milk
like morning glory flower
Oue moribond hope spring to life

Now, we breathe air
Fresh and sweet
We shall walk in this rain
To pluck seeds of glory
And from a cup
We shall drink
The tulip of unity

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The Way

You were on your way
It seemed a long way
You saw the way
And took the way
Forgetting your way
To a pit, you fell on the way
And you are back to your way
The beginning of the way

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There Was A Time

There was a time
On the cover page of history
When morning would wake nakedly
Puffed in rhythmic silence
Only the hunter's gun
Would accompany the crawling sun
There was a time
When coins were still in the womb
Huts would be left ajar
With cowries in mud pots
Without fear of a third finger
Men were like grazing cattle
Spread across the fertile pasture
Of his mother soil

There was a time
When stones were guns
Knives for crawling throats
And men blind of oozing blood
They would freeze into forest
And return in ones like chicks
Then lay outside rafia mats
And share laughters of the night

Then the white blood came
Fumed the air with gold
Painted the soil in silver
And laughed with broken teeth
And our serenity was history
Just as i have sat
At this moment of heat and noise
Recounting histories i never met

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Voice Of Silence

Speak to me O poet
You kept pouring silence
As though a dove you be
Your eyes are meek
But your smiles are frenzied
What lines are there in
Dancing in your windless drum

O! I can feel the waves
From your stentorian silence
Only if I could read
Into your silent voice
I would hear the tears
Flowing through your veins

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Voices From The Womb

We are yet to be born
But death is in seige
We have heard clunks of daggers
Chanting eulogy of our bonless flesh
Many thunderous eyes already transpiring
Through the scar of our abode

O men of the world
Please bring down your sword
And relegate the tension in your eyes
For we are just embroy
Seeking nutrient of the earth
Not constrain of the soil

O men of the world
Allow our shadows
To spring pass the shore of oceans
Allow our stars
To rain pass the saharan wind
We are the long awaited generation
We are the future of your fingers
The saint of your ascent
The sons of the sun
The noon of another moon

Take a sigh
And welcome us with love
For we are the bond
That hold you captive

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When I Cant Fly

Truly, I cant fly
But my food
In the hands of those
That have wings

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When The Night Bites

Their days weren't without whips
They traul through trails of travails
Climbing life with broken veins
They sipped their
Emptied their ban
And threw the sack
Then they sat in shrine
Tossing dies with time

Only for them to realize
Their night falled with cane
They now run in moonless chase
Searching for water to moisten their tongue
But they had dugged no well
Nor have they built succulent sap
They sat in fretfull faces
Counting on fireflies for rain
But they were in a cloudless sky

In their wrinkled skin
They staggered to beneath mountain
Where they still caught no dew
And in their tongues bulged
Their carcas were found.

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Who Shall Console The World

Rising from my part of infantry
I saw the crescent in a mien
That pour sadness in my bowl
I feel the wry in sun's cloth
And moping of the moon
From their lashes are ocean full

I walked to mountain tops
Breaking the burrows of my thought
I asked the little bird in mind
Why the tears in their bowl
Only a whisper tufted me
Telling me it was above
I looked up to the crying cloud
It said it was below
I looked down only to see demons claw

Then i twigged
That the world is a forest
Whose fruits are unripe
Despite centuries of moisten wind

Who shall console the world?

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Writers

After a sunny night
I sat to write
The thorns of my life
Came a man in white

Who is a writer
Asked he

I whispered to the wind
Staring at milefolds
I found a pen in my hand
And a book on my lap
I told him
I am a writer

Who is a writer
Again asked he

Just then came a blind man
Who once had his eyes
Begging for his lives
Behind him another
Soaked in sweat
Grappling with his lives
And another again
Riding in luxury
Bathing in his lives

Then I told him
They are writers
I am a writer
We are writers
Writing on leaflets of our lives

And he left...

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Yesterday

When i looked back
I saw yesterday's corpse
Floating away on sea of contempt
It had many mourners
Who had planted Its volatile root
On farmyard of nothigness

Afore
I could hear the hummings
Of tommorrow's gong
It sounded like a thousand journey
Even as it rest on the crest of my palm

I looked at my feet
I saw today
Fast melting away
I ran...

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