

Poetry Series

omoloja yusuf
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

omoloja yusuf()

Beauty And Ashes

BEAUTY AND THE ASHES:

a dialogue between a man`s soul and himself
a higher soul whispers to his soul

MAN: The beauty of a gentle man is what I desire in life

SOUL: You can get anything you want in life under the sun

MAN: Look at the Mr. Gentle man; he can call on any lady he wants

He saw the lady on the bill board with bent eye lashes and Blonde hairs
Though a black from a black mother and father, she posed nude and
beautiful

This soap will make you beautiful and you`ll be like her, the bill board
says

it was just for a call

Mr. Gentleman got her under his beck and call

SOUL: You can get anything you want in life under the sun

MAN: Look at his posh car, the Bentley, the mother of cars, strides like a horse

He is the king of men, the windows are tinted, and who dare see the king
in the noon

All struggling cars should clear for the king has come in our midst, all
enemies should

Pack and leave the under the sun, who is he to talk where Mr.
Gentleman speaks

MAN: He wears this cloth from hand made from the best, shining and raising him
above all shoulders

Silk and gold, they make him look like a new born

I want this! I want this oh my lord

Why shall my life be like the one unknown in the play of the world?

Why shall I be with needs all the rest of my life?

SOUL: You can get all what you want under the sun, if only you can make the
sacrifice

We control the banks and the beauty houses

We make the laws and knows how to break them, you`ll always go scot
free

We traffic information, your secret mess will disappear to the thin air

We will make you the king of men; they will fall at your feet

We will make you beautiful beholding to every eyes

MAN: All these I want in life, but what is the cost?

SOUL: At a low cost I give all these, it shall not wound nor shall it despair you
You shall be happy at no cost.

As for your pains, woman and alcohol shall make it disappear
As for the houses the people shall pay, from their meager
They shall sweat and toil but from the meager they shall pay for your

albums

As for the women, there are lots of them who are hopeless;
They have thought themselves as beasts so they will fall at your feet
As for the Bentley, we own the company; they will at no cost give you

one

When they know you have joined the company

As for the cloths free shall they be yours, for you will advertise them for

us

MAN: All these at no cost? I am ready! I am ready for the change. For the life of
a Mr. Gentleman

SOUL: But just your soul should be mine

MAN: what is my soul, a lump of flesh, with bloods all over, please take it, and
please take it.

SOUL: I shall not take it, I do not eat it, and it is not my food

MAN: How should I become?

SOUL: Become like the gentleman, become like the dame gentle lady, with many
colors like a peacock

Live a fake life brother.

omoloja yusuf

Design

DESIGN

How time swims fast
Like a giant shark`s motion
Against the wave of the ocean
That if you wake of hunger and sleep of diseases
Time shall swim swiftly across your eyes and senses

In elephants for their babies yet unborn is their bellies
In motion swinging like a hanged fruit attacked by wind
Ostrich with long leg, fluffy drooping feathers, lays the egg
Giant like the head of a newborn
The world is the egg, gestating in motion at the egg-life
Laid by the hands of Allah

In the egg-life centuries danced like the dance of a troubled
Butterfly, applauded
And decades parade themselves, like bats in morning
Flight scattered

In the grave lie bones at slumber for millions of years
In the grave lie bones at sleep for thousands of years
Their hearts have stopped the noble job of pumping and their
Bloods, at first alien to the mother earth, have learnt that white
Can mix black to form grey

Yet man struggled to learn from nature
Ready to abide by its complexities
Nature has so much esteem and pride
For it says in a silent voice, like the hiss of an owl in the dreadful night
 ``You don`t get to know me with ease``
The whispering sounds of the trees when hit by the breeze
Is the voice
The serene sounds of the ocean in the sunny afternoon
Is the voice
The rumbling sounds of the hungry lion
Is the voice
The breaking sounds of the incubating bird
Is the voice

The croaking sounds of the male frog in the friendly night
Is the voice

Why should you boast and blow trumpets
When your reasoning strikes luck

You never have anything first

You never sang first, for the nightingale is a sonorous singer
You never did acrobat first, for the dolphin is the master of the art
You never made satellites first, for the moon is earth's natural satellite
And you never have anything first but nature have had it

If you have been able to fly across the continents unhindered
With neither the hail nor cloud impede
Kudos to your acumen be
But you have not been able to fly like the wind
With wings wide like heaven and legs tall like the pillars of the rain

If you have been able to send speech across the ocean
Like children talking at the ends of tubes
With neither the great walls nor mountains impede
Kudos to your intelligence be
But who is responsible for the human voice or speech he makes

Make your eyes work, look up straight into the heaven
And see the big bulb that lights the earth
You have made bulbs to grace your rooms
But you never have it first

A speck of dust does not belong to you

Who has ever remembered when his mother's womb was host?
Men of wit never remembered

In troubled water, waves are unending
The egg-life is troubled, worries are unending

Like the egg approaching the hatch, like the morn

Approaching the noon
The shell is never tired, only the time is done
The sun is never tired, only the earth spins
When winter comes, is autumn far away?

Then God shall heal the bones at slumber
Arising like the flight of the naked winds to the assembly
We shall all be present

Thanks to God who made the heavens a canopy
The hole, the pride of the mole
Domiciled the birds in the nest
And made the sky, the recreation of the birds

□

YUSUF OLUWASOLA OMOLOJA

omoloja yusuf

Error Checks

What if my freedom lies in my floating
Trousers and my scattered beards,
You don't wanna know that, cos only you is right
I give it to you, but can `t we live in peace
Why the cartoons of Muhammad in Denmark and
Your mouth when you tell them in Sunday school
And the turban dangling the sword on the reverend
Gentleman in the children's book of grammar
Why do you teach them to be blind in their early youth
Not fair brother of scripture

What if my freedom lies in these sonorous rhymes
Sang with melody pleasing to the free mind, every five
Times a day
I know sometimes you cannot resist it, don't worry, I
Know you cannot come to terms with it because they
Have made you blind; don't worry about it, maybe someday
You will listen to your heart,
Whatever you say and do, so was said yesterday, so will
Be said to people like me, so I already know, then no need
To fear the guantanamo bay, or the ban on my coming to
Europe, thanks to facebook and twitter, I can still talk to my
People in Malaysia, and my brothers in the city of berlin,
Say hi to my friends fond of asking questions in Canada
Answer my family in the Jamaican way and what`s up
My dudes in America
If freedom is only through your eyes, then I hate to be free
I know that is where you always have the problem, that I`ll
Just have to take the other route to the junction
Your route is good but just some blasphemous loop-holes
If only you`ll listen, because no man will ever be right outside
You
If you accuse me of taking the other route, I also accuse you too
Why not take my own route, even when it's free for a smooth
Ride

If your God is that man hung on the cross like a staked antelope
Then you as sick as me whom you said worship`s Muhammad

If your God is that man who comes to the earth to wash my sins
With his blood, so generous a man, I know I can't understand,
only through the holy ghost, I can't even understand how God
spoke to Moses, or how he navigated the red sea, and his host
was lost then you are as sick as me whom you said faces the
gods in kaaba in worship, built by Abraham and Son Company
your father of faith, history said

I don't even worship Muhammad cos a plain warner he is
But my God is 'Allah', who holds the heaven with pillars
We cannot see.

I know why the much ado, about nothing, it is because I'm a
Muslim, a phenomenal Muslim.

When I walk in and stand to pray in the time around the noon
And I wash my face, my hands and my legs reaching to my knee
You begin to growl, like a dog who doesn't know what's next
I say
It is the span of my believe, my love to establish justice in every case
My desire to take my eyes off the obscene and to stand before my lord
Humble that makes you growl, I'm a Muslim, a phenomenal Muslim

When I walk in the mart or comb the market looking for how to please
My husband and I speak in fluent English the content of my wish, you
All continue to look, with mouths agape almost watering like a dog after
An exercise

I say
It is the strength of my will stronger than diamond, the level of my faith
Fill to the brim, the love in my two eyes like the aperture of a camera
The layers of my fabric black, sometimes blue and brown, the flow of my
Hijab, with angels praying for me till I reach home,
i`m a muslim, a phenomenal muslim

When she looks at me, she sees that guy who would have been better, been
a believer, a believer in blasphemy, in what she was made to know, think
and understand, she sees a stubborn pagan, with marked forehead, the
result of hitting the head on the flow like a coconut falling of the tree, a Mr
know it all, on cannot know it all after all

I say
It is the serenity in my courtesy, the coolness of my face due to prayers

The content of my advice, the nobility of my character, the humility of
My person, my love for nature, my reverence of masjid haram and makkah
The expectation of death cos I ain` t afraid, my bags are well equipped inshaAllah
I` m a muslim, a phenomenal muslim

I know you want to asses my wife, as you done for john, who`s wife looks like
Mitchelle obama, whom you shaked her soft hand at the ball, whom you hugged
Gently in the games, who pecked at the right cheek round like a ball
Whose architecture is in your brain and sometimes you think she could be yours

My wife is not for that, she is only for me, me alone, I don't care if you call me
the

'King miserly' I ` m just trying to be free in my own way, don't be angry about
that

At least you are also free you know johns wife

My wife is a Muslim, a phenomenal Muslimah

omoloja yusuf

Fabulous Muslimah

O fabulous Muslimah, you are like pearls
Among the stones that shines

Like rain on a land of drought
O fabulous Muslimah, you are a pride to earth

O fabulous Muslimah, you are like light
That shone from the horizon

Shining into lives that feels you
O fabulous Muslimah, you are the salt of life

omoloja yusuf

Forward To The Future

'for my brothers in Palestine'

I look forward to a future where the Adhan will be called from the empire state building and the armed guys in pentagon will disarm and walk intelligently to prayer never killing women and children

So if Israel would kill civilians in palestine, don't rejoice brother peter, cos they can kill your children too when their interest is at stake

i look forward to a future where Allah will relive us of the trial of Israel

I look forward to a future where even if there`s war, fought by people who hold responsibility for their ideologies, women and children bereaved of ideologies will be spared

i look forward to a future where wars will no more be fought and differences will be settled by mere show of strength

i look forward to a future where Linda will no more look like a dog naked, where peter will know that he has a purpose on earth to worship Allah and not what the Pentecost preaches

i look forward to a future where the Eiffel tower will have on it 'Allah rules the world'

i look forward to a future where 'Palestine' will be free from occupation.

omoloja yusuf

Holding On.....

HOLDING ON.....

In the beginning of my youth
I never knew consequences
That the gun pushes you back
When triggered, I never knew

I now know why the caged bird
Sings, with beak onto the air
And tail wrapped together of
Feathers, it sings of freedom
of not having to depend on
you for the daily count of corn

I would sometimes look onto the
Heaven trying to locate Allah and
See how much angle his gaze is away
From me,

These iron chains are made of what?
He has left me in this burrow to dine
With flies, sleep in company of the dark
Naked night, but why am I caged

See the ugly criss-crossed feather bird
Free, gyrating the land like the wind
Going anywhere she likes

But one day I remembered how I use to
Hold-on, how I use to hold-on to the rope
Of Allah

Then I kept to holding on, holding onto the
Rope that never breaks, onto the rope of life

In the break of the morn when I never expected
For the cloud were white free of rain, and the wind
Was a friend telling us to take solace

The rain came
To bless my life
Now that the rain has finally come, I'm still holding-on
For more; family, love, children and to die a muslim

YUSUFF `SOLA OMOLOJA

omoloja yusuf

Pigeon`s Love

Love that the pigeon had for it`s master
Make us soundly insane
Love makes us principle less
Like the kangaroo and it`s pouch
The good God create us with our love
But we perceive not, earlier

(2007)

omoloja yusuf

Tendencies

So in one of these days when I look at the scar
I cannot but think of the days of human cargoes
And the captain of the cargo ship would look
At the banded black man and shoot him for being
Too black, that`s a deficit anyway.

You can clear the scene of war, bury all fallen heroes
In a mass grave fumigated to send the foul smell packing
Build a memorial tomb and write "great men are awake here"
Who are you deceiving?

But can you clear the scars of the shells, can you replace lost brothers
And fathers, can you replace lost girls, stolen virginities, can you heal the
Breast of broken souls, can you mould like a termite the shambles of broken
Homes?

So when they came to Africa, they were brothers so they claim, but in the delta
They were busy exploiting palm oil, exporting cargoes

If you say I've joined them, I agree, I have long joined the warriors of the mind
The best war is the war of the mind
The best weapon is the pen

So if forgiving is what you hook me with, I agree I will forgive

But what about the tendencies, do we sit and look again
Until the eagle comes in a surprising flight to snatch our
Chickens again

That is the war left and is better fought with the mind.

omoloja yusuf

The Lonely Island

On this lonely island, the food is deer
our problems is even enough for us to bear

How can we dissect peoples smiles
even When they hug you from miles

sometimes in the early morning wake
when the lands and mountains bake

You have to look into the solidarity of friends
for they might be shaky support of foes

We come alone
in our death, we are going alone

In the struggle for the deer
with horns reaching to the rear

He who wants the legs go for it
He who wants the head aim for it

But some wants the whole, to eat
to keep and to waste

Such is the lonely island.

omoloja yusuf

The World Must Know Her

Dedicated to my lovely "leemah";

This story must be told
May be I can now rest afterwards, for the world must
Know her

So on that day, so excellent was the smile, so serene
Was the person, hopping and talking, that was her way

Fate is a driver, it is our personal driver
And we met, so short, so lovely, so memorable

I couldn't sleep, couldn't wake, couldn't live again
Fate is a driver, drives us where we don't know

So who is she, she was the light from the horizon
Who showed me hopes again, she was the beautiful
Rainbow telling me the rain is gone

She is the light from whom I took a source to light up
My darkness

So she would come and smile, telling me stories of the city
Speaking such eloquent language I've never loved before
And I will go to light up her cheeks with my native intelligence
And that was it for us, we were involved, we were in love
In the world were peoples smiles could also mean their hate
I saw somebody who wanted me for who I am- a hustler, not
Certain about tomorrows morning's bread

In the smiles I could see the truth, the interest and the love

So when everybody said this man will take to the black river
She said this is my Mississippi

So who is this woman once again, she is the woman that earns
All my respect, she is the woman with beautiful heart decorated
with garland of peace, She is the woman with the tissues of
motherhood as her heart, she is the light.

She is the woman i admire and love.

omoloja yusuf

These Dreams Should Not Fade

Let me tell you a story:
A story of one who stopped dreaming:
She told her sleep that her dreams failed:

I don't really know how to start this story
But I will start the way I can

Once there was a muslimah, born with hopes
Mama had hopes, Baba nurtured hopes as she grows

She would dream of a university, a good job after that
A nice guy who would be her world
Kids running after her; male and female
A nanny taking care of the home; cleaning the toilet
And looking after the children when the couple goes partying
A nice car to cruise around the streets
A good house; painted purple with sofas to recline
A master's degree when the time opens
A PhD, though not strong on her mind

Baba planted hope in Medicine;
His daughter would be a Gynecologist
Helping women scale through hardships of labor and STD`s

Mama sowed hope in the Abaya`s and jewelries her daughter
Would bring home from fat salaries

On getting to the university, she met the brothers and sisters
And those dreams changed, like the leaf tired in the afternoon
She would be married before leaving school
The description of the nice guy has changed
He would now wear the beards and laugh less
The big posh house would now be a one room flat
She would have to cover her body with jilbab, a fabric upon fabric
When these thing entered her so seriously, she`ll have to cover
Her face
The nanny would not come again cos that`s an extra load
A nice car to cruise is not really thought of for now
A master`s degree is a waste of time

A PhD is for the men
She has fallen in love with Allah

Poor baba, the planted hopes is germinating nightmares
Poor mama, her sowed hopes is now growing into bitter leaf
She did not sow that, what a pity.
Somebody said baba and mama, why the trouble
But I said, that is harsh, cos these people once dreamed

So in my quiet moment when I thought about this case
I thought she should not stop dreaming, she should take
Her dreams by the rein to the stream,
A master`s degree is never a waste of time, it is the other
Path of knowledge
A PhD is for both men and women
Papa and mama`s hope should not fall
She should establish something great for the cause of Islam
Even if she will sow Muslims cloths and make their hairs
Even if she`ll teach their children, or cure their sick
Even if she`ll be a writer, writing for people to learn
She should not leave without leaving a mark, because we can always See the
path of the slow gentle snail.

Yusuff `sola Omoloja.

omoloja yusuf

What Cause Is Right?

What do we have to believe in life?

The black movements are on the massive campaign,

That blacks have suffered too much

What do we have to believe in, in this life?

The Marxists are on the stage canvassing for souls

Capitalism is a deadly scourge that makes the thief the king

What do we have to believe in this short life?

The nationalists all over say in bold voices we condone not occupation

There is blood all over against the domination by a party

What should we believe in this mass settlement, where food is fuel?

They say to steal is virtue and cautiousness is weakness and vice

Such a world we live in

So when because of food a man faces his death

So when because of shelter a man should be a slave

So when because of love a man is shattered

Some of us don't ask for too much

We just want to live well and die good

So with apathy and concern, the cause against exploitation

Of the soul is right

The cause for living a good life is right.

omoloja yusuf