

Poetry Series

Ibrahim Bidu
- poems -

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Ibrahim Bidu()

My poetry is my journey! It's the only way I know how best to live.

A Mine

It's cold
A little hot water
To sip may be
Or a warm bath
And a thick jacket
Coupled with a blanket.
A nice word may be
Or just a big smile
To act as a mine
To explode the big ice
Engulfing the tender heart.
The temperature has gone up
And there are smiles all over
The hearts have been won over
Oh what a glow!

Ibrahim Bidu

And I Found Peace!

I felt so low
I was so down
Life's not been mean
I know I had no reason to frown,
But the feeling was just so strong
I feared I was going to drown.
There were times I sat
Stared into space like I was gone,
There were times I got under the sheets
Pretended I was deep asleep,
There were times I walked
And it was only with the keenness of the hawk
And the resolve of a wild dog
That I managed not to engage in lengthy monologue,
There were times I thought
That the world and its people
Have chosen to go on a go-slow
When it was my turn
And in a bid to solve the riddle
Have consulted Plato, Aristotle
Confucius and some such other mumbo-jumbo
Only to discover they had no cure
Nor could they offer
A functional antidote to my turmoil,
There were times I swear
I considered letting go
Just go with the flow
The extra sip or resort to the slit.
But what saved my ass I must admit
Is one simple phrase that goes
'Behold in the Remembrance of God
Do hearts find satisfaction'
My soul then found peace
And the turmoil just ceased.

Ibrahim Bidu

And I Still Remember!

Sitting behind you

Watching you hunched over a paper;

The mind went back to that day,

That memorable day,

That cool afternoon on the beach;

Dressed in tight light blue jeans shorts

That snugly hugged the tender thighs,

And soft pink short sleeved shirt

That imprisoned two ripe breasts

And hugged the wasp-like waist.

The impact increased the heart beats

The feet froze

The temperature rose

And sweat trickled in spite of the breeze,

The shake of the tender hands

Sent a chill down the spine

Time stood still

Breath came in short sharp hisses

Lips trembled

Never had desire so high rose

Control over eyes was lost
As it roamed over the lovely toes
The magnificent torso
And hair that in the wind swayed.
Though the memory still remains
Nothing of what was said
Had been retained!
And I still remember that afternoon
Do you?
Ibrahim Bidu

At The Seafront In Lamu

The moon shyly hides
Behind a speck of cloud
Peeping every now and then
Illuminating the dark sleepy mass
That was lapping gently at my feet.
The racing boats and dhows
Rock from side to side
Locked in an embrace with
And patting the back of the sleepy mass.
Cold refreshing breeze
Caresses my body
All around are couples
Hand clasped in another.
In the distance a flute
And then drums
Monotonous beats
Shattering the perfect peace.
As I advance towards it
I get a glimpse of whites
No movement except for sticks

Held in outstretched hands

As they rise and fall

And the dance of the notes

Stuck in the magnificent Kofias in the breeze

A thousand, a hundred and fifty shilling notes.

Frantic cameramen and donkey taxis

Seem to jostle for attention

Or just for someone to pick

And time slowly ticks on

As the night slowly slips by

Ibrahim Bidu

Break Free!

Blankly she stares into space

Seemingly trapped in a maze,

Her face contorts more

With anger than pain

Every time she struggles

To have a say in matters around her cage

Or give a glimpse into the wild thoughts

Clashing in her head.

For her the cage is so real

It can be seen

Irrespective of what others feel.

Every second of her life

She's wracked by one desire

So strong and consuming,

The desire to break free

Crash the cage

That has held her hostage

For years on end!

Ibrahim Bidu

Crossing The Road

I stand at the edge of the road
Thinking,
Where I stand is a bit warm
It's close to home
Though am quite bored.
On the other side it seems green
There is sign of mist
And I become grim.
On the road I sense a car approaching
I think I hear it roar
I hesitate,
I do not want to add to the statistics
Thus on the edge of the road I stand
Wanting to cross
Lacking the courage to go
And the road stretches on
Oblivious to my problem.

Ibrahim Bidu

Did You See?

Were you there when the sun rose?
Did you miss the yellow glow?
The color of pure gold
Or so I was told
If you must know:

Did you miss the green grass,
And the flowers court, flirt and dance?
What about the sway of trees
At the nudge and caress of the wind
And the grasshoppers and crickets sing for free?

On the street did you see
Your long lost friend's big smile
As you hurriedly bid him goodbye
Wondering if it's a soft loan he's after this time

On the bus did you see,
The child, the coo and the gleam
And the big toothy smile
As fidgeted and squirmed
To get your supposedly expensive suit out of the way
To avoid dirt and crease

In the office did you see,
The colleague struggling to catch your eye
In order to give you a clue
That would give you a breakthrough
As you rushed by to avoid for sure
What you thought would be idle chitchat

Ask yourself brother
How many such small things
And more you missed
Which would have given you some ease
In your otherwise drab and robotic existence!

Ibrahim Bidu

Do You Really Want To Know?

Do you really want to know

What goes on in my mind

As you sit across from me girl?

If only you knew

How strongly I yearn:

To touch your tender hands,

Sit you comfortably on my lap,

Hold your elegant body in a tight embrace,

Feel your sweet smell on my face,

Brush my lips against your luscious lips,

Smoothen your long black beautiful hair,

Bite your graceful giraffe neck,

Lay your head on my chest

And allow you to eavesdropp on what my heart says.

But I'm afraid to do all these

For fear you might not reciprocate!

For how long I will suffer I can't tell

But I hope it comes to an end one day.

Ibrahim Bidu

Examination - A Student's Lamentation

Sleepless nights I have spent

Reading

Revising

Cramming

And memorizing.

I have also noted with dismay

So many times

That I have lost count

All that effort go down the drain

As questions fail to come

From what I have struggled to cram.

But isn't what I have crammed

Part of what am taught –

What I'm supposed to have learnt?

If I fail,

Can it be said,

And would it be fair

To assume I haven't learnt?

Not forgetting I gave views

On areas that skipped my notice

During the cramming race
Even though they were different
From those I was expected to regurgitate.
But come on!
Am I not to have an opinion?
Secretly, sometimes I believe
Mine make more sense
Than those I'm to regurgitate!
How I wish I could lay my hands
On the fellow who invented exams
Ibrahim Bidu

Faces

Long faces
Frowning faces
Gloomy ones
Grimaces
In all places.
In a world that seems so grim
I have to learn to see green
Even if I have to in my dream.
For what is life
But a reflection of multitude dreams!

Ibrahim Bidu

Fate

Fate, dear friend
I'll never fail to thank;
Though it deals me a cruel hand at times
This time it is a friend
Brought you along to upset my world
A world that I thought was orderly before you came
And because of you would never be the same!

Ibrahim Bidu

Fate (For You, Friends)

Fate, dear friend
I'll never fail to thank;
Though it deals me a cruel hand at times
This time it is a friend,
Brought you along to upset my world
A world that I thought was orderly before you came
And because of you would never be the same!

Ibrahim Bidu

Hear The Cry Of Our County!

I seem to have trouble writing,
I have to hold my pen with both hands
To manage intelligible scribbles.
As I pause to wipe my eyes every now and then
To control tears threatening to flood my writing pad,
I whisper a question to you Fellow Countymen,
Don't you hear the cry of Our County?

Why would people
Who speak the same tongue,
Who have eaten soil together,
Who've lived side by side,
Who've lent and borrowed
From each other sugar and salt;
Turn against one another
And disown one another?
Hear, O ye Fellow Countymen
The cry of our County?

Our county is crying,
The innocent have turned against one another
Plundered, killed and maimed
For reasons they can't say,
As the eyes and ears stand by
Waiting, may be, to see
The streets turn into streams of blood:
Don't you hear Fellow Countymen,
The cry of our county?

Our County is crying,
What with green twigs-chewing zombies
Filling our streets!
Our poverty stricken schools
Churn out poverty stricken minds
And have become grounds
For imparting negativity and scandal mongering expertise,
You need not go beyond facebook
To get the evidence for the rot,
The wasted minds and wasted dreams.

Don't you hear Fellow Countymen,
The cry of our County?

Our County is weeping
Fellow Countymen,
A whole generation's wasting away
The verandahs and alleys are getting clogged
With semi-literate youth,
With no education to be gainfully employed
Nor family wealth to inherit
A time bomb it is, ticking away
And with crafty businessmen on the prowl
Ready to supply twigs, hashish and their cousins,
What a mighty bomb that would be!
Don't you hear Fellow Countymen,
The cry of our County?

Our county is weeping,
A whole generation's going to waste
As parents blame teachers,
Teachers the parents,
Leaders the parents and teachers,
Our streets and villages are flooding
With people whose claim to education
Is only acquaintance with the inside of classrooms.
Don't you hear Fellow Countymen,
The cry of our County?

Our county is wailing,
Don't you see Fellow Countymen?
As we engage in expensive clan games;
Our beautiful landscape,
The vast natural and human resources
Are going to waste.
And with uneducated lot at the helm
Who are easily swayed by educated goons,
Do we have time to spectate?
Don't you hear Fellow Countymen,
The cry of our County?

Our County is weeping,
Weighed down by the sins

Of its educated sons,
Their indifference, betrayal and self centeredness.
Don't you hear Fellow Countymen,
The cry of our County?

Our County is sobbing,
Our County is crying,
Our County is wailing:
For unrealized potential,
For misused talents,
For wasted dreams,
For the blood spilt
And the vast sins.
Can't we wake up Fellow Countymen?

Ibrahim Bidu

I Can'T

Am in not so great a mood

As I write this;

I haven't been here long

But my feet's ticklish

A subtle reminder that time's up,

A signal that ticklish

Isn't far from grumpy

Should I ignore it.

I had always heeded

But this time the urge

To just close my eyes

Clamp my ears

And sit tight is brewing.

I wonder whether it's my fate

That I'm often on the road

Or is it in my genes!

Oft opportunities I've thrown

And ventured in the dark,

But age's catching

And the load on my shoulder's increasing

I can't afford this anymore

Though the heart's yearning to go

At a crossroads, I am

I do not know which way to go

Ibrahim Bidu

I Chose This Road

Truly I will lie,
Even if for a second I deny
It is for the love of money and fame, this I try
I must confess I love the two
The way you do
If not a little bit more
As I in the same breath admit as true,
I possess no allergy to the two.

But I regard as a folly
To travel the road you do
Which up to now I have been on too.
And I believe it's difficult for you to buy
This tale that I tell
But to your heart I appeal
Hoping your vain pride this overcomes

I chose to travel this road
Because there's a lot at stake
Something hard for some to get
After the hearts been drained
For years on end.
Money and fame we have sought
At the expense of our health and souls
And for them on friends and foes trod
Leaving behind a trail of blood and growls

Ibrahim Bidu

I Complained

I complained I must confess
I ranted and raved
About life's pace
For it seemed too slow
When I had miles to go.
But I did recall
With a tinge of guilt though
The times I was so low
Because the world seemed uncaring
And everything was happening
All at the same time
Giving me no breathing space
Tempting me to resign to fate
Only to discover later
That it was for my own good
Things haven't been any better
So now, forgetful as I might be
And at times blinded by my selfish whims
I thank Him indeed
For without Him
I would be headed for a crash within
And what a mighty crash that would be!

Ibrahim Bidu

I Couldn'T

I couldn't take the risk,

If I wanted

I would have played along,

To the game I ain't new.

I couldn't accept

though I can neither outright

Something so special reject

Every part of my being

Wants to really give in

Reciprocate this special feeling

But life isn't a film

Where everything just fits in

It's too complicated a script

If there ever was one indeed!

Numerous hearts i've broken

With quite a number

I have played.

But with you

I wouldn't want to repeat the same

I would want to see it to the end!

But with life as it is

Is there really a chance

For this to materialize?

Do you now see why am so hesitant?

Ibrahim Bidu

I Dare

In the midst of a storm
Engulfed by clouds of despair
A man once dared
Against the wishes of the powers that be,
To proclaim that he has a dream
Which with the passage of time came to be.
And so like this great man,
With a tinge of vanity
And to honour history
I too dare to declare
That I have a dream.

I have a dream
A dream that one day if not I,
My people shall hold their heads high
Having won the fight
Against vain pride,
And the petty kitchen politics
That to poverty bounds them tight
And embrace education
To catch up with others
Who have left them far behind.

Ibrahim Bidu

I Promise

I want to tell you the truth
But I don't want to lose you.
But this I feel I should
Even if it will lead to my ruin
But I insist you should
Before I do,
Hear me out too.

On the road of life
I have not lived a saint's life
I have been into potholes,
Up the mountains
And made acquaintance
With the valley's bottom too.
I have met people
Of all kinds and shades
And I must admit
I still bear their imprints
Since unlike the snake
I haven't learnt to shed my skin.
Is it a sin to travel this road
And get affected by all these?
Will it be fair to shun me
Simply because I broke an ankle
After a slip down that treacherous slope?
Is it just to suspect my innocence
Since in a bid to make some sense
Out of life I made some friends?

On the journey through life
Like any traveler
To lessen the stress of the journey
I have sought company of some kind
And I must say I can't regret
Nor their company reject
Just because I met you on the way.
Neither will I demand
To have you denounce
Whatever that has made you who you are.

I hope all these you understand
As you make up your mind.

As you struggle to make some sense
Out of all these my dear friend
I just want you to know
That to me you are
More precious than gold,
Silver and diamonds put together.
I wish, in spite of all these
You give me a chance
And I promise you will never
Regret doing us that favour.

Ibrahim Bidu

I Saw (An Infatuated Student)

Yesterday I saw a teacher,

An interesting teacher,

And the memory is still so clear.

From side to side she swayed

As she explained

And concepts relayed.

All this time

A big smile played

On her luscious lips

That I was tempted to brush

I must confess,

Not with my fingers

Nor the conventional brush

But I do know you know

So I need not specify.

Patiently she handled

Anyone who caused trouble

And with a voice so musical

Held us captive

Ensuring all were active

Stimulating my imagination

Bringing to life thoughts

That I dare not reveal

For it borders on abomination.

What a teacher!

I had to shake my head

To make it clear

For if I didn't

What I was tempted to do

To disclose I fear

Ibrahim Bidu

I Tell You!

I pay you
though grumbling at times
I told you,
And I know you know too
I go hungry to fatten you
And all this I do
To let you serve me with undivided attention.
So on whose account, tell me,
Do you squander, slander
And commit blunders?
So whose wishes, tell me,
Do you fulfill
When you steal
And on my doorstep fill filth?
So I tell you, listen!
For you have nothing to tell me
Humble thyself
Or you will face the sack!

Ibrahim Bidu

I Thought It Was A Passing Storm

The first time on you I set my eyes
I hoped it was a storm that's bound to pass
I rubbed my eyes
To make sure I was fine,
And shook my head to jolt it into line
Hoping it was a short-circuit
Or something of that kind

And turned my head the other side.
To check whether a change of sight
Can relieve the mind
Of the pressure building up inside.
But you proved defiant
And an unequal match
For my proud and wary heart.

You are full of life
Yet full of wiles
That has me blind
Making my heart cry all the time
Something I haven't done for a long time.

You are the best and full of zest
An encounter with you
I must confess,
Always leaves me in a daze
Threatening to make me go insane.

It is not enough that you are tall
You are also bold
And damn beautiful to the core.
Your beauty transcends
Not only The curve of your hips
And the fullness of your lips
That beg for a kiss
But also the shape of your body
And the curl of your eye lashes.
It is beauty words can't express.
Beauty I yearn to embrace.

Ibrahim Bidu

I Wanted To Write You A Letter

I wanted to write you a letter
There is so much I want to say
And though I seem to find
No word to express
Whatever that is on my mind
I think I should find a vent
To let out the pressure in my breast

I wanted to write you a letter
Although I spied you from a far
Setting my precious hut on fire
And driving my sickly animals away

I wanted to write you a letter
Even though the air's full of your threats
And you also seem to hesitate
Even when I openly display
My readiness to embrace you
In spite of your heart
Crawling with ugly bugs

I wanted to write you a letter
Write you a letter of peace
Of peace that would heal
Heal the festering wounds
Wounds inflicted by you and me

I wanted to write you a letter
A letter that would bring us together
And I have chosen to do it
Because one of us has to give in
And I hope you'll be brave enough to agree
To overcome the vain pride
And give us a chance at life
For I can see it in your eyes
You need this as much as I do
And this together we can do

I Wish I Could

My heart,
My breath,
My knees,
My voice
Let me down
Whenever you are around
But why do I think I see
In your eyes a gleam?
Are you aware of all this?
What am I
In your world my queen?
Must I resort to a dream
Whenever I want
To say,
Feel,
Or your company brave!
How I wish I could
Do all these for real

Ibrahim Bidu

Is That Proof Enough?

I have seven real sisters

Six real brothers

And about a half a dozen others

Who aren't so real.

I'll run, walk or crawl

To the end of the world for them,

I'll take a speeding freight train head on

And spend sleepless nights

At the slightest threat to their lives,

I'll give away all my money

Or beg if I ain't got any

Just to have them by my side.

I know I'm not alone

There are others too

Who'll do the same

Or even much more

For their families too.

But I wouldn't refuse to acknowledge though

There are some who can

Sell off their families and clans
Or dispatch them to the next world
If they are a threat in any way
To their selfish plans or filthy gain.
But is this proof enough
That I'm incapable of loving another
Beside thee my lovely one?
Call it flawed thinking
I don't care much
Because I never laid claim
To being much of one.
Is that proof enough?
Ibrahim Bidu

It Seems..... (In Memory Of My Friend Abdul)

It's almost a year now
Since you went away
But it seems just like this morning
I saw you seated at your desk smiling.
It seems just like an hour ago
That we had
Our usual fiery heated debate
That left no clear winner.
It seems just like a minute ago
That I browsed the net
Using your latest 'nangos'.
It seems jut like a second ago
That I saw you on the corridors
With your beloved rucksack
Strapped onto your back
Dashing home to get a nap
Before dashing back again
To continue building our dear nation I guess.
We meet
We talk,
We exchange smiles
Though I can't slap your back
Like in the old times.
Rest in peace brother,
May God let your journey be
All that you wanted it to be.

Ibrahim Bidu

Just Let Me Be...

Stop fumbling and mumbling

I don't need your coins

Nor the excuses you are giving,

Spare me that look

I know you don't care

And I don't even if you do

I know I don't have legs

But that's no big deal,

I've soared to heights

And toured places

You've only been to in your dreams;

I know my eyes don't see

But if only you had the chance

To peep into depths

Without eyes I can perceive,

You will cease to wonder

From whence the strength to flash

That disarming smile comes.

The fact that I don't talk and walk

Or look the way you do

Doesn't mean I'm beneath you;

I'm special and in some ways

I even do surpass you,

So why don't you let me be;

I'm proud of me

A unique and special being!

Ibrahim Bidu

Lemme

Let me gaze into

Your big round sleepy eyes,

Swim in its whites

And float on the black

To discover the secrets locked up inside.

Let me thy lips

With mine brush,

Nibble and suck on it a bit,

Sip the honey

That drips from deep inside,

Play with thy tongue

That sets me ablaze,

Feel your sweet fresh breath

On my cold face

As I struggle to catch a breathe

And regain in the process some sense.

Let me touch

Your black glittering and glistening hair,

Pass my fingers through

Allow it to caress my face

As I feast on its sweet scent,

Watch it in the wind sway.

Let me nuzzle your ears

With my cold nose,

Pass my finger over it,

Feels its contours and fondle it,

Nibble it and pull at it.

Let me kiss

Your long graceful neck

Lick the sweet sweaty scent off it

Warm my cold nose on it,

Massage it gently with my fingers,

Trace with my fingers

My name on it.

Let me hold

Your slender hands in mine,
With your tender fingers
On my heart trace your name,
Breathe into them my name
So they touch no one else.

Let me hold you close
Lay your head on my tiny chest,
Feel your heart beat against mine,
With my finger trace your spine,
Smooth your hair
And into dreamland with you cruise.
Oh! How I wish time would stand still

Ibrahim Bidu

Matters Of The Heart

It sounds like a big lie
To say you are always on my mind
And you might even wander
Whether it is for lack of something to do
That this I do.
The habitual liars
And superficial fellas and players
Deserve a fair share of the blame
They have turned
In to a game matters of the heart
And so when sentimental souls do say
Or in anyway wish to intimate
A need for consideration from another
A big gamble it seems
And this for everyone isn't a field
So in silence most grieve

Ibrahim Bidu

Maybe

I sit
I stare
I try to rise
I hesitate
Though feebly I finally manage.
I stick my right foot out
It recoils shyly,
Drawing a curse and a swear
That I have no strength to utter
I push the left forward:
Creaking, grumbling it goes
A step I manage to take at last.
I wish I had not stepped out at all.
It's dark,
It seems cold,
I wish I had borrowed a coat,
And at least a torch
That I would have shone.
The road ahead seems long,
I see a mountain just on the horizon
My feet are bruised thanks to the potholes
And the slip down that damn valley
Has left my back in bad shape.
But why didn't I choose to stay?
So the mountain and unseen valleys
This time I can afford to miss.
I stumble,
I fall,
But up to my feet struggle
I hesitate,
I look back
The desire to get back
To familiar ground grips my heart.
But the desire to see what's ahead this counteracts.
May be,
Just behind the mountain,
That impedes my vision;
May be,
Just beyond that valley;

May be,
After this potholed stretch
Is a smooth stretch spurs me on
The smooth stretch that would help me get
To the Promised Land I guess

Ibrahim Bidu

Memories Of My Town (Merti)

On your streets I grew;
Learnt to draw and stones throw
Mastered the values
And learnt to be shrewd
Friendships I forged
And hearts I broke.
In its darkness I played
and into people's ways strayed
Raising eyes brows and lots of heys.
About Abdi gara guda and Simba made fun
And from the passing adults
Earned insults and some sweet slaps.

In your river I learnt to swim,
And on its banks smoked,
Cracked jokes,
Exchanged stories on how to grow pot,
Ran after butterflies and from bees stole.

On your plains I strode
And the rocks of your dark plateau lounged.
How I love you I can't express;
I dream, sleep and breathe you
And wish from you I'll never part
Till death do us part

Ibrahim Bidu

Mummy (Special Dedication To My Mother)

I know mummy,

Even as I write this

You may never get to see it

As I know for sure

You can't read even if you got it.

But I write this

So the world would see

If I ever get to publish it

Which am sure I will

How much you mean to me

You were there mummy

When others thought I was a dummy

Not worth their time and money

And without a job

Pampered me so

That a snob would turn green with envy

You were the first teacher

And indeed the only one

With whom I freely differed
And got hugs and kisses in return
Teaching me to question
Yet respect authority
Teaching me that to compromise
Is at times a useful device
In a world everyone is struggling to rise

I know I've not been a great son
Nor expressed love
The way you've always readily done
And you may have at times wondered
Whether I've been worth the sacrifice;
But I want you to know
That in a special place in my heart
You will always reside
A place you'll never lose
No matter what, my special lady

I may not have loads of cash
Stashed somewhere in the bank,

I may not build you a mansion
Or buy you a big car
So your tired feet may get some rest;
But I want you to understand
That numerous hills and mountains I have scaled
And are well on my way
To conquering the world
Which is enough pay I guess
For all your pain.
And to show you mummy
Your struggles have not been in vain
Just look mummy
At how those who left us stranded on the way
Are struggling to get
A share of our little gain

Mummy,
You mean the world to me
And if God allowed me to worship
Beside Him any other being
It would be you mummy no doubt about it.

Ibrahim Bidu

My Asmaa - (Though She Is No More, Her Memory Shall Live On)

I never loved anybody this much
I heard your first cries
Held you in my arms
Welcomed you into the world
With Adhan and Iqama
Held you close
Gave you your first kiss
Whispered into your cute little ears
"Welcome home"
Put dates on your lips
Watched as your sweet little tongue
Darted out to lick.
I nicknamed you my 'tomboy'
Watched you wriggle out of cot
Roll over and struggle to raise your head
Impatient to see what's ahead
Even before you were two moons old.
You brought so much peace
Into my heart and life
It didn't matter I was without a job
Or at loggerheads with those in my world.

I was sooo devastated when you left
But I know it is for the best,
You were a gift and your owner took you
So you will be a more precious gift
On the day that we shall meet,
Your loss was the biggest blow
The biggest test I had to undergo
And I hope in your place I shall receive
Another who may never replace you
But I will use to fill this empty hole in my sole.
Thinking about you always brings tears to my eyes
It will take me long to overcome losing you!

Ibrahim Bidu

My Great Friend!

I thought the laughter would last,
Believed the eyes would remain bright,
Hoped you'd always be a friend
Who would understand my pain
Withstand the strain
And see me through the stress.

I thought I knew you,
Believed you were in tune
With my not so erratic mood,
Hoped you'd stay the same
And not change your ways!

I thought you'd see through me
See the real me
Even when I chose not to,
Hoped you will alongside me fight,
Believed you'd for me take a bullet,
thought you'd without hesitation
Blow my trumpet too,

Wished you can read my mind

Even when from myself I try to hide.

I won't say I won't cry

Nor my tears hide,

I won't say I won't rave and rant,

I won't say I won't avoid your company,

But I will say this;

With all confidence left in me after all these,

Now that I know better,

The dent you left on me

Will awaken the silly me!

But rest assured, you fiend

I will always remain your great friend.

Ibrahim Bidu

My Heart

Forcefully you entered
Entered without care
My heart you dared
Oh God am scared.
My mind you haunt
In it you camped
Pushed everything else back
Straight thinking i can't.
Avoided you i did
But truly I will lie
If thinking about you I deny
And everywhere I glance you are.
Running from reality i can't anymore
But what to do am not sure anymore!

Ibrahim Bidu

My Love

My love is the soft green grass
You oft trim and water
And just love to gaze at without noticing
When your world's in turmoil,
It is the wet grass
Whose feel on your feet you like
And are yet mindless of the pain
Inflicted by your energetic steps
A cause of its death,
It is the sweet smell
Of the blossoming flowers
That you take no note of,
It is the warm bed
That you retire to at the end of a long day
But rarely appreciate,
It is the shack that keeps
You warm in the midst in winter
And keeps away the prying eyes, monsters and marauders,
My love is the star
Keeping you company
On the dark lonely nights
And shows you the way
As you go about your way,
It is the smile
That brightens your day
When the whole world is on your neck,
It is the free breath
But hardly notice
Yet can't live without,
My love is that strange feeling you get
Every time you hear my name
Or see my face.

Ibrahim Bidu

My Poetry

My poetry is my refuge

It is the only way I know

How best to live.

It gives meaning to my life

And to feelings and dreams

Of those who dwell my real world,

Not forgetting of those

From the imaginary lands

Whose world I inhabit

Whenever I need some insight

During turbulent times.

I lay no claim

To being an accomplished poet

As I care little

About what critics might say.

I give little respect

To rules and conventions,

What matters to me most

Is to just get it off my chest.

And I do not care much either,
Whether I say it in my head
Or aloud to the world proclaim.

It is my telescope
With it I peer
Into far away lands.

It is my microscope
With it I discover and magnify microbes
Into sizes the world can perceive.

It is my stethoscope
With it I take pulses
And eavesdropp on hidden functions.

It is my scalpel
With it I dissect the world
Mutilate and dismember it
To get rid of the rotten
And diseased parts.

It is my blindfold
With it I black out the world
When I'm ashamed of
Or lack the courage to face it.

It is my mirror
With it I see the blemish
On my skin and of those of my ilk,
Immune to my naivety and vain pride.

My poetry is my saviour
With it as my garb
I have no reason to despair.

With it as my torch
I won't go astray,
I will shine my way
And darkness shall run away!

Ibrahim Bidu

My Prayer

As I watched
The sun rise this morning,
Casting its golden glow
On the earth below,
I said a prayer
An earnest one indeed:
That as it rises everyday
It meets my contented face
And as it sets
It does on the same.
And I chose to remember
In this prayer
All my special friends:
May you my readers always
Be contented with what God gave you!

Ibrahim Bidu

My World

Never seen something like this
Never thought this would happen to me
My world to turn upside down,
Is one thing I had never foreseen.
Ever since on you I set my eyes
A change has come into my life
Everywhere I look
I see you,
Every breath I take
I smell you,
Every step I take
I sense you,
And every dream I get
Is about you,
My world has become you
But what am I to do,
I have no courage to confront you!

Ibrahim Bidu

On This Moonlit Night

If only on this moonlit night
I could have you by my side
As I watch this sparkling water;
Lay on your bosom my head
Listen to yo heart beat
Occasionally interrupted
By the murmur of the ocean
Possibly infuriated by the close embrace,
Pass my fingers through
As I drink the sweet scent
Of your glittering and glistening hair,
Feeeel the warmth
Of your long graceful neck
Revealed as you struggled
To adjust your scarf
To fend off the breeze's caress,
Into your large sleepy eyes gaze,
And feel your fresh misty breath
On my cold face;
I wouldn't say
I will be the happiest man alive
But I promise I will
Carry this memory to the day
I will take my last breath!

Ibrahim Bidu

Saints

Animated discussion,
Gesticulations,
An obscene joke or two,
Bombastic words
To prove how much they knew,
Touching recollections
Quite indepth reflections,
Voices sometimes strained,
Tears ready to roll,
Pretence seemed alien,
Great masking,
Great treachery,
Modern day saints
Who can auction off mummy
For less than thirty gold coins:
Judas is no match!

Ibrahim Bidu

She Is

She is interesting,

She's fun to talk to

Humorous and quite inquisitive too;

She makes me laugh

Even when things are tough

And life dares to get rough.

She speaks her mind

And is always on my mind;

She's one of her kind

Quite rare in life

And very difficult to find;

Life really is kind

For bringing her into my life

Ibrahim Bidu

Tel Me Why

I can't deny am taken
As I can't that am shaken
The space into which you've intruded
Has left me dumbfounded:
Space that I never thought existed;
And had no knowledge declaring it vacant,
Or either had it reserved!
Why did you have to wait all this time,
If I may ask my darling,
For someone to set up camp in my heart
When you were just there somewhere
Only to show up and torment me afterwards?
And why is it that,
Tell me,
I don't feel like pushing you aside
And getting on with my life?
Why is it that,
Tell me
I feel so glad inside,
Even when you threaten
To throw into disarray my life?
Tell me,
Why is it that, I feel so happy you showed up?
Tell me,
Would you be content to take up
The little space that's left of my hut!
Which's what I could afford to let
Since you showed up late;
And you needn't ask who's to blame.

Ibrahim Bidu

The Circus

As she sadly sits

Or so it seems,

Hands outstretched

Pleading with the wave

Of unfeeling humanity;

Another lies prostrate

A placard for a blanket

Soiled bandage covering the stumps

In the place of legs

Attempting to squeeze

The remnants of feelings

From an otherwise drained place;

As yet from a short distance away

Comes a sharp wail

Bearing all trace of distress

Competing with the grunts

Of a creature that seemed out of place

In a maddening race

To get the attention

Of faces tense,

A shield from the unfeeling world

And maybe a wish

To exchange places

With the wailing and begging crowd

If only their pride allows:

And the circus continues

With no hint of approaching the end

Ibrahim Bidu

The Relic

They have been in the game
And dropp big names,
They hint at big places
They have been to
To create favorable impression.
They are full of praise
In a bid to impress
The vain and insecure beings.
They are useful tools
For the myopic brood
And come in handy
As fall guys and fools
To blame when their benefactors goof.
They are only good
For peddling policy manuals
And simplistic guide books
But always survive
Because they only play by the book.
They are remnants of a race
That has no place

In the world that wants progress.
Their ideas and antics
Belong in the Museum
And other such places
As antiques and relics of the gone ages
Worth mentioning only when counting
The strides taken since the Stone Age.
They deserve to be run out of town
And like game hunted down
If I was to have my way
Which I can't I guess
Ibrahim Bidu

The Ultimate Truth

It is one
And only truth all acknowledge
It's inevitable,
It discriminates not;
Scrupulous,
It forgives not.
It creeps in on you
It snuffs out of you
Something more precious than gold
And all that's in the world.
With it comes the rude shock
The dawn
The realization
That all you've ever
 lied for
 cheated for
 killed for
And defiled yourself for
Counts no more
Except keeping true to your nature
Keeping it pure
And submissive to your creator.
It is Death,
It is what you are never ready for
It shadows you everywhere you go.

Ibrahim Bidu

Tribute To My Grandmother: The Graceful Camel (Gaal Golicha)

A unique name
Bordering on the strange
I haven't heard anyone else
Sport the same
For more than three or so decades
I have roamed the earth.
Proud beyond measure
Unbending to any pressure
Quick to speak her mind
And blunt oft times;
With a complexion
That defied the scorching sun
She was a real beauty:
The graceful camel.
She must have turned many heads
But this I can only guess!
For the grand kids who enjoyed her favour
Life around her was fun.
No one would dare point a finger
Even when we set the town a blaze.
My grandma was someone
No one wanted to mess with.
I was one of her favourites
And even my no-nonsense dad
Nor one of nosey sisters were no match
For my mighty grandma
Whenever I sought refuge in her hut
After one of my childish pranks.
And as she takes her final bow
To begin the second leg of her journey
I have nothing but prayers for her
And may be a tinge of guilt
I never got the chance to fulfill
All the promises I made
When I saw the world
Through a small boy's eyes.

Try!

You floated in
Gracefully like an angel
Face radiant
You took away my breath
I fumbled and mumbled
For lack of what to say
You seemed I swear
To have grown beautiful a hundredfold
More beautiful than when I last
Your unique face saw
Beauty that like wine
Gets refined with age
You are fun to be with
Fun to listen to
Your smile melted my heart
I can't say am in luv with you
That takes time to build
But am willing to try
If you would allow me girl;
Would you please try
A space in your heart find
And give me a try!

Ibrahim Bidu

What A Dream!

Thump,
Thump,
Goes the heart,
A gasp,
A sigh,
It's getting difficult to focus
Have a problem seeing what's on the sides
The throat dry, dryyy -
The body locked up in a dance
Rythmless and uncoordinated
The world's shrinking in size
I wish I do likewise
Movement's alien
A blast,
Screams,
Suddenly - a graveyard
'Wake up lazybones, ' came
A grab, a shake
Eyes fly open.
Oh! A sigh,
Thank God am alive!

Ibrahim Bidu

What A Journey!

What speed!

What a rush!

Numerous hands stretching out

Just to touch;

It swayed from side to side

Tilting dangerously

To the right then left,

As it rode on the wave

That seemed engaged in a race

To get its load

To its resting place

For a mighty pay:

When it was put in the hole

I crept close

Though I can't explain why I did so

And as the soil went tumbling down

Nobody seemed to care

For the poor man's bones

So mechanical

So efficient

I searched for my hankie

As my eyes threatened to flood

I could see them crash

My fragile bones when my turn comes

And I do not even know

How soon that would come

Ibrahim Bidu

What Beauty!

Seated on a rock

At the edge of the water

Complete darkness

Except for faint light

Some distance away.

With the cool breeze caressing my body

And the ocean whispering seductively

The slinker, slither or whatever

Of time didn't matter anymore

What silence!

What beauty!

What a place to commune with oneself!

I chose to let go!

Ibrahim Bidu

Whenever

Whenever you think the world
To you has not been fair
Think of that poor child
Who wasn't lucky enough to see his father
And lost both his mother and grandfather
By the time he turned eight.
Whenever you feel
You have been thrust
Into the world before your time
Think of that young boy
Who had to look after goats
In the hostile heat of the desert
To earn an honest living.
Whenever you think
People are not being fair
And your life is miserable
Think of he
To whose feet stuck the sandals
As a result of heavy bleeding
After a heavy stoning;
Think of he
Who was called a liar
A mad poet and troublemaker;
Think of he
Who was beaten
And in whose path
Was placed thorns and filth.
Whenever you think
In life you need an inspiration
Think of he who chose
When he could have had it all
To use a simple mat and the bare earth
As his preferred sleeping place
Think of he who fed
On ordinary bread
Or just water and dates
For days on end
Whenever you contemplate
Throwing in the towel

Because your golden dreams
Seem not so forthcoming,
Think of this man
The one whose relatives
And clan forsook
Just because he dared take a stand
Different from that of his time
The one who had to flee his home
Since his life was at risk
The one who lost his teeth
And friends so dear
And for decades lived in fear.
Compared to this man my dear
Has life really been to you unfair?
And to shed more light
On this man's life,
In spite of all these,
He had for everyone a ready smile
And to his family
A loving father and husband
With no hidden skeletons in the closet
Or others swept under the carpet.
And you may be surprised to know
That written in gold
On the pages of history
His, is regarded as the greatest success story!

Ibrahim Bidu

You Drift Along

Unlike the goat
To whom a beautiful piece
Of classical music
Is just another bleat,
You see the smiles
The laughter, the winks
The awkward naughty stares
And that mocking tone
That punctuates the hearty laughter.

You hear the sound of your name
And that conspiratorial note
Just before a meeting's called;
You hear the debate
And sense the heat go notches higher.
But just like a lost island
In the midst of the vast ocean,
Just like the lone moon
In the midst of a host of constellation
You drift along
Wondering when it'll all come to an end!

Ibrahim Bidu

Your Days Are Numbered

Looking at you pant and grunt,
Listening to your words now,
And sometimes to the words of the helpful lady
Who announces politely and repeatedly
That the subscriber is nowhere to be found:
As we struggle with little success
To catch your eye now,
We wonder if it was you
Who was once rumoured
To have filled to brim
His pockets with stones
For fear of being carried away
By the gentle breeze.
We wonder whether it was you
Who was once at our beck and call.
What happened to your tune,
To which we danced lame?
What about the promises?
We slipped we admit
When from your pocket we sipped
And as you seek to replenish
What you never lost
And reaping where you've never sown
We sit and mourn.
Our eyes now see
Gone are the blindfolds
And so is the spell.
Your days are numbered!

Ibrahim Bidu