

Poetry Series

Woru Sulyman
- poems -

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Woru Sulyman()

A Silent Town

Awoken in a silent town,
Filled with murmurs of market folks.
And sound of engines or bike-men's horn.
A town silent to glorious talks.

Petty musings a long stale bread,
Honor and chivalry a far flung thing
And honesty, a thing delicately thread.
Perhaps! our fore-dad's sin.

I've heard of plays under the moonlight's shine,
And tales told on dark starry nights,
The whole village, as one they dine.
Who wouldn't treasure such glorious sights!

I heard of a town so loud and proud,
Loud in it's glory of long fought wars,
Of brave single men, worth a crowd.
A town of beautiful comets and shooting stars.

Yet... I live in a silent town.

Woru Sulyman

All I Want To Be

Can you be the eagle
Soaring so high, wings wildly stretched
And flight so flattering

Can't you be the robin
With wings fluttering,
Carrying a melodious tune

Oh! You can be the parrot
Beautifully coloured
And can crack the hardest nut

What about the swan
Such majestic strides,
A princess on land, a queen off it

And I answered,
All I want to be, is me.

Woru Sulyman

Dreams

Slumped at the sight of a lake,
In the middle where there was none.

A blurry future unclogged,
A merry day seems to beckon,
Dreams of our father's for eons.

And shouldn't we celebrate? The euphoria of a search at it's tail,
A long time of trial and thirst finally worth it's wait.

Without getting to the lake a distant far should we be jubilant?

Though making haste in victory may be a folly, hope is the spark that kindle the
flame in a man's heart.

Alas! Just like our fathers, a dream it is,
A mirage in our wanting heart,
Of a change that beckons.

A wait for eternity it seems, and eternity is all we have.
All we can do is not to just wait, but walk.
To walk in oblivion till eternity find us.

Woru Sulyman

I Hide My Pain In Poetry

After a long day's work
Or a little frank talk
I hide my pain in poetry
While ploughing the field
Or refusing their creed
I put my mind in poetry
Whether I am Goliath
Or I slay the Giant
I pour my heart in poetry
At the end of a story
Or the beginning of another
I give my soul to poetry
On a smooth tide
Or a rough ride
I pour my heart to poetry
Wherever I go
Whatever I do
I put my mind in poetry
If a bright day darkens
Or rosebush thorns cut
I hide my pain in poetry

Woru Sulyman

I Want To Say My Bye

My bye, I want to say to you
But where I'm going I can't tell
There is nothing beautiful about the knell

Seeing your beautiful face
Laced with a smile trace
Though, soon to be wetted by parting tears
Your soft sobs and deep sigh I can't bear

Wondering, who will hold you when am gone
The ugly fat man who stares at you
Or your pretty-faced friend that hits at me when alone?
Such pain you will have to go through

The doctor told me months ago
It's not the pain of death that scares me
Knowing I have you to tend me when I go
The pain of the loss I put you through hurts me

Now the day is pass
No sign of my end in sight
My spirit sailing high as kite
I feel as though this days will pass

Could it be tomorrow
Or next
Could it be this week
Or next
I bet nature wants me to hold your gaze a little longer
Until I forget your soft sobs and deep sighs
Leaving memories of your laugh and play
Then death will blow me away
like a kite lost on the wind
And holding your beautiful smile eternal in my mind.

Woru Sulyman

Ilorin

The great elephant forest is gone,
A nation of people now call it home.

The once famous sharpening stone still lives,
But only as a monument to the eyes.

The once glorious young empire is cuffed,
Only for colonial governing style to thrive.

Neither North nor South, those were the words,
Only to the queen it was sent.

At ekundayo, Wali rightly voiced; not Yoruba nor Fulani,
We stand firmly as Ilorin.

We stand far taller above a town,
We are a people, being part of no people,
We are a nation, being part of no nation.
Yet, entrenched are many people from many nations.

Yes! Our identity is simple,
We are Ilorin; totally and simply,
And proudly so, we are.

Woru Sulyman

In Another Age And Another Time

In another age and another time
I could have been your glass slippers
Only worthy of your tender feet
Or your golden comb
Combing through your silky hair
Brown, soft and long

In another age and another time
I could have been your servant
Tending your every need
Serving not for the fear of you
though for the love of you
Or your chariot-man
Keeping your dearest secret
Being wherever faith takes you

In another age and another time
I could have been a peasant
Joyful whenever I think of home
Because home is where you are
Or a clerk
In the warmth of your bosom at night
And wrapped in your thought
In the middle of a boring work

In another age and another time
I could have been Romeo
And you Juliet
Living not without your love
Or you a princess
And I a prince
Teasing you with flattery words

In another age and another time
I could have been a fierce King
And you my Queen
Ruling the world together
Or I could have been a Hero
Saving the world from tyrants

Liberating them from the oppressor
And you my dear
Is my Heroine
Saving me from just me.

In a hundred ages and a billion times
I will be wherever you are
Serving you and loving you
Because you are made for me
And I for you.

Woru Sulyman

Love Me Another Day

It's obvious that you really care
And I don't mean to be a scare
Please, love me another day
Why? It's not that I can't say
But what I lost is truly rare
Treasures lost can strip a heart bare
But be sure I know what you seek
Perhaps! You can try in another week
But please! Love me another day

Woru Sulyman

Me

I tried my home
Only I was called to come
To stay and cease to be free
Just as water held in bree

I turned to friends
Only I mirrored, their own woes
I moved to foes
But I was not, but to advance their ends

Until I asked of me
Could I really see
That the path to truly be
Is only true me

Woru Sulyman

My Peach Tree

In a garden of rose
Stands my peach tree,
Always biting on it's juicy fruit
With nothing less of glee.
On a journey filled with loss
How I long for my peaches
In my garden of rose
Now infested with bees
And wild burly wasp
With stings so hurtful
Still, leaving much to grasp
How can it be so sweet and so painful
All at once.

Woru Sulyman

Nobody Wake Me

I don't know what is possible
But anything and everything seems possible
Please! nobody wake me
Maybe I'm dreaming
I need somebody to guide me
Whenever I'm falling

Woru Sulyman

Search For Change

I have travelled farther than the fastest cars
My heels will testify.

I have climbed the highest mountains and crept in the deepest holes,
My sore knees bare witness.

I have slept in the filthiest caves and seen despicable things,
And yes! my mind is beyond mystified.

I know that no matter what you do, evil self-unveil,
No matter what you think, goodness prevails.

I have seen darkness rule, when all was needed was a tiny spark,
Yet a tiny spark can turn to eternal light.

I have seen dark shadows lurking in the corner of An illuminated place,
I have seen goodness triumph in evil places.

I have walked sideways for years and walked backwards even more,
My discovery is 'the end matters more.'

I have seen countless beginnings and so many ends,
Only that the beginnings are no beginning and the ends no end.

I have seen enough changes
Only to wake up and see there was no change.

Woru Sulyman

Shall We Meet Again?

Truly you are gone
Where to, no one knows
Though there are guesses people throws
But I bet you have skills to hone
If like our baby you are newly born

Shall we ever meet again
If there is another life to be alive
Will you know we lived as bees and hive
Will you ever feel our love again?

Will you remember that smile
Those teasing walks
And our plans for the baby when she talks
Will you remember
How together we walk a mile?

Will I know your scent
Or will I pick your roses
If you are a lovely rose bed
In a year or a hundred
Shall we meet again?

Woru Sulyman

Sometimes

Sometimes love is what we seek
But hate serves us more
Sometimes where we miss is home
But home makes us run
Sometimes what we need is change
But change makes us fear
Sometimes clarity is what we want
But confusion makes sense more
Sometimes growth makes us age
But age kills us slow
Sometimes freedom we need to see
But chains set us free
Sometimes all we want is conviction
But all we get are contradictions

Woru Sulyman

Sons Of The Savannah

Forged in the scoting sun of the savannah
Tempered in the harsh cold of it's harmattan
Oh! Fathered yet fatherless sons of the Savannah

Marching with unity of purpose,
Though not in unison
Moving aimlessly without boots
Neither old nor worn
Never privileged to the tenderness of silk
Looking for a bite of crumbled bread
Or a taste of spilt milk
They are the sons of the Savannah

Born to circumstance,
Bred instead of for the driving force of the land,
As an army for a price of ignorance
One which can turn a town to a wasteland
They are the patent orphans of the North

Alas! Stand we must
To the plight of those orphans
Before we feel their vengeful thrust
Or they turn us to warring clans

Woru Sulyman

The Boastful Slave

Once lived a slave
Owned by a richly, gluttony fool
All his master cared about was his fat laden pork
And a jar of wine to always pour

Like a king he lived
Sleeping on bed stuffed with straw
Or on silky bed stuffed with feathers and animal fur
Always creeping to the silky bed to warm his master's mistress up
On and on it went until he sired his master's son

Then he became a boastful slave
Boasting about the pleasures he had
And escapades he made to slaves of shrewd men
Making them see he has the life they all craved
And his life afterwards is not worth the ink of my pen

Woru Sulyman

The Doe-Eyed Girl

The first day at her village
I saw a house of mud and rafter
Her home of ringing laughter
It was her happy cottage

Then to live in town she came
To grow and live a dame
Such is her father's dream
To reach where he never deem

In a nurturing home she lives
Never knowing if they truly care
Tough love they seems to share
Who cares if she really thrives!

Uniformed, to school she went
Fury and anger on her they vent
Clearly written on the doe-eyed face
None could miss it on a hurried pace

But her growth they really want
Anger and fury their own tough way
Caring words though they never say
Tough love only they know to show

Will she ever see the path they tow
Who will tell this to the doe-eyed girl?

Woru Sulyman

The Unloving Girl

I saw a girl,
Eyes shinning as perfect pearls,
Lips as lush as a carpet strip,
Walk so daunting as one in clips,
Yet, she is the unloving girl.

Tongue so sharp it cuts through skin,
Men too played their numbers thin,
Never seen to honor a neighbour's call,
Rude face and pouched lips says it all,
Oh yes! She is the unloving girl.

On a weary day to the movie I went,
My tiredness and Anger I've gone to vent,
Chanced! I saw those perfect eyes,
Misty, and I heard sobbing cries.
Is this the unloving girl?

Curious, I could hold not my tongue
How come a fearless beauty sobs?
For what she said my heart still throbs,
Pointing to the screen, she said ' me.'

Only then I begin to see,
How her innocence they made to flee,
Barely blossomed, it was roughly plucked,
All her life what she neatly tucked,
How wicked is the heart of man?

Braving this storm as a deep-rooted tree,
Suffering and silence it is hers to be.
Who could she call, who's her star?
When her mother's man has been to her.

Solace she found with a friend at school,
Always he stares and often drool.
As friends from school they start to walk,
Her trust he gained, she starts to talk.
The only one she shared her pain.

To her friend's trick she fell,
By a dozen boys her lawn was crossed.
What she felt none could really tell,
Whirlwind, Oh! her life was tossed.

To her I gave a thoughtful glance,
By all, on her the blame was lodged,
Sans knowing they bruised, they judged.
Somber, I pleaded a second chance.
For now I know,
She wasn't born the unloving girl.

Woru Sulyman

Time

Precious! Oh my precious!
My precious little time
Time they say waits for no one
Many failure it ascertain, many success it grants
Foe and friend to all and none
The rich never wait while the poor procrastinate

A dime for your time, they say
clickety clack, clickety clack on and on it goes
Your time or a dime? nay say
How you find the balance, that's true

Woru Sulyman

Today I Am Still One

Yesterday I was one
One with myself
Today I am still one
Though with two selfs

I remember moments of childhood
Family play is such an hobby
Always striving to be the hubby
Not getting to play dad causes a brood
Such is a child's bravery
To want a complex thing in a simple way
Not falling into fear's slavery
For a child's bravery we can only pray

On the eve of yesterday
And the verge of today
I find myself thought deep and teary eyed
As hard as I try, have I really tried?
How consuming is the fear of the unknown
Though foe it stands only to the grown

In the dead of the Night
Or earliest hour of the morning
When a body and another
A soul and Another
Fuse into holy matrimony
All I see is pure light
Light of the love that binds
Of the sacredness of such union
Light of the fearlessness of it all
And of the unlimited possibility the future holds.

Woru Sulyman

Wilderness Of Thought

Walk I must
A pull here
A push there
Where to go I don't trust

The pull is strong
And go I will
My choice seems like no choice still
I pray I'm wrong

It will be a long walk
Alone with none to talk
But for thoughts that crow
And words that grow

The wilderness it is
vile thoughts like snakes that hiss
And ones such as this
Sharing a moon-light kiss
Under a canopy of trees
The beauty and the beast
That's the wilderness of thought

Woru Sulyman