

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Against The Tide

They say there are some place that aren't meant for me
And some things that I cannot be
They seem to think I came along for the ride
Yes, they believe that I have got no pride

But though I swim, swim against the tide
I wont be, I wont be denied

For too long I've been on your sleigh
Watching you directing the way
Yet the scenery hasn't changed since we left the bay
Its time for you to get out of my way

Cause though I swim, swim against the tide
I wont be I wont be denied

I'm not just here for the ride
I've got my eyes on the prize
But you, you are in my way
Criticize, victimize, give me the reins

Cause though I swim, swim against the tide
I wont be, I'll never be denied

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Dreams

In the end

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It's Called The Inner City

On death row I ask what happen to me
This is not the way it was suppose be
So I drag my mind trying to recall
The life I had beyond these prison walls
I see
Thin walls no privacy
Big yard, living in close proximity

It's called the inner city
It's called the inner city
A city no one build for me
It's called the inner city
Yes it has shaped my destiny

On death row I ask what happen to me
This is not the way it was suppose be
So I drag my mind trying to recall
The life I had beyond these prison walls
I see

Adults sit around
Getting shot and maim
Children run around
Oblivious
Playing their games
In the filth that flows untamed

It's called the inner city
It's called the inner city
A city no one build for me
It's called the inner city
Yes, it has shaped my destiny

On death row I ask what happen to me
This is not the way it was suppose be
So I drag my mind trying to recall
The life I had beyond these prison walls
I see
How hard I try not to run with the pack

But against me the cards were stack
They need protection they need someone
But you can't protect them with empty hand
In the inner city

It's called the inner city
Poverty, amidst luxury
A city no one build for me
It's called the inner city
Yes, it has shaped my destiny

Political connections, fearless and strong
Dispensing justice with an even hand
Truth be told, I am a ladies' man
So naturally they call me the "Don"
In the inner city

It's called the inner city
It's called the inner city
A city, no one build for me
It's called the inner city
Yes, it has shaped my destiny

Now on death row
Soon, I'll go
I am guilty?
No one will know
The script is written and sing like a song
They used, refused and then they kill the "Don"
In the inner city

Hah, ha, ha, a, a, a
Hah, ha, ha, a, a, a

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Nauseous Nostalgia

Now I drag my mind to recall a place I knew well
A place where the scent of fresh bake dough entwine
The stench of the sewage that flows untamed
A place where slums raft on rivers that caress the rich mountainside
Resting in the valleys
As if to mock the affluence of the peak
A place where muzzles no longer silence dogs
But speak
A language that feed the dams like the drains from a slaughter house
Someday I will drag my feet
If only to roam
For now it will have to do
That I drag my mind
Home

inkuumba

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Restless Nights

Its 3 am

All is quiet below distance multiple barks

And rhythmic breaths of baby

Depression, exhaustion, bad financial situation

Daylight dawns smaller odds of surviving

Crime infested nation

Then a distant cry

Indistinguishable

From the direction of loud and loose entertainment

Each scream echoes fear

Maybe its the music?

Could it?

Even though silenced be

Another source

Of restless nights

inkuumba

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Seasons

Thick foliage sprouted to obscure vision
And I fell deeply ravined
As dainty feet strolled along giddy path
Encaged in blissful beauty
Clevaged flowers bees the swarm to nectared breast

The heated summer slowed stroll
To sweated bodies in unity pulsated rhythm
Tongue suckled the sweet wet
While energy drained from the embrace
Pheromones repel drones quest

The leaves have all but gone
As the beauty of autumn leaves
Rainbowed petals browns under solitary feet
Nature's veil unmasked the depth
Through naked branches interrupted rays

The beguiled soul fringe to fore reasoned
My solitary path and lonely feet
Trampled snowy slush rotten leaves
Stench wintery air's bated breath
Longing for spring's disguise

inkuumba

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The Graduate

Its graduation day, yes
I am not concerned about that man
Whats his name, the guest speaker
All I can think about is the rhythm and the beat
The s-o-u-n-d of the tweeter
B A L L N I G H T

And that girl is sweet on me
Right on time
I will be caressing that beautiful body
A I I N I G H T

What? Curfew? Be home by twelve?
Not midnight I hope!
It must be noon

Its graduation for pete sake
It means am grown and soon
I will be LONG g-o-n-e
From this home

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