

Poetry Series

Omar Ahmed
- poems -

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Omar is a somalian who loves to write poems about the situations he faced in his life. He lives in Columbus Ohio. He wants to go to graduate school after his undergraduate degree.

Are We There Yet

I put my mind on it
when the day starts with guns
blowing away all the corners
only way to move is creeping
on streets like reptiles
bullets flying
like leaves of trees
even street kids
got guns like AK47s
all I hear is tribisms
and rocket propelled grenades
blow you away if you front
but people not realizing why they killing
each other brutally

all I am saying are we ther yet
or we still don't know what was the pioson
we need to radicate tribism
and need unity and peace

I always put in my mind
what would happen to us
without that evil Berlin conference
where white people divided us
like a peace of cake
way before they come
we were brother and sisters in Africa
there was tribism or clanism
only to know each other better
but white missionaries in early centuries
injected in us a pioson called hatred
with each other

all I am saying are we ther yet
or we still don't know what was the pioson
we need to radicate tribism
and need unity and peace

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Dark Days

life is a full of sight
thing become strange
in one way or the other
peace and prosperity
belongs to nations
which persists
but a nation
with ruthless leader
who drinks blood in standing
who also is bad boy breaking
all the rules
with constituency
who follows
and looks after
unthinkable things in life

life aint no crystal stairs
in a nation where teens
have shotguns
who don't fear
protokol and guidelines

life ain't no crystal stairs
in a nation where malitias
rules its land

Omar Ahmed

Dedicated Love

love is natural
which our great God created in us
I been very ill without seeing you
on my side through the lights of the days
and the darkness of the night

can't remember anything
in my life without your kisses
touching you
and kissing you make my day
complete

I looked at the light of the moon during the night
thinking what time
I am gonna see your shining lips
in front of me
without you life
is miserable to me
I hope seeing safely

Omar Ahmed

East African Nation

people love peace and security
where ever they are
but only a stable nation
implements peace

Are we tired of civil war
which is going on
a quarter century
or Are we people who are hopeless

the world is watching us
but are we wise enough to see
our mistakes with our own eyes

War is the norm in this society
where no one can talk freely
we need to choose peace over War
cause war brings tragedy to families

are we wise enough to see
our own mistakes with our own eyes
or we need to seek help from the world
around us

Omar Ahmed

Fled From Place

what is it like
a little kid whose age
is four fleeing
from one place
to another

it is being a long ride
walking barefooted
on the streets with my family
where bullets keep
flowing
flowing like a water in a river

knowing not what is happening
around the city
everywhere I looked
I got scared
cause I saw only a gunman
standing in front of me like a tree

I cried cried cried emotionally
cause I saw dead bodies
on the streets including little kids
who like me didn't do anything
to the gunman

I asked my self
what these kids did
to get killed brutally
in the streets

no response in my mind
still those memories stack
in my brain like a glue

but one day these people
will understand their mistakes
what they done to innocent
children who were laid in streets

like peels of bananas

making me flee from my hometown
to strange places where
everything is different to me
yet they wont agree on any
peace to make me forget my memories
but I believe in Allah(God)
our almighty greator to change
what is happenning in my hometown

Omar Ahmed

Grinning

I aint no grinding
about life cause sometimes acceptin
is helpin
to overcome problems facin
in life but I am just grillin
about all the fallin
in the past I tried not to be rememberin
my mistakes in life
though I gotta be acceptin
reality through all gravity
cause life aint no crstalin stairs

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Pain Inside

so much pain inside me
cause I lost so many homies
in civil war which happened
in a decade

growing up there
was misery
inside my mind couldn't find
a place to rest
cause so many homies in the cemetery
I shed so many tears

tell me can you feel me
I am not living in the past
I want last
I be the first to blast
I remember cousins
got murdered on the streets
so many homies in the cemetery
I shed so many tears
I try to forget memories
in the past
I don't fear no man but god
though I walked through the valley of the death

life aint no crystal stairs
when people favor terrorism
than peace
tribism is the new thing
in town
there is ignorance
followed by arrogance
but question asked
is when the chaos gonna end

Omar Ahmed

Violence Is Evil

let us come together
with clean hearts
throwing out hatred from our hearts
let us work
with one another
in peaceful manner
let us ban all
the evil things
that make us
commit crimes
let us be brothers and sisters
who are kind to each other
the world is better
with peace
and unity
not war and hatred
let us be responsible
around us
let us not make
mothers and fathers
lose their kids to drugs,
violence and war

let us ban all
the evil things
in our communities
to be better with our souls carefully
and to live safely
with each other

no one likes violence
but
let us make our goal
to diminish it

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