

Poetry Series

yahaya habeeb jprof
kayode
- poems -

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yahaya habeeb jprof kayode(09-01-1994)

i was born in the north central of nigeria, kwara ilorin.i was motivated by my late
essor Abdulrasak yahaya.i have gotten more talents in literary works, and my
purgations stand firmly as a truth

A Wonderful Friend

When i was in a coma
My heart was full of wonder
With my mind i pondered
My friends have gone asunder
My foes appeared stronger
And my anguish grew wilder
I was dumbfounded
Stood still like a statue being molded
In deep pain, i cried
Screaming for help is all i tried
Suddenly emerged a wonderful friend
And helped
Oh what a wonderful dear!
A calm and benevolent friend
Having friends that really care
This is something you shouldn't fear
But a friend who doesn't care
Might be the one that will make you fear
Look before you leap
So as not to jump into the hand of a beast
Make a wiser choice
Not until you make a nasty noise
For most friends are not so real
The good ones are also few
Ignore the ones that will tempt you
Into stealing and fraud which you shouldn't do
Search! For a friend with moralistic behavior
In term of difficulty they'll be your savior
Show me your friend and I'll tell you who you are
A wonderful friend is what you should have.

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Africa

The black race of nature "oh Africa"
The home of agricultural endowment
Our lands are filled with fertility
And our waters, naturally blessed
With great loyalty, we will always emerge
With so much love, we stand as one
Our color connotes the powerful strength
Our language portrays our cultural love
I am proud of my color, the race of the blacks
Apartheid can never make me deny my nature
I love my self being an African
Our cultural heritage can never be deserted
Our freedom are achieved by our sages
Mandela for South Africa
Awolowo for Nigeria
We defend our unity
And uphold our honor
We are so much talented
With skills, ability and wisdom
We are the best among the rest
But we stay calm just like a serpent
Our traditional value are so preserved
We are Africa, we stand as one
We are blacks and we are proud of that

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Alhamdulillah, I Am Now Eighteen

Alhamdulillah, i am now eighteen
The rahma of Allah is what am seeking
Oh! My mind is now metamorphosed
And the tempting mind will always force

Eighteen years ago, i was born
My childhood's characteristic are totally gone
Now am free according to Nigeria's law
Oh Allah protect me from the devil's store

Now my mind will always crave for evil
But insha-Allah, i will overcome the devil
Eighteen years, such a complicated age
And with optimistic thoughts, i do meditate

Oh Allah shower me your blessings
Eliminate my foes and protect my sibblings
Bestow upon me, knowledge with comprehension
And guide me to the path of moral attention

I am happy because am still alive
Many had craved for it but still they died
Alhamdulillah Robil-aalamin
My praises goes to the king of the kings

Oh Allah grant me longlife
Grant me prosperity in my life time
Increase in me, my deen and ibaadah
And make me a proud son of my lovely mother

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Allah Is The Oft-Forgiver

All praise be to Allah, the Oft-Forgiver
The creator of all beings, the king of the hereafter
The forgiver of sins
The corrector of flaws and the creator of the streams

He is indeed a merciful God
He forgives our sins and ignore our flaws
Turn to Him in repentance
And your failure will become a thing of past

Allah said in the Qurank-al-kareem
Repent and I'll forgive all your sins
But still we can't do without flaws
In the morning, afternoon, even in the bus

Oh Allah forgive our sins
Cleanse our heart so that it could be free
From sins and shaytan's temptation
And with that we'll seek from you progression

Allah is the Oft-Forgiver
My poem is just a reminder
Brothers, sisters, friends and lovers
The best for us is to seek forgiveness from the Forgiver

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Gone Are Those Days

Gone are those days
With beautiful moments;
with real entertainment
And with beautiful places

Now emerge moments of difficulty
With no black and white photos;
No fresh potatoes
We've lacked so much tenacity

I remember those days
Filled with fruitful dreams;
With realistic zeals
But not with complicated maze

Those days are quite cool
We wine and dine
And appeared so fine
Everything went so smooth

The days of opportuned opportunity
With succesful pictures
And fruitful conventions
Attained within our vicinity

Gone are the fruitful years
When goods wasnt exorbitant
When nothing had existed called militant
Those days of which no sorrowful tears

The melodious hours
Gone are they
With aggresive haste
And with the beautiful flowers

Behold
For the future brings lot of pleasures
Your determinations shows some features
Indicating what your future holds.

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Good Morning

Good morning folks
I hope you had a wonderful dream
I guess you saw some mysterious monks
And in their monastery, you drank a tea
I guess you would have

I guess you were asleep
When the spirits were singing at night
You were so deep asleep
"yao ye yoh" they groaned and cried
Chasing each other along the street

I guess you must have thanked your God
Who restored your soul after death
Your heart is filled with praiseworthy songs
And your brain, so cool i bet
A nice morning you've always had

As the cock crows
Indicating the intervention of the morning
Though sometimes you groan
When your dreams appear so exciting
That when you dream that you're a prince

Good morning mother, good morning father
Everything seem so bright and glooming
Good morning sister, good morning brother
Good morning lazy ones who are still snoring
Good morning everyone, have a nice day.

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Joy

The green grasses are gone
The taverns were burnt
Happiness walked away
Holding joy along the trail
Sorrow intervened with its lethal weapon
And stabbed the heart of a better future
Disheartened was it, the minds of folks
Lamenting sorrowfully and felt so bored
The kids was filled with depression
And the adults deserted their ambition
The palace was empty
And the market was filled with sadist
The voice of a kid was heard so low
Thus said "all i want is joy not woe"
Days went on with sorrowful moments
And rulers submitted their precious government
Hoping joy would never come back
To split fortunes on their path
Suddenly emerge the green grasses
And sorrow absconded from our path
Its sword was broken
Our door was opened
Approaching was it happiness and joy
And impacted in the life of the indefatigable boys
Our kingdom was an epitome of love
And eliminated was it the times we sob
Our cribs was so interesting
And our heart, filled with ecstasy
The joy we desire is now with us
Happiness, which we seek is dining with our folks
We are so happy and feel so exciting
We share our love and our precious tiding

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Knowledge

Here comes the great will
The instrument that comes with zeal
It brings power and fear is cleared
The sages with courage they are declared

Acquire it and you'll have many skills
To overcome it, you'll need some pills
That will make you always steady
To face the crowd'it makes you ready

Struggle and strive to acquire knowledge
So that in front of you, people could pledge
To chose you as their role model in their lifetime
To bring you a luxury with which you'll wine and dine

The oldest tales heard from the saga
Of an ignorant who tried to slaughter
But knowledge stopped him with just a question
He couldn't answer, but filled with depression

The absolutism of power lies in her stream
With millions and billions of hope and fulfilled dreams
Acquire it, and you shall be admired
And all that you want, you shall acquire.

It is an Odyssey travelled by warlords
And succesfully came back with beautiful swords
It is a tree planted with bronze
Harvested from it, diamond that glows

Before i bow to all corruption
With knowledge i rose up with total progression
Knowledge make me different from others
Am above ignorance and it's borders

Just because of knowledge i had
Corruption, nepotism was just so hard
For me to allow in my crib
We rejected them, me and my crew

Knowledge, knowledge, fight for it
Acquire it with indefatigable zeal
So that you'll possess enough power
And make ignorance go assunder

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Life Is Like A Maze

Life Is like A maze
You don't have to wait
You have to think; meditate
With that you'll find your way

Life Is like A maze
You just have to make haste
Even when the sun refuses to shine its ray
Remember what the intellectuals do say

Life is like A maze
You just have to pray
And He'll put a smile on your face
You will never stand there all day

Life is nothing but a maze
Something you have to face
Find your way and you'll make the fame
But if you get lost you'll forever be blamed

Life is like A maze
Not like A sugarcane not like A maize
The one you eat and enjoy the taste
All you have to do is face the game

Life is like a maze
Even when it rains
You have to find your way
Following some trails

Life is like a maze
Venture into its race
If you'll feel no pain

Life is like a maze
Put on your faith
And you'll be great
Your future will never be stained

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Love

The gift of nature is all I want
The gift from God is all I demand
To love one another is all I hunt
To show hatred is all I reprimand

The only perfection for all creation
It is all we need to gain progression
Love is all we need to make us survive
The conflict, misunderstanding will all be deprived

Show love and you'll be honoured
Eliminate all forms of hatred from your heart
Hold unto love and you shall be favoured
Show love to him, to her, to this and that

United we will always be
Every mistakes will be forseen
No war, conflict, misunderstanding and crisis
If we could give love the positive chances

War today, war tomorrow
No understanding between each other
Pains, destruction, conflict and sorrow
More evils to come when love is asunder

Love your neighbour as you love your yourself
The perfection of love is all our strength
Love destroys apartheid and misunderstanding
Our conviction would be united and comprehensive

Love is a typical absolutism of loyalty and fulfilment
A deep admiration from someone to another
It brings promotion, progression and social development
The blacks and whites will be lovely brothers

Love is a facilitator, it makes things easier
The more you acquire it, the more it's better
United we stand, divided we fall
Let stand as one and war will halt

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My Mother

It had been given to us
A wonderful mother as a gift from our lord
The most beautiful gift on earth
Don't treat her like dirt
My mother is so precious
So beautiful and gorgeous

She would rather struggle in pain
And strive with her trade to gain
Even in the mighty rain, she waits
To do some stressful jobs in order to make you great
Everybody, let give praises to God
Who gave us a gift being favoured

He made us emanated from her blood
The mother who love us than we thought
She advised us, so that we could be great
She emphasised how we can be a sage
She cares, she loves and she really admires
Let us give her all she desires

When we are weak, she makes us strong
Everything we needed she makes it done
She gives to us all we have required
So let give her everything she she have desired
Love the devil not, but we'll love thee
during the cold winter, mother gives me a hot tea

O Lord in Thee i trust
I shall forever praise you aloft
You gave me a mother so precious
Who cares for me all day long
She carried my pregnant for almost a year
With hard labour she always care

She prayed for me all the time
And protected me from all those germs
She starves because she want me to eat
Her breast comes the world valued milk

The first word i spoke was so amazing
"mama, mama, mama" i called so softly

You taught me the perfect hint
Which says the sky is not my limit
But the sky would definitely be my beginning
Surely i have got no stop-over, no limit
Mothers, we really appreciate all you've done
We will always remember you when you are gone

My wish for you is always there
To reap your sowings is all I care
I will take care of you with all my strenght
And make sure you live in health and wealth
Once again i will always pledge
To take care of you with all my best

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Oh Ye! Fear Allah

I have got a little advice for you
And if you heed to it, you'll never end in doom
But if you neglect it
You'll forever be punished
My brothers and sisters
My virtuous mothers and fathers
Wherever you are
Fear Allah and avoid haram
For Prophet Muhammad had warned us all
Fear Allah, even if you are playing ball
In everything you're doing
Make your intentions good and avoid stealing
For Allah is seeing evrerything
Even if you are hiding in a nook or a building
Prophet Muhammad had said it all
Do good and you shall have your rewards
Fear Allah, The Creator of the earth
Give praise to Him for you are dining in health
Fear Allah, even if it requires good speech
Then Allah will protect you from unknown atrocities.

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Questions For Thee

I have millions and billions of question to ask.
But time wouldn't permit me, to fulfill the task.
But certain is it, i will ask from thee
why we humans are always amiss?
My questions are compared as an approaching bullet
some say, it is like a poison in which i giveth.
But certain is it, i will ask from thee,
why the color of the leaves are always green?
My questions appear with great confusion,
not an illusion, but a way to resolution.
But certain is it, i will ask from thee,
why luxury always got you deceived.
Some say, my questions are meant for the fool.
But i proclaim, that the questions are meant for you

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Sheikh Ibraheem; The Wonderful Personality

I begin my words in the name of Allah
The creator of all beings, heaven and sky
And I'm asking for His blessings upon my beloved
Prophet Muhammad, the friend of God
I dedicate this poem to you, BARHAM
My beloved saint from medinotul kaola
He was a wonderful personality
Pious; famous; an admired celebrity
He attained the status of the spiritual flood
And restored Islam in crannies and nooks
He was infatuated with the Prophet's love
And could do anything to gain lots more
He is the channel in the realm of gnosticism
He annihilated darkness and established peace
He was once driven away
Stoned by his people, which earned him pains
But he kept on saying
'loving the prophet is okay by me'
People of his kind are rare to see
Searching for his kind, is like drying the sea
Tell me how possible is this?
So 'impossible' it is
He is an islamic intellect known all over the world
His great passion can be percieved from his eulogies and his words
If not for him
If not for his eulogies
We might have left the path
The straightened way of the most pious heart
All praise be to Allah
The lord of the sky
We seek His blessings upon the Prophet
Forever and ever till 'the time' cometh.

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Sweet Home

My home is calling
And my heart; responding
The abode of pleasures and exhilaration
Where my mind prepares for some missions
My home, my home
My sweet, lovely home
I call on thee
Give me a space to sleep

Am not among those who cry
Seeking for hope, but it's dry
Am a free man
Facing difficulties which is so hard
My home, my home
My sweet, lovely home
I call on thee
Give me a space to sleep

Do i look like a convict?
The one who cries in the prison
Or like the bee that flies
And returns with joy to it hive
No! But no! I am not
I don't crave for the monastery, I'm not a monk
All i want is to return back home
To stay with folks but not alone
My home, my home
My sweet, lovely home
I call on thee
Give me a space to sleep

I traveled abroad
I had much fun
I visited the queen
She offered me a tea
With all these pleasures
Without doubt cos am so sure
The home holds lot in hand
Treasures, happiness, so much to count

My home, my home
My sweet, lovely home
I call on thee
Give me a space to sleep

I went to Brazil
I saw their windmills
I ate their food
Which made me cool
Delicious was it their fried fish
The one i ate which made me wishing
Then i remember the panla which we eat at home
So delicious and irresistible for the hungry throat
My home, my home
My sweet, lovely home
I call on thee
Give me a space to sleep

I journeyed to Kenya
I saw a tiger
Its eyes scared me
Its claws; waiting for a meal
I rode on an elephant
So huge; so large
I saw lot of things
The zoo, the views
But still i craved
For my home; for my space
My home, my home
My sweet, lovely home
I call on thee
Give me a space to sleep

I traveled all around the world
And everything seemed so bored
My eyes craved only for my beautiful home
My hands, my mouth and my little nose
They are all wishing to see
My house, my room, my folks in the street
All i have to do is go back home
To stay with folks and sleep on their foams
For wherever you are meant to be

Your home provides a beautiful space to sleep
My home, my home
My sweet, lovely home
I call on thee
Give me a space to sleep.

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The Anticipation

Oh! What an expectation
Yearning for the things I'll always crave for
Sometimes my heart receives enough questions
Sometimes unwanted accusations
When the sun smiles in the north
And the clouds frown not
I keep pondering losing my guts
Just like a burning stove without pot
The future is approaching fast
My anticipations like a news being cast
I lost my courage, remembering the past
And lost my courage tenacity which is so vast
Even in the glooming night
When the stars are sparkling in the sky
Does it make my heart looks fine?
Or add to the burdens that make me cry
This things i had always expected
Keep moving towards me, but am still indebted
I pondered and pondered and felt relieved
It's is tomorrow and i have to face it.

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The Beautiful Writer

Have you seen his writer-ups
His dictions and his purgations?
He was a wonderful writer
A zealous knowledge seeker
A subject of desire
A beautiful and prolific writer
His poems; his prose
His wonderful moralistic quotes
He wrote so many tales
And gave them beautiful names
He was a beautiful writer
A wonderful poetry master
Oh have you read his poems?
Am sure you'll be overwhelmed
And your mind would be tasty
And your brain would never be empty
He wrote a lot of things
The proud king
Or have you read the proud frog?
And lots of more
Oh i am so proud of him
Pious was he and so keen
His write-ups are so moralistic
So encouraging and realistic
His write-ups portray truth and facts
His articles contain the foods for the heart
He was such a good writer
I cherished him, with this and that
His verses; his rhymes
And his prose in his times
They are all like honey
And gladdens like the old woman story
His manuscripts i found everywhere Giving me courage not despair
His write-ups shall never be forgotten
Prof abdulrasak ayodele yahaya's writings
He was a wonderful, man of the season
An ilorinian who stood with his judicious reasoning
He proved the importance of art in the society
And enlightened the folks in some

communities

He was moralistic and virtuous

A man i would always want

Have you seen the beautiful writer?

My dad; my motivator late Mr Abdulrasak

And have you heard about my name

"junior-prof" the sobriquet of fame

The beautiful writer named me

That name restore my determination and zeal

He wrote a lot of things

How i wish you could catch a glimpse

Oh Allah forgive his sins

Rain your blessings upon him

My beautiful writer rest in peace Everlasting paradise i wish for him.

yahaya habeeb jprof kayode

The Determined Labourers

The determined ones
Those with much coins
Labored so far
Pledging their heart
Searched for jobs
But none they've got
Reading their times
And ignoring the shrines
They pray in the morning
Asking for His blessing
They venture into labour
Which is their best decision
They work a lot
Labouring so much
Just to earn a living
But never with stealing
The strength of labour
This is no humor
The working Armour
And the sweat of labour
Worn on their heads
And dropping from their beards
Not like the others
Who go beyond borders
Or like the man who murders
In exchange of money, sells his brothers
Because of money
He'll venture into stealing
When there is no zeal to work
The heart becomes poor
The determined labourers
They are the successful contenders
The determined ones
They are the zealous folks.

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The Journey To Lagos; Parting From Sweetmother

Am going back to lag
Isn't that kind of sad
Leaving my precious mum alone
Venturing into norms at home
Our first night was so awesome
We both read my poems and made some fun
She began to cry remembering the past
My dad and those wonderful times
I began to wonder what it means
Seeing my mum i felt relieved
The best thing i ever dreamt of
Seeing my mum and hearing her words
Before i left she advised me
"my precious son you have to think
The way you walk is so disgusting
continuing like this will be so annoying
Please my dear try to change
For if you do, you'll feel no pain"
Then i signed and took my breath
And my heart was full of regret
I replied to her after hesitating
And my heartbeat was really crying
"my lovely, beautiful, precious queen
my precious mum, my cute Balkees
I'll try to change
I'll extinguish the burning flame
I'll amend the past
Now a mission in my heart
Thank you mum
Thank you Lord
I set for my journey
But not with joyful tidings
I am blaming my heart
Crying so vast
Walking all around
And screaming so loud
Missing my mum
That's why the pains still come.

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The Lonesome Times

Looking continuously at the wall clock
Wishing it could stop
Looking up, down, right and left
Expecting the things that you shouldn't expect
Looking at the thin lines on your palms
Though as if they were newly drawn

These terrible things which you do
Should I say they are weird or cool
When you do all these just to while time away
Even when you gain nothing from it other than pain
But I bet you wouldn't stop
Just because you are lonesome

With silence, talking to you
And the soldiers of boredom making a boom
But a reply you wouldn't give
Biting your fingers one, two, three
That shows you're so bored
No one to give you what you want

The lonesome times
When silence keep singing you rhymes
When there is no one to tell you "hi"
When everything seems so dry
You'll be glad to have new friends
Silence, boredom and the wall-clock beside the chair

During those times
Things that are insignificant appear important
The little ant crawling on the floor calls your attention
As if she is the friend that'll erase your depression
So does every dot or spot on the wall
They'll all seem to be like Ade, Ben bunmmi and paul

But no, they aint
But that's a fact you'll very much hate
Those dots or ants you see
They aint Ade, Tayo or Bisi

Those lonesome times
Boredom bores you and silence gives you delight

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The Rain

The day we expected shall come so soon
Of all our times, we shall always wait
we waited and waited and look into the moon
But nothing we found that made it delayed

O God of mercy show to us your power
The rain we needed, let it shower
With long duration is all we want
To make our plant grow all at once

The voice of an old man was heard so low
Soliloquizing along the road
All for the rain to come quickly
To clear our famine and to rain deeply

The day we expected had surely arrived
Cometh was it, the rain so high
All kids were happy and felt so fly
Our prayers was accepted and wasn't denied

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The Signs Indicating Fortunes

In those days
We made haste
We were never late
To get a taste

Our efforts not crowned yet
And our goals wasn't set
Our strength was wasted
And our aims, exhausted

But we still keep aiming
To the highest no resting
One day we will be smiling
When our strives will be efficiently counting

I pledge my zeal with the water of wisdom
I drank a cup from the river of the zealous
Then my heart became tenacious
And my minds, so pious

Now emerges, the optimistic future
With the signs of bright features
Fortunes, i seek emerges with a mission
To overcome with beautiful measures

The signs indicating fortunes
And my heart bumping bubbles
Profited is it my zealous struggles
With pleasures and victory in a rows of double.

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The Silent Nights

When most people are dead
Some, on the mat; some on the bed
Still breathing, and dreaming
Yet some keep soliloquizing

When the sun is nowhere to be found
And the spirits, strolling around
Some cry while some frown
Some making nasty noise; so loud

Then the moon glooms
And the weather; so cool
The vampires are crying "mooh mooh"
Chasing their prey along the nooks

The silent nights
The stars gloom their lights
; so bright
Little do they appear in the sky

The Yoruba adage says
"a matured person who claims
That he is a noble; a virtuous one
Will never venture into the dark night at all"

The wizards and witches come together
The bush-babies cry louder
The mermaid comes out of the sea
Anyone she sees will be her meal

The owls you'll see
Their mighty big eyes wouldn't let them sleep
You'll see a swamp of weird bats
Flying at night, but though they're blind

Superstitions, myths and tales
Their perspectives about night is kind-of weird
Some of us keep snoring
While those weird things are happening.

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Today Is The Birthday Of Prophet Muhammad

Oh! Wonderful gift from our lord
The one we so much cherished, our beloved
Prophet muhammad, the best of mankind
Pious was he and he was so kind

With all his strength, he propagated Islam
He was so honest; so humble and kind
Peace and blessings of Allah be upon him
Upon his family and his righteous kins

Twelveth of rabiul-awwal, he was born
A special day, not a remorseful one
Blessed is it the day of maolud
A beautiful dday in the crannies and nooks

We remember you with ecstasy in our heart
And thank Allah, the Creator of the sky
We rejoice today and feel so fly
We are so happy and filled with pride

The rahma(blessing) of Allah be upon him
Our great prophet and our precious deen
Today is the birthday of rosuulu-llah
And we will rejoice with joyful heart

yahaya habeeb jprof kayode