

Poetry Series

Poet Akinwemimo Idris
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poet Akinwemimo Idris()

Poet Akinwemimo Idris is a bird from Africa. Countless of his poems had been published.

He writes for masses and for the breathless trumpets. Is a satirical, metaphysical, romantic, victorian, and modern poet to the core.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris is a Philosopher of life and the uncertainty in it.

He is a novelist, a naturalist, an essayist, a theorist, a linguist and journalist by profession.

A Place To Rest.

A single wick,
Of our single candle,
Can burn for years,
If just our palms,
Can shed against gust.

If there is light,
In our midst,
The shadow
Of our ugly memories,
Will sink in depth,
Of darkness behind.

Since we are both,
Tired of trailing,
Like African slug,
The path of all,
Devious lovers,
Let then create,
A place of rest,
In both our hearts.

8th June 2014
9: 35 a.m
Esie Kwara State.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Bad Pole Of Fate

Among the 'standings'
Is a badly ordained.
The plume of...
The life's rampage,
...a set back on visibility.

Who is to siddle,
Through murky desert...
And loathe death desire?

Verily...our bones,
And the little flesh,
Is ordained one day...
As the preys to...
Bad pole of our fate.

We can't plan to,
Elude the deluge...
Since the heaven,
Pause not its weep.

Though the ordained,
Bad pole of fate...
Is just a quibble,
Of chance to succeed.

But the bad pole,
Of our ordained...
Is of equal certainty,
To our memirent.

9: 21 P.M
22ND JUNE 14.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Better Still?

BETTER STILL?

(lovely poem for Alake)

How I wish,
Big the ship enough,
To convey both.

Foolishly how I wish,
Vast the sea enough,
To convey our ship.

I discovered this,
Long before in past,
The human memories.

And definitely thus,
This forever to be,
Till forever lasts forever.

The space in wish,
Smaller is it....
To number of human,
To be spaced within.

Dear Oh beloved!
I wish to carve....
A monument of you,
In my sea-like mind.

So just to bow,
For you like goddess..

But against is this,
To the cultural rules.

I wish to sleep...

On your foaming chest,
Till the heaven falls...
But I have to work...
For an heavy pocket.

BUT I didn't wish,
To stay with you,
Thus, for long....
But the ironical fate,
Binds us forever.

This is a fate,
Previously not wished.
Maybe even if I did,
Maybe you wouldn't mine.

30TH AUGUST 14.
10: 15 P.M
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Biography

The poet in question is African from the Western part. He is Nigerian by veins and bones. He is a Linguist, with his B.A in African Languages, Upper division, at Obafemi Awolowo University Ile Ife, Osun State, Nigeria. He is a Linguist, a journalist by profession.

Poet Akinwemimo is a poet by making at the initial default stage of his creation. So far poetry is a rhythmical form of words which may express an imaginative, emotional or intellectual experience, this Poet is highly prolific and also has a vast knowledge in writing heart touching thriller and romantic novels.

He is also a Philosopher of life and the uncertainty in it. The argumentative senses of the poet is very sharp and could not be easily convinced with little or no proofs.

He has published many novels, countless essays and articles and many poetry books out of which this is one. He writes his poems on societal illness and issues that has to do with masses. He is a naturalist and a peaceful revolutionary activist. He also writes his poem on love and hatred, nature and life. Do have a pleasant time with these new words from his trumpet pen.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Birds Of Feeder

Verily is not a deceit,
This visional sight.
To my curious eyes.

If but this pen,
Capsized in folly depth,
In silence would have,
This be said thus:

These hovering birds,
On our looped tent,
Aim much than rescue.

Not this for free!

And the whired spear,
Made from else not,
Than from the feeder.

The hostiles are aiders.

From whom got we,
Astrayed in jungle,
Now our navigator.

Not these for free! ! !

16th May 2014.
11: 05 P.m
Esie, Kwara state.

Broken World

World is like,
A broken word.

Do you really know,
How a broken
Word looks like?

Have you ever seen
one?
Is just being
Made up of,
Irregular letters..:

'DROW'

20TH AUGUST 14.
12: 32 P.M
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Fall To Reform

If have I to fall,
Before I reform,
Prefered than to crawl,
On a static platform.

The straight hill,
Without a crack,
Is like a cold steel,
In welding craft.

18TH MAY 2014.
10: 48 A.MO
ESIE, KWARA STATE.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Good Are All Nights

I think I have,
Written beautifully
For you many...
Words for tonight.

If is it a crime,
To commit a crime,
Of intentional verbosity...
How longer would,
Be my imprisonment.

Good are all
The nights of lovers.
Nothing strange,
To say already said.

Dream of me,
But instead.
Forget not to,
Forgive me all,
My imperfections.

20TH AUGUST 14.
11: 31 P.M
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

I Promise

With watery tears,
Of unknown source.
With sorrowful agony,
Of unknown causes,
I promise you future,
With real strategies.

Today may look odd,
Since future is sealed.
But I promise you....
The future unseen.

We shall both walk,
Along the gangway,
Of our admirers....
Our hands shall mime,
To them our gratitude.

Let be patient....
Today is not ours.
Is like a sailor,
And floating saliva.

Let stay till night,
Tired of its darkness...
Let follow the rules...
Of the unseen love.

20TH AUGUST 14.
10: 29
KWARA STATE,

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

If I Were Lady...

IF I WERE LADY

I have walked,
The breath and,
Lenght of Eves.

If I were lady,
For minor days,
I will amend...

Gone a lot of,
The love seekers,
In books of histories.
A lot only gained,
Were vains of death.

Romeo and Juliet,
Jack and Rose...
Can you still read,
Oh dear readers,
Book of scenarios?

If I were lady,
For minor days,
I will amend....

Is too much of Us,
Dieing as Puppets.
We hold the Lilly,
Alas for undeserved.

If I were Lady,
For minor days,
I will amend....

Though Alake...
The air I breathe,
Has succumbed....
To rules of love.

But If I were,
Still a lady....
Fore minor days,
I will amend...

Oh dear ladies!
Fray please in haste.
The rope you belayed.
On men... on us....

Give us the flute!
To voice through,
Lungs of breeze..
Love us as we do...
Keep us and abreast.

24TH AUGUST 14.
8: 23 P.M
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Not For Flies

The cruising breaze,
Shivers my velvet.
Lost already my locks,
To a lurking feeling.

Tonight just I knew,
The breeze taste,
As just my throat,
Thirst... erotic breath.

Dares how the fly,
Caress me in naked?
Faulted not the gods,
Just but the breeze.

So oh tonigt...
The bra is off...
Pants are ankled...
Gush! I gasp for it.

Thrust it into me...
Let me guzzle.
Or sell it to me,
I will not haggle.

Let sink in this bed,
In our naked figure.
Or on the sofabed,
With your tough cock.

My dangling 'things'
Await a squeeze...
Yours... the cleavage,

Not for flies.

3rd June 2014

8: 54 P.m

Esie, Kwara state

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Reasons For Freedom

So far the velvet,
Is still ablazed...
The vein beneath,
The nail, crimsoned.

Mouse's engager,
In jungle rampage,
Is closely behind,
His bonny ankles.

There is a need,
Yes for freedom.

Touching the sky,
Is for no more
The caged birds...
Cruising the route,
For the golden grass...
Is of a lower grace.

There is a reason,
Yes for freedom.

The essence of moon,
Is of no any use...
If murky chains,
Couldn't be frayed.

There is a reason,
Yes for freedom.

8: 36 A.M
22ND JUNE 14.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Someday

Mind not,
The rough,
Shingled...
Pebbled path.

The road,
Is made,
For just,
The survivor.

If we can,
Just live,
As day does.
The land,
Then is nearer,
Just as day counts.

So remove,
The pins,
In or under,
The soles,
Of your soul.

Advance in,
The trip,
Of your ordained.
Fray and the chain.

Move! Move on!
Keep plodding...!
We are there...!

1st June 2014.
11: 33 A.m
Esie, Kwara state

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Stand By Me

Since the day next,
Is invisible..
Fate... Inaccessible.

Not untill dawn,
Still we in shadow,
Of our pended fate.

Better but we wait,
In murky shadow,
Than losing in haste.

When your hands,
Are cold...
I know your needs.

When your thigh,
Warm in spring,
I know your wish.

A race is tiresome,
For the two-feet...
So stand by me...
To make the four!

13Th June 2014
10: 27 P.m
Esie, Kwara state.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Tell Them At Senate

Sun has put light,
On people's faces.
The night's shadow,
Reflects faintly.

The whirling gust,
Has frayed the web.
The pots of lies,
Crashed at river side.

Masses not at aid,
Coupling dismantled.
Our visages are bright,
Our thumbs are powered.

9th June 2014
10: 29 a.m
Esie Kwara State.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Talking Bouquet

The eves of nights,
Leave trail behind,
Like African slug,
With a tracing route.

Here are high-ways,
On my routed palms.
Injected are my veins,
With love, in liquid.

Here is love belayed,
Along the verge-path,
The lea of rosemary.
Yours...the bouquet.

Banjo is the drum,
We are to dance.
Blatantly at cabaret,
Where we shall vent,
In erotic figure.

Either in crescent,
Or in oval moon.
My love for you,
Is like a day,
Irreversible...
But progressive.

20th May 2014.
12: 29 A.m
Esie, Kwara state.

The Bright Night

It is just a deceit,
For night to touch,
Our oval visage,
The dark paint.

Dear oh beloved!
We've already seen,
These pits in day-light,
Fear let not so again,
War already fought.

We couldn't get,
Strength to walk.
If we couldn't secure,
A place to rest.

Dear the beloved!
Tonight to us,
Is a blessing sent,
From the ignorance,
Of our fated foes.

Lastly yes we did,
Secured a road-side.
To lie till dawn...
Secure a night itself...
To boost lost strength.

21TH AUGUST 14.
10: 31 P.M
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Caged

The minds of the caged birds,
Couldn't be met empty...
I don't know, I am not sure...
Either blaming the creator,
For disparity among creatures...
Or blaming humans for jealousy.

But in Ironical sense of it...
A caged bird shouldn't be thus.
The tied goat.....
After some days....
Get freedom to roam,
But why birds' is different?

PARAKEET
30TH AUGUST 14.
9: 34

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Endless Feelings

On and on,
This to linger,
Like the wish,
Of butterfly,
For nectar.

The hands,
Of heavy rain,
Has washed
The past scenes,
Of sorrowful memories.

Emotion anewly,
Now descends.
Like Island's snow,
In mid of spring.

The sac of love,
Has gotten a bore.
On me oh tonight,
An endless feeling.

My veins... Poisoned!
My heart is daggered,
With the blade,
Of your aiding love.
Either I die of it,
Or you save my soul.

8th June 2014
10: 25 P.m
Esie, Kwara state.

The 'Insolvent'

Let the eve sun,
Bid the horizon
Of our hamlet farms.

And moon be adorned
In velvet garment
To market-midst.

The plume of,
Our African lamp
To abay the midges.
While kids, grooved,
With fitting lullaby.

Tonight we are,
To meet midgets
At leafless tree...
To avenge the debtors,
Of our borrowed rights.

*writing ahead of that very day when we are awake from somnolence.

19TH JUNE 14.
19: 59 P.M
Kwara State.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Lonesome Poet

I leave my life to live,
To strive to survive.
Since this breath,
Later will be left.

But tonight is cold,
On my lonesome soul.
Seems the world forsake,
My lonesome ache.

How could a night,
Moisturize my sight?
How could I sleep,
With my thirsty lip?

Oh dearest Àlàké!
This is yes unfair,
Leaving me thus,
Like Island cursed.

Note:

Àlàké is the name of a lady in traditional and cultural naming of Yoruba tribe of Nigeria in Africa.

6TH JUNE 2014.
6: 16 P.M
Esie Kwara State.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Morass Aiders.

(POETS OR POWERED?)

The hidden words,
Are in peak of pen.
The lost valued pens,
Are in fingers of poets.

The plight of life,
Is due to lack of morals.
The aid to morass,
Are meters of verses.

The diminished talent,
Retards the pace,
Besets our progress...

Poets are the vaults,
Bins of the lost...
But less valued,
By the powered.

*If poets and poetess are powered... Poetry would be like an index, like the scriptures of the holy books.

9: 49 P.M
26TH JUNE 14.
Kwara State.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Pathed Memories

But how could,
A slug leaves,
Without trail behind?

How could an hill,
Even note an inch?
We are fated to be,
Together as ordained.

Could even my memories,
Stand for your whole?
Could your memories,
Represent mine?

Memories are like,
The naked salt.
At sea -bank in winter.
Just when is spring,
Sea gets it consumed.

So I can not afford!
To leave you thus,
Even if your sold,
Will make a path,
Deep into my memories.

[* dedicated to my breath Balogun Àlàké]

2nd June 2014.
9: 50 P.m
Esie Kwara state

The Petrichor

THE PETRICHOR

Beneath this surface,
The valued subdued.
As the silent yard,
Got them consumed.

Shifted off but heaven
The walls of darkness.
Anewly to us born,
Cloud of rainy days.

Made with us an oath,
By land on we live.
PETRICHOR, the promise,
Against our stench smell.

But our lieges!
Are winter gust.
The bored-ship makers,
They are the tide,
To our paddless canoes.

20TH AUGUST 14.

7: 04 A.M

KWARA STATE

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Reflection

THE REFLECTION

(for the beloved; Alake)

But here still,
I am just for you.
Like a crippled hill.

The song-birds,
We used to see,
Along the river side,
Up not to nothing else.

If though they are,
Listen then to mine...
As I sing through,
The throat of breeze.

Fear no more!
I am here to stay...
The lonely ways,
You lonely walked,
Tonight and forever,
Will convey our soles.

You are the mirror,
Of my night walks.
You are the figure,
Behind reflections.

Breath... but,
Assuming life,
Perfect to be,
We would have,
Walked perfectly,
Beyond its perfection.

Still but the same!
A path jointly trek,
Saver than the route,

Lonely walked.

she thought she is lonely, but these words are enough to assure her my being with her.

*Alake is a female name of human being in Western part of Nigeria.

19TH AUGUST 14.

11: 15

Kwara State

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Sexual Night

Touch me softly,
Like shore breeze.
Beat me 'below',
With that your,
Wandering hands.

Already I await,
Verily for tonight,
Like a naked queen,
On the royal bed.

Couldn't we even,
Roll on the floor,
Like gluttonous bees,
On the nectar plate.

Sexual dream of man,
Is better dreamt,
Only in the reality..
Like a dream on death.

Take me there!
To realm of war...
Where to war for:
For a kiss, a touch.

Let shake-off!
The cold beneath,
The empty space,
Between our legs.

30TH AUGUST 14.
11: 37 P.M
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

The Ugly Days

I have learnt
To forget days,
Of my ugly life.

I remember...
The days spent,
In wallless village,
Of biting flies...

Still it fresh,
Yes in memories.
Days I walked,
Many miles to learn.

My ugly days,
Yes were ugly.
I earn the pains,
Ordained by fate.

But I have learnt,
Non of the days,
Is ugly to hug...
As non of ladies,
Is ugly on earth.

I have learnt,
That beautiful,
Were ugly days.
As today my days,
Are like each lane,
Of Winter rainbow.

PARAKEET
2ND SEPTEMBER 14.
4.20 PM.
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

The Voyage

THE VOYAGE

[to Àlàké]

Just this a curse,
With intricacy,
To reverse...
The reigning spell.

I would have,
Left it to rest,
Like a sleeping dog,
Like a serpent.

The path beyond
My foot is wide.
The route behind
My ankle is narrow.

Love has already,
Engaged me...
In a long voyage.
Trying to elude,
Is a trial for death.

Breath...
Since it is hard
To depart....

This connotes,
To me that
We are bind
Together by fate.

Breath...
Listen I plead,
To a voice of change.
Let sit to create,

An hut of peace.

*Your love in my veins is a sedative drug. I lose control.

19TH June 14.

11: 11 P.M

Esie Kwara state

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

The Will Of Poets

Gotten Poets non,
Than these pens.
Gotten Poets one...
'The inky coins'

So oh the kids!
Here are valuables!
Worthy to inherit.

The land, mansions,
The cars, the firms,
All, not poets' will,
But are the rented.

The above stated,
Are lilke monuments.
The monuments,
With empty throats.

But!

Can you verily hear!
Wordy as the valves,
Of the pens we hold?
This, main treasure,
For the successors.

3RD MAY 2014
11: 30 P.M
ESIE, KWARA STATE

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

To A Friend [wole Aro]

Not this though,
What we wish.
But a prevention,
Is preferred.

I wait to see,
When things,
Will fall apart.
When the falcon,
Will not hear,
The falconer.

When the rope,
That bind us,
Will be frayed...
When our names,
To eachother,
Will be lost in,
The depth of memories.

17th May 2014.
11: 52 P.m
River Òsin bridge,
Esie, Kwara state.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

Voice Of Redemption

[A romantic poem, to Àlàké]

Àlàké! time to listen,
To audible voice,
Of the cooing moon.
Just as the day,
Breathing its last.

Àlàké! Both we are,
In shadow of time.
Whenever the moon,
Leaves us behind,
Over thus our prime.

The bestriding log,
Under Iroko tree,
Can convey our weight.
Fallen leaves asleep.
Ours tonight the square.

Lean on gently
Bark of Iroko...
Untie the hood,
For your blooming locks,
To enslave the breeze.

Àlàké!
The women -life
Is a seasonal stream.
Preferable smartly is,
To cover a distance
Before the winter.

So you are to me!
Sailor of my voyage.
Sailing me towards
Safety, against tide.

Àlàké! So let sail,
Fastly as we could.
Before the sun,
Set at the West...
Before Earth spins,
Towards the East.

Let both sail,
On Earth equator.
With the speed of,
1,600 kilometers,
Just per an hour.

Though we are,
Both substances,
Without speed organs.
But the love between,
Determines our speed.

*Àlàké - female name
[human being]

12TH JULY 14.
10: 15 P.M
Esie Kwara State

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

White Is For Lilly

WHITE IS FOR LILLY

Come back to me!
Already I at base,
The last flat step,
Closer to the knob,
Of the closed door.

Seems verily to me,
The door being closed,
Since some decades.
As the soldier ants,
Roof the beam.

Still sunny outside!
The flowers I hold,
The Lilly, the rose,
Still quest your hands.

Wouldn't you open,
This door before night?
Before this Lilly,
Succumb to.....
The colour of night.

Open the door!
Before night echos.
Open the door!
Before I slumber,
At this door steps.

Forgive me....
For leaving suddenly...
I just didn't know,
The trip is far....

But I have taken,
The jungle to home,
I pluck these,
To plead your fury.

I will never again!
Go for a journey,
Of many miles...
I will never leave,
Again our sofabeds.

20TH AUGUST 14.
9: 09 A.M
KWARA STATE,
NIGERIA.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris

You Hurt Me

YOU HURT ME

The each letters,
Making your name,
On themselves,
My memories.

Seeing you daily,
Is a symptom,
Of incurable malady.

But.....
The distance paced,
Away from me,
Also but the cause,
Of this pened poem.

Baby, You hurt me,
I am bewildered!

Or am I a fool,
For gotten pulled,
By your beauty,
And internal values?

Or am I also wrong,
For accepting jinx,
To turn me thus:
A crippled vale?

Why must you,
Hide the feelings!
And why must I,
Unleash mine?

Baby... I am hurt,
O am bewildered.

Tell me I plead,
If there is light,
Beneath cloudy night.
Or if is better still,
Being blind forever.

PARAKEET
24TH AUGUST 14.
9: 24 A.M
Kwara State.
Nigeria.

Poet Akinwemimo Idris