

Poetry Series

Abdullah Musa
- poems -

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Abdullah Musa()

A Special Day

The Sun was smiling
The Stars were twinkling and staring
The Moon was laughing
Candles flamed gold
Angels praising and
aroma from heaven
Hope was hymning
Flowers swaying to the rhythm
From heaven
the vault of bliss was opened
Immortals moving mountains
and
Mortals celebrating
Rivers gushed milk and honey for heros and heroines
Tears nourished the earth
finally
Freedom lit our heart

Abdullah Musa

Bed Of Thought

Let me listen to silence
in my bed of thought

In smooth darkness
when courage pinch and
life rhythems cold my bones

In your arms
my thought sieved and
I am rejected from the pool of folly thoughts

I believe in my bed to believe in my inabilities to believe in my hopes

My burden in your trust
Now that I sail away from sorrows
a sigh of hope
and
My emotion have resonated my affection
Dreams concord reality
Endurance present me solution
Hardtimes and success
Why not
When aspirations kept us respirating and
apology brought harmony

I'll alway keep you warm
My bed of thought

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Blanket For My Son

If you ever live
Incase I never be
Though in my memoir you did

Dear Son,
This world is a mirage to those who don't want to see

Anything is capable of everything
That which made you sad could have make you smile

Let the blanket protect you
In the winter
When the snow of frustration fall on you
And in the summer when the haze of rejection and
loneliness rain

Dear Son,
When you see obstacle
Present it courage

When you feel weak
Have determination

When frustration seat on you
It is opening your door of realization

When you don't have
Get through finding to give

But,
Sometimes the rain might have to beat you
for life test our patience

Dear Son,
Do not hate do not regret
And when all throw at you
Let your admirable lucidity rescue you from the absurd

Though in plenitude pain I waft
Plenty invisibilities I saw

In the pinnacle of success
Know those who befriends your wealth

In case I never be
Even though you haven't be
In my memoir you be, so
Take what I can give
A blanket.

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Breathing Faith

The sky is falling on me
For the earth to buries me
The fluid of gloom flowing
in the river of my soul
Life and light
looming on my inside

What ever tomorrow bring,
The coffin to corrode
My flesh
The chance to cry in my smiles

Wish whisper
And I wonder
The hand that made me
is undoing me

A morsel of strength
left in me
I will not bow for odds
My faith still breath

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Chaste Desire

In this jungle of bebies
finally my chaste desire

I'm inspired to desire, and
I aspire her tendering world

The pierceness of her gaze consumed the mettle of my heart

The atom of her smile baloon my soul of ecstasy

When I look at the glamor of her beauty I see wisdom

Her intelligence keeps value for heroes yet unborn

Her gut dispel my rancors, so
Is this the beacon of my existance

Her voice give me the pleasure of my past and the softness of her words adorn
my mercy

Stars conveyed her gladden consent to delight my heart

In her arm God is calling me

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End Of His Struggle

Greats were evry thought
He dreamed

All was nothin but
a planted seed

Indeed miseries got answers
in his mind
We've learnt, for
Never again shall we
accommodate frustration

Into our heart
let every minute be
what it intended

His peace, joy, and heaven
are transplant into our heart
When they ripe all will rip

Through the fried sand
of d desert and
its steamed pains

Through the ranged dooms
across the
tide of oceans, and
When thunderous moments
kept swaying His hope

With patience and enadurane,
He was sailing through

When He was almost there,
When the beam of accomplishment
was gazed upon Him
Just about the moment
we were to roar in joy
Just about that moment

It came and His soul lifted to eternity

How thinkable His final abode

With a year gone

When goodness counts

your family miss your company

With believe in ur courage

they kept pushin through, and

knowing you are in the company of Angels;

they need no cry in pain

Pious soul ceased from the planet earth,

yet it's immortalized in his words.

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Forsake Me Not

Inside this night
that never comes
and the opaque of
lots that shelter me
inside the narrow
veins in my troubled heart
and the thoughts of you that
governs me
I cry like a nightingale and
bury your love in the
pearl of my hope.
Hear my cry and listen to
the waning sound of
my heartbeat.
You are the limit to my
unending drought.
Let my pains sink
into the glamor of
your smiles and the pureness
of your life.
Or
let there be no day nor night
inside the sweeten
craziness of your love
but forsaken me not
in it dooms.

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Friends Of Progress

Be brave! Be brave they said
Ponderable in open existence

We climbed our dream in their laid soul and
drained our sadness in their weep then molded happiness

They persuaded success onto our path, for we
knew ourselves in their suggestions

They institutionalized our memory in the memory of time

In the arm of loneliness we breathe in their brain
And now we are better than aspiration

Merciful mercies
They light our paths in the tunnel of grieve
Angelic friends

Factoring confidence and courage from heaven
shall we not smile!

In the boom of ignorance and in the climax of our weakness they welcome us in
progress

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Haven't We All!

Haven't we all waned
Milked our mother and soothe starve

Haven't we all witnessed the sun drift away
And usher in the moon
What men, but
Oscillatory fate

Haven't we all with baby steps passed through hilly yesterday to this age

Haven't we all landed in the port of happiness
and for once smelt heaven, because end is the
beginning of our journey

Haven't we all
In the voyage of sleep
On the wing of the world roved in heaven

Haven't we all been lured by worldly vamps
slipped into the vault of sadness, shrouded by
pain and hope cob-webbed, then come calming
words and patience, and
Our evaporated hope ventilated

Haven't we all got stainless heart, and then was
rusted by illusive diamond because we disco in discomfort
Haven't we all.

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Hope Has A Son

Bond in boundless
bond
Drunk in endless
draught
Infinity fades in
fatal fate
Slayed by the
'slayer' of solace
Loaves of loneliness
hope for the
hope of hopelessness
Destiny torturing
destitutes
Miscarriage of hope
flinging the string of
fate
Fro to
to
To fro
Fates cruelty
squared
But
Hoped more in hope
Patience paved for
present
Now celebrating the
birth of hope
Hope has a son

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Hope Has A Son (Ii)

For every sickness
you have to bear
For every song
you cannot hear
Hope has a son

For every angel
with a broken wing
For every dove
that cannot fly
Hope has a son

For every sea
you cannot see
For every ocean
you have to sail
Hope has a son

For every victory
that died in vain
For every game
you lost again
Hope has a son

For every favor
you have to kneel
For every love you grip that frailed
Hope has a son

For every weep
that make you weak
For every snow
that makes you weary
Hope has a son

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I Who Is Alone

I who is alone
Wrong for long
in my inner earth

Waiting for the eternity of my eternal
for grapes to ripe in their wrapper

No more rage in race
to talk to a wary soul
to see what I want her to see
the wants of our need
To receive a huge hug from a hallow hut
To wage war
I must wail this peace
Can now sleep with zero aim
in the amazement of life that preceded my being
I who is alone

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If And Only If

If and only if the canary can give us acapella
I'll live for the day and promise myself a goal
If and only if capella will shine for darkness to smile
I'll stay above my head
If and only if time can wait
I'll visit my past
If and only if the zephyr of hope will breeze
I'll change the unescapable
If and only if trust can be trusted,
Goodness will sponge those faults.

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I'LI Bring.....

I'll search love not hatred
I'll give peace not trouble
I'll bring joy not sorrow
I'll give salvation not grief
I'll bring freedom not suffering
I'll show way to greatness not dishearten
I'll bring harmony not disparity
I'll nominate happiness not weeping
I'll give much from my heart
So I'll make heaven not hell

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Iron Will

Dark cloud
garthering from a
magnified thought

Dreams weathering into grimy sky

The world smoking out of smoking pipes

The guiter of sorrow pierced into grieving ears

Pains uniting souls
in school of pain

Now
Sorrow in favor of solace
many tongues yet to grow

Meanings mean no meaning
yet meant to mean

Perhaps
tears of heaven
will nurture earth

Perhaps
liberty still
grows at mounting tops

Else
Will
weaved with will of wills
into the wheel of wills
will ride into
eternity with
flamables and kindler

Perhaps
rose will grow from pool of blood

O! Lord! ! ! Intercede

O lord yesterday was within my power For today 'am trying to
live it

Tomorrow is beyond my power, but within my foresight

How can i confront this unknown reality

Should i wait for time or learn to live it

Not because i ca'nt face it, I do'nt want to ruin my past glory

'am in the belly of dark minds

How can i light their ways

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On That Day

I see the sky without it
stars
I see a mother without
her son
I see a friend without
a friend
I see a man with
his faith
If u travel please don't
stay too long
however short 'll make a long
Every friday could make an end
It is a journy withouth a
end
So if you laugh remember the
cried
If you are high remember the
lowered
may we be what he wants
us to be.

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The Cry Of An Orphan

O! Death,
You care for no one's agony
For the love of our sorrow you exist

Men have questioned God
But death, are you merciful

Troops came to beg, but
Saints you've drained their breath

When the fatherless and the motherless weep
Could life be the same

When the tears of blood flood the earth and
mountains refused asylums

How can he fight your invincibility
How can he survive the pains of life in this
mesh of wicked sorrow

Maybe you will soon take him to the comfort of
his parents in your house of pains and joy, for
the future is wrinkled

Poverty and loneliness are pursuing him out of
the rim of success
He tried, but ahead is the ocean of agony

This life of peace you brought it pains
His yesterdays were full of the memory of love
but tomorrows are a phantom of misery.

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Tomorrow Will Hatch

When tomorrow hatch
The future is born

Tomorrow is rind in the shell of uncertainty

What tomorrow unknown but the syllable of fate

Tomorrow some will grace
And some will fall

If today stale
Tomorrow might be fair

If today smiles
Tomorrow might be gloom

Tomorrow might not hatch
For some fate are dashed

Tomorrow is like today, but tomorrow
Tomorrow will sleep

Tomorrow is but hope.

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Visible In Intangible

Where can we see
your laughter
to make us laugh
Where shall we see
your smiles
to make us smile
We see your sorrows
and it makes us cry
Why must you be
and be no more
Your memories now
we cannot bear
We say good-byes
but
cry, cry
and pretend
we cry no more
Shall we all die
to
cry no more
Why must u live
and live no more.

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What It Takes To Be Me

When everyone standstill
Confidence became my boomer

When everyone says yes and I no!
Dignity becomes my determination

When everyone is expecting a failure
Failure became a fallacy

When men ask why! ! !
I accepted my shortcomings

When men are not satisfied with their position
I gratify for my possession

Where men give-up hopes
I accelerate my fate

Where others see life in contention
I bring it admiration

Where life offer us opportunities
There are challenges

Where we leave our mission
There we pick misfortunes

Where the road ends
My mind flies like birds

Where peace visits
It bring it unity

Where we profit unrighteous
We depreciate our spirituality

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What Shall We Call Our Own!

As I accelerate I meditate memory-lane
In cry-communicate love aggravate and mommy understood
What was more desirous in the world in those days, than the milk of her breast
Now I know fate riddle
Can anything be permanent
My album speaks metamorphical and I don't know what to call me
If life is stages
Should my idears wane
I wangle and tangle in my faint memory and my heart osscilate to pendulum my
odds
As if all never was
Happy moments came and they pass, so do the sad
We can take all the diamonds, gold, the power and they still part
Climb the mantle as high as you can-
Age dosen't care how long we live,
Death dosen't take ransom,
Hospitals can't, and
At the end as if we never were
Fame serve us and then mistakes cremate our joy and misery give back past
When all stand still, we think we are alone
Up we clamb
Down we fall
What shall we call our own!
When everyday a step to nowhere, and
Old memory passing us to infinity.

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Why

Why does the Sun refuses to grace the day and
the moon now illuminate darkness

Why is courage so scary

Why is happiness so dreary

Why is honesty so corrupt and
Corruption so honorable

Why is love now just a theory

Why do we weep memory

Why is hope now illusive

Why can't we look on to the sky and our prayer answered

Why are the genuses now uncreative

Why are the birds not singing and
have deserted the sky

Why is murder now a hobby, survival a fit and
yet we celebrate birth

Why knowledge a treasure, but
ignorance now welcome in open arms

Why are we amused at nothingness and
accepted emptiness

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Without A Wing

Time and tides
So! tight

I can't ride
alone on this
lonely lane

Emptiness is empty
on this empty end

Memory stained
with the sound
of silence

Must grow without
the help of time
For those I know
know no fear

Let my shadow rest
in a shade

Must smile to a
frowning face

Must win
without a wing

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