

Poetry Series

**Pius beeps Adamu**  
**- poems -**

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## Pius beeps Adamu(16th april 1989)

Pius beeps Adamu was born in Kafanchan, a local town in Kaduna state. He is currently an undergraduate at the prestigious Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria, where he studies Language Arts. His influences are Ralph Waldo Emerson and Leopold Sedar Senghor. He has studied a lot of Shakespeare.. His siblings are Smith, Ben, Kumim, Ralph. He is the child of Late. Mr. Matthew David Adamu and Mrs. Mary Agnes Adamu.

# Africa

Woman, your name is divine and sweetening..  
Lest why do we call your name with reverence.  
You are beautiful, far beautiful than the gardens  
Evergreen in the width of obvious noons.  
Woman, your strength is infallable.  
Your wit is undeniably our source of life.  
Your heartbeat is the thunderclap.  
And your whispers are the cool winds.  
Blowing beauty and serenity all day.  
When you smile the stars glitter with joy.  
Dashing northward to the white heavens.  
Your breath is fresh like sweet odour of roses.  
Our farms are fertile and our yields plenteous.  
Blackness means fertility, blackness means pride.  
Your neck is adorned with gold and bracelets diamond.  
Your anklets are made of corals.  
Your black skin gleams than the sun.  
Africa, that's what you are called.  
Barren woman with million offsprings.

Pius beeps Adamu

# Be My Heroine O Africa

Be my heroine O Africa!

Sitting in the dark shining hut, I call on you.  
Africa, with a certain hope and power.  
I heard of your strength in the echoes of the past.  
And the wind still blows a scintilla of beauty.  
Whenever I say your sweetening name..  
My heart rejoices with a great sense of relief..  
I am your child, raised by your lullabies.  
And the songs of your beauty spread over the lands.  
I depend unendingly on your strength.  
You are my heroine, you are my shield..  
Whenever I am lonely, I sing your praises.  
And the winds rustle the dry leaves,  
While animals stampede at your might..  
Africa, the great warrior queen...  
You are my life, the rhythm of my lute.  
Mothers tell wondrous tales of you.  
And the moon shines its lazy radiance,  
Blessing your blessedness and beauty...  
Lips of nations call your name with fear.  
They tremble like boughs amid a harsh vale...  
The milk from your breasts are refreshing,  
And your smoothness pleasing.  
Your skin is polished and eyes full of flashes..  
At night your voice calms the view..  
I am humbled by your courage..  
I am in love with your smile.  
Which blossoms like the roses..  
Africa, the great warrior queen.  
Conquered but now unconquerable..  
Eagle flying amidst the eaglets.

Pius beeps Adamu

# Beauty

Soft lady, purest of all waters.  
Sweetly I think of you in my duties.  
For you are all that matters.  
You are the pinnacle of all beauties.  
Sweet lady, slender like Pillars of ivory.  
You are beautiful, beauty adorns you.  
You are my strength when I am weary.  
You are my hope and guide too..  
When your fragrance raises, the butterflies appear.  
Chasing you, chasing the fall of your perfumed hair.  
When my heart leaps, I know you are near.  
For I know your uniqueness, it is open and bare.  
The sweetness of your love has devoured me.  
I can think of nothing else but you only.  
Whenever I sleep at night it's your sunny face I see.  
Gleaming miraculously and comforting me when lonely.  
My heart thunderously pounds when I see you smile.  
That smile rejuvenates me; it makes me stronger.  
Whenever I am gloomy and weak, I wait awhile.  
For I know I shall be strong again; with you I'm bolder.  
I feel so relieved when I feel the softness of your touch.  
When I am touched by the velvety of your skin,  
I feel for a need for us to wed in the church.  
To tie a knot forever with you, my sweet angelic queen.  
You fill every view with roses both red and blue..  
Your shiny glossy and citrus flavoured lips pout.  
Calling me to fall for you, to long for you and kiss you.  
You are special, stunning and worth worrying about.  
Not for anything but worrying about your absence..  
It makes me so afraid to lose you, so afraid o miss!  
What makes me joyful and more blest is your presence.  
You are my empress, I long always for your kiss..  
You are my joy, my hope when I am down.  
You are the spirit that makes me líve, and my smile when I frown.

Pius beeps Adamu

# Black Power.

I am black in flesh and bones.  
I'm a replica of the supreme up above.  
He whose footstool is the Kilimanjaro.  
I am black in my songs and in the rhythm of my music.  
I never stoop to the harsh sun or weather.  
That's why he moulded me black to the soul..  
Of all lands, mine is the greatest.  
From the golden pyramids of Giza,  
To the long arms of the silvery Nile.  
From the golden shores of Zambezi.  
To the Eden of the Serengeti.  
From the powdery sands of the Sahara.  
To the warriors, princes and princesses..  
And the ancestry legends of our fallen fathers.  
That's why I am endowed with gold.  
To signify my wealth and power.  
Black is pride, powerful and godly.  
That is why Beauty is my identity.  
And wisdom my priceless asset.  
Black is not some weakling,  
Or some cheap merchandise.  
For the sailing ships, or beast of burden,  
To the strange fields of the west indies.  
Black means creativity of a God playing with colours.  
White, yellow, pink, he made them all.  
Black is rich, black is free, black is beautiful....

Pius beeps Adamu

# Black Woman.

Woman, raven of the tropics.  
You are lovely, and I sing to you this song,  
With sadness missing the warmth of your arms.  
I have waited in the dark night.  
And have for long befriended the hooting owlets..  
My woman, I have long waited for your voice.  
That soft voice that calms the tornado.  
You have long been silenced by your lovers,  
Those with lips of honey.  
Pouring curses disguised in praises.  
They long have deceived you.  
Woman, pure black woman,  
Creamy like the sunset.  
Blessed with beauty.  
You are the peace of the falls  
Whooshing in melodic Apogee.  
I await you in the night,  
By my doorstep with arms wide open.  
And high spirited bliss..  
My woman, the only seed of joy.  
I have long dreamt of the day  
We shall twine like stems of the mangrove.  
The moon shines at your command.  
Your lips are smooth and soft.  
They are the delight of dripping honey  
In which I yearn wholeheartedly.  
My woman, black like coal.  
You are befitting for princes.  
Befitting as the goddesses..  
Woman, your extravagant beauty is vivid.  
Your piercing eyes strikes my heart like the hard clap  
Of thunder in the fall of September.  
You walk and the ground trembles.  
Noses raise to perceive your smell  
Which gladdens the heart.  
Your soft voice delights the sun.  
And it stretches wide upon the plains.  
The dazzle of your teeth denies the stars  
The honor of twinkling their hearts out.

Africa my heroine.  
The woman with a heart of gold.  
I look into your eyes,  
Those that are the replica of the eclipse.  
I see the thunderbolt in your eyes  
And they strike me to ecstatic silence.  
Here I am, here I stand like a drifter.  
With my lips agape,  
Pondering about your uniqueness..  
The glitter of your skin shines,  
like beads of water from the Nile.  
O woman, I have stretched my neck  
In the wide plains expecting your coming.  
But I depend on the royalty of time  
Through the patience you have taught me.

Pius beeps Adamu



# Cry

Aloud aminu weeps at the death of his mother.  
No money to pay for her hospital bills.  
He weeps for another huge problem which is:  
Money for a decent burial.

But No one seems to notice his cry.

Bello is thinking about life.  
So fed up he is and thinks of suicide.  
Up on a tree he ties the noose.  
Nothing he leaves but a suicide note.

But No one seems to notice his cry..

Yemi is a troubled family man.  
With six voluminous mouths to feed.  
All of his kids are hawking.  
He is struggling with unpaid rent and fees.

But No one seems to notice his cry.

Matthew is a honest worker.  
Killing his last pulse for the system.  
All his labours are in vain.  
He is retrenched and his dues are barely paid.

But No one seems to notice his cry.

Obinna is a hopeful farmer.  
With no hope of n.p.k fertiliser.  
His farm yields are low.  
His family will starve till God knows when.

But No one seems to notice his cry..

Linda is a sweet intelligent damsel.

Fit for a handsome suitor.  
She is lonely, depressed and fired for not 'cooperating'.  
She's vulnerable and giving up that better tomorrow.

But No one seems to notice her cry.

Benedict is a successful graduate.  
His shoes are worn from endless trekking.  
From office to office seeking a job.  
His certificates are furred in torn envelope.

But No one seems to notice his cry.

Haruna is a servant boy.  
Loyal to his strict master.  
Something gets missing in the house  
Haruna is jailed without trial..

But No one seems to notice his cry..

No one seems to hear you cry.  
But now is the time for their crying.  
They call on you to vote for them.  
But ask yourself, do they really care about you?

Pius beeps Adamu

# Deception

On the highway in which we tread.  
Are men who are being swindled.  
The walls are littered with faces.  
Sanctimonious they seem..  
Working earnestly at the nick of time.  
Just for an insatiable second term..  
Our lords are now the town criers.  
With horn speakers and music.  
Moving to every corner of the slums.  
'There shall be slums no more'.  
They say, with assuring tone.  
'Vote for us we'll end your woes'.  
Confusion brims the hearts of the listening masses.  
'Either we win or you all shall die'.  
Threats become an anthem.  
Naira notes are tossed like confetti.  
With eager and impatient hands stretching for a grab.  
Millions of heads gather willingly.  
Prepared to sell their rights for a dime.  
They remain in the sun for hours.  
Listening to dead promises.  
Promises of doom and apocalypse.  
Hidden under soft comforting words..  
Opposing parties are bitter enemies.  
National interest is now in their pockets..  
On the streets are the impoverished..  
The accustomed beggars seeking solace..  
Mediocrity is their state of mind..  
They bow to whatever gods provide their meals..

Pius beeps Adamu

# Dedicated To Late Mr. Matthew Adamu

Peace I wish thee o sailor on the peaceful sea!  
Peace I wish thee! with a departing hymn I refrain.  
Sad I remain in the sorrowful memory of thee.  
Heavens, bear my burden of this excruciating pain..  
Alas! Sobriety hath ruled my enclosed sphere.  
From the ding dong sound of the requiem mass.  
To the sweet memory, converging here.  
The superiority of time shall someday pass..  
Here I am in the fruity bliss of my twenty ninth.  
I ponder about thee lying beneath.  
In the arms of God, known but visibly unseen.  
He that is in the heavens and hath always been.  
Yet I am silent in thy peaceful remembrance.  
At dawn till dusk and in my nightly trance.  
I write these tearful lines in the fullness of peace.  
The peace for which Jesus only can give.  
Here forever I shall doubt not thy eternal bliss.  
Which is all through Jesus As long as we live

Pius beeps Adamu

# Fall Upon Me!

Fall upon me with your all.  
Fall upon me with your comforting warmth.  
Full of symphonic memories recollecting.  
And perfect sweetness divine.  
Fall at your behest, fall with your all.  
Call me the carriage, carrying your heart.  
Carrying it to the haven of love.  
Where hurt and sorrows flee.  
Your Heart is golden,  
your heart is adorable.  
You are my reason for living.  
To keep gazing your beauty  
And brief but memorable laughter,  
till we someday in flesh depart.  
Fall upon me, o brown queen.  
Queen upon the throne of my existence.  
Roses are envious for they do not linger.  
The wither and die but you are timeless.  
Life may die but beauty never dies.  
You are a damsel, a black goodly queen.  
A diamond, a treasure, a gift from God.  
That's why I love you, knee deep.  
In reverence, in praise of a rare beauty.  
I look in your golden eyes.  
Those fiery eyes that burns my soul.  
With a desire to long for you.  
Your smiles are beaming.  
Beaming endlessly like the radiance  
Of October 28th's sun.  
Your skin is soft like fur.  
Your kindness godly.  
Your charm is comely.  
Your sweetness eternal.  
Let me close you with the gown of love.  
And shield you from the rains of dishonour.  
Your cheeks are smooth and damasked.  
I envy the breeze that kisses you.  
In the morning and sun that gazes at you.  
I sing this chant for you.

I sing with a profound gratitude.  
For beauty has blessed me.  
And has now come to my courts.  
Princes have heard about you.  
They do not mind sailing seas.  
Or traversing lands and endless distance.  
To hold these hands of yours.  
Soft like the petals of camellia blossoms.  
I must be lucky holding you.  
And being your man.  
Your voice soothes my worrying soul.  
I long to hear its softness,  
And vivid tone you unleash.  
Which makes me calm and delighted.  
At night you are my constant star.  
And obvious like that of the three wise men.  
By day you are my guiding sun.  
The rainbow that fills the vista  
With golden and satiny clouds.  
Your name is beauty.  
For it is you and always in you.  
O líve, mistress of my soul.  
O líve, mistress of my heart...

Pius beeps Adamu

# Let It Be Written

Let it be written...

My heart is full of an unusual gladness.  
I think I will dance like a wasp round the light..  
With my soft wings flapping slowly in a certain calmness..  
Some joys are better said so I shall my joy recite..  
Let it be written upon the walls, upon every fabric..  
About the whispers of change echoing within..  
The day has newly broken, the dark days are weak.  
Let our eyes be cleansed from the evils we've seen..  
We are marching on new sands of victory..  
With our national flag waving with pride..  
Today is the day we've made a decent history..  
With our fingers clinging to each other side by side..  
We are here smiling and waiting in anticipation.  
Waiting for the fresh breath of freedom and peace..  
We are watching the truth sprouting in our new nation..  
Sprouting in stretched hand with confidence and bliss..  
Let it be written upon time's unpredictable heart..  
About the beauty the world has seen today..  
Let it be read in the future that our nation shan't be apart.  
No matter the hurdles, no matter what come may...

Pius beeps Adamu

# Letter To A Virgin

Letter to a virgin

Dear virgin, primrose of the heavens bright.  
Fair lady, the world detest thy awe.  
Even as I these weeping lines write.  
I'll speak good of thee against any law.  
Virgin, all bright all beauty endowed.  
Here I in total submission fall.  
With my mortal head tearfully bowed.  
I await thy heavenly call.  
Thy head is diademed with gold.  
Thy robes white as snow.  
Like the sun thy face is bright to behold.  
I just thought you should know.  
Fair lady, God's favoured handmaiden.  
Queen of saints, Queen of heaven.  
Save us, o mother rich in grace,  
Save us from death's hideous face.

Pius beeps Adamu



# Mother

My mother my heroic mother.  
Blessèd is the womb that bore you.  
For the ancestral blessings you still possess.  
I stayed in you for a thousand days,  
With a timid soul sensing your worth.  
You contemplated either to líve or die.  
With the richness of patience you waited.  
Leaving everything to the arms of fate.  
From a toddler to the man I have become.  
I view every passing day with honor.  
From the truth you taught me.  
In solitude I sit tasking my head.  
What gift fits you more.  
None that I know of.  
For all I can give is vain.  
But what I can think of are true words.  
Walking on this virgin sheet.  
Appreciating your sincerity and love.  
Why then should I betray you.  
You are the river and I the learning stream.  
You flow, I flow, you rise, I rise.  
You are my nightly moon.  
Even in my absence from you.  
I feel your presence hovering nigh.  
My mother my only source of joy.  
My mother, my true heroine.

Pius beeps Adamu

# The Day Is Over.

The day is over, over the high mountains the sun has fallen.  
The day is lost like a gold coin in the sands buried and forgotten.  
The match of the day is over and like players we must retire.  
Awaiting the unknown road we shall tomorrow tread..  
The day is over, and so does the heating earth undo its fire.  
In the silence of our hearts, we realise time has fled.  
The day is over, like an old woman it longs for sleep and rest..  
It is over but not eternally over; it is only temporarily over.  
Which leaves us with a chance, which we often detest.  
Now I close my eyes to sleep; moving upon fate's gentle river...  
The day is over, like an artful long and pitiful song.  
And we must wipe our tears from its rhythm and music..  
The day is over, the busy shadows can't stay for long.  
For the sun has gone abroad, to a place beautiful and scenic..  
The day is old and over, the flowers have sealed their lips.  
In unity they lean on each others backs awaiting the silvery dew.  
It is over everything too knows, and he who never sleeps.  
It is over and gone and everything shall be anew....

Pius beeps Adamu

# Time

Life is a rejoicing paradise full of grief.  
It is a dancing candlelight amid the gale.  
Life is a like a day so short and brief.  
It is a sweet sad adventurous tale..

Life is but a narrow-hurdled subway.  
We all bear mortality's indelible mark.  
Rest, we all seek or alas the day.  
When our visions shall grow dim and dark.

Here we are, dining with time.  
Our mistress and friendly sorceress.  
She needs no gold nor dime.  
She is our lady and compulsory mistress..

So, let it be read and above that known.  
That I shan't stoop like a wetted flower.  
But yearn for heaven to save my bone.  
I await wholeheartedly, I await the hour..

Pius beeps Adamu

## To A Dead Lad.

The Poor lad who sleeps here has erred.  
To humanity and to the master yonder.  
He has erred and has fully declared.  
Now here beside his grave we sit and wonder.  
Down in the belly of this concrete he lies.  
And his smily face we shall see no more.  
He has gone beyond the sights of our eyes.  
Beyond the moon through death's golden door..  
The music of his life has ended to soon.  
Women in bitterness weep in pains.  
Who will undo this misfortune?  
Oh, dust he was made; so shall be his remains..  
Here we sit sobered by his departure.  
And wonder where lies the heart of death..  
It is unfair though it is a curse on nature.  
And counts from one's rejoicing birth..  
Life is a battle we must all face.  
But death is a war we can never win.  
We die and no more shall be life's unending race.  
In faith we are in he who has died for sin.

Pius beeps Adamu

# Two

Two..

One was made, then were made two.  
The other was made to make dreams come true.  
Two fast-held as one, can live forever.  
Two is a magical number,  
For a he and she.  
Love is the cause, bringing two not three.  
It is a soul-bond, represented by two rings.  
Peace is all that matters, like the fresh morning springs.  
Two is a divine number, rich for a lasting mission.  
Gold and silver are treasures, but shall vanish.  
But Two is the number, that can breed a nation..  
It is a gift, that will never perish...

Pius beeps Adamu

# We Are Sick.

We are sick from cancerous bowels of resentment..  
And from the leukaemia of hatred in our marrows.  
We are all sick in our thoughts and misled by myopic philosophies..  
We often fall and are ached by our negativities.  
High-fevered with beliefs that subdue us to human-hunting escapades.  
We all are sick with attitudinal epilepsies..  
Traumatized, pained and convulsing with imaginations of chaos.  
We all are sick and not yet cured; our visions are blurred  
By stacks of money and aromatic offers.  
And soon become dyslexic from the reports of the tabloids..  
The media too have enslaved us, causing insomnia and cardiac arrests.  
From fear of the unknown,  
When all the acts are done, we suffer from amnesia.  
Seeking only God's therapeutic cleansing and inhuman detoxification.  
We must be immunised in the mind and quarantined in the soul..  
We must create a better world for ourselves..

Pius beeps Adamu

# Where Is The Truth?

Sing to me a song to tarry.  
A song that will soothe any clime.  
Sing to me and make merry.  
For the truth knows no bounds nor dime.  
These words I write are divine.  
This which I sing is the truth.  
Why detest that ego of mine?  
Remember I am but a youth.  
Truth is in the heart's depth imprisoned.  
So cold it sits with a worrying face.  
How long have you about this reasoned?  
Why do you fall out of place?  
The world has with evil mingled..  
Consciences have been buried for long.  
True words have for long been mishandled.  
This is why I write this song.  
What then does the truth mean?  
I have lingered long upon this choice.  
It is what society has not yet seen.  
It is nothing but that inner voice.  
Which is silent and ignored.  
It is that word, so bitter sweet and absurd.

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## Yet We Forget.

We see the sun glow like a golden orb.  
Till it relinquishes its power to the moon.  
Yet we forget the struggles of life.  
We hear the birds singing on the boughs.  
Rhythmically with no fear of death.  
Yet we forget the bitter sweet melody of life..  
We feel the softness of the breeze.  
Caressing us in the morning with her tender hands.  
Yet we forget to loose our bodies to her call.  
We perceive the breath of the flowers.  
Enchanting us to their beauty till they wither and die.  
Yet we forget how temporary life is.  
We see the high tide calming.  
Bit by bit till it sleeps.  
Yet we forget to be resilient.  
We see the lightening bolt striking.  
And the thunderbolt booming endlessly.  
Yet we forget the might of God.  
We notice the rejoicing neighbour  
All of a sudden weeping with thunderous yells.  
Death has taken a dear one.  
Yet we forget it shall someday visit our threshold.  
We see the poor go hungry.  
Lips parch like the famished desert sands.  
Yet we forget God's love for us.  
We taste the bitter ale of life...  
Yet we forget to pray for better days.  
We see the tree's broken limb rejuvenating.  
Sprouting new leaves and blossoms in due time.  
Yet we forget to hope.  
We see the arms of the clock roll.  
With each figure taking turns.  
Yet we forget life's a circle.  
We hear the repenting sinner mourn.  
Confessing and regretting in his death bed.  
Yet we forget to be remorseful..  
We see the eagles dive in the sea of clouds.  
Beating gravity to its last toes.  
Yet we ignore the fact that we shall someday fly.



We shall fly to the unknown fields.  
To see he that we've forgotten.  
But has never forgotten us.

Pius beeps Adamu

# Youth!

Youth! The promise of thousand tomorrows.  
Youth! The strength and pride of a nation.  
Youth! The Herculean fellows.  
Youth! The centre of attraction.

I write these lines as a youth.  
Dimmed from the dark nights of untruth.  
Soon I shall face the humour of old age.  
And someday my part shall end on this stage.  
Will I be scorned as I've scorned?  
When I lay dead will I be mourned?

Here I sit in this room so warm and uncouth.  
And wonder a million times the strength of youth.

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