

Poetry Series

Taiwo Lasisi
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Taiwo Lasisi(22/02/1995)

A Dark Ramadan

What a ramadan?
Veils everywhere
Still am damned
Time purity steers

Laced with pain;
Is my eye
How i be so stain;
I better die

Hope fly by all men
I only see den
Covered in darkness
Encamped agony, distress

A burden i carry;
My shoulder sour.
My heart tarry;
For my agony tall

Allah come save me!
This pain is beyond me!
Where do my hope seem?
Ramadan made it dim

Ramadan saves;
What of mine?
I hunger slave
To get the divine
SAVE ME!
O ALLAH

Taiwo Lasisi

Apodyopsis Of Hope

Like a vernorexia of Fire
Deep in my phantasmagoria
Lets live it as it comes;
We say

Having dalliance with our weakness
Awaiting denouement like thaumaturgy
A kerfuffle in our huderon heart
Reflecting through our welly lives
Just like a dysania of life
This life is worthless
We say

Hope it was all a dream
All tumult to the supreme
Wrath is the reward
Even when we suffer it
Selcouth as it is
But as selcouth as i am
Little do i know
Hope is to the Creator
When you absquatulate it
Wrath shall be your Abode

Taiwo Lasisi

Heavenly Melodies

Gentle and sweet,
Dulcet and tender,
Are the lovely sounds i hear.
Reminds me of dear heaven so near.
And would i be there,
Such question that struck me so dear.
i would try and be there.
For these lovely sounds i hear,
Reminds me of the heavenly melodies up there.

Taiwo Lasisi

Ignorance In Robes Of Pain

Day after day;
bright and dawn.
i see it count before me
i see it fading away
like a air of sway
every tick i live
with not my treasure
what a failure
miserable in your absence
obscene like a harlot
when you are unfound in my words
oh my great treasure
endowed upon me
what a pleasure
The closeness between us
cannot only be measured
but you can be sure
There is no me without us

Taiwo Lasisi

Loss Of A Dear

Tear drops everywhere
For the loss of a dear

could you not have held on
now you're gone
leaving me on this road run
every time i look up at the sun
i close my eyes and pray like John

why have you done this?
you pricked a part of me
and vanished forever
and all that happens so ever

i believe there's eternity
a world different from earth

where you'll ve a calm and comely life
even though you've left a hole in my heart
the memory of you is sweeter that deserts
Oh, you are a sweetheart
on the mercy seat of the son of man
do you be now
waiting for the glorious triumph into heavens
where the angels meet and sing
and on this end
shall we meet again

Taiwo Lasisi

Man Of No Destiny

Even though my hour has passed me by
my destiny has traveled far
his love for me is a reason to live
his beauty that giveth peace

Even at my night hour;
i merry like a man of hour
tho theres trouble behind me,
and foes ahead
but i fold my hands in his shell
because he will fight for me
man may think a lifetime wasted
but a different view i applaud
for his love ive tasted
a oracle of mercy
he redeem;
my wasted years

Taiwo Lasisi

Miss Babalola

I see your struggles
I hear the mumble
Of your heart,
In search for light.

Life has been so harsh
Even though its pain.
Hope flies about,
Your heart's;
Window pane.

Even though;
Life showed you nothing,
But shame.
You stay up tho!
Like a tiger;
That can't be tamed

Even though
Your future
Seems dim
You shower
Under the rain
Of dreams

What a hero?
You are!
Heavens salute;
O-er! O-er!

Taiwo Lasisi

Nigga

Yh we're black
That's why we called nigga
A name whites now regard
You never mess with a nigga
Like a broom we stay together
Mess with my black brother
And we may be dealing murder
But if it's us from the same mother
We may deal in the correct order
But if it's 2 of us against a white brother
He should be ready to cross life's borders
We are black
But just like the coconut
Our heart is pure than salt
Yh we do fight alot
But only for the right cause

Taiwo Lasisi

Pleasure Over Treasure

Wisdom! Wisdom! Wisdom!
Wisdom is as precious as Gold,
As prominent as Air,
Beautiful as Aphrodite,
magical adhere

loving than Cupid
leaving her;
so stupid.

She is a very special gift from the Supreme.
She finds anyone who seeks her.
i remember the dark scary nights in the forest of Confusion and Sorrow, i cried to
the supreme for he sent her down to was too beautiful, heavens take bow, her
cup was full.
She was as bright as the beautiful morning light.
She came to me and my life changed, not till the moment enemies like friends
came.
They told me of the beautiful one, that loves only sweet things and fears not the
supreme.
Her way is sour and takes to extreme
i was foolish enough to leave the precious one, for the childish one.i had
forgotten how she brought me peace, honor, success, and respect.
But now shez gone, and I'm searching desperately for her.
This is my little story, my dear friends, do not make my mistake ever, Because
'the Gold one loose for coal, would take sweat and pains to regain.'

Taiwo Lasisi

Psalms Of Dean

Dean Dean
Son of woe
Sleep with death and call it hoe
Even-though he sinned
His bizzare heart has made him mean
The one thing I like of him
He never wanted Sam to be like him
Even-though that's illusion
He still cares for him like his own son
Even-though death knocks at the door
Makin him tremble for all he saw
But he's still ready to take that fall
Oh sweet love of dean
Penetrate that lonely heart of me
Your great love for Sam
Has made me write this psalms

Taiwo Lasisi

Slaves To Time

Like a vernorexia of fire;
Deep in my phantasmagoria
Lets live it as it comes
We say

Having dalliance with our weakness,
Awaiting denouement like thaumaturgy
A kerfuffle in our huderon heart;
Reflecting through our welly lives
Just like a dysania of life
This life is worthless
We say

Hope it was all a dream
All tumult to the supreme
Wrath is the reward
Even when we suffer it
Selcouth as it is
But as selcouth as i am
Little do i know
Hope is to the Creator.
When you absquatulate it
Wrath shall be your Abode

Taiwo Lasisi

To My Loved Ones (My Birthday)

To this day, i was born
I never planned to write this
I was advised by a loved one
But shall i feast?
or dance?
or gild my day
with this wonderful piece

How wonderful it is, to be alive today
even as i write, many are at the verge of Death
letting go of the essence and beauty of this Universe
the trees, the roses, the blue beautiful sky, the love of a parent,
the love of a child, the love of friends, the happiness of someone somewhere.

But here i am
sourcing in the wind of love and hope
sojourning in the mystical beauty of love

Life is an odyssey of chaos
but the moments that makes the warrior is of Charity
and with great Gravity
i say,
THANK YOU

Taiwo Lasisi

Wind Of Fate

There is a wind never heard of
A wind we've all soared
Every bit of humanity has once been a submissive wife
Or rather a humble slave to this wind
This wind is part of earths eternal mysteries
It has always been since the beginning of histories

do not think this wind is evil
but rather a analytical preview
of our powerlessness
in the genesis of our existence

this wind starts it all
it blows us to be us
it designs our call
it perfect our imbalance curse

it gives us no choice
it blows at partial course
but still, impartial
it blows some lightly
and some heavily
it blows some to terror
and blows some to valor

you still may not know this wind I'm talking about
but it has blown you and everyone around you
its the greatest thing that ever happened to you
its this same wind that blow that crippled child you once pitied
its the same wind that blow that poor beggar on wall street

This same wind blew Malia into the womb of Michelle Obama
This same wind blew me into one big family that could get me educated
This same wind blew you into that family where you have 3 square meal
This same wind blew one poor child somewhere into one miserably poor home
Where hunger has become a necessary deal

This wind I'm talking about makes us
Our gender, nationality, family, are all determined by this wind

Even sometimes we regret being who we are
Or where we are
We may want to blame this wind
But this mysterious wind can never be blamed
For the ones he blows into terror he fills with great valor
As his reward for such ugly turbulence

This wind; i call the wind of fate
Blows some into riches
And blows some into poverty
Blows some into health
Some into sickness

It is sad, we don't have control over this wind
But still, our control of this wind is what makes us
By becoming the wind, we can control the wind
By blowing once more on those harshly blown
By blowing softly upon them that were terribly blown

By showing love and concern for those that have been placed into discreet agony
or suffering
Not as a matter of choice but by birth
Like the poor little girls in Niger born into the reign of child marriage
Or the Poor hungry children in Africa born into abject poverty
They have not chosen these for themselves.
They were only blown by the wind of fate that has also blown you and I to a
more fortunate position.
The only way we can change things is to be the wind and blow on the hopeless
once more..

Taiwo Lasisi