

Poetry Series

Sulaiman Alimat Taiwo
- poems -

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Sulaiman, Alimat Taiwo hails from ogbomoso, Oyo state, Nigeria. Born into the family of a partly Yoruba father and a full Ghanaian studied political science at a federal university in Nigeria. As a campus journalist, she is the current director of publicity of the Union of Campus Journalists Unilorin. As a writer, she is the author of *The Foster Child* and *Harmony of the goddess*.

Faith

Word and time enough.
Smile would stream through my eyes again
In admiration of myself
With the distance clearly close
With sadness choking the joy
Cancerously making me pay for the pains I never induced
The tale of my life turning tragic
With every episode mocking my existence
I have come this far in a non ending race of thorns
Happiness seems never returning from its break
Sadness dining with me in the tinning rope of existence
The rope grows tinier each time we had a meal
Hypertension the word it insinuates
My saviour is me
The race begins at the colonisation of thought by fear
Tis, it must end by my freedom of thought
Dear existence,
Is freedom truly slavery?

Sulaiman Alimat Taiwo

Nature Like A Course

The heart weeps, the mind cries
The sky rains, the sun shines
The moon smiles, the air blows
Lovers love, enemies hate
Nature like a course

Echoes like a trumpet
The ears ache, the eyes weep
Heart weaken, mind blowing
Soul in danger of getting completely lost
Caught at the confluence of history
Nature like a course

Something else had happened, otherwise no more bitterness
Positively, I give voice to my soul
Coming shackle the messenger of my mind
Life colored fully by experience
Immortality, beginning with a sweet memory
Nature like a course

My time was imprisoned, I froze it
Time by itself is nothing, I gave it my past to carry
Locking it up in a capsule of tragic visions
Such a precious vehicle to the future
Nature like a course

In danger of getting completely lost
The question of nature is never changing
It's inevitable like death
Over-sensitivity, I cry in anxiety
My eyes beam so high at my behind
Almost drilling holes into my heart
Nature like a course.....

Sulaiman Alimat Taiwo

Ody

life as hard as a stone
Happiness lost to lust
Honesty wielded like shield
Where in the world do i exist
Death so expensive and inevitable
How do all this happen and will end
Hope widely a barren thought

Sulaiman Alimat Taiwo

Solitude Is Hard, Give Me A Hand

Creeping down my cheeks like flooding water
Hear me now!

Don't say those words if you don't honor them
Take me not to a meaningless session again

I wish not to be crowned your heroic deception
I've sought for truth and abort the sadness in the past

Unleashing the burdens carried across ageing periods
From the depth of my heart where the memories cry

I carried the hatred of the question why
I have no reasons for hiding my thoughts

I've spilled emotions in pursuit of joy
The hole in my heart is deep and empty

To have a sense of my past paradigm
My innocent heart bled from innocence

Trapped by illusion of a vanquished love
I've crossed the bridge that spanned my docile domain

But the past cloud still hunting my mind
Understanding truth my mental disdain

When even my loneliness attempt to value its worth
I forced my pen to bleed

Its time to bend my heart and take a hand
Solitude is hard, I need a hand

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The Barren Sea

How long shall I wallow in fears?
Alone in the heart of the barren sea
For my eyes cry to see my home in the quiet nest
From the saint of memories, my heart filled with empty hopes

Going blind to ignore my own agony
Will I turn deaf before I hear my own cry?
My belly is an evidence of a fading strength
How long more in this cage of solitude?

The sea of hope soon drying off
Thirsty amidst river, the sea is barren
How long shall I quench my thirst with hope?
Hope soon lost to wish, on the barren sea I ride

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The Barren Thought

In the shadow of earth, half of my life passed
Flying unpleasantly in dreams like a polluted air
Tears rolling like a wound in the water
An account of the passing of death

The brother of death steadily exact the second part of me
My soul, in which stands a beautiful paragraph of life
This is a common experience I want to pin down
I've got this far and my vision fails

The experience stands outside the frame of time
Loosing its flowers, reality blossoms outside by the moon
Life fades on the stem, divorce by breath in isolation
A good part of my sleep peered out with visions
Fantastic object of a barren thought

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When Word Has No Limit

Once upon the past, when we never mattered
Injured and hurting in stagnancy
Our souls cried out loud to be nourished
Our hearts sings and requires warmness

Our thoughts guided helplessly and wandering
When word have no limit
While truth sits by the mirror pulling on its shoes
Unity! We all sing, let unity forever be restored

The eyes see, the ears hear, the skin feels
We know we want but our mouth is handicap to seek
The heart maturely nurtured for truth
Imprisoned in the fore wall of weakness to seek

Swallowing the truthful taste of life
All wishes are now desired
Out of the obscure darkness we travel to the flaming light
But justice is in comatose

In the hands of law we seek harmony
Justice has find solace in law
And the lawmakers bring woo to the masses
We are devoured and not protected, justice in comatose

Who will stand to cry our cry
Let the brave heart seek retribution
For the sins committed against our innocent selves
Where justice was once awake

Change in motion, many emotions erased
The naked soul in beautiful sorrow
The whistle of change announces its arrival
With a package over its shoulder; development

A man can't ride in the train unless with bent back
We will once again be green and white
For the man with a bent back is about to board
For in time we will ride with progress to development

So.....lets unite in truth
With change.....and justice
We can develop and let our light shine and grass green

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