

Poetry Series

# Oke Olumide

## - poems -

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Oke Olumide()

# End Of The Road

This is the end of the road,  
The journey of tears end,  
So many gallops and potholes,  
Left unfilled forgetting tomorrow,  
That I may still trek the path home.

With her i departed,  
At that delicate of the time,  
Now, like a leper I'm deserted,  
Need a healer to heal my wounds,  
And lift me out of this ruins,

I chase through shadows,  
Even when she sat next to me,  
I loved the heart out of reach,  
Even when she torched,  
I thought of holy ghost that exist not.

This is the end of the road,  
Now i know my right was wrong,  
I bleed profusely with shame,  
Where do i even belong?  
I never know, but i own the blames

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# Freedom! My Dear Country

Cloud clear and deem bright,  
Sun, glittering with its cool light,  
People gathered with merry- minds,  
Like traders in market square  
Exchanging words of all kinds,  
Awaiting the freedom coming.

The Eagle was let loose to fly,  
From its captivity it soar high,  
In its wings its strength lies,  
Freedom! It reaches beyond the sky,

Happy Independence Nigeria  
My Dear Country.

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# If We Must Die

If we must die,  
Of this cruel forces and injustice,  
If we are powerless  
To prevent flaws of this laws,  
That is eaten deep into our hearts.  
And sting like a sharp end.

If we must die,  
In our own Master's hands,  
Seeking us with blazing spear  
And threatening us with  
Cruel ordinance and decree,  
For we are buried in his lies and deceit.

If we are to die,  
Thier sins have reached to heavens,  
Our streets covered with blood,  
And our homes scotch like oven,  
For thier deeds is our terror.

If we are powerless  
To fight injustice,  
Our voice should rise and say NO!  
Even if we are to die  
At thier trigger.

If we must die,  
We must die  
Like braves with lion's hearts  
And never like cowards,  
Our blood will rise  
And linger with our progenies.

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# The Beggars Pang

We are the men  
Born to the slum  
And dwell on the street  
We eat in our broken plates  
Under bridges in darkness  
And drink from our grimy cups  
Maybe we have no good fate

We are the men  
Found of all filthy jobs  
Like pig in the dirt  
Picking our daily meals  
Of debris and wastes  
Fighting our survival  
Maybe we have no destiny

We are beggars  
Living on arms  
The crumbs we cherish  
Down the table of riches  
That offer charity  
And not even love  
But sacrifice  
To brightens their gloomy ways  
Maybe future is not for us

We are the men  
Shivering in the silent night  
Beside the breezing sea  
And under the open cloud  
When you're on your raised foam  
Within the standing walls  
Cuddle to your love ones  
We quiver in our running tunnel  
Under our rotten blankets  
Maybe our gods live no more

This life has brought us mystery  
With no glimpse of hope

The fountain is sour to taste  
It only brings hardship  
But the life over the river side  
Is our hope  
Where no riches reign  
And our tears we be washed away  
Cleansed in the cool rain  
Our bruise will be covered  
With golden flesh  
We are beggars with hope.

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