

Poetry Series

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed
- poems -

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From Atwima-Dida in the Atwima mponua district of the Ashanti region, Ghana. Am a simple package of enermous talent. Am CEO of Sacred Lake Inc, A movie and music production outfit within five years.

Allaho Akbar(God Is Great)

Edit

Allaho Akbar

by Kassim Mohammed Ahmed on Monday, February 28,2011 at 7: 44pm ·

Chorus

It's day break, and the Sun's made,

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

At night, the Moon's light,

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

The Mountains, and oceans

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

Allaho..... Akbar (repeat)

Verse 1

Allah is one, with no partner,

and He begets none other,

Oh! our Lord

to you we come forth

Allaho..... Akbar

Verse 2

I look around

what the world is all about-

The wonders

of all the creatures,

the Hills from which springs the waters

which forms the lake, that moves in meanders

Oh!

Allaho..... Akbar

Ya Allah.....

Allaho..... Akbar

Chorus

It's day break, and the Sun's made,

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

At night, the Moon's light,

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

The Mountains, and oceans

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

Allaho..... Akbar

Verse 3

He creates man from a clot of blood,
and sets the Earth and the skies apart,
Oh! Allah..... Oh Allah
God is great..... God is great,
From His words all things are being,
His greatness all men have seen-
He is Al - Wahid..... Allah
He is Al - Majeed..... Allah
He is Al - Qadr, Al - Basit, Al- Mutakkabir.

Chorus

It's day break, and the Sun's made,
Oh Allah, Oh Allah
At night, the Moon's light,
Oh Allah, Oh Allah
The Mountains, and oceans
Oh Allah, Oh Allah
Allaho..... Akbar (repeat)

Verse 4

See the Earth and its umbrella skies,
that hangs and upon us it cries
these tears that fertilize the fields
..... Creator to u we yield

Allaho..... Akbar

Ya Allah..... Allaho Akbar

Ya Allah..... Allaho Akbar

Ya Allah..... Allaho Akbar

Chorus

It's day break, and the Sun's made,

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

At night, the Moon's light,

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

The Mountains, and oceans

Oh Allah, Oh Allah

Allaho..... Akbar

(repeat till fade)

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Am Caught In A Thought

At the other part of the wide sea,

Men begin to freeze.

The waters keep icing

my love's memories are piling

Am here with the warmth of home,

Yet the thoughts fill my very bone

when shall I behold you, my own?

I see myself sit on the throne

Joy has my cheeks smiling,

Your lips utter 'Darling'

This flame that consumes me

reigns only till you are here to flee

am caught in a thought

that your arms were stretched forth

that your smile, my eyes caught

your lap serves my best court

am court in a thought

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Beauty And Your Beauty

These skies that look down at me, am glad
cheerful, cheerful and giggling like a lad
'tis unusually beauty, beautiful, and it fascinates me
and am seated beneath a huge rose tree
petals falling, and off their seats
to dangle in the winds like some huge
round African back dance to the azonto tune
or occasion to welcome and have some dignitaries to tease

The beauty of this morning's sky
in harmony with every thought of your sight,
gell for the soul, and abode to dwell
without doubt, this I know well, so well

I do not know though
am drenched in your love
and every coal a snow
or that having realized no gab
and all pretty sight
doth but bring you to mind

who cares?

shall I not every further mornings have the sky to stare?

thus the mood is wonderful

and the soul is cheerful

...OTADEE...

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Free Slaves

am drowned in thought

so hardly

am thinking, silly

silly it's a naught

like my mind is lost

and efforts to drag it home,

unyielding

and am wielding

some cunning ever known

am simple

a complex simplicity

and emotions in plain duplicity

trying my best to be humble

Am possibly crazy

but sane

a potential madman, maybe

am twain

with a joyful anger

shall my cheeks be smiling
a pleasant countenance ever
then the true self a hiding

is earth home?

what shall I, but drone...

and am not solo, for

it's but a trial for all

life is queer

to the layman

and the seer

like we see by aid of the sun

I've wondered

abbreviation is a long word

the better, the least said

if my neighbor wears a smile, my life is not wasted

life is but an example, thus

of another if its the faith

or guide us through such

that we may find a later date

its simple

and complex

it's least of a raffle

more of a test

what you see is

least of what is, and

the unseen, this

ginnel between living and the end

where do we go from here?

shall we walk Earth a second

another form, higher or mean, and

with joy or attain the purport with fear?

or shall a self within

be punished for the deeds of the flesh

as the teaching

and to it as are we raised from earth.

did it escape Yehowa?

that we now share the Christ with the house of Isreal

Mohammed with the deserts of Arabia, or however

is this for our race a trial?

or that we have been blind

waking now to our own, undermined

and agreed for others' as priestcraft

and ours- fetish, with witchcraft

we have been supposedly free a decades

and now slavery is voluntary, as

their superficial sentimentality at that

and when we fall for our heads to their blades

we are still slaves

no! we are free

we are free slaves

for we are bonded, and we are free

we sang patriotic songs

and wrote poems, long

and sent the slave master to the seas

but he handed his fetters, and whip
to our leaders, and the chiefs
now we are free slaves, asking no right than peace

we sing new melodies
and hail their praises
they disturb our peace
handing us the piece
when shall we be truly free
and our kids be sure of a full life
what is the warranty, to see
sunlight tomorrow, and not a bunch of roses
for wreath upon our graves
and the sympathizers lined up for similar doses

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Hard Times

at the edge of the world

a moment of nothingness

when all is lost, and nothing is worth

people receive enlightenment

others fall to the end

life's such an ass, and

they hurl curses.

when it seems its all lost,

there's always some hope to dwell on

but we are too busy not

to pause a while the mourn

to sight of light

which makes every condition bright

there isn't absolute bad

'tis the idiosyncrasy of fad

and with what eye they look

sometimes blinded by stour of mood

we are too busy in the throes of sorrow

that we prolong to further tomorrows

but after a storm calms a calm
and a realm of chances in them

pain is cure for pain
as no worth is easily attained
hard times do come
making us strong if we are stung

yes! real character shows
when a one is dragged from their comfort zone
with the heat its really known
good from bad coal

step up, and rise
tough tasks make us wise

OTADEE

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Home, Sweet Home

Home sweet home

like a king upon a throne

even so is the feeling
these streets that welcome me, a greeting

seeing the prophet Anokye with

the replica of the golden stool, this

offering a rest, enough-though

i shall walk the world, cold

the thought of the warm winds smile to me and
every next passer-by a friend

herbs green the roadways

as cure pours from the sun rays

love of home
imprinted deep within my very bone

Home sweet home

OTADEE

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

I Know Am Loving, And 'Tis Lovely

My ways `bout beauty was lacking

up until she is here, a blinding fairness

She smiled to me, and I knew I was loving,

and it's lovely

She says hi

and am like, ma'am

She, passing fair, genuine, orderly and tidy

Dominating, and am unworthy

But she smiled to me, and I knew I was loving

And it's lovely

Her name is sweet music

writ with lightning across my gentle heart

Her superlative voice, along melodies path

She desires, and am glad at duty, energetic

She smiles to me, and I know am loving

And it's lovely

as she moves like a full moon across the skies

Illuminating the dark that along its path may lie

what grace to be company

to which I'd wager all, if there's any

She smiles to me, and I know am loving

And it's lovely

She's a star in my scenes in sleep

This's fruit in wake, that I reaped

Shall I wake to her figure by my side?

To worship and honour till my demise

I do not require morphine.

She's enough opium

Let her smile to me, or be soothed with her wine

flowing unend, her person, a podium

When she smiles to me, I know am loving

And it's lovely

Shall I wish for more

than in her arms, a cuddling?

by ourselves ashore

leaving the world behind to be declared missing

Then she smiles to me, and I know am loving

and 'tis lovely

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Knowing Love

Our knowledge 'bout love is thwarted

all the judgement are darted

confused by what is paraded by the media, and

in movies, theories, creating a trend

but the feeling is relative, thus

to any one person in love collecting their facts

no one theory of love is by any stretch

point be-all, if by scrutiny put to test

see, true love is when lovers give their all, and give up all

knowing am yours, and you, my world

then the onus is yours and mine

to strive through and see all a sign

a test to pass it be good or evil

even as they come as a riddle

there are no rules

and those set by the dummies cant be true

for all humanity is made differently

acting and reacting variedly

but when I forgive before you ask

knowing you are all that I have

and you and I, is no mistake

unlike you bargain, and can change your mind in a trade

love is to make love work

laying all self-standards to rest

and not attempting to change them

but changing yourself to be with them

but attest to your love what you detest

and expect nothing more, though they may seek to amend

love is loving, and loving to love

to want to give everything you have

like everything without love is nothing

and nothing without love is everything

love is just how you love, that

one you love and not expect it back

they say it's mutual?

like some of stereotyped ritual

love is no appreciatory rite

when a one decides, then it's their self right

just love buddy

'tis a feeling, so lovely

'tis best when you will be yourself

and not be ruled by some rules that are set

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Labour In His Favour

journey through these moons

counting nine in full

glory! !

hail Him the Mighty

observing you on the image-slip,

forming the scenes in sleep

you've persevered, my love

you endured enough

the rains down your cheeks

and your nights devoid of sleep

day met your eye, wet

along the path you dread to subtly thread

the clock's arms on errand, tends

to be strong on the second

slowly but safely arriving

with the laurel, like after a running.

labor in His favor, my dear

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Learned Sisters

Tell them learned sisters

who've so stereotyped

kept the syntax

like some game, or of the type

They seek tall, dark and handsome men

yet let the good be owned

by others but lesser in looks and deed, then

the standards begin to drop, or altogether be thrown

Thrown, thrown as time swiftly runs, and

draws lots to mistresses,

and those even unluckier, tend

beauty never to be appreciated, masked behind

marks and stretches.

'if tyme would but a bit rewind'

...OTADEE...

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Love, Masked

The subtlety to decipher

from ordinary, the element

of unique

distinctive

inimitable meaning

Does emotion need be said plainly?

whatz their meaning

you mean the world

be a reader of tones

of mind

or better still

travel the hearts.

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

My Love Is At The Other End Of The Sea

My love is at the other end of Earth
Graving to behold me between her breast
Breasts large, round and hard
I miss her, and its sad

My love is at the other end of Earth
total stranger, there
as Columbus was, here
Thinking of her, am short of breath

My love is at the other end of Earth
The nectar of her lips that quenches the thirsts
That her head on my chest
My poem would dry her tears

My love is at the other end of Earth
Close at hand, her love letter
to which I weave this poem in response
Our love weighs tons and tons

My love is at the other end of Earth
watching her on an image-slip
forming the scenes when am gone to sleep
We must know us from birth.

My love is at the other end of Earth
Having me forever waiting
But the anxiety is long aging
can't put love to test

My love is at the other end of Earth

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

New Year's Eve

Watching the dying year

on its sick bed,

At once am at the riverside, eyes wet.

I have seen it jump into the trees, this wild deer.

After the many days,

He appears to have left too soon,

taking the hopes and aspirations on its tail.

He lived several moons, counting twelve in full.

Now too late.

Too late it is almost so early

to the birth of a new year we make merry

Hence we count with a new date

A dropp of water, then wine on its tongue.

These tunes, similar to those we sang

to the dead year serving little purport

Can they from womb to tomb produce no results?

It's new year's eve

As we bury the dead year in grief,

the dirge so brief, hurrying into the lullaby

this one must do good before it soon dies

It's new year's eve.

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

Otwereduampon

The oldman's lamps in the air

that we mundane beings may share

He- Otwereduampong

Whose grace we live on

On this mighty stage of life,

We are characters all alike

The mighty manhandle the light,

But just for the while

'tis a passing glory

The pride of a bride's dowry,

The sensual moment of night with Earth

Which is but till Day is here.

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

She Makes Me Love To Love

Love's path, threading, I dread

And lovers in my eyes, all are queer

'tis in name. practice, rare

Emotions to great minds are mere

Be it exist though,

shall I be sick and get cold?

knowing am smart for little cupid

his arrow for company, ready to shoot it

My eyes have long been unseeing within their sockets

Such beauty to which holy men would give their offers

by me, prettier than her a woman never lived

'tis Canaan of old to the Israelis a gift

She makes me love to love

and at that, all over 'gain

when our lips, caught in a hug,

that they would never refrain

This once mare liberum of a heart
now solely her mare clausum
for that she wished, and am glad to succumb
What being, several picks in one cart

And she makes me love to love

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

The First Rains

Night might have been here too soon

and all heads, rested on varied beds, smart or loon

am awakened by this dropp drop

like a kangaroo moves by hop hop

slowly, at first

and then like rhythm in songs at church

church! oh yes, yes church

where we ought be, this being first

and we have Him to praise

that falls the rains

to quench the thirst of these sands

having had to endure these months

I'll least talk of gloss for the lips

that even as gross, doesn't seem to stick

now that the rains is here

it is with so much joy that we cheer

as the dropp drop

down in tick tock

our hopes and aspiration are again, living

thus as every beginning ends, so is every end a new beginning

the rains usher in the year, proper

as all emotions it doth usher.

the first rains...

.....OTADEE.....

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

The Reign

As everynight
dark gradually
and singing a lullaby
puts all light to sleep,

even so is the reign of evil
but temporary
for just as night reigns
till the next day is born

truth conquereth all
the manoeuvrings of all evil fades
and truth and good reigns forever.

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed

When Shall I Behold You, My Love

When shall i behold u, my love?

We shall mimic the feeding of doves

your red lips,

an unending nectar spring.

When shall i behold u once more?

that u may position my head between

your hard breasts and all

I would eavesdropp your true thought within

your nudity, as by my nudge,

revealing your curves at the right places

that, I haven't seen for ages

When shall I behold you, my love?

Kassim Mohammed Ahmed