

Poetry Series

**Yinka Meander**  
**- poems -**

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## Yinka Meander(3/18/1967)

Agonized in the hands of my stepmother, forgiveness paved my way to success and my poems shall continue to be my comfort.

# My American Sensei

I have a teacher  
Who has revealed  
she could have taken the gilded corporate path  
But choose to take the slow journey up the hills  
Of humanity way

Her humanistic touch  
like a wand to a bell  
Rings fourth with sincerity.  
Her method of encouraging students  
Makes each pupil a buiding block  
In erecting the completion of each class

Recently, she informed the class  
Of her upbringing  
Which makes for a fascinating epic

In essence, her recipe for learning  
A true blessing indeed

Thank you my American Sensei!

Yinka Meander

# Distant From Everyone

Years, we have longed ----- for space  
Distance from everyone  
To be far away, Like the sky and the ocean  
That look to each other's face but never meet  
When the world strives to keep its contents  
The presence of a warm human became a burden,  
To one another, save for the silhouette

A new order.  
This shadow permits us to be distant  
In a world that now strives to be close  
Like the whirlpool that makes her turn, and turn  
And turn..., as if chasing her lost ones  
For all to be close in the bliss of the water  
Whence we look, yet, distant from everyone.

Yinka Meander

# A New Birth Year

I tread on the Path of another birth year  
My heart rejoices like the heart of Spartacus  
In the midst of a trial  
Fewer friends, yet worthy friends

Like the moon's ever accompanist  
That bright star, Hmm. Forever.  
Both on the path of another birth year  
Linked. With my heartthrob

The path of another birth year  
Like the arrival of a new born  
In the hands of her mother  
Suckling on the milk of wisdom

Yinka Meander

# Grace

Delighted to embrace you  
Change my mind, change my mood  
Clothed me with a new robe  
Allured with happiness for both  
Never thought i could a've you  
Brought me home to see mother again  
The one i so wish to have  
It is grace to be blessed with a mother in-law

Yinka Meander

# Long Journey

Long journey, so Long a journey  
Little did I know  
In my cocoon of folly  
Lessons of the past  
Converted to working tools  
For future purpose  
What awaits!  
Worth waiting for  
Waiting in the past  
Showing up at present  
Meandering my ways to this extent  
Oh Lord! Oh Strength! perseverance  
I seek.

Yinka Meander

# Garbage In Your Baggage

## GARBAGE IN YOUR BAGGAGE

I was genuinely service bound to cultivate  
In the light of compassion, empathy, faith  
On the road to love with my package  
Hey! You intercept with your baggage

You are grudgingly service bound to damage  
Filled with anger, resentment, revenge  
I shall flee to continue in love with my package  
And my escape shall be managed with courage

For your baggage shall lead you to the garbage  
Damaged! On the road of hatred with your baggage  
There you shall stand the text of time in ravage  
Till the Lord of host will sort his adage

Yinka Meander

# Coward Of The Desert (Genesis: 16)

At birth you have been a traitor  
Cast away  
Live away with your head covered in veil  
Oh coward!

But in the tenderness of my heart  
And in the light of forgiveness  
I have decided to dine with you  
While thinking of this

You were plotting another downfall  
Though I realize,  
What you are meant for—Oh Coward!  
And that is what you will continue to be called

When will you consider the importance of life  
When will you shed your curse?  
Now you stormed  
Oh Traitor!

Tongues wailed, Souls bitter, Lives ruined  
Soon you shall eat the food you intended for others  
Fight against yourself  
Reduce your generation at your expense

Soon you will be stoned  
Just like you stoned  
And the ghosts shall serve you water in desert  
Oh Coward!

Yinka Meander

# Chameleon

Here goes red and she is red  
Show me the color, it's at her disposal  
Cry, she will cry  
Smile, she will smile  
Hey! Chameleon, don't you know that  
You have to possess an extra effort to deceive an Artist  
Your mimics are mere cajolery to Poets  
And tools in the hands of Artist  
Wait you fool until the Artist paint you black!

Yinka Meander

## Good Times, (Bad Times's Cousin)

Our relationship was and will always be!  
I am the messenger and Bad Times my wheels  
I beg to cover Bad Times the shame of being my wheels  
For a while so, let me be invisible  
Knowing my future I move reluctantly  
Does this intend to dose intellects with puzzles?  
Or time advantage for Bad Times to demonstrate her skills?  
Prayers begged me to arrive  
I am clad in ego and pride  
Demonstrating my care to a cousin  
Now that I'm visible least I withdraw for Bad Times to revenge  
It is the hour to shed memories of bad times  
And be welcomed by all.

Yinka Meander