

Poetry Series

**Rasaq Malik**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

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

## Rasaq Malik(30/12/1992)

Born in dec 30,1992, family of four, schooled in BLUE CRESCENT INT'L COLLEGE,  
now a 200level student of ENGLISH DEPT...UNIVERSITY OF IBADAN

# Brutal World

The world is brutal,  
Our soul is violent,  
This naked world of limit stay,  
Nature hunting Nature.

Calling for the death of innocence,  
The world is brutal,  
Our soul is violent,  
Have we not seen?

Vanity eloping our hand,  
After the mother earth have been cultivated,  
When wealth is of no use,  
Our property? stinking rubbish,

When death has clocked,  
Where is our soul?  
No where to be found,  
This world?  
No kinsmen, no friend,  
What are we searching for?  
Brutal world.

Rasaq Malik

# Death

After a memorable day,  
    When death has wrapped,  
    Our kinsmen,  
    With a soft naked sand,  
And a dirge was mourn,  
    To our ear,  
No one to open the mother earth,  
    And brought back the soul,  
Is this the end,  
    Alas, the moon had mourn,  
    The sun has shine heavily,  
    When the mother earth has erode,  
    Cover the being,  
With its beautiful hand,  
    When the earth open wild,  
Summoning our day,  
    To this mandatory journey,  
    When the echo of elegy,  
Was recited at our last home,  
    Solitude journey to a lonely field,  
With no relative to talk to.....

Rasaq Malik

# Lullaby

On my back,  
I heard a voice,  
An infant voice indeed,  
Clinging on my flesh to breastfeed,  
Toes on movement,  
For the lullaby song,  
Head dancing,  
To rhythm of a nature song,  
To a nature being,  
Mouth open,  
Flowing to praise the singing voice,  
of my nature being,  
Hold firmly with a bygone thread,  
The sweetness of a golden mother,  
A seasonless hour passing by,  
Eyes open to nurse the infant cry,  
Lullaby, the echo was heard,  
Firing into abode of sleepless night.....

Rasaq Malik

# Market Closed For The Day

Today, market closed,  
Panting in loss of our kinsmen,  
Here they are, in splashing dust of clay wrapped on their face,  
See their coffin, the last apartment for the travellers,  
They are on a journey, eternal journey,  
Hand encapsulated in vanity,  
Today, market cease to open,  
When soil called upon the soul

Rasaq Malik

# Night

&#8303; NIGHT...

When evening erode,  
And the naked night elope,  
Spreading the carpet of darkness,  
And the whistling voice of the bird was heard,  
Silent like a warless city,  
And like a mourning bride,  
Under the roof of the unseen night,  
NIGHT, when million of stars was seen,  
Riding on our nature,  
And our nature asleep,  
This echo of my beautiful night,  
How I wish the night never go back,  
Because of its serious nature...  
&#8302;

Rasaq Malik

# Ode To Village

&#8303; Ode to Village

Whistling voice of the cuckoo bird,  
Sacred scene in muddy attire,  
Gong chant with its croaky voice,  
And Ayangalu beating the bygone drum..  
Market women dancing to the ryhme of drum,  
Home we go,  
With our hoe dangling on our shoulders,  
Lark welcoming our breezing air,  
Heap celebrating many years of slavery,  
Children playing with their morose pant,  
Agbegilodo, the tree cutter,  
Prying on the naked canopy of ageless trees...&#8302;

Rasaq Malik

# On My Flight

On my flight    Come with me and let travel fast,  
To a place where we shall rest,  
And perch our love on our happy heart,  
Let stay together till Death comes.

On my flight,  
I carried you along,  
shower my arm with care, boundless love and limitless stay.  
Let me care for your adorable beauty,  
Your golden lip, Your silver teeth, Till our soul will no more be seen.

Rasaq Malik

# To A Mad Woman

See Her!

With her cunning rags,  
flowing down to kiss the mother earth,  
Shouting for a mass look.

Tossing up the sky,  
Her toe linger up to catch the wandering air,  
With her Nature hair,  
Now a rowdy scene of seasonless age..

Running down the path,  
Echo the sound of insanity,  
A lonely nature,  
Through the thick world....

Rasaq Malik

# Village Echo

Near the shed of past memory,  
With its naked mud standing still,  
Swamp marshy field of our lane,  
And million weep of flying leaves.

Whistling past our nature,  
In the other world, the echo was heard,  
Cattles grazing on our growing nature,  
Echo of our gong was heard.

Rasaq Malik

# Walking Past The Silent Nature

Nature being,  
On Earth fingers,  
Bygone Nature,  
On Earth carpet,  
Echo of the past,  
Sound sour on naked abode,  
At the silent abode,  
Of eternal stay...

Walking past the silent Nature,  
Forlorn! memory was recalled,  
As the season ride pass the past,  
solitude on ageless abode,  
Countless as night stars,

Silent Nature,  
Quiet abode,  
Like a guard on post,  
I gazed at the difficult attire...  
Sacred sand on seasonless scene,  
Like a beautiful mansion,  
Their difficult abode,  
Of Eternal stay....

Rasaq Malik

# When The Earth Open Wild

When the earth open wild...  
Call upon the helpless soul,  
To a solitude arena,  
Of limitless stay.  
When the earth open wild,  
The soil calling upon the soul,  
And the naked soul,  
Inherit the only leftover of Ageless abode....  
Beneath the unseen mother earth,  
Stride of moulden clay,  
Of bygone stay...  
And this canopy,  
Stretch its million finger,  
And this lifeless soul,  
Perch like a stunt flower,  
Into the calling earth,  
Ahoy, the last carpet,  
Swindled up the soul,  
like an hungry lion....

Rasaq Malik