

Poetry Series

**Aremo Abiodun Best**  
**- poems -**

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# Aremo Abiodun Best()

# My Prime Time Wishes

To be near the ones who mattered,  
to hold them and never let them go,  
to tease them and make dem happy.

i wish i could capture every scintillating xperience of my childhood,  
the period of utmost joy and luv from motherhood,  
those sweet-sweet purnishment i got from mother stil enkindles the spark of  
infantile nature which i can't get another.

I wish i had the ability to understand the love behind the anger but i couldn't do  
anything except to endeavor

i wish i could see some tenderness connected to death,  
to bring back the souls of my dear ones from the harbingers of death.

I wish i could ever maintain a smile on my parents face forever,  
make them feel proud on my deeds.

I wish i could ever heal the wounds of d broken hearted,  
the atrocities, the distress given by life on my part.

I wish i could carve out all the pain from the world,  
leaving behind the rediance of merriment and joy all over the world.

I wish i could ever remove the encumbrance on the poor,  
give them smiles and happiness the let thier anguishes pour.

this poem reflect some of my wishes which i always wish to fulfil.

Areemo Abiodun Best

# Ode To My Mother

' ODE TO MY BELOVED MOTHER '

Her face resplendent like the birds of paradise,  
her eyes glows with the fire of wonders,  
her lips utters wisdom like the flowing brook,  
her ears apt to hear with motherly grace!

Beneath her pristine heart lies the ocean of love,  
care and awe-inspiring beauty,  
Oh..... The master piece of the perfect God!

Her warmth gives solace to the weary,  
her vision challenges the eagles,  
her hope kindles life in despondent,  
her counsel spur men and women to prove thier mettle in the garden of life!

Her thoughts are immaculate,  
her ways enthralling like a smile.

A mother!  
We sigh,  
mouth agape.....only to enthuse!

' what a wonder '.

Areemo Abiodun Best

# Slow Dance

Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round?  
Or listened to the rain slapping on the ground?

Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?

Or gazed at the sun into the fading night?

You better slow down.  
Don't dance so fast.  
Time is short.  
The music won't last.

Do you run through each day on the fly?  
When you ask, "How are you?"  
Do you hear the reply?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed,  
with the next hundred chores running through your head?

You'd better slow down  
Don't dance so fast.  
Time is short  
The music won't last.

Ever told your child,  
We'll do it tomorrow?  
And in your haste,  
Not see his sorrow?

Ever lost touch, let a good friendship die  
Cause you never had time  
To call and say, 'Hi'

You'd better slow down.  
Don't dance so fast.  
Time is short.  
The music won't last..

When you run so fast to get somewhere,

You miss half the fun of getting there.

When you worry and hurry through your day,  
It is like an unopened gift....  
Thrown away.

Life is not a race.  
Do take it slower  
Hear the music  
Before the song is over.....poem from a dying girl with cancer

Areemo Abiodun Best

# When I Am Old

When i am old and mankey  
I'll never use a hanky  
I'll wee on plants  
and soil my pants.

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# Wishes

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# World Mothers

Most mothers are instinctive philosophers.

Being a mother is an attitude not a biological relation.

Mothers and their children are in a category on their own.

There's no bond so strong in the entire world,  
no love so instantaneous and forgiving like the one between a mother and her child.

Life began with waking up and loving my mother's face.

If evolution really works, how come mothers have two hands.

I realised when you look at your mother,  
you are looking at the purest love you will ever know.

Youth fades, love droops, the leaves of friendship fall,  
but mother's secret hope outlives them all.

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