

Poetry Series

Wolf the poet

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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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.



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Time To Face The Reality

How do we define a mistake
Is it something that we all make
Because I always feel like a misplaced flake
At times I feel like throwing myself into the lake

I am a mistake, I've always known it deep down
No one planned for my birth
I was rejected by people so close
I am a reminder of a love gone sour

I am no one's favorite
But I am my daughter's Mr right
She is all I have; my light
She doesn't judge or rather hate

I have to keep on and be a man
Wear a smile so real
However bitter I feel
My personality i will peel

My pain is not my gain
A wolf was born out of pain
The only therapy being the rain
All in all my heart has a stain

However much I try to be my best self
The world treats me like an elf
My heart is so heavy
Words can't express my way of life
But I believe the universe one day will align to my liking

Furthermore no one is always right
We are humans prone to mistakes
We should learn to listen to other people's view
Make the correct judgement not jumping to conclusions

I do not easily forget
My heart is a collective diary
One day it will fill up

And I will be an open book no more hiding

Allow me pen down

My ink will never dry

That is why they call me the pen poet

The wolf who believe in nothing but himself

The sun will shine on my heart once more

I will break this chain of mental abuse

Poetry is what I will use

Use as my weapon and lawyer

I may be a loser and a failure

But that will not define me

The silent cries I have endured

I just want my heart to be lured

For it to undergo the healing process

I rest my case; peace out

Wolf the poet

To My Lovely Daughter

A day like this joy filled our hearts
The universes converged and the stars aligned
She was born a girl like none other
So beautiful and kind at heart

She is as elegant and happy as ever
Not loving and cherishing her I will never
Seeing her grow is a blessing
I will wear your love like a dressing

the sun's soft glow, a day unfolds,
With dreams and wishes, its magic told.
Candles flicker, each represents,
The love we hold, and the joy it presents.

Each precious moment, a heart's delight,
With laughter and love, your future is bright.
So here's to you, our shining star,
May you always know just how loved you are.

This poem emphasizes the significance of birthdays as a time to reflect on love and hopes for the future, celebrating the light that a daughter brings.

Wolf the poet

A Solemn Cry

Something is but throbbing my brain
My thoughts resembles the sporadic rain
They are razor sharp can pierce the dry grain
The world as we know it isn't just gray

Violence is taking over the humanity's core
That is let's say something innate
The government insinuate this conflict
Instead of preaching unity and freedom

The so called GenZ's are fighting for that tiny bit of freedom
The young souls speaking their truth
Fighting the cold war of the rising economy
We blame the so called hypocrites

The hypocrites being our not so abled leaders
They preach a coolade but offer a toxic lemonade
We will not make our stand
Until that time our feet finally land

I call out to the sharp ears
Let us not waver and wither
We must believe and shape our thoughts
Thoughts to a better future

Wolf the poet

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



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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



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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