

Poetry Series

Shuaib Ameen
- poems -

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Shuaib Ameen(September,07,1998)

My Names are Aminullahi Olayinka blessed to Dr Shuaib Assauty and to Hajia Aminat Shuaib. I am the sixth born in my family and also the forth male. I finished my primary educational level at Bushral Nursery and Primary School, later I commenced the secondary level at Socrates College Ilorin, but with God will I left the school in Jss level and continued the senior level at Future Leader Model School were I entained my ssce result and certificate. So now I am a member of University of Ilorin studying Mass Communication as a course which made me to still be a student.

Ailment

The air brake of
Evincing health, desist
It meditate into the pore
Which is interstice
And in Extreme
Misery I lie.

The alarm of boreness
Rang in me,
And interrupt the prudent
Being in my part
And in extreme
Misery I lie.

The body remain fulty
Through the vile fortification
Of the ailment
It persist me in the dusk
With Calvary
In extreme misery
I lie.

My eye become
Unperceptive
My head walk in the
Four cadinal
And my nose becomeoverwhelm
In extreme misery
I lie.

With God bliss and contention
I gound
In extreme misery
I lie.

To found myself
Awake in the morning
Healthy and stronger
Then it showed to me

That the misery is
Nothing but ailment
Which only need rest
And in extreme healthiness
I lie.

Shuaib Ameen

Arrowed Heart

I wish my hand
Can touch the sky
To send in the moon
And bring out the sun

But why is it taking so long
Maybe because it's not
just my misery
But to feel for my loves

But why am I in haste
Having a lot to tell the sun
Is it of the sleeplessness
Or of the scary nightmares

Hopelessness is vain
When the body and the sense
Is not nailed
But if the sun is to live longer
Than my body
And the sense decide to cease
Will I be hung with my story
Untell
When I have no nightmare to share
My apatite with
and no square meal to share
my dream with
Must a still born dies
with untell destiny
Dear sun
Why are you still in

I know it's bad, but please help me

Shuaib Ameen

At The Sea

Standing on the passage,
Near the anchor and the dock,
Viewing the sea from my sight,
With the pleasant it brought.

The phenomenon of tide,
Has vast the appearance
Of my body,
Filled with fear
Of losing the pleasant.

For not to block the pleasant,
I hanged my appearance to the vessel
For secure when in the port,
Revelry then become the subject.

Reverent fealing to the pleasant,
Through the beauty of the tide,
And the good floating of the crest
Creating a whitish foam.

The coming of the sun
Change my mood,
As it changed the mood
Of the tide,
The coming of the moon
Change my style,
As it changed the style
Of the tide,
Has we cover our self up,
In the same sombrero

Shuaib Ameen

Corona

My home maybe away
my love maybe at gay
My street maybe at ray
but the come at last siren
and Alarm become array.

I hide at home for death
I realise my love for fear
I know my street in blind
and the rashes that ratch
acclaim the soil,
where we bury the souls
of victims arraigned,
where we bury souls
that shakes the hands,
where we bury souls
that touches the touch,
and we bury victims that touch
the face,
Fear already fill our lands,
No more space to build a grave,
Millions of space
to build the fear,
we keep wandering and keep pestering
how I wish I've a grave I can bury our fears
but till now,
we still build more fear

Shuaib Ameen

Everything You See

Not everything you see
Is what you think of it
To be,
Most of what you see
Is what you think of it
Not to be
The outside may be morning,
But the inside is twilight
The shining of the sun
Does not mean that the
Moon is dead,
The world may be good
But the good of it is bad,
The more they hail thou,
The closer thou are to perish

Shuaib Ameen

Fake

Being cool sometimes is bad as flame,
it hurt in me and out it pains,
you think it's true to say the truth?
some lies are true and truths are lies,
sometimes it lie,
the weather that change,
in day it lie and so it night,
it fake the truth and so it's true,
FAKE is truth and FAKE is real,
you know it's real,
not genuine enough?

Shuaib Ameen

Fountain

The ship in the harbor only for the captain
captain says with passengers are chieftain
with captain says can the ship sustain
and when the end is obtain
can the passenger ascertain
wretched or delivered, any it contain
the captain, the passenger could cocaptain.

The journey started with world uncertain
Rapturing and capturing so comes tearstain
Thousands or millions the tear will reobtain
No junk, no bin so it's a fountain
the tears comes will forever it is a stain
Stain that stay forever because it's appertain
Eat, drink, dress and live all a quintain
To meet up with our mistakes that we plantain
And the decades to come will continue reobtain.

Children and their child have no attain
Yes, it's what their father obtained
Grinned and grinded in their past pertain
It is still there waiting, for the children to obtain
It stay there, yes it's a tearstain
Obviously, always the children reattain
Only an alum rock can clear the attain
and for it to clear the water in the fountain
no pouring no refilling, clearing is ascertain
so for the future ants to live with entertain

Shuaib Ameen

Home Remedy

Shaddy corner around the garage
therein my home
but my house stays in the
therein is my phagosome
I left my house for my home
to seek lissome
when I know in my house I see wearisome.

My house may be so big but very gruesome
And my home may be gutter but desmosome
Happiness I see and people to share some
who're pauper yet aren't fearsome
they are mocked yet they're gladsome
one spoon we eat one cup they don't antinome
they still share love even in ribosome
when the riches will be gloved and madsome
' don't touch him he's death dreadsome '
little time for the family killing with boresome
on Christmas even on the Eid
work will be their epistome
children living in a house of no home
always wishing that one day
they will land in their home
house may not be home
but home will always be a house
Little or big isn't it fretsome
the happiness home provide
is more than the beauty of the house
how you wish you've a house
that gives you a home

Shuaib Ameen

I'm Myself

I'm myself

The weather by itself
may be so hot sitting by myself
but the sky is not by itself
with the sun absence by herself
the moon in her place will engulf.

Loopholes and victories is part of myself
Wilderness herself and such is mooncalf
Ant day or the day of warewolf
Presicely being a day of aardwolf
when my heart by itself carry itself
when my victory lies in the mantelshelf
by myself? Yes by thyself
but only the twin can ulter ourselves
and by the end they may lie in a delf
or by their heads fall to pelf
just as it could be for myself
for myself? Yes for thyself.

A drop Gay moment it showed thou
thou call thyself me
Don't take it a drama and say it's me
It's is not thou it may be me
It may be Poison for you to bear me
Me may be smalltime for thy peacetime
but for long time thou live a mistime
be thou and leave me for me
then the victory will rest on who is by myself.

Shuaib Ameen

Lustful Love?

Solitary reaper
Is a thousand mile at bay
From my hut,
The huntmen has left
Without the pumpkins of yesterday's
Hunt,
The legend is gone,
Not a letter do we know
Of his name,
As the town crier beat
His tool,
To all see he's deaf.

I thought of pleasure it
Could bring,
So i dive in her pool,
I thought of knowledge it
Could bring,
So I'm sucking in her wisdom,
I thought of hearty it
Could be,
So I'm sucked in her love,
Nothing so far,
You made my look a luser.

Savages of all day,
It could be my for days,
Don't be mistrust
Of being trust,
Without trust, the
World is vain,
Take your pumpkin
And give us your name,
And next time,
Send an able crier

Shuaib Ameen

My Failure

Why do thou thought
of failing as a plague
when its an ailment.

why should thou avoid it
since neither do thou
want to avoid success,
so, stop the stigmatizing.

why have thou been going
out there
for tutorial?
is it because of success?
or how to face failure?

why should thou be planning
on how to avoid failure
when thou should be training
on how to deal with it,
and failure,
its a continuous process
if thou want to be successful

do thou know the different
between an average man
and a rich man?
that is just how they
attend to failure.

Have you asked her?
Mary Kay Ash,
a failing forward woman,
then let talk about
13th September,1983.

How does if sound?
I love failure
its a faterlizer

said Rick Peniton
a coach of a popular team,
could it be because of his
failing forward.

Was it in Montreal?
Yes, Tony Gwyn
Hero of the San Diego Padres,
What a failing forward player
he was.

Have you consider his says?
Harber.v. Brocknow
'the fellow who never
make a mistake
takes order from who does'

Do you know why?
the reason why your
mother should raise you,
that should be because,
she has failed several times,
then to teach you how to
stay a step from it.

We should fear failure,
that is why we must fail,
because a person who has
never fail,
has never try something new
in life.

Shuaib Ameen

Oblivion

On the couch I slept it end,
the pains, the anguish misspend
Huh! all the time I've repetend
Adherence, Coextence I vilipend
to me, the days are the same always redescend
when I thought it's gone, again it downtrend.

TODAY!

I want to forget about the rhymes,
free the end(s)of each lines and
the beauty of my anguish that salivate
the sore my smell always hear about
the Lake the Ocean always stray aloud
Market women should sell drugs
Prescribed by the plumbers
Drunkard should be sane like mad,
and treat the insane,
the Irony behind words
the reality should succumb to,
Let fly up to the ground to see the
clear view of the sky from the top,
Let give the ant it's crown,
his threat is enough to bear,
let pretend we never visit earth,
Who am I?
I want to bear the question,
I want to forget everything!
Its pain.

Shuaib Ameen

Passerby

passing by the aisle
heard a Nightingale voice
to orient, I see
a pristine face
vomiting the statement
how are you?

my body began to feel turbulence
by eyes became overwhelmed
scoping at a gorgeous mistress
then my heart became delirious.

when I hear her voice
my heart repeatedly beats
seeing her face elated
I will be exalted
then it gives the commencement
of connoisseur.

but my heart is full
with scary
for what the answer
of the mistress will be
hoping not to be homeless in
her heart.

for me to over give
it translate me as a chicken
who lack courage
I shall make my translation
stalwart and doughty
that is for a man
who oath to be prosperous.

Shuaib Ameen

What Does It Mean?

What does it mean

If I replace the mountain
with a slide?

And I pill the ram horn for
a feather?

What does it mean if

I replace the canine of a lion
with a molar?

And I dagger the breast of a cow
for a cocktail.

I put a guard on a locked door,
with me is the key,

On myself I locked the door,
keep wondering what they say
outside,

I took a sigh wine shot,
after his speech,

and the billows in the breeze
paid my thought a visit,

I smile to the smoke pain
when in anguish,

and cover my pain with a pain,
and shed the tears under my tears,
what does it mean?

Shuaib Ameen

Yoruba

Lets gaff the historical excruciating
to avoid the exasperating,
let give the fact elevation,
through the excavation.

count back from a desolate
the scattering of the family attendant
caused by a conflict
then set to a wet land.

the forefather of yoruba
said to be living in urba
famously call oduduwa
a grandson of king in Asia
by name call makkah.

The peaceful pandemonium
set a fire to the dry farm
and led to the scattering of the family
whom have been living together peacefully.

the oduduwa,
heir to gobir and kukawa,
goes on a long journey
and later resides in a place,
commonly call 'ile ife'
the motherland of yoruba.

A sunrise yoruba,
is indeed the name,
coming from the whole Asia,
then settle in a mere Africa,
what a so call history,
is nothing but throug

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