

Poetry Series

Muideen Lanre Dauda
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Muideen Lanre Dauda(Oct.30,1987)

I was born in Iseyin, Oyo State, Nigeria

Angry Pen

Inks spit on the papyrus like gushing water
Scribbling like wobble legs of teaser
Its messages like lunatic murmurings
No one could benefit from its simmerings
What's the essence of your wasted energy
That could not save humanity's tranjectory?

Muideen Lanre Dauda

Boo-Boo In Basey's Bowel

There he sat with folded arm
Hum hum with his bolted mouth
All lucks deserted his farm
For all he knew, was to fail his math

Though he came from privilege hut
So he married pride as bride
Never he knew who elder was Basat
Nor he knew whom was octogenarian Maid

One day strayed he was
Into the backyard of Atlantis
Where he lost his ways and compass
He sought the helps of all passers-by
They all nodded and said him no bye

As everyone was his fate-mate
Even sometimes his late twenty 's
Older than Narian of hundred's
Insolence had blinded his heart
So a king while he lost he slapp'd
Which landed him in jail's trap

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Demon-Cracy

If you plant here, you will reap there
A torment, dips humanity into devil canal
A mishaping ideology fretting the human brows
The real name has changed by greedy cannibals
Replacing it with sound of angry ogre which defectively defeans all-ears
And makes the reality a fability

If you mention people, you are mentioning the reign of hunger,
Created by demonic sanctuary
Claiming they are saviours of human kingdom
With their pitiless hearts laughing at people's sufferings

Let's plant there, we must reap here
As the mopping song they do sing
Like owl's song at the ridge cap of a hut
As a lame excuse, using to confine people into their nailing cage;
All about ripping people's hearts out and feed them to dogs
So whoelse the man, remains to know fogs?
If the steeping valley would not make him fall

Let's give you water of life, they do say
But you could not believe how sharpening the water when it touches your tongue

We have bread, we will let you have it
But you could not believe how much more they will loot later

They are demons in the house of crazy

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'Ewa Ni E'(You Are Beauty)

At the market, where there are many
ladies,
You are the most precious human
being
— And the only reason the market is
bustling.
You charm all buyers, alluring them
to make a purchase.
You are Princess Ayotomiwa,
The daughter of King Adekanbi
— The Alafin (sovereign) of Oyo.
You are the only maiden,
Whom the sky follows with its eyes.
Last night I heard some
'awoko' bird (nightingale)
Perched on trees:
They praised your beauty,
Like they praised the growing maize,
sometimes ago.
I once heard some
'akewi' (poet) too —
In the pocket of an outfit: cut from
Eetu (fine quality royal fabric.)
I compare your beauty
With the colourful shape,
Which appears while the sun
Exchanges pleasantries with the
mirrors.
Not long ago, I heard the
'ewiri' (bellows) of a blacksmith,
Depicting your beauty as a night full
of stars,
And your round-shape face, like the
15th day moon.
And the dimples on your cheeks
While you smile, are like two circles
drawn with a compass.
You entangle me in your love-web.
You are like water in a stream in the

morning.
Should I keep it secret, or tell about
your straight legs,
Which stand like a cedar tree?
Your 'aagogoo' (rubber) hairstyle,
Envelops your beauty, like a cock's
comb.
The 'Aran' (stretchy) garment on
your body
Attracts the eye, like a growing
palm-leaf.
But all these are mere advantages
And blessings given to you by
Eledua (the Creator.)
For your real beauty is hidden
Behind a friendly visage you have:
Of a homely character, like a dove.
As it's said: beauty without
character,
It is like moon-night without stars.
Also like fruit without its sweet
bouquet,
Your bewitching behaviour,
It could appeal to the scariest
demon.
Your attitude of a dove,
Hangs me on its trapping hook,
Which, I can never escape from.
I will forever remember the day
when,
Your soft-spoken words have tamed
an angry lion.
You are like a regular water stream,
Which mediates the conflict between
two trees.
You are not just a beauty in looks.
You are also a beauty in flesh
— The most beautiful of all beauties.

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Grin In The Rain

Oh! What kind of rain is this?
As its pattering bruised me like sword wound,
Gnashing my teeth like man who regrets his wrong-doings

When I stood inside it to take the comfort of heaven,
As the fomence of state-runners had betrayed my trust,
Coincidentally, it began spitting in tender manner,
My mouth started praising its succession,
For being taken over my melancholy-
With composure of breeze, gentle air and simple frost,

I didn't know, it will do worse than havoc wreckers
Who only after the barn of the town
As it whipped me with sharpness of its torrent nail,
When its breeze pelted me with snow of heat,
My head succumbed like nameless innocent man ducks in the courtroom

Initially, I only thought of blessings-
But now I could embrace the satisfaction of his gruntings-
For am just an ordinary one who means nothing in the face of trial,

Who knows me? No one, only am just a hawk in the sky

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Half Of My Soul

You are half of my soul

You and I my dear,
We have two bodies,
But we only have one soul.

You are mine under the sun.
I'm yours beneath the moon.

You are my dreams at night.
And all day I think only about you.

We may be two distinct people
Yet, you are my constant companion.

You and I have two distinct shapes
But together we a one heart and one mind.

I'm half, and you are my other half.
Whenever you are away,
I always move back and forth
And, I don't know what to do.

You change like the moon does
— In seven days.

I'm reflective like the sea reflects stars at night.

Do you know that you and I live our lives
— Like the sea lives with its blues?

You and I are like the sun and the moon.

You and I settle our differences
Like the moon and the sun
Settle their split, into
An eclipse on the sky.

You and I are like rain and air.

These, always help each other
In case, fire ignites its grudges.

We shouldn't be like water and fire.
These are our great enemies on a bad day.
We should be like fire and wood.
These burn red-coals to stop the cold.

For me, you are like the breeze on a hot day.
For you, I'm like rain during a drought.

I'm like a thief who breaks into your heart.
You are the one, whom God has sent
To deliver to me my soul.

You are the purifier of my white-blood cells.
I'm the one who improves of your red blood cells.

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I Don'T Know Love

I don't know love
Yet, I believe in love.
I believe in love
Yet, I don't know how to enjoy it.
I live my life but I'm not in love.
I lust for love yet I'm lost in love.

Where will I find myself
If, no one lives to love?
Or, I live not to love.

Can anyone love? Because I can't...
Or, can anyone do it? Because I won't...
I don't know love. Yet I still live.
But can I live life with that trouble?
I don't think anyone copes with this as I do.
But, I will live to be in love if I can
With such an elusive ghost, which is so keen.

Do I believe in love? No, I don't.
Anyone can love as I could.
No one has ever loved as I could
Even on this Earth. I would never believe it.
Tell me if you have
Ever died once for love?
As I have died a million times for love.

I died. I live. I live. I die.
I live again and again.
And I'd die once more for love.
I would.
But I won't do it for anything.
For no man has ever empathised for my love.

Who was Romeo? Did he love?
No. He didn't. He was just an invention
With a nonexistent flesh. And I? I'm a realist
With flesh and blood like any human being.

Tell me if you could love the way I can't?
And don't forget I'm a human being.

As I know I am the only one,
Who could love like no other human being.
Even Shakespeare once said:
"If you don't believe me, you may ask my friends."

Muideen Lanre Dauda

I Love Her

I love her, but I don't know if I really do.
Each time our eyes meet at the verge of shyness.
Strangely, I feel like a dried flower resuscitated by water.

My body shivers, and I feel like cold turkey.
Is it love or what?
My head is heavy like thunder's weight.

I see my twin in her eyes.
But I don't know if it's a dream's shadow.
Even I can't explain why my mind races afar.
Is it because I cannot leave my feelings behind?

Whenever I intend to pursue her eyes
I can only hear the crying of a silent heart
Out of the summit of my anticipating chest.
My legs move, but my head is still.

I want her, but not too close to me.
If she is too close, I fret and I retreat.
But I know I need her.
And, I need her, as I require water:
To quench my young-years thirst.

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Love Transcends

Truly love transcends all ages

If not, noble's son would not refute his wealthy pot
And live in scanty roof with lowly maid

Love transcends

If not the crown princess would not renounce her rosy title
And reside in a dusty hut with penniless slave

Love transcends,

If not the young beautiful butterfly would not perch
On a ageing body flower

Love transcends

If not the rose flower
Would not grow on barren land

Love transcends,

All age is old enough to hold the comfort arms

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My Comfort

Should I call you an angel or soul-winner?
For feeling the breeze of your breath-air
Hushing warmly through my cold soul-

Your thumping chest will become my tomb-
Where the rest of my life'll be spent
As I'll have my heart drown in your love's sea

My life, my dreams and my goals will be yours
And yours will be mine,
For we'll share breaths and breadth

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My Rescuer

I never believe,
I could find the lost heart-
Which I had lost in the sea of hopelessness;
The heart which lost to a terror experience
Causing the feelings to disappear like mystery rain,
And leaving the caress heart to become stone-
A gentle heart once cared but not cures anymore

But so sudden a frisky heart came to its rescue-
And lifted it out of passion of hatred dungeon
And now the feelings are lingering like glowing candle
And the emotion is triggering like inciting violence

So I would not betray your kindred heart
I will always sip from the honey of your lips
Which harvests from the nest of your utterance
And eat from your vinegar,
Producing by your charming appearance
And pave in your heart a path to my desire

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Off I Go

Off I go.

I see the birds twisting their feathers.
As, they listen to the songs of leaves,
Singing with a platonic air

Off I go.

I see the squirrels hop from trees to tree.
When, they're stirred by the absence of a breeze.

Off I go.

I see the earthworms wiggle through the wet soil.
As, they feel the jingle of the rain.

Off I go.

I found myself on the way to a glorious day.
As, I proceed to the destination of my faith.

Off I go.

I see animals grazing on green grasses.

Off I go.

I dream of a world without wars.
On which, the lantern of dialogue lights brightly.

Off I go.

I have a dream about the extinction of the warmongers.
They shall be buried deep inside the earth, with no stars.

Off I go.

I see children smile.
When, they hear about the demise of man
Who, might obliterate their tomorrow
With selfishness and greediness.

Off I go.

I see a ray of sunshine
Shining through a black cloud.

Off I go. Off I go.

I see the wind
Blowing down the Devil's iron-built hut.

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Rainstorm

I heard its gentlemanly noise
Over the hills it passed
Made its way abruptly through the greenish forest
Echoically it rumbled and boomed
And peacefully crashed into the hilly mound
Dispersed unsheltered creatures to find
Solace under the bowingly praising trees
Which it touched before reaching to unhoused the creatures
With its loyalty faithful glorification unto Heaven
Its cohort, lightning intermittently blinked, struck and retreated
Onto the boundary of savaging cloud
As its homage paid to the greatest one
Seated higher over the earth and heaven

The call-in rain pattering with soft praising voice
And earth couldn't hide the happiness in its heart
As absorbed water gently with excited prayerful tears
The friendly wind whirled and whistled by
In endless prayerfulness, touched the rotten brown leaves
Without giving a slant of injury

I like the nicety of waving breeze, which hushed in adoration
Heated my cold body, what a touch of comfort!
That its praise too showing to its Creator
Left my mouth with words of praise

What I will do if all these creatures give their praises?
Perhaps I should keep mute?
Or let the silence slip away my opportunity?

Muideen Lanre Dauda

Riddle Of Certain Policies

The riddles of certain policies

Policies were once, like the sweetness of fruit,
Which were all filled with flavour...
But now these policies seem like a sailor,
Who throws overboard the content of his gut.

Please tell me, people:
What is that clever remark
Which is transmitted around the world?
Who knows it? No one knows it?
Oh, but it's a tremendous lie.
It tries to manipulate the coming of a false Messiah.

What is the thing, which falls into the deceivers' laps?
Well, everyone knows it.
It's a sack of seeds offered by dishonest farm owners,
To grow their own personal farms.

Have you heard how do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si solfege sounds?
It is beyond words. It is like a monkey,
Which forces another monkey to climb up a palm tree.

Ah! No one knows it, but soon all will know it,
When the foolish man becomes a wise one, in front of the old man.
Then a yam-flower seller would regret the under allocation of air.
For the perpetrators will regret their sticky fingers
When people's wrath strikes with anger,
Like a thunderbolt strikes against a tough one, by breaking his bowels.

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Thank You

I don't know how to thank you-
So I could not say thank you,
But I will say, you are second to none

Thank you
For watering my dying flower

Thank you
For resurrecting my dead feelings

Thank you
For resuscitating my faint emotion

Thank you
For awakening my tired soul,

Thank you,
For painting my picture
In your heart's drawing

Thank you,
For sitting next to me
Like queen to the king,

Thank you
For making yourself readily available,
To walk closely beside me
Like snail and its house

Thank you
For setting to meet my desire-
Which I'll wear like your attire

And thank you,
For embarking with me,
On the journey
Of no return-
Where we'll build a silver house-
Bounded and surrounded by the blue river

Where we'll live together till eternity

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The Injurious Mood

This house is a baker's oven;
Even I'm the cake inside the tin-
Whilst difficult for the breath to be taken often,
As the words stink like dead body
When slump furiously gathers around throat like tangle-web
And mind only feels the tragedy
Culls out of irrational anecdote
Giving by the tension of the unweathering climate,
Living desire to razens with the fire of tumultuous stampede
When the oil of thought pours into flame of daze

Although the heart still counts million hopes
Through the smart soul so fasten like palm-rope to palm tree,
Is God still in His Kingdom?
Yes I heard from stillbirth when it safely returned-

Yes! I will pluck the stars from the sky's tree
And bring moon to the rigde of my roof

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Who Says

Who says that one's life is a pleasure?
This might be true for a select few.
If you want to know:
Life is a cave full of chitchat.
Here, clowns and flatterers make brief speeches.
You may ask the man who works in the mine,
Or check with an wise man — this is even better.
But you'll later be sore.
For this world offers you sweet and bitter pills
— And powdery stuff, which vanishes
In a blink of an eye.

It is true that there are diamonds and jewels
And any man may like to have some.
But as a punishment he would later regret.
Because, when he leaves this world
He can't take anything with him.
This means that anything he has is temporary.
He can't say he owns anything forever.
Everyone knows this:
The Earth provides us with everything we need,
But it shall take it all back.
And Earth shall keep its inheritance.
Man better not dare to challenge this.
For everything belongs to this Earth.
The only things to which man could claim ownership:
Are his deeds, which would live after him, as his twin,
At the time, when he shall bite the dust.

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Woman

Woman is a weaker vessel
Should hold like kings jar
Else she might shatter
The world wont marvel

She is a neck
Holds the head
Should she suffer?
Head might scatter

She is a flower
With rosy beauty
She should water
Should she wither?
She might ugly

She is gold
Should be valued
If she is not
She might become empty

She is a pet
Should be cared for
Should she neglect?
She might become stupor

She is a queen
Should wear crown
Should she enslave?
She might not crave

She is a mother
Should be respected
Should she wound?
The earth might shudder

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