

Poetry Series

**Lambon Salifu
Muhammeed
- poems -**

**Publication Date:
2013**

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed(08/01/1995)

Ask Me Not Why

Ask not why, in lot hours
I have tied thee to my sight without a blink or turn.
Truly, I blink not,
for I feel thy beauty I will miss
And not I turn,
for I'm scared men will rob thee off me because of thy beauty.
If thou again ask why I swing my sight from thy left to right or up and down,
I do so for when a part of thy I adore for its plenty beauty
Other beautiful site I see again.

Truly, if even I'm given days
Of unusual many,
Not enough will they be for me to end admiring thy beauty
For not its origin or finish I have seen.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

Dieu Benisse Notre Patrie, Le Ghana

O' Ghana,
Bid not thy gallant hope farewell

Let not the pestilence of despair rob thy glamorous dreams

For I know one day,
A samaritan shall pass this route
Where thou have long laid in anguish
And he shall bind well thy wounds with the bandage of progress.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

End Less

Before thy made a single walk off my sorrowful presence

I missed thee a billion times!

I knew not when my hand held firm thine hand that was a thousand mile off mine

But I knew the huge power of true love made me seek thee in that stormlike gallops!

Truly, true love made me an iron trap that can't never let thou go!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

I Bid

I bid not a plethora of gold
Or silver for thy love,

Not a giant graceful palace
Or beauteous robes
Equal bid i for thy love,

All I bid is my heart soaked
With the juice of love.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

I Have Found Love

Oh love, now I feel you!

After the dozen years you lay me breathless in that psychiatric infirmary

Where i thought of her always

And made love to her in dreams.

Love, for the many years I saw you not, i thought you lived no more

Untill this day you brought to me my lost rib who cured my love casualties.

Truly, in her I saw you!

Yes, in her I saw you!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

If Thou Sow Not, Thou Reap Not

If thy work is to lie idle and command heaven,
To serve you coffee and bread of honey for breakfast, fried rice and chicken for
lunch, pizza for supper,
I promise thou shall have all in the most priceless famous garbage restaurant
where the scavengers equally suckle
If thy work is to lie idle and command heaven,
To let thou wear Fendi on Sundays, Versace on Mondays, Dior on Tuesdays,
Prada on Wednesdays, Armani on Thursdays and Fridays, Gucci on Sabbaths
I promise thou shall wear in all days an invisible thread built from a grimy fabric
If thy work is to lie idle and command heaven,
To home thee in a grand palace born from the semen of gold, diamond and
silver
I promise thou shall lie forever beneath the roof of a forsaken bridge where
hungry parasites shall lull thou to sleep with the lullabies of stings
And If thou lie idle and command heaven,
To bestow on him all things that procreate wealth
I promise thou shall have all that birth poverty.
Thou must remember from whom thou seek all these beauties lies idle not
For he create days, prepare seasons and bring forth new beings
So if thou lie idle and seek, thou be a clown.

If thou lie idle, I think thou have comfort already!
If thou sow not, thou should expect not to reap!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

If Tomorrow Meets Us Not,

Tell them!

Look on to my face
And let fall the secret
We hid in the invisible bier
Of eternity
When all eyes and ears
were blinded and deafened
By sleep
Let the vultures
Of the evil forest
Spice my body
For a glamorous banquet!

Say it!

I have heard already
The gossip from the women
On the way to the stream
At dawn
From the Nayiri's gong beater
I have heard the fearful decree
And equally,
I have seen
the spears of monstrous laughter
Burst the cheeks of our foes

Sister, tell mama,
To weep no more
For when the stubborn fowl
Digs deep the ground
It exposes the bones
Of its ancestors
The mouse madly
Went to the cattery
To buy itself the meat
Of a kitten
Love, love, love!
like a cunning fox

Baited the hungry fowl
With the meat of a cockroach
And not could it have resisted
I knew forbidden
was the eaten fruit
But what cause or reason
Could have made the dog
unleash the juicy bone

The broadened hips of Nasara
Made visible by her
Tight-shortened kente skirt
Could have made me
Grill my fingers
In a wild inferno unawarely
The sight of her
ladybird-like skinned beads
Lustfully stimulated me
And i would have mounted
A bull forgetfully
What of the well-filled erected
balls on her chest
That itched my palms always
For her round botty,
That swayed like a leave
Quaked by a violent tempest
Did nearly broke my neck
For vying with it always
In each direction it went

The fearful taboo of chastity
We have smitten
The womb of Nasara
Shelters the flesh of my blood
And there awaits no option
Other than a bloody execution

If tumorrow meet us not,
Remember the aged love song
We sang together
When the full white moon
Came passing

Remember the soft chorus
I Joined in with
That silenced the envious song birds
The mucus may do it worse
But never does it go off
With the nose
I still remain your only cow boy
That robbed you milk and cheese
And paid the penalty
With my bare back
That suffered the pains
Of papa's whip...

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

Let Be My Country

Pleas', murder it not

Take me to the calvary
And let its death, I bear

Take me, take me, take me!
Not my country I can let die
For it, I soo much love.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

On Me

Doubt not, she worth than nature
Arena of beauty, thy love I seek
Lie here with me forever
On thy bosom, perish my loveache
Let rain on me thy magic
An immortal, not dust grown!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

The Lover Of Beauty

Love me not because of my beauty,
For beauty is a mortal!
Mine will fade off your sight if a new beautiful is discovered.
Love me because I'm your breath and soul.
If you love me because of my beauty, you truly do not love me.
You are just a lover of beauty!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

The Mock

Mock my bulky eyes,
If you think your zig-zag legs are arranged perfectly
Mock my crooked head,
If you think your shapeless ears are trimmed perfectly
Mock my broad nose,
If you think your lengthy head is perfectly crafted
Mock my mountainous lips,
If you think your protruding forehead deserve not a mock
Mock my enormous head,
If you think your fat jaws has a perfect shape
Mock my amputated hand,
If you think your three fingers make five
Mock my one leg,
If you think your one eye make two
Mock my ugly face,
If only you think your single toe make five

Again, you mock me
If you have all perfect!
Not all you mock i bought, nature gives!
Remember when the mother monkey mocks the sunken eyes of her son,
she equally mocks her self!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

The Real Dream

I had a dream!

A dream that came in the outfit of love.

In the premises of this dream

I saw out of the unknown many

A gorgeous damsel who has sprouted from the pieces of my rib

She I shall love in life and death

She I shall employ on the field of my bed

And forever wage her with love

She I shall rear on the aches of my one hundred years old loneliness

To sprinkle on them the poison of wear and tear

I shall love she only

For her infinite beauty makes me see every feminine masculine

She is from the semen of africa

Not any other known continent can host her

For the magnitude of her beauty surpasses their giant sizes!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

The Reminder

You may drop on their wrinkled
needy palms bales of saliva
Instead of the little offering
they seek off you,
They may be like the bin of your excreta,
And on them the flies may sit like dung
To you, they pest of your riches

But remember,
They are the worthy men
Who waits patiently day and night
By the streets to collect your
fare to heaven
Throw them off your glittering
metal gate
And you shall pay not the fee to
paradise.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

The Tale Of A Littlun

I stared at the burden,
That the callous hands of this poor littlun gripped
And scolded nature for his birth.
Though a mile from him i was,
Yet his hairlike bones I could count without a miss
Truly, this poor little could walk through the eye of a needle without a push or
pull
For a monster hunger has shrunked him to the size of a thread
His salty sweat, he drank to curb his thirst.
He would have been naked like Adam before the sip of the forbidden juice,
If not for the aid of that little shorts filled with a million patches
Painfully his total height I believe, stood below the knees of even the most
shortest midget
It seems it matched the thumb of a one week old infant

He has been denied the ration of literacy to be a chauffeur of an old rusty cart
like many of the forsaken littluns on our streets
A future Kwame Nkrumah or Aristole sold to labour for little pesewas
Ooh my dear countrymen!
Will the horrors of child labour ever live our sight?
When will every child enjoy the joys of childhood?

Ready i'm like the revolutionist at Jones farm to tidy the mess of child labour
And if ready you are
Just lie a mountainous igneous on my David sling to ruin the Goliath of child
labour!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

The Voice Of A Fallen Soldier

Here we perished
For a count'y we so much adored
But did our dear country love us?

No!
For if our country had loved us
Not it would have sent us to war

If our country loved us,
PEACE it would have chose!

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

True Love

With that kiss of Judas she gave me,
I knew I was abandoned to be mocked by loneliness.
She sold me pricelessly to hell and went in quest of new love.

When she toured north, in her presence she had none but me.
When she went east, in her presence she had none but me.
When she visited south, by her side she had none but me
And when she toured west, none she felt in her presence but me.
I went everywhere she was, for true love couldn't let me watch her go forever.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

When Mum Died

When mum died,
The public litter bins became the mangers that sheltered my dinner.
When mum died,
I became a wardrobe of reekish rags, a popular carteen for flies
When mum died,

The streets became my nest and the noisy mosquitoes my bedsharers
When mum died,
The dark clouds roofed me in rainy days and nights
When mum died,
The wet winds give me warmth on cold days and nights
And the sun pelted on me ice on warm days and nights
When mums died,
I became a family farm ox instead of the lawyer I dreamt of
When mum died,
I knew i lost my goddess on earth.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed

Yourself

They that murder, rebuke the devil
They that rob or plunder, rebuke the devil
They that rape, rebuke the devil
They that fornicate, rebuke the devil
They that exploit, rebuke the devil
They that work prostitution, rebuke the devil
They that lie and gossip, rebuke the devil

Oh when will yourself you blame for your own wrongs?
Not the swarm of blames you give the devil baptise your evils with the liquid of
virtue
Remember when the devil makes you practice vice, his work is done
but is your work done when you do not virtue?
So equal yourself you scold for not dwelling in virtue
And tell me if when come the doomsday, the devil you will scold to escape the
swallow of hell.

Lambon Salifu Muhammeed