

Poetry Series

# Wolf the poet

## - poems -



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2024

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

## Wolf the poet()

I was born amidst the wolves

A free spirit, a wild card, i am one with the pack all thanks to Luna.

Poetry is that necessary glimpse of energy which fuels my entire reality.

I am a warrior and the bleeding pen is my double edged sword.

I write to inspire before that time when i will disintegrate and expire.



PoemHunter.com

# Life Quite A Short Trip

A walk down my memory lane  
Is like opening up my window pane  
And taking a sneak peak outside to see if rain starts rising upwards  
My past shaped my life

It shaped my life In so many ways  
But they still judge me nevertheless  
However much you try to prove otherwise  
People will always judge you regardless

The past should not be forgotten  
They serve as lessons and seeds that mould the future  
We are who we are because of our past  
So is there a point to be judgemental?

Never try to prove yourself  
We are here for a short while anyway  
And then, you will die and be long forgotten  
Let us just live this short life without poking around one's past present and future

Wolf the poet

# Dear Self

I am a master of my own creation  
A perfect artist of my own illusion  
A sculptor who needs no correction  
My life has its own flaws but also perfection  
Usually they call me Wolf

A personality I developed overtime  
To escape this known reality  
The wolf acts as my shield and a wall  
Shielding me from every aspect of pain and agony

Life as we all know it isn't black and white  
But a shade of different colors  
When life serves you a bitter lemon  
Don't be a bitch instead make a lemonade out of it

I am very proud of myself underline (very)  
Reasons best kept away from prying ears and eyes  
My life made a lot of sense  
When my little wolf came to this world  
The light bringer my morning star

I tackle this life with a lot of ease  
And in the process brings me peace  
Living for the moment my principle  
Staying happy, wild and free my priority

Wolf the poet

# Food For Thought

Slowly by slowly we are drifting  
As the saying usually goes  
Time will show someone's true self  
The pain we at times go through  
Cannot simply be penned down

Many at times we do ask ourselves the one rhetorical question  
Is it worth it?  
Did I do much or less?  
All depends on the angle of view

I can make someone laugh today  
One will term it as weakness  
But when I make someone feel rather bad  
Some will call it heartless

Where is the balance  
Where do I make my stance  
I try to take a glance  
At every situation and try to weigh  
But the scales are seriously rigged

Thoughts are the mirrors of observation  
They can overwhelm at the same time therapeutic  
One must find balance  
Or else finds himself or herself lost

Wolf the poet

# Happy Birthday My Little Wolf

On this day,  
All stars in the known universe aligned  
and a condign star was born.  
A precious one,  
a special gift  
That was YOU,  
the day YOU were born.

Your warm and unique nature,  
touched many lives I know,  
A sempiternal brook of kindness  
that wants to merge with the ocean.  
A difference in this world  
You made,  
Not only for me  
But those around you too.

On this your birthday,  
I wish YOU a life of blessedness.  
For your name is indeed a blessing  
May all your fondest dreams come true,  
That with every candle on your birthday cake,  
a lovely surprise await YOU.  
My wish for YOU -that whatsoever  
YOU want most in life-  
come your way,  
just the way YOU imagined it  
or maybe better.

I hope YOU treasure  
Every step of the way  
I hope you treasure all and sundry  
as much I do.  
Look forward,  
for many more happy birthdays  
to follow,  
My littlest wolf,

Happy Birthday baby doll

I wish opulent Blessings  
And good wishes, to last YOU all lifes through  
And with this sincerest hope and joy  
That will never end  
From which YOU can  
to others lend.  
May each new birthday  
Be the best YOU ever knew

Happy birthday baby Lia  
I love you my dearest

Wolf the poet

# The Apex Predator

Of all the animals in the jungle  
My uttermost salute goes to the wolf  
An animal steady and firm like the golf  
So ruthless ferocious like Hitler's adolf

The wolf and apex predator by nature  
It has a great sense of adventure  
Do not call it animal but rather creature  
For the term animal is so vague and seem like a denture

Folks say the lion is strong  
The tiger powerful  
The elephant enormous  
But mark you the wolf never plays in the circus

They are pack animals  
Always at the top of the food chain  
A chain of command put in place  
The leader, Alpha we call it  
The one who controls all

Wolves gotta hunt  
To maintain their rare hide  
They the wolves  
The predators  
Always on the top of the foodchain

Wolf the poet



# The Gift Nature Has To Offer

Nature is a gift we possess  
It is the key of heart and soul  
The beauty of the sunset  
Tell us something each day  
That another day ended today

The beauty of sunrise  
Tells us that this day is here to stay  
The wind blowing on the face  
Tells us the power of love  
We get inspired by nature each and everyday  
To make our pleasant love  
Possess in nature to have a rhythmic heart

Taming heart by nature  
Heart soul is crying for naturally  
Beautiful like nature  
Looking for evergreen love blossomed  
As we wander around within utopia oasis  
Feet kissed sun with blessed path  
Leading to passionate pasture  
Love is a nature  
Fixed by creature  
And tainted by adventure

Wolf the poet

# Love Unmeasured

The day, my love, was very long  
This love i have for you is so strong  
My affections for you princess are never wrong  
You occupy my thoughts  
Being the persona in every ounce of my memory

My days without you are dark  
When we don't converse i won't be a lark  
Who loves to read the book of Mark  
Instead, i will be be dry as the mahogany bark  
For i yearn your embrace my love

I tend to create an illusion in my mind  
Usually i term it as my mind scape  
It is a space i do escape to  
To vanguish and extinguish my sorrows  
In that mind scape is you my wife

Baby doll in you i see a wife  
A girl with a brain sharp as knife  
You bring me to life  
And each and everytime you make me smile  
The smile so innocent leaving my mouth agape

I miss caressing that curvaceousness body  
Every squeeze i apply on those tender thighs  
The love bite on those soft lips  
Only God knows how much i want them  
Call me a Casanova i won't mind  
Since i am lusting for the woman i love

That woman is my rare flower  
I will water it, care for it  
As it is delicate leaving its petals to levitate with the splinter of sunshine  
Exposing its fragrance cleansing the foul air within  
My flower my Shewolf.

Wolf the poet

# I Do Not Belong

I was born in a different continent  
A complete creature and an ambitious element  
The dreams I encounter ain't that permanent  
But stains my existence like a monument

I always keep to myself and wonder  
If my existence is a blunder  
As the road of survival moves in a meander  
And everything else seems a blur

Overseas are a bountiful of opportunities  
My likes or rather hobbies scattered everywhere  
Where do I belong?  
Castles in the air I build

Castles in the air I build  
My mind for a split second thrilled  
But reality keeps pushing it  
Overcoming my made up fantasy

Yes, black lives do matter  
But they do matter in a dark continent  
A land full of deceit, hate and corruption  
Every living creature fighting for territory  
Not knowing that in the midst of their fighting  
The whites always ready to maul the prey

Wolf the poet

# The Story Of My Life

Life is a true definition of a journey  
As it is rare and expensive like gold money  
Ups and downs we encounter  
All crumbling down to the center  
Nevertheless in the long run all lives matter

I was brought up in these harsh world  
Back then when technology was a fairy tale  
A tale which defined my existence as a male  
I have had to toil from time to time  
Trying to fit in this human world

My thinking is that of a wolf  
My behavior at times primal  
I am one with the nature  
So touched by the spirit of adventure  
And calibrated by the thought of a pack

I came to realize 1 painful truth  
That survival is meant for the fittest  
Where only the strong prevail  
And the weak gotten rid of  
All this sum up to  
The story of my life

I still have more to note down  
About the story of my life  
For it is taking me to various heights and places  
New adventures, new realities, new friends  
The story of my life what a mystery

Wolf the poet

# Plight Of Masturbation

Call it a self service satisfaction  
Lost in an ocean of sexual desire  
As the genitals burns and thirsts  
Leaving no room for sane mind

Dirty pictures play In the head  
Hallucinated pornography displayed  
Fiercely activating the hormones  
The urge and hunger suffocates  
Sex dolls and dildos are set for work  
To calm down the anxiety of their master

It's genesis is a simple swift  
Pornography growing into a habit  
The habit becomes an irrevocable addiction  
Addiction that has no exodus

The climax is heaven but the guilt is hellish  
The orgasm is over, the fire is extinguished  
An occultic desire,  
The plight of masturbation

Wolf the poet

# Life Is But A Blur

She is alive,  
But ain't living,  
All she does is struggle to survive,  
Her tomorrow and now,  
Lies on the syringe,  
Her breathe in the bottle,  
Her light in those pills.

Her name is Monica,  
She was a beauty,  
She was bright,  
She was obedient,  
But did you know that the obedience too can be swayed?  
By wind and waves?  
of peers and colleagues too?  
Did you know that classroom knowledge alone isn't enough,  
To climb and cross,  
Life's mountains and rivers?  
Chemical reactions and algebra,  
grammar and History,  
They are theoretical,  
But life's practical.  
And she was swayed! .

Her name is Lydia,  
was a peagant of beauty,  
And was a magnet,  
Attracted every Adam she came across,  
Gave her pride,  
And wished for more,  
Classes became leisure,  
And attended when she was free,  
Clubs her profession,  
Yet undergraduate,  
Monday to Friday,  
Bottle to bottle,  
Table to table,  
Tribe to tribe,  
Her well quenched many thirsts,

Her well soon dried,  
No one to attract,  
Candidiasis to gonorrhoea,  
Beauty fades!  
The rising breasts do fall!  
The milky hair do age,  
The supple skin do wrinkle,  
The words of her mother brought guilt!

The sun do set,  
And can set forever for you,  
But will still be shining for others,  
Heart,  
virtues,  
Listen, implement,  
The old know more,  
Don't crumble your life,  
in the name of gen z  
in the name of beauty,  
in the name of 'YOLO'  
The designer to your life,  
is you!  
I rest my pen

Wolf the poet

# Fantasy Turned Reality

There is a face i would love to see  
Eyes i would love to drown deep into  
Lips i would love to kiss  
Yours!

When i kissed you  
I was scared to hold you  
When i held you i was scared to love you  
Now that i love you  
I am scared to lose you

I love you like i love the thrill of pure infatuation  
But most of all i love you like a cherished friend  
Who holds me tight  
And loves me to the end

You're my angel  
My lullaby  
Forever yours until i die  
You're my angel  
My sweetest thought  
Eternally yours, my dear angel, the only one i've got

I won't lie to you  
For to lie to a goddess is sin  
I love your mind and soul  
And i will love you till we all taste Sheol

I can still smell your hair  
I can still feel your touch  
I can still taste your lips  
I can still see your smile  
I can still sense your closeness

And though at times a thread may break  
A new one forms in its wake  
To bind us closer and keeps us strong  
In a special world where we belong



The sharpness of your mind  
The sweetness of your lips  
The softness of your skin  
Your beautiful laugh  
Your glorious smile  
Your perfect body

An episode of passion  
A night gone by  
No force could stop the attraction  
Between you and i

You are my shewolf  
You are that motivational quote that keeps me going  
The embodiment of angelic beauty  
Your presence is my essence  
Your gaze embraces me

Wolf the poet

# Dignity

This short life we live to inspire  
Beauty, figure, brains we require  
Our hearts are burning with fire  
The fire to be loved and cherished before we expire  
All this effort to inspire will make us a liar

We ought to be proud of our origins  
Because that is what defines our existence  
In this generation there's a lot of pretence  
We tend to create an illusion  
The illusion that we are our best selves  
The illusion that we live to impress

There is this word lust  
It diminishes us to rust  
I am not a chauvinist though  
Allow me to talk about the girl child  
They are the most affected victims of  
this metaphor

Your bodies are a temple  
Cover them, keep them clean  
For we, the gentlemen, are after your heart and not your butt  
Having saying that  
You'll free yourselves from unwanted pregnancies and 'being used' as y'all claim  
after being dumped

Wolf the poet

# 11th

Love is quite a beautiful entity  
For it revolves around unity  
It is enormous some prefer mighty  
Love is such a mystery  
A mystery to marvel if not to behold

This universe is calling out  
Calling out in the form of numbers  
To be precise number eleven  
It is a number i will live to cherish  
Respect it, nourish it before i perish

My star was born on this beautiful date  
Call me lame but i give it a five star rate  
'Twinkle twinkle little star'  
My daughter, you are a star  
A meteor who fell on 11th

A bit of a flashback  
Let me get back to my mind rack  
Where is my shewolf  
She ought to get a snack  
Why so?  
She has a role to play on my magic number

I met my wife on 11th  
The Universe really called out  
I answered and heeded to its call  
It is a paradox and not a sarcastical irony  
Eleventh my lucky number

I am not winding up yet  
Another reminder of my lucky number  
Surprisingly, my dad was born on eleventh  
Sharing a birthdate with my star  
What a coincidence  
I am left in the horns of my dilemma

Thanks to fate

Thanks to the universe for mending up everything  
And putting everything to place  
Thanks to my lucky number

Wolf the poet

# Cheers Mother

The day is so gray  
The sky so gay  
One may think it is the month of May  
For today is a special day

I celebrate you my mother  
The rock upon my sleeve  
Always swaying me to the right path  
In order to avoid the earth's wrath

She was born on this awesome day  
Beautiful flowers i do summon  
To nourish your day with a sweet scent  
Happy birthday mom

Sing to you i will  
However a musician i am not  
Write to you instead i definitely will  
As i am your born poet  
I love you so much

Happy birthday mom  
Live to blow a million candles

Wolf the poet

# The Wheel Of Time

It has been a while  
Some may even call it a mile  
We both drank the break up vile  
Even though we still carry on with a smile

There is this entity we call time  
It is a stream that has no end  
There are a lot of cataracts, obstacles and dangerous boulders  
Time brings out the best and the worse in us

One minute you are in love  
The other you are collecting your heart scraps  
Love is a bitter lemon  
But some brews it to be a sweet lemonade

A lot will drink the coolade  
But a few will misuse it  
All in the name of love  
Time will always tell

True love is a gift  
Love is not just a give away word  
It is sacred and shared between two beautiful souls  
True love is eternal and nocturnal

There is love and lust  
Love cares as it is mature  
Lust on the other hand gears on the moment's desires  
Love lasts while lust rusts

Growth is when you let go  
As much as you love him/her just let go  
If you hold on too tight  
The darkness will dim your light

Time bypasses reality  
Time is a superstitious entity  
Time has the ability to build and destroy  
Time though is patient

Some natives say the wheel of time has all the answers

Wolf the poet

# My Song

You are the reason for my song  
Without you my life feels wrong  
As my love for you is strong  
Our future together will be long

My affection for you goes on for each mile  
As you always make me smile  
You are that adventure i thirst for  
That drug to ease my pain  
Images of you clouding my intelligent brain

Millions of people occupy this planet  
But you are my mosquito net  
Always covering me in your warm embrace  
My man, my soulmate and my husband  
Thank you for your affection  
My thoughts of you come as a premonition if not a vision

Drink from my cup darling  
All i want right now is the ring  
The ring to seal off our bond  
Together we curl up in this pond  
Made of roses of different colours

I love you so much Wolf

Wolf the poet



# A Century Foreshadow

150 years from now, none of us reading this post today will be alive. 70 percent to 100 percent of everything we are fighting over right now will be totally forgotten. Underline the word, TOTALLY.

If we go back memory lane to 150 years before us, that will be 1872, none of those that carried the world on their heads then are alive today. Almost all of us reading this will find it difficult to picture anybody's face of that era.

Pause for a while and imagine how some of them betrayed their relatives and sold them as slaves for a piece of mirror. Some k\*llled family members just for a piece of land or tubers of yam or cowries or for a pinch of salt. Where is the yam, cowries, mirror, or salt that they were using to brag? It may sound funny to us now, but that is how s\*llly we humans are sometimes, especially when it comes to money, power or trying to be relevant.

I remember those days in my secondary school, how some people fought and did so many unimaginable things just to have their names shortlisted among those to be made school Prefects. Ordinary school Prefects o! But today nobody in that school right now remembers that I even schooled there despite my popularity then. Now, imagine what happens after 150 years!

Even when you claim the internet age will preserve your memory, take Michael Jackson as an example. Michael Jackson died in 2009, just 13 years ago. Imagine the influence Michael Jackson had all over the world when he was alive. How many young people of today remember him with awe, that is if they even know him? In 150 years to come, his name, when mentioned, will not ring any bell to a lot of people.

Let us take life easy, nobody will get out of this world alive... The land you are fighting and ready to kill for, somebody left that land, the person is dead, rotten, and forgotten. That will also be your fate. In 150 years to come, none of the vehicles or phones we are using today to brag will be relevant. take life easy!

Wolf the poet

# Fate Is Never Late

It was on a breezy evening  
Not so cold not so warm  
The weather just drizzly  
Heading to town i was  
But the cold i couldn't manage  
The bike's side stand we engaged

My friend and i decided to take shelter  
Little did i know what fate has in store for me  
In the twinkle of an eye  
A flower emerged from the distance  
There and then i knew i had a chance

She was in a red hood  
But her beauty still was not contained only within  
Her smile so elegant  
Her vibe so vibrant  
Her eyes compelled me to say hi

Nature works in mysterious ways  
That day i never knew i would find a soulmate  
Though it was kinda late  
But we are mere beings and cannot challenge fate

Joan you are my rare flower  
A day like this we met  
Our first anniversary we celebrate  
All thanks the heavens for this far we have come my love  
Cheers baby girl to many more

Happy 1st year anniversary

Wolf the poet

# Love Is The Key

A smile on her face  
Rearranged my dishevelled mind  
Her stare tickles my reality  
Her laughter warms every atom in my body  
Her touch ignites the spark deep to the core

As she alighted from the abyss  
Her baby bump shinning  
With a radiant complexion  
Her head held high  
For she is carrying a wolf  
The wolf who will conquer this universe

My love for her is bright and infinite  
Just like the twinkling stars of the night  
She is my Shewolf  
I love her with all my might  
As i am her Luna knight

The day is so chilly  
The weather precipitates drizzly  
With her around, it gets warmer by the minute  
Call it summer in it  
We live for the moment

Wolf the poet

# The Unborn Child Is Human

Emancipate yourself from mental slavery,  
For abortion cures no disease.  
Abortion is murder, not a woman's right or choice.  
A dead baby and a lifetime of pain and regret, can never be a right in fact.

The unborn child is Human...  
Many blame hunger and suffering, in the end killing an innocent soul.  
Abortion is the opposite of a right,  
For it is a curse and creates victims out of everyone.

The unborn child is Human.....  
The blood of the saints will rise up and strike like a weapon,  
For the type of punishment you will go through will come with a reason.  
The soul of the innocent will not rest,

For those who abort resort to lies, but as the saying goes 'seek the truth to  
shame the devil', live to remember the unborn child is Human.  
Abortion is the greatest war of all time,  
Choose life for the unborn child is human after all.

Forgiveness is the fragrance of the violet left on the heel that crushed it.  
For the violet is the innocent precious unborn child that seek only life but is  
crushed before seeing light.  
The unborn child is Human...  
To kill whether in the womb or out of the womb, is a crime against God and  
humanity.

Say no to abortion:  
The unborn child is Human.

Wolf the poet

# Living

Watch the sunsets,  
For that's where beauty lies.

Celebrate your milestones,  
Because it's your blood and sweat.

Dance in the rain,  
'Cause life is worth living.

Live, love and laugh,  
Life only happens once,  
And if you live it right,  
Once is only but enough.

Wolf the poet



PoemHunter.com

# Let's Face The Reality

Nothing is more precious than life  
However hard we try to oppose that basic fact  
Life has no spare key  
It is a one way ticket  
We are living in a thicket of despair

We choose how we live this beautiful lie called life  
Unlike the painful truth that is death  
We do not choose how we exit this reality  
But life be it a good one or a bad one it all comes down to choice

I pity the young generation  
They are full of hope and promise  
What they lack though is a positive mindset  
That mindset to counter evil thoughts of suicide  
Drugs and substance abuse

The youth should be advised  
For in advice they have a shoulder to lean on and run to  
Call it their safe heaven  
Arising issues should be aired out and addressed in a proper way

Life is all about sacrifices  
Life is all about that pain  
For in pain we will grow  
As it is part of our evolutionary process  
Allow your mind to be an asset  
And not a liability  
Feed yourself with positive thoughts and positive energy

We should learn from our mistakes  
Not to run away from them  
But rather embrace it and continue with the grind  
Committing suicide is the easy way out  
The coward's way out  
Abstain from that brutal and stupid mentality

Wolf the poet

# I Am The Wolf

I am not a rose but a thorn  
I hurt everyone touching me  
They say i was cursed before i was born  
To be honest my past is killing me

I have furs like a wild dog  
I grip a prey and vanish in a fog  
Some say my blows are like a wolf  
With a bad past like a cursed oaf

Whatever they call me  
From the bones i have been fighting  
Burning my past into odorous stream  
Yeah i'm a wolf and i will stop their scoffing

I underwent an overwhelming mutation  
Split up my cocoon apart  
A caterpillar morphed into a butterfly  
A wolf incarnate out of the pod  
A strong being like the iron rod

Wolf the poet

# Death Is Just But A Beginning

This earth is not my home  
I am going to die with form  
And smell our native soil loam  
My body hence will mold into foam  
And ring the death bells with tom

I will rise again  
Join my brethren  
Who went to the grave before me  
I am going to glance at my granny  
Embrace her, hold her hand  
And whisper to her "I am home"

Our sins will betray  
Our souls as we pray  
And like eggs in a tray  
We will cry and fray in every way known to man

Wolf the poet



PoemHunter.com



# A While

I know it has been a while  
Since I saw your smile  
A smile that lightens up the world  
And illuminates my broken soul

Your very existence  
Defines my being  
For the love we share  
Is unconditional and eternal

Although you are far away  
It made me realize  
That your love is evident from those real eyes  
And not suffering from a syndrome of real lies

It is you I treasure  
What you and I share  
Is an awesome pleasure  
With no absolute measure

Always shine my love  
Shine brighter than the stars  
Uplift your beauty  
And make it your duty if not your priority

All I think of is you  
You are in my thoughts  
Always disturbing my cerebrum  
Making my heart pound hard like a drum  
And my blood to flow in a scrum

Wolf the poet

# Far Away

You are far away  
Far away my love  
But in my heart you are close  
For you are my daily dose

I write this with sorrow  
Because the winds took you far  
I am by the spring Feeling the water as they flow  
Whispering to them of how special you are

I am wrapped in a cocoon of love Sheltered in your shade of embrace  
Worshipping your smile  
And the sparkle your eyes give whenever you stare

Always be happy  
Praise the nature within  
Feel the ground beneath you  
Listen to it closely  
And you will hear my whispers of love

Wolf the poet

# Poisonous World

The world is so full of hate  
These days' no one shares a plate  
For we are no longer driven by fate  
And another man's suffering is used as bait  
As they claim that corruption cannot wait

People have poisonous thoughts  
Thoughts that can destroy  
Rather than to build one's life  
Politicians instead of building the economy  
And putting the needs of their citizens' first  
They fill their pockets with coin  
As well as satisfying their ego  
Forgetting that death is an equalizer

Same scenario applies to relatives  
They pretend to offer incentives  
But in real sense they have queer motives  
The failure of one is happiness for all  
And the success of another brings doubt and gossip

This world is like cholera, a plague  
Flies at every corner  
Making everyone a loner  
Of his or her own thoughts  
We should always reward ourselves  
For everyone is building their gloomy future

Wolf the poet

# To My Son

My son you are my little wolf  
I will always take you to play golf  
When in pain be ruthless like Adolf  
As you are the Rudolf  
In every step you undertake  
Your daddy will always be there to shine you a ray

I will love you with a lot of intensity  
For you are my necessity  
My love for you has no curiosity  
Hence I will mentor you to the university  
Even if we are in the cloud of adversity  
Always be strong  
Be the anchor and not the flanker

As you grow up to be a handsome young man  
I will be by your side  
Quenching every adventure you thirst for  
I will swim the ocean  
Cross a desert even  
To make all ends meet  
Ensuring that you never lack  
I know I will always be proud of you my son

Be better than your old man  
Listen to this baby girl of mine you call mom  
Heed every advice she has to offer  
As I am sure you are going to make us proud  
One day you will read this And whether I am alive or not  
Always know that I love you against all odds

Wolf the poet

# To My Daughter

Her cry pricks the heart  
Her laughter builds the hut  
Her smile cuddles the air  
Her stare warms the room  
Her courage can raise the ocean tides

You are such a blessing  
A blessing descended from the heavens  
Your being Is a miracle  
Foretold by the Greek oracle  
I will always be here to listen  
To be a friend, a supporter and a confidant

When you are in pain  
I will take it away and offer you rain  
Rain to wash away your troubles  
I want to be part of your successes  
Walk you through every bit of it  
And when the going gets tough  
The tougher we are going to get

You are my little wolf  
Accalia is her name  
Always howl to the oppressors  
Uplift your beauty  
Make it your duty if not your priority  
When you read this someday  
Always know that your dad loves you  
No matter what befalls him

Wolf the poet

# Sickness A Menace

i wake up to this nightmare  
The nightmare enraging my sleep  
I am trapped in my own fantasy  
A self afflicted doom of sickness  
The sickness becoming my menace

A cold i encountered  
Engulfing my emotions so tight  
Not giving me a room to breathe  
My throat so sore and itchy  
Trynna utter a word, but my voice's scratchy

I find it difficult and excruciating to sleep  
I have to rely on the pills  
I see them pills and all they give me are chills  
But in order for a splinter of sleep to dawn on me  
I have no option but to oblige

I give it a day or two for the flu to pass  
I am a wolf and i'll get well  
Despair and anguish i will dwell  
I will draft a sequel not a prequel  
Allow me pen down, salute folks

Wolf the poet

# Cousins

We are a good lot of cousins  
The love we share is that of the magazines  
A bond so pure  
A bond that needs no cure

Time flies and aging though creeps in  
We relive our past memories  
Ancient pictures statued in our galleries  
Just as the corn lay rest in the granaries

Money can't buy happiness  
Happiness is eternal  
It cannot be reciprocated rather it is rejuvenated  
Let us always cheer the shared memories  
Never to despise one another as we share the same bloodline

'Celebrate every baby step you make' not my words  
I quote my mom  
We are one race  
Let us move with the same pace  
For the grave is the destination  
That awaits our various notions and imaginations

Let us just live life  
As short as it is  
Let us live every moment it has to offer  
Help each other we must  
That is what cousinhood entails  
Peace my people

Wolf the poet

# Amidst The Mist

The morning's so chilly  
Can't even get a call to Billy  
For my hands are frozen  
My eyes blurred seeing everything in a dozen

I hear raindrops on my roof  
But sleep still grips my soul  
Evident in my sluggish eyes  
Which definately tell no lies

My body lays horizontally  
Tired both physically and mentally  
Can't even manage to go to the rally  
Nor do a simple mathematical tally

I await the sunshine  
To shine its ray so fine  
So that one day i dine  
With the most expensive wine

Wolf the poet



# A Boring Day

We had an appointment  
But later turned a disappointment  
The day was supposed to be a monument  
A day to nourish the environment  
And enrich the corrupt government

Anger grips my being  
As remorse fills my heart  
Building a shade of loneliness  
And a cocoon of drunk emotions

I sat down by the shade  
To witness the sunshine fade  
While thinking of the fucked up day  
And how it sucked in a way  
Even though we still bask in May

Wolf the poet



PoemHunter.com

# The Rain

The clouds are gathering  
I see them feathering  
Flock of birds zoom about  
They chirp melodiously

As i walk along the dusty path  
A drop of rain hits my cracky skin  
Straightening up my kinky hair  
As if to set up a flare

Farmers are singing  
Singing songs of planting  
Yeah folks the season is nigh  
Brought about by the drizzles

My mind is now set a straight  
My head stead fast with a firm gait  
Ready to welcome and celebrate the change of weather  
Weather to cover the nether land

Wolf the poet

# Home

It's home,  
Because

The air feels lighter,  
The bread tastes better,  
Laughter is more genuine,  
Smiles are much warmer,  
Mothers' touch is therapeutic,  
And love isn't just another word.

Home feels like a utopia,  
A safer corner of paradise,  
There is no better place than home.  
And with my shewolf i am more at home and at peace

Wolf the poet



PoemHunter.com

# Addiction

Nature

Nature has a way of balancing things  
Nature has a way of catching up  
It has a way of trapping someone  
It has vines with thorns

There's this word called addiction  
It's a rotten brain affliction  
A menace terrorizing the mind  
When one is addicted to something  
It's hard to find an escape route

Addiction to something is self-afflicted torture  
Easy to get in but near impossible to get out  
Determination is the key though  
Distractions to the mind is what entails to beat this menace

Rise up people  
Do not be a slave to your mind  
Find possible distractions to get you out  
Free yourself free the dirty mind  
Break the chains of foul thinking and counter it with useful thinking

Wolf the poet

# Love The Conquerer

In you i found a wife  
A wife to share my life  
Baby You bring out the best  
Making me forget the rest  
In your warm embrace i nest  
You warmed my heart which had been cold like the crest  
Of the mighty Mt Everest

Distance is just but a stretched mile  
Yes it may be long like the Nile  
But i feel your presence in a while  
I crown you a thief  
A thief without motive  
For you are the thief who stole my heart  
Keep it my love keep it safe

You are a flower in the midst of flowers  
A flower with rare abilities and powers  
The flower so fresh and so fragrant  
You are making me a migrant  
A migrant seeking refuge  
I just wanna nest in your beautiful petals

I feel the raindrops on my roof  
They create this rythm  
As it is a form of a hymn  
Singing and howling your name  
Listen ta! ta! ta  
I close my eyes in wonder  
Thinking of the good moments spent together and the memories cherished

Wolf the poet

# Because You Said Hello

Because you said hello  
My heart has been opened,  
To accept a love from someone I adore.  
My soul have has been awakened,  
By a light it has never seen before.

Because you said hello  
I can share a life once relegated to loneliness,  
Dreams once reserved to fantasy,  
Thoughts once shared by no one,  
But finally embraced between you and me.

Because you said hello  
I have a partner in life,  
Someone which to share our strife.  
I have a soul mate to desire,  
Someone whose love will not tire.

Because you said hello  
I have found a woman,  
That I did not think existed.  
A woman so beyond belief,  
That only a movie could have depicted.

Because you said hello  
I once again feel alive,  
Feeling joy and bliss,  
And feel a love for the first time,  
I thought did not exist.

Wolf the poet

# New Year's Revelation

Morning's fine with the melodies of a singing bird  
It's a pleasant day  
The day being so warm and so gay  
The morning sun blazing its ray

The ray so warm you may think its already May  
The Ghanaian Hens pointing their beaks as they lay  
Because we all came from the sea bed clay

You can see folks smiling  
They New year giving them hope  
They're in the latest fashion making them dope  
The New year's air so fresh  
The morning breeze refreshing our mind  
And replenishing our thoughts

The year is very virgin  
We are just at its margin  
We should set up various goals and objectives  
Which should be the guiding principle  
As we aspire to inspire them souls  
Before we perish and expire

I'm about to pen down my bleeding pen  
But before i do that, i will relax let out a sigh  
A sigh of relief which makes my belief questionable  
But my head always held high  
My well being is never shy  
I am the wolf and not a cursed oaf

Wolf the poet

# Life's A Riddle

It is true that life is indeed a journey  
One minute you are breathing  
another minute you are gasping for your last breath  
Life is truly a riddle  
A riddle not to be solved by the idle

Some depart too soon  
As life is as concave as a mettalic spoon  
This life is all but a blur  
An illusion to the mind  
And a force to reckon with

Let us live it to our level best  
Uphold the necessary norms forget the rest  
Hate, envy, lust let's get it out of our chest  
For as each day elapses we creep close to the grimm reaper  
Six feet under we will be layed, as that is the bitter truth

Folks both young and old  
Let us atone for the end time stories foretold  
Are so real to be ignored  
Life is a race  
Everyone has a starting point and a finish line

Wolf the poet



# Reality The Life's Metaphor

My inner soul is shouting  
Shouting all the same gasping for air  
My mind in suffocation activated mode  
The reality imploding on me

All my life i express my feelings  
My cries and pleas falling on corrugated ears  
I have to survive in order to thrive  
My earthly urges i have to skive

We are in a wretched world where life is a blur  
Reality inserting a greater toll  
Leaving a painful scar in its wake  
All we have to do is fake a smile  
And say all is well

Outside my visage is calm  
My inner voice though scarring both my heart and mind  
Do i let the inner me to assume control?  
Will everything then be okay?  
All but meaningless rhetorical queries

The beast has to be kept in its cage always  
Feed it yes, but do not let it out  
But when kept for so long  
The wolf will eventually out

Wolf the poet

# Let Me Swim

Let me swim  
inside your sea.  
Drink the water of your lips,  
Taste the salt around your heart.

Let me drown between your waves  
Take away my tears and pain  
Let me dive through high and low  
Touch your mind  
Complete your love.

Let me drift across your veins  
Like a sailboat with no sail  
Let me tear the veil  
And prick your heart with my love nail  
As we watch our love's tale

Distance ain't an issue  
Its just soft as a tissue  
For each and everyday i miss you  
And because of you  
I've made my self love you

Wolf the poet

# Tuesday Chronicles

My love that ain't a problem  
I wear your love like an emblem  
As you Joan are my gem  
Waswahili wanasema 'dem'  
Baby you make me up my game  
Our love has no shame  
For we both share the same name

Our night together was magical  
Is questioned otherwise i will dim it rhetorical  
What we did was not theoretical  
The Englishmen will prefer practical

The cuddles to warm ourselves  
The moans to calm the adrenaline  
The fresh dopamine released from our brains as we carressed  
With the rain drops being a witness  
And our white sheets being in a mess

Your laughter tore the room apart  
The smiles a warmth to my delicate heart  
We made love, we fantasized it  
We played real couples for a night  
Lo and behold it did pay off  
I officially announce us  
husband and wife????

Wolf the poet

# Chilly Love

The weather chilly  
Drops of rain drizzly  
We were both clad in boots  
Presentable we were for the chilly weather

Love squabbles filled the air  
As i met her the princess incarnate  
Her beauty clouded my judgement  
Fixating my feelings to the nature  
Which paved way for an heartbreaking adventure

My love for her tripped say quadripled even  
She is a monument of beauty  
Her eyes sparkled, twinkled like the nothern blue stars

We took a wet stroll  
Kissed under the sacred trees  
Raindrops hitting our warm skin as they caressed  
Her moans made the birds chirp our names as we cuddled and romanced sexily  
as the cold weather set up the mood

Wolf the poet

# The Perks Of Life

Like a blade of grass  
Some as sharp like shards of glass  
Grass in its part of the flora and fauna, has its own class  
Its vegetative nature so serene  
And a more productive member of the food chain

Deep thoughts with the deep  
I take you to the wild  
Where nature runs wild  
The animals living in hierarchy  
At this end we got the prey; some nutritious than the others  
At the far end we got the predators  
With teeth sharp like the Alligator's

The prey if not so careful  
Would be maimed, mauled, and torn apart  
It's juice and soul sniffed out of existence  
For the predators have no remorse  
As the prey always multiply in number  
The tally always rises up with time

In the orchard, i take you to the field of roses  
Their petals so fresh, so fragrant and a sweet scent to our noses  
I came to a realisation that  
Not all roses are the same  
Some are beautiful, bloomy even but have thorns  
With this concept, i am trapped in the horns of my dilemma

Roses are quite a sight  
Plucking one requires one intelligent farmer  
If plucked wrongly, its value will depreciate  
The rose yes the rose  
Is quite a folk lore and a riddle

A leopard has spots  
Always changing its spots  
An apex predator it is  
Always keen before jumping and mauling its prey  
Up to this memorable day

When the atmosphere and the sky is so gay  
I recite and write about the perks of life

My thoughts bring me to a bus driver  
He is so keen to reach the intended destination  
To the passengers no strings attached  
One look through the window  
A beautiful curvacious girl twerking by the bridge  
A twinkled eye moment hitting a boulder falling off the wagon  
Blame the driver all you want  
But the real poison is the girl twerker  
A distractor, a weed in need to be uprooted

The glue pot is so sticky  
The honey so sweet  
The juice absolutely refreshing  
Once the glue pot is inserted by many hands  
Will it be sticky? Definatly not  
The adhesive will wear off  
Changing the name from the glue pot to an hollow pot  
Just lamenting the perks of life

The perks of life  
The devil is in the details  
Hello Mr Squirrel, where's your hole  
I tryna chase him, bypass many holes  
But Mr squirrel sticks to its hole no matter the distance  
The squirrels hole though, can offer a chance  
To various predators like the snake puff udder  
Enlarging the hole wider is the snake's main agenda  
It devours, destroys and finally takes its french leave  
Not my thoughts, call it the perks of life

Wolf the poet

# It Is My Birthday

It has been a long day coming  
Seasons back my mother, a confidant and a mentor'  
Brought me to this world  
Still coated by the amnion sac  
My eyes closed, evolving though

I took my first breath  
Let out a sharp piercing howl  
(Wolves do not cry) not crying out loud for Christ's sake  
A touch of my mother's embrace  
Cuddling my cheeks with a broad smile printed on her face

The kid grew little by little  
Obstacles and boulders he has encountered  
Despise and hate he has endured  
But with the wolf's spirit he is now on top of the food chain  
The apex predator, a hunter of his own accord

The kid, yes, that kid  
Is now the big old me  
Never gets old though to wish one self a happy birthday  
I craft this Limerrick no i think it is a free verse or maybe a ballad or whichever  
All i know is i gotta self pat on my back, saddle up and continuing grinding that  
what is left of my existence.

To continue building my Wolf's legacy  
Before i join my brethren in the Abyssian realm  
Happy birthday dear old me  
Do not dim your signature glow  
As a matter of fact, do grow  
Allow happiness and the many successes achieved on the way to flow

Happy birthday Wolf

Wolf the poet

# Love: Quite A Fortune

Loving someone is'nt just a stroll in the park  
Love is a sparkle in the dark  
It can make one as happy as a lark  
And make some frown with wrinkles of despair and sadness

Take for example a rose  
When watered and nurtured for it blossoms and sums up to a beautiful elegant  
rose  
Making it a sweet scent to the nose  
For some, it can be a daily dose

I once fell deeply in love with a person  
Not knowing that my heart will be a plaything to act as a comfort  
Little did i know that it will be crushed to several pieces  
Left in the abyss to bleed out

But i say love is a fortune  
A melody with a rythmic soft tune  
A tune played by the the desert mountain dune  
Love is as sweet as life itself  
If you find the right person

A few months later  
An angel came out of nowhere  
Picked up the scattered pieces  
Glued them together to become a new whole  
Now, as a matter of speaking, my heart beat as one with my little Angel  
My Angel in the light

Loving someone is an act of maturity  
The level of maturity displayed by two people connected by both feelings and  
strong emotions  
They say yes, experiendce might be the best teacher but i beg to differ  
In accordance with the fact that love, ain't measured by experience rather by a  
pure and loyal heart  
The heart beating as one

What is a fortune...  
Is love really a fortune?



Yes i do second every discussion about it since love is something rare  
And not a fairy tale the lame man's tongue dare to differ  
So i second that love truly is a fortune  
Last but not in the near least  
Allow me to pack up my list  
Spread up my sweaty and swelly fist  
And shout out to true love in a gist

Wolf the poet

# Theories Of Life

Someone asked me; what is life?

I answered, 'it is as sweet as a lovely wife, but sharp as a double edged knife'

But really, is life worth everything?

All but rhetorical questions

Life is a mystery yet to be solved

One may be strolling about a bit

But life can be sniffed out

And be replaced with the painful truth.DEATH

death once asked life;

'Why do people love you and yet fear me? '

Life replied; 'it is because you are the painful truth and i am the beautiful lie'

Let us celebrate every baby step we achieve

In our struggles we ought to believe

As life is short

Time is a factor and a sly actor

It cannot be reversed instead it can be diverted

Enemity, hate, envy and guilt we should leave behind

We are one people, one race; The human race

Let us live together in the same pace

Let us be like the shoe lace

Both ends tie each other

For one cannot leave without the other

Wolf the poet

# Letter To My Crush

Hello?

I pen you this letter with lots of love,  
Despite the itchiness on my fingers,  
Scratching them I won't,  
Since it's words outburst causing it.

I'll no longer watch from behind,  
Crashing I'll continue not,  
I hate sounding like a broken record,  
Letting the cat out of the basket I must,  
Its meow is getting louder creating discomfort.

If wishes were horses,  
Then I'll be your horse,  
Together we shall ride into love,  
Though I'm no beggar,  
When it comes to you, I'll beg.

My sight for you has broadened,  
Turning me into your photographer,  
That's 'cause I can't cease picturing you and I,  
Leaving behind footprints as we walk into love,  
Dear crush, I love you.

Wolf the poet

# Thursday Chronicles

\*Thursday Chronicles

I lost a brother and a friend  
Life's so sweet but slime at the end  
To the grimm reaper to his will we will bend  
Life is a sudden contract but death; Hello eternal

Jeez yesterday was a rather good day  
Yes allow me to clarify i may  
I met this long time princess  
Crying no more  
We hugged and embraced each other  
For the vibe had its flame

A girl printed with a banana smile  
The smile i now feel within the mile  
I gotta meet up with her in a while  
Call her Joy  
A girl naturally beautiful

This is a chilly morning  
I can't even connect with my friend Billy  
But to Sosiot i will travel  
Say hi to my ivorian treasure??  
Enjoy your breakfast  
Check your speed don't drink fast  
Better laugh last than burning first

Wolf the poet

# The Cold

In this hour not yet told  
The weather transisting to cold  
Our arms and legs tuck fold  
Piling up the pullovers as we blow our hands warm

They say that rain is a blessing  
From who no one can fathom  
Flowers are yet to bloom  
Love is at a distance we must zoom  
It is August, a couple's month

Our lips are shrivelled  
Words mumbled ain't clear  
Our eyes portray nothing but fear  
For with the cold strange ordeals creeps near  
And mutilates all that we dim dear

I urge folks; young and old  
Stay clear of the fog  
Indoors we should dwell  
Warm by the fireplace till the feet swell  
Cuddle with the one you love  
Whisper words of relief  
And together as one we'd manage the cold

Wolf the poet

# My Shewolf

\*Yes i know you are growing  
As a matter of fact and to be precise you are glowing  
But glow and do not change your character  
Let maturity and kindness be your key factor

You are not a mere ordinary village girl  
If so i wouldn't have dated you  
You are the shewolf  
Wife to a wolf  
That means a lot my rare flower

We are a lot of human beings  
But in our hearts we incorporate the Wolf's spirit  
The Wolves are the apex predators and their way of life is so pure as it is the  
cure

Do not diminish your self  
Do not dim your glow  
Self reflect on your growth  
Blink like the Indian Moth  
Shine your way through obstacles  
For you are a shewolf and my soulmate

Wolf the poet

# The Wilderness Dream

Amidst the dark trees, the mahogany sway to and fro  
The cold so chill, excruciating  
I wanna tuck my coat in  
To say no to this flu pre- develop

Our hands warm above the fireplace  
Stories both past and present foretold  
To pass the time as our bodies cling by the fire

Splinters of fire rise above the ashes  
Rumour has that you can see fractures of your future within  
In a twinkled eye moment our hands fold  
And together we sing hymns

We fall to each other's arms  
Our brains move to various farms  
All in the name of fantasy  
To illude the cold trouble  
Which is nothing but a child's fable

Wolf the poet