

Poetry Series

**Umar mohammed**  
**- poems -**

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Umar mohammed()

# Am I The Best

indeed i am smart nearly the best,  
far away of been not the best  
All my songs and lyrics are on the lips of all the best.  
Am i among the best?  
aisha confese that 'my lyrics are nurishing, educating all the best'  
i swiftly smile: aisha my words are the inspiration of the poets.  
I must write your words make me colored and chant my lines,  
August rainfall is not, as in july:  
havy like an ofspring carying his mother.

Umar mohammed

# Don'T Laught At Me

Don't laugh at me  
The God almighty creator of the universe  
You and I, destine to see me like this  
For I know who I am,  
You are not a believer that believe in miracles' wonders  
Don't laugh at me  
You are a poor mathematician,  
Thant cant the blessing raining upon me  
You are and illiterate that cant distinguish between  
Professionalism and knowledge  
The sky is too wide for the flying dove  
To fly around  
Don't laugh at me  
The ocean is too long and deep for you to swim across  
Talent is a gift from almighty to the bestowing  
Am here standing laughing at you  
It is the beginning of me  
The end of you

Umar mohammed

# Dream With Me

Fear not my love,  
It is time to sleep  
Close your eyes and I will be in your dreams,  
To vanish away your nightmares  
And make you a queen that you are.  
In your dreams it will be a colorful event with flowers everywhere.

Umar mohammed

# Fine Your Voice

yes you have a voice.

That should not be your voice

Your voice is up in the coldest mountain.

The path is thorn filled all the way

Only your voice will see you through

In the absence of your knowing, your dreams will navigate you.

Your face is filled with scars; of this difficult life.

Don't let your voice go in vein

It is the voice of the street.

That voice is the voice of the slum

It is the voice of the less privilege

This voice is the voice of your very heart

This voice is the strength in veins, hope in heart.

This voice is the fairy tales told by mothers, under the moonlight

This voice is the voice that tells u to fight back when bitten

This voice is the tears from a mother, and a smile from another mother.

This voice is your feelings and emotions.

Umar mohammed

# Fulani Boy

We are just Africans with the spirit of our ancestors.

Story telling is something I am expose to...

As a Fulani boy,

Born in Hausa land,

poem and story telling is the other half of me

Been a Hausa Fulani is a powerful moral implication;

Which opens all figment in heart.

The imagination of every artist open all heart.

I am a Fulani boy,

From a cultural mother

The intersection of our locality compose my morality.

A punch line removing shoes before elders,

take an Arabian friend down by surprise

Umar mohammed

# In Your Eyes

In your eyes so clear so tender:  
i read the dreams of human in gender  
in your eyes so bright more than the moon light:  
i can see nature in it full colour  
in your eyes so transparent:  
i can see the rich blue maiditianian sea  
in your eyes so fear, in your face of patience  
my love for you is glittering, my hearts keep bobbling.  
softly softly my heart's sang a sweet song  
who is this with the eyes of the unseeing?

Umar mohammed

# Legend Of Paradise

He roar like a lion, that frighten off jungle  
He is wise like a rabbit that escaped all traps.  
He utter words of peace and power  
He wrestle the devil to the dungeon  
He forbids what is forbidding upon him  
He embrace what is obligatory upon him  
He is ever ready to welcome angle of death him  
He tells the story the sky will never fall him  
He felt it is the darkest, but in full moon he sees  
He know it is the ugliest but very beautiful he sees  
Because lonely are the days, if only lonely are the night.

Umar mohammed

# Love Is Pink

Love is pink,  
hate is red  
loving oneself could be enormous.  
loving oneself could be dangerous.  
giving whole love to one soul could be accident  
love is pink,  
hate is red  
when the loved soul let you down,  
you are heart broken  
wearing pink no more.

Umar mohammed

# My African Beauty

Just like the morning sun;  
shining with cool breez  
like a glowing splint.

I keep wondering if a woman face i saw  
aow! what a beauty of the accent times  
Nothing thrillz me more...she looks so marvellous  
just like a sun flower,  
scenting more than queen of the night,  
which is colored yellow and green.  
Wearing a benovelent smile  
so adoreble with her pink wear.  
Under the cute preety face  
for she is more than beautiful!  
oh! she is my african beauty

Umar mohammed

# Real

REAL

What is real?

Is it what you test?

Is it what you sense, feel?

Or is it what you can touch?

Nay it is more that

Real is the reality that defines believe,

Believe is all that brings all too real,

In all life, reality is the action of real.

That shall not be real if believe is not real

Why do we believe when our believe is real or not?

Believe is believing in only one God;

That you see not

That you test not

That you touch not

That you only sense and feel;

But be satisfied with his words.

Are you real?

Perhaps you only exist.

Nothing is ever real;

But the one that is in existence before the creation of existence.

Existence only exist when commanded to exist

This is what existence will tell man

Existence: all creatures are created in me,

All will die in me, and I still lived.

Soon or sooner I will die too.....

No heavens no earths

Only the Almighty lord of all

Man fail he never fail

Creatures die he never dies

History fade away his words never fade away

Creatures study what is real

His words are memories because they are real.

Knowledge is made out of wisdom

Power is power if only with wisdom

Beauty is beautiful only where there is ugly

Faith is the other life of man

With all these man imaging himself real

The almighty lord of all

Create man all equal but some above some  
And one above all.  
The almighty lord of all gives some to some  
And all to the one above all.  
This is real.

Umar mohammed

# Smile

I admire the feelings and intensity in your smile  
All of a sudden I feel amazed by your smile  
A borrowed smile can bring back memories in blinks  
The African dream is vast!  
So what is the smile behind an African woman?  
Smile is the identity of an African woman  
Oh! My God...  
Your love cover my heart within a blink of an eye  
Every drop of tears from your eyes;  
Is like am stabbed! With a broken bottle.  
But your smile vanish and wash-away the pain  
One smile explore your beauty in respect to your dimples  
An outstanding smile can unite the world.  
Don't be sad, bear a smile  
One smile can sum-up peace and unity.

Umar mohammed

# Two Smiling Faces

I cry hard, I cry hard  
But nobody cares  
Only two dears  
I shout loud, I shout loud  
But nobody hears  
Only two hears  
Tears roll down to my chicks  
Am will

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