

Poetry Series

**muhammed olarewaju
abdulraheem
- poems -**

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muhammed olarewaju abdulraheem(1999-12-13)

I AM A NIGERIAN POET, BORN IN BENIN EDO STATE TO THE FAMILY OF MR AND MRS ABDULRAHEEM. I AM A NATIVE OF ILORIN WEST LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN KWARA STATE. I ATTENDED FEDERAL GOVERNMENT COLLEGE BEFORE MOVING TO LA-KADRI NURSERY/PRIMARY SCHOOL. I PROCEED TO GOVERNMENT DAY JUNIOR/SENIOR SECONDARY SCHOOL WHERE I OBTAIN MY SSCE FROM THE ART DEPARTMENT, I ALSO JOIN LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB IN THE TLY, I GOT ADMITTED INTO USMANU DAN FODIO UNIVERSITY AS A LAW STUDENT. I AM A LOVER OF POEM I WROTE MANY POEMS DURING MY SCHOOL DAYS AND ALSO WISH TO PUBLISH A BOOK SOON, I GOT INSPIRATION FROM THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, GEORGE HERBERT AND ALSO THE LIKES OF ACHEBE, SOYINKA, NIYI OLOSUNDARE AND THE REST. I AM THE FOUNDER OF YOUNG PEN WRITER NATION FACEBOOK PAGE AND I WANT TO CREATE A WEBSITE FOR THE PAGE SOON.

I WANT TO INFLUENCE NIGERIA AND AFRICA ALSO THE WORLD AT LARGE WITH MY CREATIVE WRITING AS A LITERATURE STUDENT WE ENTERTAIN, EDUCATE AND ENLIGHTEN.

Africa

oh! africa my africa
under the bright shining sun dwell the black panther
under the beautiful sun emanate our scholar and leader
both striving to grow more explorer
fighting against barricade of limitation
strong and healthier, far from imitation

hope and grace start our day
shining coming from the rays
our custom is the way
and success rule our day
that is how real we are made

but to imitate a fashion of an alien
miming their way and custom like it is our culture
it will keep resulting to crime and shame
cause there are not people from the sun

it sadden to witness massacre
in my fatherland
killing of brothers and sister
xenophobic, terrorism and segregation are not our culture
we create weapon for territorial integrity not war
no! africa is not a graveyard for the africans

together we build our fatherland
and energy from the sun we shade us through the path
and GOD we raise our land
that how traditional we are made
and that is how real we are made
rise again oh! africa my fatherland

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At The Rise Of Man

At the rise of the sun
in the beginning of the harmattan
i rise with hope
and great happiness to show
for inside me it roar
in a short span and low
causing gingering and cold
oh! i felt sold to happiness

the early morning bring me merry
the skylark sing beside me
on the tree i sat in the earliest morning
looking at the free world of nature
nonchalant attitude of the singing bird
at first i thought
man as been curse
with restlessness and hungriness
for the nature is fill with satisfaction
in a cycling man, relate the bird and the tree

plant and man are on a flow chart
each revolving each day
but man seek dynamism
for their view is bound to change
and they create style to separate man
even if man enjoy nature
it will explore for more enjoyment
which lead to man restlessness
with affection on the humanity
and it flow like life cycle
until we meet our doom
and our next dairy is blank

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Hello

this are my world for you
i don't know if i will win the world for you
even if we depart
i don't know if i will look back and say "I love yo";
the deceit is not surprising
you earn me no challenging
regardless of my heartbeat
my ego and bad think
i phone you to settle things
you hang the call and create a riot
in my heart i will fight
but remember i am lenient at heart
you hurting me is priceless

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In My World

YOU VIEW ME PRICELESS
THEY THOUGHT ME WORTHLESS
YOU SANG ME A SONG OF HOPE
THEY RING ME A BELL OF DOOM
YOU CREATE FOR ME A PATH
THEY AWAIT MY FALL
YOU FILL MY UNDERLYING BONE WITH POWER FROM YOU
THEY THINK THEY CONTROL THE HOUR
THEIR THINKING ARE HARD WITH PROBLEM
TO BURN THEIR RULE IS TO CREATE A WAR
BUT HE OWNS THE WORLD I CREATE
THANK YOU OH! ALLAH

IN THE WORLD OF A READER
NATURALIST IS MY FATHERLAND
POSITIVISM IS MY MOTHERLAND
AND I WILL WENT FURTHER WITH THE SOCIALIST
THEN BROTHER WITH THE CAPITALIST
NOT THE HISTORIAN LOVER WILL I FORGET
AS I GROW WITH THE UTILITARIANS
AND MARXIST SET THE LEARNING BOWER
THE SCHOOL OF THOUGHT ARE THE SETTLING HUNTERS

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Man Heart

maybe that wasn't worst
thinking about you is the lust
back again, i left you for the world
man had been restless from the start of life
keeping with me your restlessness is not a doubt
now i own's the key of infinites
patience, that what i felt now
just applying it to my blushing little mind
and a splash, my time is gone
for you it's a grudge of time

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The Black Panter

under the sun we generate our wealth
in the day around the dried ground
we slept read and merry
for the next day maybe dread and sorrow
we believe without expectation
we wake up every day like tomorrow is not coming
source for food while roaming the bush

but after the food we become ignorant
not only to the nature but also who we are
thinking about the material world
not thinking of how powerless we have been some hours ago
not thinking of how we are going to feed tomorrow
the death and the unborn agony never reach our souls
now we control who we are
and the power is the drum that serve our dancing step

then the nature moan the character of his son
not knowing how to stop the whole loss
bring me down and i will stay like clown
nature feeling is paining and displeasing
now or never will relieve me
then the confusion is not appealing
nature" but will i have kill and bury my own future"
emotion with so much rejection feel the nature

then we write to tell the nature that we are the one
cleaning the nature problems with our word of melody
creating rehabilitation for the future
resurrecting the ability of a devotee
ending the killing and pain of displeasing
today we witness the cry of nature no more
then the end belong to us the pen writer

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The Me In You

if the wind blew so hard
uprooting all the plant in the farm
it can't uproot the planted love in my heart for thee
thee as been the best friend i knew
thee calm my heart and rest my peaceful soul
thee kept my hope alive when it was at the brink of death
thee perform the wonder that the world magician couldn't perform

when my world is in pain
and my life is in shame
i called upon your name
maybe it will reduce my pain and remove the shame
now the pain and shame is late
it remain only your heart and smile
and i won't leave that to fade- believe...
i will cherish both till am late
if thee do the same
that a grace and it will be fate
heart and smile, love of time
i can't dream a day without thee
thank thee for been there.

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Unity

i rise with hurt temper
involve in a hot blunt talk
i could not make edge with their talk
but i break their heart
i make them fill like a clown
they ushered curse and shout
maybe they lost their way
they didn't kept together
i knew their weakness and rise to speak
i won't fight you
and i will win your heart
cause you are not unite
it become their word and they mime

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