

Poetry Series

Mustapha Muinah
- poems -

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Mustapha Muinah(April 10,1998)

Am The Ugly Dancing Princess

I am a princess
i hate ugliness
but beauty is priceless
i am hopeless,
restless
everything seems to be endless
Am a ugly, dancing princess
people believe
am heartless,
so senseless,
useless,
headless and feckless
because of my ugliness
Am a ugly dancing princess
years ago
i use to be dauntless,
fearless,
painless and judgeless
but my life became a mess
because i think less.
Am a ugly dancing princess

Mustapha Muinah

Eve

Sing me a song
that is so long
because i am in pain
but i cant complain
i hve been plain
oh! No
i cant believe
what you have done Eve
what if
i have to leave

Tell me a story
and i will give you the glory
i am sad
but i cant be mad
because you are like a jade
i have been hard
Oh! No
have you forgotten our past
what did i do Eve?
What if
i have to leave

Teach me how to dance
if you have the chance
but i am in the dark.
Everywhere seems dank
now i am wrack
i know that i am not as gay as a lark.
Oh! No
what have i done Eve
what if
i have to leave

Mustapha Muinah

Life

Life is a race from one generation to another,
it is a mystery just like a flower
life is glorious, adorable and yet its fragile
life is like a horney suckle
it has its obstacles
life is about choices and not chance

Mustapha Muinah

My Hero

Alone at night
i need light
so that i wont think about the way you fought for your life.
You gasped for breath
after ur enemy's sword pierced your heart.
I know that you want to live on earth
but you cant.
You thought you didnt same me
but you died for me.
Yes! You died for me
you are my hero
at the zero hour.

Every morning
i do mourn your death
i still hear your voice as you said'Run away! you cant convience me! I have made
my choice'
i tried to warn you.
Reluctantly i did as you said
but it hurt when i heard you scream out in pain.
Oh! Its a shame
A warrior is gone.

In the afternoon
i asked god to forgive you.
What i have to say is may your soul rest in peace
but my mind is not at ease
after you left me.
I still feel you by my side.
My hero is gone

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Our Friendship Will Never Die

Some people came into my life and make me sad.
Some came into my life and make me madd.
Some came into my life and change who i am.
But you came into my life and help me discover myself.
You like me the way i am.
Eventhough i have some wierd ideas you didnt try to change anything about me.
You saw my tears
you saw my pains
you saw my scars
you saw my fears.
You wipe my tears, pains and fears away.
You are my strength whenever i am weak
you mend whatever is broken in me.
You gave me home whenever i am hopeless.
You reach for my hands and you touch my heart.
You held my hand and make me storm the world.
You are like a star that brighten my world.
I can never repay the debt i own you
because you are always there for me.
In good time.
In bad time.
Everytime.
I may move from town to town
you may move from state to state
but our friendship will never die.
No matter where we go and what we do
our friendship will never die.
We may be apart but our heart will never part.

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Rain

Rain, rain please rain

i want you to drain my pain,

i want to hear the way you beat the roof with a cane,

i want you to drain my pain.

Come and save my blain heart.

I know that to my family i am a strain and also a bane.

You know that everytime i try to change that,

its always a vain attempt.

I tried again but my interest in it is waned.

Rain, rain please rain

so that i can substain myself.

So that i can be free.

Dont tell me i am insane because it is the plain and unvarnished truth.

Rain, rain, please rain

so that i can gain happiness because i didnt want to be slain by this blane in my heart

Mustapha Muinah

Rest In Peace

May your soul rest in peace,
that is what i ought to say
but my mind is not at rest
after you left me.

I still shed tears every night
because you are my knight.

I cant count how many time i dream about you.

I cant count how many time i do check your picture a day
it is hard

to accept the fact that you are gone

Mustapha Muinah

The Rich And The Poor

Poverty strikes
penury strikes
Everyone wants to be rich
But can all be rich?
Classes emerge
But being rich or poor
Does not mean a thing
Its all vanity
The rich and the poor
We can love and beloved
We can live together
Nobody can stop us
Unless they can change nature
And nature will always take its course
Discrimination must end
And the rich and the poor will be binded

Mustapha Muinah

War

Boom! Boom! Boom!
The sound of the gun
The sound of war
A sound that put pain into the heart of man
A sound that separate families
A sound that causes problem
The sound of war
Children clinging to their mother
people running here and there
Run for your life!
For life cant be bought.
The war grew larger
The warriors came nearer
People went into hiding
They entered the village
Slaughtering and binding
As they went into hiding places
Woman threw away babies
Father desert children
Husbands desert wives
As they ran for their dear lifes
some people lost their wives
some lost their lifes.
What is war?
A mixture of blood and tears.

Mustapha Muinah

Who Will Save Me

I was a prince but now a slave.

I was sold to the slave master by my father's chief

i know that i wont have been sold if i wasnot selfish.

I wish i could change the way i behave then but it was just a wish.

I looked lean and lank

after spending 5month in a cave where i was given maize and water once in a day.

I was sailed to England

where i was resold to a farmer

who used me as a labourer on his land.

Early in the morning i would be given a cup of water and a crust of bread before they lock my mouth and drag me to the farm.

Anytime i stop working due to fatigue, thirst or hunger

i will be punched and whiped mercilessly

i will be drag into the dungeon where i will live for ten days without food and water

i do shout and weep during this period but nobody can hear my hunble cry.

I keep on hanging to the fact that i must live so that i can see my home but who will save me and when will i be free

Mustapha Muinah

Why

Why dont we appreciate people while they are alive?

Why do we wait for death to snatch them before we appreciate them?

Why do we show our loved ones we love them after they have kick the bucket?

Why do we make the people we love feel unloved?

Why do we wait for this day to come before we say kind words about them?

Why do we shout, sob and wish we are there for them?

Why do we have to wait for the death of our loved ones when we know that we cant settle score in the grave?

Why do we celebrate the dead instead of appreciating the living?

Why dont we write love poems while the loved ones are still alive?

Why done we appreciate what we have until we lose them?

Mustapha Muinah

You Are A Love Magnet

My heart ring the bell of loneliness
my voice bring sadness
everyday, i feel hopeless
The first time i met you
the loneliness, sadness and hopelessness evaporate out of my life.
You are a love magnet
you are beautiful and dutiful.
You are like the sun that radiate love into my life.
You are like the sun that light my world
i do feel motionless everytime you cross my path.
You are like a love magnet.
Whenever i look into your eyes i do picture paradise to be full of love songs,
The birds singing different love songs,
Wind whispering love songs.
The sky and sea telling me 'yes! Its good to fall in love'
you are like a love magnet.
Your heart is what i want
save me!
Because i am in love with you.
I know that what i feel is not lure
its love

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