

Poetry Series

Adolphus Moses
- poems -

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Adolphus Moses(10/march)

Some people argue I am a poet. I am not just an author nor a poet, I am a voice of freedom crying on the streets of Africa for a world of peace, equality and justice for every human being. I am a voice crying on the bloody streets for a world free of violence against women, children and all humanity. I am the voice of the common man, the orphans, the beggars etc. I believe we can achieve our aim of a world without extreme poverty. a world of peace starts from you and me. let's be our brothers and sisters keeper's. I love every human who love and respect the freedom and rights of his neighbour.

A Beggars World

A beggars world

At the end of the street,
lays a lonely beggar,
Fighting the hailstorms,
with no food nor light,
with no beds nor clothes.
He shivers in the cold,
and
burns under the sun,

There he lies...
At the end of the street.
To disembark on a journey,
A journey to his destined end.
Patiently he awaits for his life to end,

Dear oh dear,
there lies the beggar,
he waits for the scraps of food,
Fighter he is,
even a soldier too.
Yet there he is,
offering his delicacies,
to a stray with rumbling tummy too,
with a smile in his face and twinkle in his eyes,
the beggar lived his life.
At the end of the street,
was a beggar,
who's life is not worth living,
filthy and dirty he was,
yet he embraced life in a special
waiting patiently for his time,

His patience is yet to be granted.

so there he is..
At the end of the street.

Adolphus Moses

A Day Of Birth

A child is born
A son is giving□
Celebration is organized□
Celebrate re celebrated
Better is the day of birth than the day of death
The day of addition than the day of subtraction
Can the sky ignore the cry of the earth for water?
Or the earth rejects the tears of the sky?
Destiny called for genuine creatures
The wombs respond with these young warlords
Better is the day of birth than the day of death
The day of addition than the day of subtraction

This is the day that the lord has made
The day of the birth of our greatest icons in history
Blessed is every child born in this month of grace
For they shall become history makers in grace
They shall reign forever, because
Better is the day of birth than the day of death
The day of addition than the day of subtraction

I see the writings of time on the wall concerning the great Victor
Greatness flows in thy vein Mr. Victor
And passion in your blood for destiny fulfillment
Mr. Victor, your voice shall make ways for you
And you shall be called blessed in the field,
Blessed in the air
The blesses of the sea shall be thy portion
Men ask who shall help us?
Who shall lead us?
Who shall favor us?
And destiny brought you
You shall be help unto nations
They shall lead from you
And never shall you borrow
In standing ovation, in unity, in togetherness, in peace,
In love, in one voice, we the ASL say;
HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY, BIRTHDAY TO THE HOPE OF OUR GENERATION.
THE GREAT YOUTHS BORN OF GRACE

God bless you.

WRITTEN FOR MY GOOD FRIEND Mr. VICTOR.

Adolphus Moses

A Place Called City

A PLACE CALLED 'CITY'

366 days are here

My reap year is here

Yet destiny is far from my reach

How long shall I wait for my change?

How long shall I believe in tomorrow?

How long shall I wake up each morning

With the same old ugly beautiful faces staring

At me in my confusion?

How long shall I pray?

Farming no longer fun to me

Poverty never my desire

My ancestors wait the dawn of a new day

Yet each day is new day

Are some born with shining stars?

Are others born with none?

Am I one of them?

Or born to live like my ancestors

In peasant farming?

In lack did my ancestors live

In lack will my offspring live?

Wars have taking over my land

Disease has taking its permanent sit

Everyone is in search of hope and survival

Let know man console me

Let know man talk me out of my misery

Instead, let a man tell me a fork tare of a place where

The stars shine brightly in the middle of the sun

Tell me a fork tare of a place where rivers flows in the desert

A place of dream fulfilled

A place of opportunity

Tell me of a place called CITY

A place where my ancestors had never been to

A place of literacy

A place far away from my Egypt
The wealthy place

By the deafness of my ancestors was my ear deaf
By the blindness of my ancestors were my eyes blind
By the ignorance of my ancestors was my heart dull
Now, my ears hears
My eyes see
My heart thinks
I see a voice
I hear the voice of the city calling my name
I think the thoughts
The thoughts of a place called 'the city'
A place where my star shall shine like the sun
A place where my dreams shall be fulfilled
'The city, my destiny'

Adolphus Moses

A Poem For My Mother.

My generation blessed for her sake
Blessed among noble women
Her womb, the womb of glory
The glory of my pride ☐
The pride of my childhood
The childhood of my toddlerhood
The pride of my adulthood
The adulthood of my manhood.

Incomparable, indubitable my Mom's love for me
In reproof she holds me tight in love
In tenderness she teaches me Godliness
Her anger teaches me the part of life
My mom the greatest gift of life
A blossoms Rose in the mountain of beauty.

How can I hate her, when her blood flows in my vein?
And her breath in my nostrils?
How can I be ashamed of her when her love burns in me?
In love she gave me birth
In denier of pleasure
She train me up into a man
With her kneels on the altar she pray me out
My mother's prayers make me shine like the sun
A thousand thanks not enough for my mother.

She's my hope, my aunty, my uncle,
my brother, my sister, my cousin
My nephew, my friend of friends.

The flesh of my flesh
The trait of my existence
Her space no one can occupy
Her voice no one can echo
Her love no one can replace
With my breath, my heart, my all
I love my mother
I love my beautiful friend
I love my play mate

God bless my friend.

Adolphus Moses

Beggars

We are the lack that take your lack
We are not lonely
We take and give you in double
Give us, our maker will multiply you greatly..
THE CRY OF BEGGARS ON THE STREET.

Adolphus Moses

Do You Remember

Do you remember when we fall in love
Do you remember when we were young
Do you remember how we use to call from night to
dawn
Do you remember those special times
Do you remember inside the car
That was when love was young
Do you remember those special promises
My memory will always be intact
Do you remember us?
In the park
On the beach
At the door
In the kitchen
In the parlour
Do you remember

Adolphus Moses

Equality And Justice

You are right if you decides to throw dust in your own eyes, but fear that little child whose future you don't no. He/she might end up becoming your pillar in the nearest future... keep calm let equality and justice start from you and me.

Adolphus Moses

Fear For Love.

I found me when I lost YOU
A DREAM of my reality you were
I miss you only from my LIPS
I love you to CURE argument
Never mind I FOUND someone better
I found me when I LOST you
I found myself when I lost your attention.
Adolf Moses

Adolphus Moses

God Versus Man.

Can a man forget his soul and yet live?
Can a man forget his flesh and yet breathe?
How be a man forget His Spirit and yet love?
What a man knoweth not, how can he worship?
Thou re born of the bible
Letters form thou name
How can thou deny God's word when they are written on thou skin?
Or can a man run away from His light yet escape from his darkness?
The breath of the Alpha made thou soul,
The everlasting written on the scripture made though flesh
How easy for the descendants of this generation to hunger after vanity
How easy for a man to forget his covenant

How can a child forget his father
And not become fatherless?
Yet the youths whom I father have spit on my altar
The youths have sued me to court
Judges have rising among them to judge the Alpha & the Omega
A warranty has been issued by their captains to
I have no pride in the youths anymore
My word have they buried
My fear have they deny

I am the beginning and the end
The glory and the lifter up of men
To my reign there's no end
For everlasting my covenant stands sure
My mercy endures forever among the sons of men
I stand still, I shall judge the fear of men
They shall be still before me

Blessed is the man that prays for these youths
For their latter glory shall be greater than their former
The infinity shall have mercy on their ignorance
I shall lift them unto my throne forever
I the doer of all things have spoken
Let every man tell his neighbor
For the glory of the latter rain is here.
I await your repentance.

Adolphus Moses

God Versus Youths

How can a child forget his father
And not become fatherless?
Yet the youths whom I father have spit on my
altar
The youths have sued me to court
Judges have rising among them to judge the
Alpha & the Omega
A warrant has been issued by their captains to arrest the creator
I have no pride in the youths anymore
My word have they buried
My fear have they deny
I am the beginning and the end
The glory and the lifter up of men
To my reign there's no end
For everlasting my covenant stands sure
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Adolphus Moses

How Does It Feel To Be In Problem.

Do we trod the famished road with the single hope of an oasis at the end?

The desert sands shall give no mercy to a man of faith

Let us go then from the lands we baptised with pain

Let us, like Ulysses, set sail like the Vikings To mete and dole unequal laws upon
a savage race.

Do we weep for the things unseen?

Tell me, my kinsman, how it feels to bring goodluck?

Even when ants have ecstatically ravaged your iron fence.

Tell me how it feels to drink from an oasis
In the patched mind of a thirsty traveller.

Do we weep for the roads not taken?

We saw the Kiama bridge and that which goes to Yenogoa
Do we require the gods to tell us where to go?

The soothsayers are out of business now

We have all turned prophets like the people of Eleusis.

The desert sands does not forgive a penitent feet

Neither does the hungry pather puts faith in the gods for a meal

So tell me! Tell me oh kinsman, how does it feel to be a problem?

What does it require of a genius to be a fool?

Does it require being pious?

Does it require taking existence serious?

We were sent here to build a hole

A hole which we have built so deep that we no longer see the light

I gave a penny to a beggar and he gave it to his brother in penury

I clean the guillotine daily, only to be stained with the blood of feeble minds.

Finding myself alone

Only for my solitude to be arrested by thoughts of things I had lost.

When I walked from Carthage to Karnem-Borno, there were no tears of burnt
and scratched metals

When I listened to Homer, there were no use of afflicting words

When I slept in homes carved out from the intelligence of Masons, there were no
natural disasters.

The Aare-Ona-Kakanfo has refused to return

Maybe the age grades should hunt for him

Just make sure the Sultan is still on seat when I return

If I do not return then I am your problem.

Read more: [association of Nigeria poets..](#)

Adolphus Moses

I'd Kill Death

IF ONE COULD FIGHT DEATH,
I WOULD PUT ON SEVEN BOXERS,
FOURTEEN TROUSERS,
TEN SINGLETS,
SEVENTEEN SHIRTS,
WITH A SCISSORS ON MY LEFT HAND,
I WOULD CUT HIM INTO PIECES,
BURN HIS FLESH,
PULL OFF MY CLOTHES,
WEAR HIS CLOTHES,
THEN TRANSFORM INTO AN ANGEL,
AND FLY AWAY.
THAT BASTARDIZED THIEF.
nonsense but meaningful poem.

Adolphus Moses

I'd Move Mountain.

Forever, I
I'd move mountains to be by your
side,
bare the worst of the weather,
just to look in your eyes.
I'd cross the largest oceans,
the stormiest seas,
a smile from you, makes me weak at
the knees.
I'll be your strength, when you are
weak,
I'll be your friend when you are sad,
I'll be all the things you've wanted,
and wish you always had.
I'll believe in you for eternity,
I'll stay with you till the end,
I'll take the stars from the sky,
which you can forever lend.
One day I'll finally have to go,
just know I'll still be there,
when the sun shines down from
heaven,
to show I'll always care..

Adolphus Moses

Let Him Carry It For You

LET HIM CARRY IT FOR YOU

When it overwhelms you
Let Him bear your cross
And you will be lighter than a feather
In your restlessness,
Let Him rest you in His palm
And calm your hot wave with His balm
When your brother, spouse, or neighbor fails
you

Our Lord will carry you like a baby to your
destination
If you surrender to Him
His power is boundless, as is His love
When your woes are bigger than you
Make way for God
To come in and carry it across for you

Adolphus Moses

Love And Understanding

We don't have to go 360 degree
Now is time we go the 180
You don't have to climb the highest mountain
For all you looking for is withing you
Just open the eyes of your mind
Open the hears of your mind
We still live in yesterday
Many today they waste away
See the time have change
I thought you knew
this world will never wait for you
The world have gone past times of fighting
So drop your guns and your swords
Let us live all as one

We all need love and understanding
Tell me you love me my brother
Tell me you love me my sister
O! every nation lets come together
Across the oceans we all need one another
You need me because I need you.
Let love reign.
WE NEED LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Adolphus Moses

My Brother

IT'S A NEW DAY, READ, ACT AND REMAIN
BLESSED.

My brother
you are my brother
our mother says you are
destiny confirm our meeting
tell me my brother
will you remember me when am gone?
will you attend my burial?
will you pour sand on my grave?
my brother tell me
will you play Tuface music for my soul?
will you cook and celebrate my departure?
will you make a statue unto my remembrance?
be truthful in your response
my rich brother
will you assemble the Senates for my memorial?
will they discuss immortalizing my ART?
will the next generation remember my adventure
among men?
will my portrait be hang on the gate of the city?
tell me this truth, no ear will eavesdrop
with your precious life, will you protest for my
justice?
my brother do it now for my existence
help me my soul tie brother
speak for me my friend
remember the word of Mama
vanity is the land lord of this planet
what you eat is yours
what you wear is mine
where you live is theirs
tell me my brother
do you truly love me?
then forget my ugly past
do you truly care for humans
then show my angel
givers never lack

THE THOUGHT OF EVERY BEGGAR OUT THERE.
LET NOT YOUR DAY END WITHOUT A PRAYER AND
AN ALMS UNTO THE STREET.

Adolphus Moses

One Life Many Voice

As a cloud vanishes and is gone,
so he who goes down to the grave does not return.
He will never come to his house again,
his family will know him no more.

'Therefore I will not keep silent.

I will speak out in the anguish of my spirit,
I will complain in the bitterness of my soul against
the injustice on earth.

I will speak until the stolen bread is returned to the
orphan,

I will complain until the beggar is given a seat of
honor,

I will speak till equality and justice returns to the
common man.

stopwaragainsthumanity

Adolphus Moses

She Can Be Revived.

Nigeria, our fatherland,
Like I've always read,
Ancient and great land,
A place I call home,
Where many refers to as their own,
Africa's most populous country,
With less chance of unity&stability,
Forty-eight million estimated as her population,
Dwelling with her uncertain situation,
I read about these and start to cry,
When will she attain victory,
What pity we've brought upon ourselves,
Many wonder is she survived,
Many hope she will be revived,
To me she is unique,
But some never thought of her physique,
A nation with two hundred and fifty tribal groups,
But her strength is like the loops,
Some asked if she'll remain a single entity,
While we've overlooked her ability,

All we need to do is to show affection,
Reach an agreement on a new basis for association,
Then we will overcome hatred,
Peace will reign in her kindred,
Days of hunger will be forgotten,
And she'll leave the land of the forgotten,
War will be far from us,
Then peace will abide with us.
God bless Nigeria.
Adolphus Moses

Sleep

Sleep, sleep, sleep
Oh sleep, oh sleep
Sleep is a natural endowment from God
Every man is meant to sleep at the right time
A foolish man loves thou sleep more than his
career
A man is not meant to be controlled by sleep
Sleep is sweet
sleep is dangerous
Oh sleep, oh sleep, oh sleep
When will I see you to uphold and fell you?
To know how thou look like
Oh sleep what is it I know not about you
Tell me this day I pray thee
So I will not be a victim of you

UZOSIKE.....

Adolphus Moses

Sleep (Part 2)

Oh sleep oh sleep
Who created thee?
Who put thee in the life/way of men
Sleep is dangerous sleep is sweet
How many times have I called upon thee to see
thee.. To know how thou look like.
Many have been a victim of you
Tell me this day I beg thee to know more about
thee...
So I will not be a victim of thee...

UZOSIKU

Adolphus Moses

The Beggars Meeting.

THE BEGGARS MEETING.

God, the creator create with a purpose
Maybe mine is keep the street busy
My song makes your heart think of help
My uncleanness cleans your streets
I am not a curse to my generation
Neither am I seen as a blessing
On my own accord I never create my destiny
My fears did not brought this upon me
Neither did my iniquity
I am not the author of my tragedy
Yet the saint have banned my situation
From among their gatherings
And spread falsehood on my tragedy

My friends! Whose sin am I bearing?
The society pronounced me cursed
My presence stinks among men
Hunger as my creator blessed me with
As I sweep the street with my garments
Am I a being of practice by the creator?
Who is my architect?
Why did nature left me with nothing but sounds
I hear men grow, I hear men fall
In all these, death as made me his worst enemy
Tell me my offense, I will repent
Under the sun, the rain
I welcome men for my survival

Can the deaf hear?
Can the dumb speak?
Yet I hear and I speak.
My heart is heavy but my disabilities hold my tongue
My tragedy is not my making
With me in the womb my mother rejoiced
My father made a hole cut the grass for my cultivation
The dawn of my day is the beginning of my sorrows
Tell me my wrong that I may correct it
The home was my infant raised

The streets is my adult growing
I am a man of hopes and dream
But the street has swallowed my ambitions
My brothers have disdained me
Yet the street is my best friend
The street gives comfort to my soul
The beast of the night feed my body
So I die not because the street rejects me not.
THIS IS THE CRY OF THE BEGGARS OUT THERE.

Adolphus Moses

The Journey Of Life.

Broad is the road
cunning is the movement
unstable the feelings
uncountable the foot prints
yet narrow is the gate

many questions in the journey of life
but far is man to the answers
in darkness we journey
each day a new chapter is open
each day a chapter is cover
the open are celebrated
the cover are mourn and wail upon
like breath, forgotten the next second
still the journey continue.

the road is dangerous
yet its the busiest
man is bad
yet he is good
life is in phases
yet man gets bigger in sizes each day

some tall, some short
some fair, some dark
some white, some black
some healthy, some sickler
some happy, some sad
some rich, some poor
some negative, some positive
plus and minus makes the journey of life

then the journey gets thougher
the strong quit reasons to continue
like thought forgotten the next day
know end to the journey of man
as it is, so it will be
let no man forget his destiny
let not the Shadow of life cover you

for one destiny ascribe to all man
the grave, the end of struggle
the beginning of rest
a place for the strong, for the weak
for the oppressed, for the oppressor
let no idle deceive you
seek God in your journey
love God, honour God & obey His commandment, with this
it shall be well with your soul.

Adolphus Moses

The Secret Of The Saints

Every creature has a secret
a darkness he is
trying to over come
while some have be successfully conquered by their own beasts
He wears white garments every day doesn't make
him perfect
She wears pure customize garments
every second doesn't make her perfect
No man is perfect
trust my word you claim to be
your weakness has not be tested by time yet
What we have on earth are men who fight
everyday to over come their weakness
THESECRETOTHESAINTS

Adolphus Moses

The True Love Of A Man

The band between two adults in true love is like the band between the Father the Son and the Holy Spirit, Which can never be broken.

Love, the greatest gift of nature for the matured
The most amazing experience a man can have in his life time
It makes the young old and the old younger.

A man in love is like a hungry eagle in the highest height of the sky,
Looking for a prey to devour.
In jealousy he watches over the steps of his love,
Like a thief he monitors her door post.

A man in love is like a young prophet drunk in the spirit of prophecy
Like a native dancer filled with the sweet temping sounds of the local drums.
To men, she's nothing but a hopeless being,
To him she's everything.
As the moonlight rules the night,
As the sunlight rules the day,
She rules his heart in love.
She's light in his darkness
(You know exactly what am talking about)

He feels like telling the whole world the good gift heaven as bless him with,
A lovely angel in a human skin.
To him she as no wrong
Else he keeps his mind on nothing else.

A man in love is like a red belt karate master fighting for his honor
Like a thoughtless spender
He spend his last dam
Trying to hold on to her love
In his lonely moments he breathe her deep in his soul
He gives her a love so beautiful
A love so sweet
A love so caring
A man in true love never abuse his love,
Never treat her bad
Cause if she left
Your dream goes with her

Your comfort goes with her
Your heart beat goes with her
Your strength goes with her
Your joy goes with her
She left, she left with everything
She's the inspiration of your thought
You think of her you fall in love again
With all his heart he loves her
He takes away her loneliness
He loves her more than she thinks of
She's the treasure of his heart
Yes, he looks foolish after the argument
Yet, the band between two adults in true love grows stronger even after the
fight.

Adolphus Moses

The Whispering Voice

A word was secretly brought to me,
my ears caught a whisper of it.
Amid disquieting dreams in the night,
when deep sleep falls on men,
fear and trembling seized me and made all my
bones shake.

A spirit glided past my face,
and the hair on my body stood on end.

It stopped,
but I could not tell what it was.

A form stood before my eyes,
and I heard a hushed voice:

'Can a mortal be more righteous than God? Can a
man be more pure than his Maker?

If God places no trust in his servants,
if he charges his angels with error,
how much more those who live in houses of clay,
whose foundations are in the dust,
who are crushed more readily than a moth!

Between dawn and dusk they are broken to pieces;
unnoticed, they perish forever.

Are not the cords of their tent pulled up,
so that they die without wisdom? '

Adolphus Moses