

Poetry Series

animashaun ayomide
- poems -

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animashaun ayomide()

animashaun ayomide is an african. He started writing poem at the age of thirteen when he was in secondary school. His interest for poem came up when he went for a competition and saw a boy of his age reciting his poems. He was so engrossed that he started crying when he got home that cant he be better than the boy. The next day, he noticed the world around him and wrote a poem titled 'THE ARCHILLES HEELS OF NIGERIA'. He love writing poems and does that as a recreational activity

A Piece Of Peace

in the shady past,
and the unseen future,
lies our days of distress
and our days of sleepless nights.
Ransacking the whole field
just for the bloody invaders,
who invades without our knowledges.
All we could wished for then
was just a piece of peace.

In the time of war
and the time of blood spillage,
between the 2 opposing teams
both loosing hundreds of mens per second.
All they could run after,
after being defaced
would just be a piece of peace

in the time,
when man sang the dreary songs
when they pretend to be brave
and going to face a rainfall of arrows,
there solid aim,
is to find a piece of peace
in the hand of there oppositors.

Peace,
the highest value of humanity,
what the privileged beg for
and the less privileged demand for.
Just a piece,
can re-weld up the world
within a twink of an eye

if i got lucky,
to find another piece,
blessed i am
because the piece was that of peace.

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Accept Me For Who I Am

lavare my heart
Purify my sould
Lavare it
The great lavender

The ulterior fragrance of it
Would only be ignored by a prat.
Accept me for who i am says th lavender
Because i accept thee for who you are

Am a shrub says the lavender
I accede says me
but later on
Th attributes of the lavender
Was later forgotten by me

With a backlash it cries out loud
"accept me for who i am"
Although am a shrub cries it
But i posseses those qualities
The oak tree can never have

Am used to purify the heart
And some more reasonable qualities

My coloured flower
Would be ignored not by a blind man

I am an azalea
Although am a shrub
But 'accept me for who i am'

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Am An African

Am an African
not because i wear 'RADO' on my wrist
But because my great-grandfather's wrist
Was costumed with schakled chains

Am an African
not because i live in Africa
but because i was natify
Between the high over hills of Africa

Am an African
Not because i can speak the African languages
But because flowing in me,
Is the flow of greatness
That flows in every African

Am an African
Not because Africa is enriched with a thousand and one resources
But because the beautiful sun of Africa
Has descended on me
Like a overflowing river
The acceptable climate,
Was a joy to me
And a joy to africans
Am an African
Not because i pierced ma lips with a fashion ring
But because my ancestor's lipss
Were shut with hot padlocks

Am a native of the black race
For better for worse
for ease, for glory
Thy shall not deny ya kins

If your grandfather's were slaves like mine
and flowss of greatness flows in you
And some kindred of african's behaviour
Then no doubt
You are and AFRICAN

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I Have A Dream

hey! The dream maker,
Guess i have a dream
I have a dream
To become something
Where i can afford everything

I have a dream,
A future ambition,
To become a lawyer

I have a dream,
To become a great poet.
You want to become a star,
You are not very far

making a dream is not hard
But making them come true
To be become successful
Can be a bit

do not fail to have a dream
So as to become something
He will look up to,
She will look up to,
And They will look up to

Do not only have a dream
But work
TO MAKE THEM COME TRUE

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If

if but a small world we live a lifetime of bliss
Life would be truly worth living
If you trust yourself when all and sundry doubt,
He who doubts you
Would later trust in you

If you can wait and not tired of waiting,
What you are expecting not
would actually meet up with you.
If you are determined and not make determination your aim,
You will succumb not to their temptation

If the sabre is not meant for you,
Then how on earth can it be fashioned against you? ? ?

If you are sure of yourself
Confidential about the inner layer,
Not steeped of any waddle.....
succes! succes! ! succes! ! !
Is flying across your way

If you are summoned to
To talk in the public
And you don't have the gift of gab
Or the passion for it
am sorry you would have to wade
In the river of shame

Have trust in yourself
Aand dont be steeped of any gaoer
Believe in yourself
Because a quip is ready for any obstacle...
And which is more
You will succeed one day

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Surely, My Time Will Come

when seeing the stars on the television,
that is when i turned my vision to a mission
and my heart open like an enclosure
in the heart of an ocean.

I hear them
yes i heard the guys fighting for my autograph
and the girls dieing for my photographs.
With a sarcaitical laugh,
i scale it all on a graph.

Truely, its all yet to happen
but i am determined like a raven.
I fight for my half,
and win on their behalf.

If truely the ocean flows,
and the summer is always warm
with the winter so cold
then no doubt
my time will come

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The Jingling Of The Keys

The jingling of the keys
was a signal to me
Not to step on the nail
and neither for me to log on to my mail
but for me to sail
to the land of no wail

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The Phantom

my fear
Led me to believing the phantom
Who pentially is a ghost
And reality a gown
Bellowing becuse of a fake phantom
Who wass floating in the air
By the aid
Of a fan

The phantom dancing like a gaggle
It is very un-inept
is like a dancer
In the rhyme of a legato
Spoke and said
AM I REALLY A PHANTOM?

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The Shadow Of The Widow

Mourners all in black
wailing because they lose a gem
and consoling his widow.
the only sound in the atmosphere,
Was only that of wailing

hundreds of people came
Just to console the widow
But to their utmost surprise,
she is nowhere to be found

Behold, she was on the mountain top
But her face lost
All they could see
Was just the shadow of the widow

there i stood
Ransacking the whole building
For the widow of the deceased
But what i could see on the mountain
Was two shadows.
One of a man, and the other, of a woman

There the body of the widow stood
Face lost, heart torn out
Dead already, but standing
With the help of her husband

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