

Poetry Series

DUUT NADJAT ZUBERU

- poems -



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Duut Nadjat Zuberu was born on June 18, 2007, in Adum, Kumasi, Ghana, to a loving family of seven. As the firstborn, Duut has always been driven to excel and make a positive impact on those around her.

Duut's educational journey began at Islamic Senior High School, where she pursued her passion for the arts. She majored in Literature and also studied Economics, Government, and French. Her love for literature was evident in her exceptional writing skills, which earned her recognition among her peers and teachers.

After completing secondary school in 2023, Duut pursued her dream of becoming a midwife at Garden City University College, where she is currently studying for a Bachelor of Science in Midwifery.

Apart from her academic achievements, Duut is a creative and compassionate individual. She finds solace in writing poems and listening to music, which inspire her to appreciate the beauty in life's diversity. Her love for Maya Angelou's works is a testament to her admiration for powerful storytelling and the impact it can have on people's lives.

Duut's inspiration comes from her surroundings, the people she meets, and the various cultures she encounters. She believes that life's experiences and the diversity of human stories are the greatest teachers, and she seeks to learn from them every day.

As a future midwife, Duut hopes to make a positive impact on the lives of women and families, combining her passion for literature and her dedication to healthcare to create a lasting legacy.

The Mask Of Autonomy

A world of veiled intentions,
Promises and maneuvers,
Where magnates rise and regimes plead,
A game of thrones, a test of will,
Where candor and propaganda enmeshed still.

Ideologies dance, in discordant harmony,
Left and right, in protracted ideological struggle,
Pragmatism lost, in extreme views,
Partition thrives, as solidarity rejuvenate.

Robbers in suits, masquerading as magnates,
Wielding power with impunity.

Faces of autonomy, indistinguishable crowd,
Regimes lost, leaders misleading, in conformity proud.
Same suits, same smiles, same empty words,
Who's the dux verus, or just aves vacuae?

Regime funds, embezzled for corrupt advantage,
Magnates favor opulence, over national hardship,
The people face hunger, job market struggles,
Job seekers hopeless cries, fall on deaf ears' ring.
Squandered funds, in frivolous waste,
While the nation endures, in governance abandonment.

Civilians now dread to re-elect,
Same magnates, same fraudulent investigation.
New faces arise, vowing reform,
But the legacy of scandal persists.

Unproven magnates don angelic guise,
Camouflaging objectives, in concealed fabrications.
Corrupt parties bring to light each other's odium,
Benchmarking corruption, boasting virtue.

The lesser evil's depicted as noble,
An imperfect magnate, in compromised integrity.
Civilians long for authenticity,

But the legacy of scandal's pattern persists.

DUUT NADJAT ZUBERU

African Woman

In Africa's heart, she stands tall and proud,
A symbol of strength, wrapped in vibrant shroud.
Her skin, a rich tapestry of earthy hues,
Tells tales of ancient lands and forgotten dues.

Her eyes, like pools of wisdom, deep and wise,
Hold secrets of ancestors under starry skies.
With graceful steps, she walks the savannah's land,
Her spirit wild and free, like the flowing sand.

Through untold trials, she has persevered with might,
Her resilience unmatched, her spirit revered in sight.
African woman, mother of nations, hopes, and dreams,
Bearer of aspirations, and the heartbeat of Africa's themes.

In her laughter, drums echo, in her dance, the land hums,
She nurtures with fierce and tender love, her touch heals wounds and sums.
Her voice rises in songs of ancient lore,
Echoing across plains, forevermore.

African woman, pillar of community and guide,
Leading with wisdom, her legacy in unity inside.
In her embrace, the warmth of the sun's gentle kiss,
In her presence, the promise of eternal bliss.

For she is the heartbeat of the motherland, indeed,
African woman, forever grand, in every noble deed.

DUUT NADJAT ZUBERU

Celestial Ballets

In the cosmic expanse, a ballet unfolds,
Celestial dancers in stories untold.
Starry pirouettes on the canvas of night,
Galaxies waltzing in shimmering light.

Moonlight adagios, soft and serene,
Orbiting partners, a cosmic routine.
Planets in pas de deux, graceful and grand,
A celestial ballet, nature's command.

Comets trailing like tutus in flight,
Across the dark stage, a mesmerizing sight.
Nebulas swirling, a celestial trance,
A ballet of beauty in the vast expanse.

Twinkling stars, each a dancer's twirl,
In the cosmic ballroom, a celestial swirl.
Meteor showers, a dazzling display,
Choreography written in the Milky Way.

Supernovae explosions, a cosmic ballet,
Dying stars, a final grand jeté.
Black holes spinning, a mysterious dance,
Gravity's pull in a celestial romance.

Auroras painting the polar skies,
Nature's light ballet, a visual surprise.
Solar winds whisper, a gentle pas de chat,
The cosmic choreography, a perfect spat.

Clusters of galaxies, a grand ensemble,
Dancing together, a cosmic preamble.
Dark matter's influence, unseen partner,
In the celestial ballet, a cosmic charter.

Gravity orchestrates this dance divine,
In the vast theater of space and time.
Celestial bodies, performers on display,
The universe's ballet, in endless sway.

