

Poetry Series

**Abideen Oluwalonsola**  
**- poems -**

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# Abideen Oluwalonsola()

# After Independent

By their evade, gods heed us late  
evict; but still feeble does  
felony rules like an old age with imp  
thou err, or thou err not  
only thy hearth query with nonplus

No seraph, nor pious nor christ-like  
far and near; we seek for status  
like a draft chasing nothing

Their come ambassador and leggy  
with sepia lips, painted of lies:  
backup by badblooded;  
and seem to be backtonature

Thou; they claim to be eagerbeaver;  
but badlotted by fate  
assure to be effusive and kind;  
balderdash! they defy the law

Yet; after an ambassador cease to live,  
others rises and took their effuvium arts.

Abideen Oluwalonsola

# Birth Day

Birth was hard and bitter agony for us;  
even so thy women stood at gaze and smiled,  
what a painful day for women, bond by birth  
when her soul knew at length the love it nursed  
thou; they wish the day had came,  
but last no long  
To the day; thus guised  
for the men not at rest  
this as they hoped and said't would be,  
all in name of safe delivery  
Till a voice that day; muttered a strange words  
cried on him; and the bonds of birth were bursted  
tired family smiled, with an envy kiss to share  
Oh! it was really a birth day.

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Abideen Oluwalonsola Vs Gbolagun Miracle

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# Heaven Do Cry

Heaven do cry;  
believe or believe not; heaven do cry  
fragile cloud do wipe;  
like a foolish thunder sound  
little moon do hide; under father sun  
The cloud were forming in dark sky,  
the wind whistles by;  
waving it right hand;  
toward the hidden sun and moon  
till nature started to laugh  
'i will soon got water to drink'  
Soon the heaven boast,  
in joyful cry and tears;  
with its bravo voice raised above the sky  
More and more it cry;  
more and more it rain  
heaven do cry!  
either you belief or not;  
fragile cloud do wipe

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# If This Be Called A Dream

I was shocked by the fear that hit my heart;  
by that moment, i realize  
realized that am asleep;  
asleep in pool of love  
for one hour i dreamt that night,  
and wish the girl was here;  
here with smiles and love  
while i could rest not; but lay bed of love  
until this morning and this sun;  
seem she hang on upon the silent of night,  
and tell happy stories of our loved ones  
All day long; have learn how to love;  
through stream of sleep,  
and sing a song that is half strange  
while night wisely pass  
so happier i am,  
while foes are on strike;  
given only six thousand years to rest  
perhaps; if this be called a dream,  
then we should learn how to dream ones more....

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# Indifference

From here silent though;  
base on the soft baritone  
answering bird soprano  
yet; my door stayed closed, and  
This noon; sparrows remain voiceless and  
this nature do not know what shape they should be  
Thou; i know my worth is more than these  
yet; silent kiss me on temple  
and fear stab my heart at risk of joy i left  
yet; late i remember am a year plus,  
and i got a time to celebrate.  
When thought came to me in santa hat, and holy cast their spells.  
Through the same line joy and hope make my candle fired.  
Yet; Daadaa health make my heart throb.

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# Just After We Meet

After we meet,  
we lied and smiled  
then we both wink the cloud  
got a sit in an honeymoon  
then we kiss  
and exchange sign of love  
through night we fly;  
and dream pass through our vain  
Our dream is just a lie.  
Its nothing but to deceit life  
what is the purpose of lies?  
if not to hoax  
Just after we dream,  
our lies unbound truth  
we only need to open our eyes to see;  
everything that happened  
just after we meet;  
we love, we wed;  
then we grow older and die....

Abideen Oluwalonsola

# New Moon From The East

A day is at rest  
and a month had cease to live  
hardly my heart beat  
to all my hope despaired  
lament for the death of great ones  
yet do i fear thy moon,  
in salute to the brightful day  
thou; last night had charmed,  
to me; did seem  
Art upon my eyes, my heart at rest  
by day or night  
we should be glad of another moon  
the real object of my mission  
and for this your haunt  
here, all eyes gaze on us  
for last day crime...  
was it for this you took such care?  
know what i had to let go of  
yesterday havn't learn to drum well  
maybe that was why we failed  
is it not the time to lay wealth  
while fear and hope undo us with smiles  
the new moon from the east;  
stop here or wisely pass.

Abideen Oluwalonsola

# Not Yet Dawn

My day is not so long like a tedious tale,  
as the tone is well known  
thou; is not yet dawn,  
but I rose from my nightmares  
while am alone, as day recycle itself  
and the shake of my lips;  
carry songs homeward to my throat  
from those years of christmas  
By mother, "the night can tell what happened in dark"  
thus, am walking into a house of silent,  
and am in right room of thought;  
which hang away from dark  
Shadow of an ancient Santa;  
sinking down in its tranquility  
everywhere now, my heart thus pressing fixed.  
like the storm bow to prompting of peace  
and I left my sins nakedness  
for the uniform of new things;  
new year, new month, and a new day.

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# Power Of Imagination

Here we war;  
for this junction we purse  
seeing the troop we laugh;  
upon our fortune; we do smile

The earth move; we race  
the bird sing, we made the chorus  
for the seas and river we cross;  
cold and depth it was.

The music from the guiter they play  
strong enough to send men to sleep  
the cento they resite in rolls;  
not thou weak to wake men from bed.

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# The Demon

Ugly spirit with ugly face;  
and ugly voice,  
with a big head,  
twisted hands and legs  
ugly creatures every where!  
Servant in the morning;  
master in the lonely afternoon  
beauty taker of the beauties;  
knowledge taker of the knowledgibles  
voice taker of the voiced men  
devil spirit of the dark night;  
ugly creatures every where!  
Take neither my beauty nor my fellow men,  
and go not near my healthy queen  
thou; you are forced by the early men,  
i dare not draw my sword against an heavy rain.  
Go find where to sleep,  
for its already late;  
and come back not to this land,  
come not today nor tomorrow;  
nor last day of whitsun.

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# The Lonely Kid

From the infant hood;  
i know not my creator,  
nor my ancestors; nor who i am  
on the broken floor i laid my bed,  
all alone i enjoy my sleep;  
with bugs and rats  
dominant friend i had  
what kind of person i am?  
i don't even know;  
except that am a human;  
nothing more than being human  
my relations; i had none  
except for those man and  
woman in my dream;  
seems to be.

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# The Weaver Bird

Its little common bird of earth  
weak and fragile to war;  
but good and kind to all  
it does no harm to men nor other birds  
indeed, its a rare and fair bird  
Its a better bird on farm land  
for it eat and kill insects  
that do harm to crops  
its greatly loved by all men  
its common and weak  
but; its good and kind to all

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# This Love Had Exist

So beautiful is this days;  
as the night before whitsun  
the sun can't tell;  
neither can the moon or star guess  
this love exist not a day;  
nor a week or months  
but for decades they smile with sparkling eyes  
silent and breeze will rather pleased with comfort;  
bause they are here;  
here to sing of love  
cause they are here;  
here to dine in love  
what would have happen to love,  
if they hanv't met a permanent bloom  
much have i seen and known;  
earth has not anything to show; but love  
so was it; when life begin with smiles  
and so it is now; they beome a name.

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# 'To The Woman I Love'

This night, i have been twice in conflict of love  
wonder what time of night it was  
which overflowed with murmur  
murmured from sea and birds  
drive me from one nightmare to other  
and to the woman i love  
while she unmask her beauty with dreams  
from there and here it does  
But; what form of love,  
can serve my heart with please  
if your love failed to exist.

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# 'Try Not To Be'

The strong men in the world  
wealthy men of the land  
rich and nobles of the earth  
those men of evil they got  
who see the pauper as the weak;  
i will try not to be!

To those snails and crabs of theirs,  
more poisonous than a toad  
with the deceived face they got;  
in their heart, devil makes food  
i will try not to be!

The church and company they built  
its met for evil to reign  
the crops they planted on those farm;  
is met to be eat up by goats  
power and status they had;  
is ment to kill and distroy  
i will try not to be! ...

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# We And Africa

Hasn't we learnt enough already  
what do we want to go so far away for come! come! . come! ... and be  
reasonable;  
the white don't die of poverty,  
so you haven't realized;  
those pauper crazy things about them so! you haven't realized;  
they dont live as we do.  
you're still just an infant to know,  
and you don't want to know  
Come; don't be afraid, go and walk outside;  
i don't think any other explanation need be sought;  
nature reveal beauties of africa.  
Come; you are no more little kids;  
are we all destined to go away from home?  
perhaps; nothing was of any importance Fly and say your good-bye now,  
this time won't be as you thought believe me! if we both leave now;  
we will be out numbered;  
and the crime of ours will never be forgiven;  
not until her sob gradually grew quieter. Oh! well; do as you like i told you all;  
and our lesson end in dawn

Abideen Oluwalonsola

# Year Cast It Spell

Once a year; every year comes  
marching with gong and drums  
making it more than a dream  
the past, the present and the yet-to-be  
by the sound of the tolling midnight bell;  
a brand new year will surely awake  
like new falling snow  
thou; we do not know what still awaits  
Or what the morrow brings  
but with glad salute of faith;  
I hail its open wings with joy  
and so, I could wish my day to be  
while holy cast their presence;  
and gentleness of heaven brood over us,  
like Jehovah; God of Jews.

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