

Poetry Series

**Abimbola Ogunsowobo**  
**- poems -**

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# Abimbola Ogunsowobo(15/November/1992)

# A Dumb Boy's Expression

Quiet is my every day sound  
No music and no noise  
I see people moving their body to dance  
And I wonder why they are doing so  
I see people opening their mouth to say something  
I see the expressions on their faces  
But can't hear exactly what they are saying  
Will it take me forever to hear no sound?  
I just want to hear what a sound is like  
I want to the sound of music, laughter, crying, yelling, screaming.  
I want more sound  
I want to hear myself talk  
I want sound.

Abimbola Ogunsowobo

# A Little Of Us In All Of Us

There is a little of us in all of us  
A myriad of attitudes  
With optimism and pessimism  
A people of infinitesimal differences  
Every man with his own wickedness and kindness  
Able to procure and forfeit attitudes

Abimbola Ogunsowobo

# Certainty

Millions of hands are stretched  
But the grain is few  
Only the few are fed  
While the million hands are still stretched  
Hunger and starvation lays at a corner  
With his sack full of death  
Waiting for its victim  
The few keeps laughing  
In hope that they are satisfied  
Alas!  
Death has taking over hunger and starvation  
Bearing it's gift to the starving  
Taking both young and old  
Unfortunately, it leaves a letter  
Of an impromptu visit to the few as well  
What a pity!  
Nobody is free from death  
Fed or starving

Abimbola Ogunsowobo

# Confused

I know that man  
Who planted the tree of happiness  
But watered by pains and fears  
Time becomes the greatest adversary  
He lives everyday in a dark brightness  
Thinking of the first to come  
But knows only the last to leave  
I pity him  
Because he knows not what to do

Abimbola Ogunsowobo

# Don't End Our Lives

Riding on the devil's wings  
Bombshells are the prettiest things he gives  
Death carrier! Physical devil  
Spread your humanity  
To know the pain of losing a loved one  
Open your heart  
Life is sweet  
Don't end our lives

Abimbola Ogunsowobo

# Hates Truth

&quot;Here comes the enemy&quot;!

Screams the people

Everybody ignores him

Some wants to attack him

What has he done?

He's the enemy of the people

But a friend of truth

Which everybody hates

He speaks of truth

But nobody wants to hear what he has to say

Because his words are bitter as gall

They say he'll go hungry, thirsty and needy all his life

No one cares about him unless he denounces his friend

Abimbola Ogunsowobo

# Hopeful

There was a time when noise is sonorous  
When joy is lifted to the air  
And the sand on the the ground jumps in rejoice  
For a man is filled with blessings and happiness  
Now, there came a dark moment  
When sorrows and tears are like staple meal  
When dust is blown into the eyes of man  
He becomes desolate and destitute  
He cries aloud but no one hears  
If loving mansion becomes a dungeon  
He lives as though he is a wanderer  
Misery becomes is songs  
But behold this man sings his songs of misery joyfully  
Shunning his worries and sorrows  
Singing from dusk to dawn  
Rejoicing in his afflictions  
With the hope that time heals all wounds  
Awaiting another glorious moment

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# Immeasurable

How can it be measured?  
The agony of the less treasured  
Of what mass will it weigh?  
When joy is mixed with pain  
How many kilometers will it take?  
To walk from grass to grace  
How many litres of tears will it take?  
To mourn for a lovedone's sake  
How much will it take?  
To buy back a lost time  
These I keep thinking  
If they can be calculated  
Or if they can be measured

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# Letter To A Friend

Say me well to my friend  
Tell her how I'm doing  
Give her this my heartfelt letter  
It will remind her of our days together  
Days when we played hide and seek  
When we ate from the same plate  
When we waited for each other at the stream  
When we defended each other against others  
Now I have to live with the nostalgia everyday  
I can only play with my friend through my thoughts

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# Little Children

The grass grows from grey to green  
So says the old man with a grin  
Telling stories to little children without a sin  
All seated in different rows  
Listening to the story of the old and low  
Never having the thought of what may show  
The story may go on all night  
They don't care and won't give a fight  
They are the purest in heart  
Believing the story to be right

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# Lost

Wandering and wondering

How I got lost

Like a lost sheep

I seek solace

In the castle of wolves

Trying to find a choice

If even a voice

The wolves will be back at dusk

I must not remain here

Even if the path home is thorny

I'd prefer to go

Then I have to leave and continue to wander

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# Loving Heart

I wish my heart can do the talking  
Whilst my mouth refused to  
I wish my heart can be a screen  
That your eyes can see  
I wish my heart can write  
For you to read how it feels  
I wish my heart has legs  
To deliver my love message to you  
Pitifully, it lays still in my ribcage  
Hoping for it to be truly understood  
My lady, my heart is sick and love lorn  
You are its remedy  
Please save a dying heart

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# My Conscience

I think I know you  
I think we once met  
But I've never seen your face  
Your look shows my inner thoughts  
You fly without wings  
Into my deepest thinking  
My heart beats when I'm being mischievous  
But my ego never let's me give in  
You flog my mischievousness  
With no scar on my skin  
I've always searched where this voice comes from  
But found nothing  
I just have to give you a name  
You will be called my conscience

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# Old Witch, Let The Children Play

Strict and concrete  
With an abstract ideology  
Seeing children laugh and play  
Makes her go naught  
Her presence from afar  
Makes the children shiver  
Hearing the voice of happy children  
She would yell and scream  
Their happiness makes her sad  
The children laments  
When will we be free from this old witch  
Children would love to play  
Even if it demands the old witch to die

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# Suffering And Smiling

Water in the jar  
To be served like a plate of stew  
A brisk euphoria of something to eat  
When the night is over  
Awaken at dawn by chirping birds  
Our brooding is nothing  
We enjoy our togetherness  
Our brotherhood is peculiar and alike  
Thinking of how to live and what to eat  
This becomes our daily devotions  
Yet we are free from proclivity

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# Unfair World

Children of the olden generation  
Dancing to the rhythm of the moonlight songs  
Some sing while others go round  
They sip happiness and knows not what lies ahead  
If you know these children  
Tell them to sing forthe sun to be cool  
Tell them to dance that ice may become warm  
Tell them to build their castles of sand so high for us all to live in  
Tell them to sing a song with no sound  
Above all,  
Tell them that the world is not fair

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# Wasted Years

It took me so many years  
To regain my sanity  
To discover my folly  
I've toyed with life at my prime  
I'm now begging for time reversal  
If I can amend my mistakes  
Oh! What a miserable sweet past  
Now I'm old  
I now have to walk the journey I should have walked  
I now have to beg for the things I should have had  
Oh! Misery..... Youthful age is a trap.

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