

Poetry Series

Yusuf Qomorudeen Olusola
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Yusuf Qomorudeen Olusola(26, March,1990.)

Hostages

Indeed; an inferno room it's!
A pandemonium room of chaotic corner
Where hostages scream and groan
The lack scream for shinning but transient wealth
The wealthy groan for more
The small brutalize the big
In their hunt for materialism

The blind join the search
And chased relentlessly after
A common mongrel
A designed printed paper
Myopic dreams of next ten decade
When tomorrow, by his creator
His soul shall be claimed ☐

The groaning grows much weary
As the inferno room demands more trial
From already-screaming hostages
Behold and Chase me much more!
"Said the printed paper to the blind"
So I might drive thee
Into the melancholic miserable cave
Alas! screamers will soon disperse and march
One by one to that silent but sullen hall
Where suffering and agony reach no more
And so his kinsmen will bid him: R.I.P

Yusuf Qomordeen Olusola

If I See The Girl

The day doesn't allow me of her to see
My tears, like river, has flooded into a sea
When she absolutely deny me my plea
Though a disappointment by my carefree
I have never been gist of such glee
Before the darkness judge my wrong deed

In the following blessed day
My hope shines like rotten clay
Of which, I'll go to that loading-bay
To behold the girl that has long been delay
Incidentally the hope fades away
When the girl, reportedly, didn't feel array

If by chance, I can see the girl
A light of love will shed on my mind
I'll tell her she is a glowing damsel!
She damage my golden heart without repair
But which I won't want her to be despair
For my love for her, will forever, shine and stir
And such a beauty is worthy to be my Girl

Yusuf Qomordeen Olusola

So Conck An Agony

I rush through the iron gate of life
The train of anguish
Roared horribly on my back
The sunset
With the commotion of the day
Negated my will
The steady pace of the lasting hour
Compounded my atrocity
The sea rejects water
The water rejects me
I have nothing to reject

God... if these, as said
Were to be your conventional dictations
Grant me the marble vault of inundation
I mean
A serrated seal of sepulcher
Alas! the woeful day has come
To behold more
Of these aggravations
And then switch to the next gate of life

Yusuf Qomordeen Olusola

The Dignity Of A Lady

East, a loathed enemy
Does not conform to the West
Digressed but evasive he claims
Reluctant she feels
Shedding shallow shame like water from the duck-backs
For superiority not of her
But they are almost the same source of river
Having crawled over my dreams

Nevertheless, I hold you tight... then sticks
Against extraneous and divine bags of tricks
That serves nothing but lust and jinx
Here comes the guy you hit with sticks
Reciprocate with tragic but nuptial rings
All to embrace truce and unity
And set a chain of one entity
Wish you'd come to elevate my sanctity
And make one figure a twenty
So I might be holy and praiseworthy
Then fill with solace and tenacity

lady, hide here! hide your NECTAR
For here is the sanctuary
That prevents tsetse flies
From humiliating your FILAMENTS
And your foliage, pearled by the dew
Please come forth!
And let us sleep now.

Yusuf Qomordeen Olusola

The Frivolity

The Earth keeps a steady pace
And a frequent roaming round the orbit
With no one moment pause for sighing
As the day chameleons to night
The Day rolls on
The Week whirls by
The Month moves away
And her cycle remains unchanging

Life's but a seven days repetition
Poor booster of solace
Bastard baby born by a bachelor
She struts and frets her shadow upon the stage
Her commotion sounds so furious
And then, is heard no more
Is there any lasting happiness in life?
Joy and sorrow, success and failure
Life and death, all alike

Spring up a sleeper!
And you catch Sunday as Monday
Though with five days divergence
As if there's no interval
For how long will I exist?
Is the promise day not around?

Yusuf Qomordeen Olusola

The Poemhunter

The Internet refuses to open the site's gate
Appealing to heaven where all returns shall be made
My way, with ease, was made
Browsing through the yard
I realize I've been to the elite world
The page within the gate seems to be red
Not for blood nor suppression of my zest
But for creativities of people shining on their golden pen
Registered as a new member
I realize it is The PoemHunter

How I wish I'd known you earlier than this!
You ignite my dying memory
And rejuvenate all my passions for poetry
A radiant of recognition fly onto my soul
My seeming-dead Literary works are back and glow
All in the course of joining The PoemHunter

Hadn't been the divine creativity of some creatures
Heaven would've agitated against the buried creativities
And claimed back the world to revive the neglected talents
Many would've not known to any
If anyone hasn't created any
Dishing out the truth can never kill the world
Denying it will rather upset the heaven
Talking of not just a site
Then, one of them is The PoemHunter

The site is a competitive Arena
Where all the gladiators engage
In an endless combat of Intellectualism
Creativities dwell in everyone's soul
And this caused the congestion of creativities
Lion preys upon lion
When every poet, on this field, is a lion
Crier fails to pet crier
When everyone, for fame, is a crier
Many poems are left without comments
When in this room, there is diversity of ideology

Callous are every poet here
Since my poor poems haven't gained their attention
Meeting you on this battle field
I bid kudos to The PoemHunter.

Yusuf Qomorudeen Olusola

The Potential Danger

Prior to the destination along a loading bay
Where rested a long exuberant wheel
Moving high on a high way
With four basements as a standing steel
A stirring as a controlling blue-ray
Fuel, as disgusting heavenly sea
Oil, superior but inferior erosion
Auxiliary to an already-completed benediction
Green and white, a distinctive bellowing rendition
Gallop and steady, of Economy, a potential acceleration

So truss a fellow!
Encase in a rickety basin of mediocrity
For epilepsy to bones has worn him
Eternal blindness has taken over him
He is an epitome of epidemics
A world-weary figure of leprosy
Projecting him an embodiment of paralysis
yet of the said wheel, a driver to be

will the wheel be wheeled to the willing destination?
Will there be a compromise and not commotion?
Will the passengers be treated with justification?
Will the Government not be divided among the nation?

Yusuf Qomorudeen Olusola

The Red Rose

Lady, a rose marry
Smelling so sweet
With a supple waste
That seems to ask you
To encompass it with your arms
For protection
Against harsh climatic evaporation
But not for eternity

For she is anticipating age
A woe which is to bring dotage
An aggressive symbol of old woman age
With a fallen breasts
And contracted dead skins
like tattered cloth engulfing a banana plant
That exacerbates her prime stage
Age! you see... had turned her lips
To banana stalks
And rendered them redundant for any task

Lady, console your soul to have rest
For thou art become the love conquest
With the acceptance of love request
Cast off thine coyness!
Two thousand times I will compliment thine kindness
Three thousand tongues to derogate thine harshness
Rose! allow this reaper
To pluck thine astonishing flower
For woo shall bring not woe
And rose-marries are not for eternity

'From Osun State, Nigeria'

Yusuf Qomordeen Olusola

To His Bossom Friend

What a warm reception!
Contained in an osier cage of commendation
Coupled with some banquet of bosom benedictions
To a thankless errant
And pestilent knave

I bid thee thousands of thanks
All from my poor heart
For thou art received me splendidly
So as an august visitor
For such a jocund company
Success attends thee!
□

Yusuf Qomorudeen Olusola