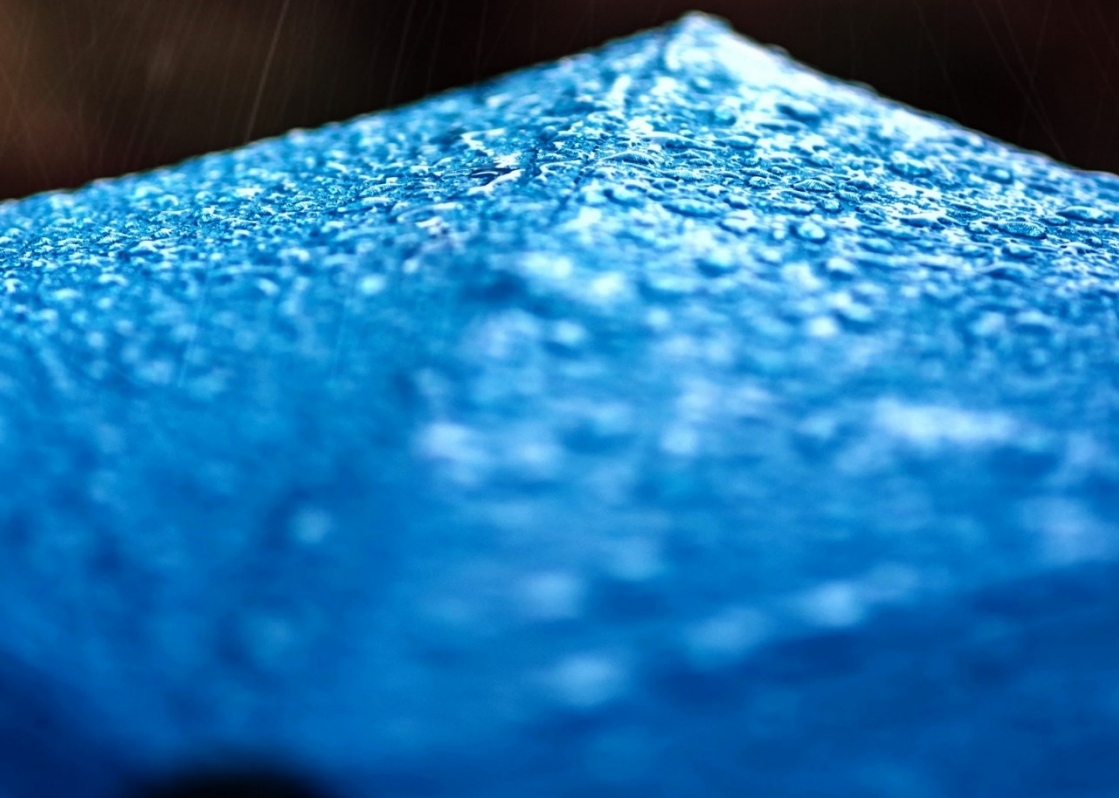


LADAYNA MAZEED

(THERE IS MORE)

A COLLECTION OF POEMS IN COMMEMORATION
OF EIDUL-ADHA, 1441AH.



ALADODO ABDUS-SALAM
TAOFEEK AYEYEMI (ASWAGAAWY)

LADAYNA MAZEED

(There is more)

*A collection of poems in commemoration of
Eidul-Adha, 1441AH.*

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DEDICATION.

To Allah:
Who taught the pen
and what it writes.

To the best of mankind:
whose words and deeds
are perfect templates.

To you:
the Amrayn family.

FOREWORD

In the name of Allah; The Oft-forgiving, Most Merciful. May His peace and blessings be upon the noblest of mankind; Muhammad (Peace and blessings of Allah be upon him).

Allah directs the affairs of the believers. He made one supreme and honourable to another on the basis of *taqwa* (piety), just as He has made some days and nights and months of the year better than another. The first ten days of *Dhul-Hijjah* are the best days of the year - the golden days with Allah. These days are filled with rewards for those who care to mine deep and immerse themselves in the pool of servitude. In His magnanimity, He deemed it fit to reward whoever engages in commendable acts with goodness and even more (*ziyaadah*), and on the day of judgement, they will have a garden as wide as the heavens and the earth – filled with whatever the soul desires and what delights the eyes. Upon attaining all they have ever longed for, Allah then gives “*mazeed*”, and that is nothing but the countenance of

casting a humble gaze at His blessed face. This is the affairs of the believers, and the affairs of the believers are always good.

As a way of expressing our profound gratitude in ways we might not get to if told to speak, this is a collection which emit volume regarding commendable acts of goodness that one can engage in apart from the compulsory acts, and also the things which are condemnable and can easily bring us to our doom.

It is our hope that you will find this collection as a reminder; for it is what it is.

Aladodo Abdus Salam
&
Taofeek Ayeyemi
(Aswagaawy).

IN HIS NAME

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

When the voice of thunder cracks
and the sight of lightning strikes,
they do so,
abasing themselves to
the Lord of the worlds.

The Angels kowtow in praise,
the heavens and the earth
genuflect in worship,
exalting the name of the Most High.

The queue of ants,
swarm of bees
colony of bats
caravan of camels
clowder of cats
pit of snakes

parliament of owls
army of frogs
convocation of eagles
pride of lions
ambush of tigers
and everything that exists
all exalt His name;
but we know not
their exaltations.

With His words
we start this journey-
and with His words
we will end it (if He so pleases).

For if all the trees are pen
and seas are ink
with which to write,
the words of Allah
remains inexhaustible.

THE LAST TIME I SHOUTED *ALLAHU AKBAR* IN THE MARKETPLACE,

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaaawy)

I picked poisonous eyes from my skin,
enough to send mankind into extinction.

It's not a lie to say my turban
carries a stench of insurgency.

In this poem, a sweet statement
of religious reverence becomes

a gong of war. And I am a town crier.
The city knows my voice.

I am a Muezzin. I paint the town
with the cadence of this declaration.

I still wonder how it becomes trumpet
of terror in the mouth of terrorists,

I wonder how this testimony

dissolves on their tongues like ice

when it should burn them,
when it should make them

the recompense of the warriors of *Abraha*
who withered into the leftovers of oxen.

The last time I shouted *Allahu Akbar*
in the marketplace, I escaped

a train of angry mob, bitter and bleak,
for this light has been displayed by bigots

as fire burning birds in flight.
And God watched them, did not

broom them down like flies,
like a choir of mosquitoes.

I wonder if a day would come
where I'll shout *Allahu Akbar* in the

marketplace and return home
with a cupful of creamed coffee.

HOW TO GET TO PARADISE FROM THE GATE OF DHUL-HIJJAH.

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

You start each day by acknowledging / that your soul has
transcended / beyond where your legs can reach / that it
has been to palaces / centuries / cemeteries / ages of the
rise & ruins of men / but it was returned so you could do
more & dream more / so you could be thankful //

You walk towards the minaret / kissing its ground with
your toes / palms / knees / nose / hinds / & forehead / you
flip pages of the scripture written fifty thousand years
before the heavens were introduced to the earth —
soothing / reflective / pondering //

You lighten your tongue / with words that outweigh the
Divine scale / your mouth oozing the stench of musk /
your stomach roars of hunger / yet you beam contagious
smile in the marketplace / you spill the blood of a two-
horned animal / tell its tale with your orifice / you do not
serve a bloodthirsty god / or a liver-demanding one //

You say farewell to your progeny / to your wealth /
polishing boots / sheathing swords / pocketing knives /
seeking paradise / in the field of battle //

and,

when you open your eyes / you're beside *al-kaothar* /
sipping from the pond of fresh milk / of purified honey /
of unaltered water / of delicious wine / sitting beside the
blessed of mankind / finger beside finger //

HOW DO YOU ANSWER THE QUESTIONS?

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

You lift your body and pour
yourself into the sea and wants
the headlines to read:

"a sea drags a boy into its bowel,"

You hang a rope on a thing –
call it a tree, call it a fan rod,
call it a pole, call it anything that
hangs a mother's dream in the air,
dangling –
wear it around your neck and
wring out your grief through
your stiffened neck;
your squeezed throat,
popped eyes and
flattened tongue
dripping of rues.

You forget that life
is a mixture of grief and bliss.

Yes! depression is real
appreciation is a real deal
mental illness isn't intentional
but suicide is a big sin

The news may read pity,
we may read it with pathos
but in the eye of the Owner
of the soul you spilled,
the headlines will read
“a boy polluted a sea,
overburdened a tree,
and turned homeless the soul
that never belonged to him”;

Your spirit thus has a cargo
of questions to answer before Him.

WHY DO YOU THINK YUNUS NEVER GAVE UP WHILE IN THE DARKEST OF PLACES?

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

Oh!
and Ayyub:
who lost his family
& wealth to a flu?
whose body became
a country of illnesses,
a community of crawling things.

Muhammad?
persecuted in *Makkah*;
pelted in *Tāif*,
called a madman,
named a poet,
branded a sorcerer,
lost his wife and uncle in a
year his body craved them most.

And others you know
among Prophets and men
who cried but never flinched,
who were saddened
but never backed down.

Isn't it because they knew
that no one can settle the storm,
calm the waves
and rewrite the scrolls of hard times,
except Allah?

So, why do you despair?

You've sinned and erred?
You've invested & lost?
You've given so much
only to be dissappointed?

If your life is a drought,
why not wait for the arrival of rain?

Despair not.
Allow your lips part gently
with the words of your Lord:

*"And it is He who sends down the rain after they
had despaired and spreads His mercy. And He is
the Protector, the Praiseworthy". -Sura Ash-
Shura, Ayah 28.*

HOW DO YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT?

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

These men making scales
have questions to answer,
but let's talk about these men
weighing people's fate
with the scales.

How do you sleep at night
after sending to prison a man
who should go home,
who should smile,
who should hug his family saying
"I've been vindicated?"
how do you sleep at night?

There's a way you make a side
of a scale go up and the other
come down, when your palms
are rubbed with the oil of fitna.
And when we mention the word

"corruption", your ears take the
shape of a dog, hearing the
whistle of the hunter,
your mouth a bottle of filth–
that will eat you up one day.

A butterfly passes by but you think
a sword is made to whistles by your ear:
a memory of the number of breathes
you've ended with your pen, your
pronouncements, your gavel when
it makes the sound of firecrackers,
these sounds are your cries
echoing from the future.

your mouth a bottle of filth.
your mouth a bottle of filth.
your mouth a bottle of filth.

SEVEN TYPES OF GRAIN

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

i.

a grain grows seven spikes;
in each spike is a hundred grains,
bound to multiply at Allah's will;

a man / who gives a part of his heart / to
another / does no good for them /
that's just him planting a grain of deed / to
harvest seven hundred grains of reward / if
not more / if not much more

ii.

a grain in the darknesses
of the earth: tiniest of grains, and
clad in the blackest of kimono;

a man / thinking his secret is a puzzle / to the
world / but never knew he only spread them /
on the scattered crystals of June-July rain
before the omniscient eyes / of One with
keys / to the corners of the land & depth of

the sea. // a boy rolls his tyre / into the mouth
of whirlwind & comes out / as a fallen leaf: /
the wet & dry land in the earth of his skin are
crafted in the motherbook

iii.

a grain hidden
within the body of a black
rock of sinful garment;

a man / drunk in the gallon of wrongdoing /
only buried his filths away from people's
eyes / shall get them exhumed / on the last
day / even if tinier than mustard seed / &
blackier / his history shall be ploughed before
his eyes / reality shall be enlivened under his
nose.

iv.

a grain (despite weightless)
ushered into the scales
is never overlooked;

a man / slaughtered a man / in his dream &

wake up to the towncry of his death/ while
he strolls down the street / with a heart
foaming of fearlessness
yes. dreams are overlooked / but a single
sneeze with your eyes open / shall enter the
book of the accountants / then into the scale

v.

a grain arranged in layers
tearing out the body of the earth
on days the rain serenade into it;

a man / basking in the afterglow / of his
harvest thinks it's his doing / yet acts in
disbelief to his Lord / & forgets that / he is
dwelling in the jacuzzi of His grace

vi.

a grain that grows husks
& scented plants for the
dwellers of Paradise;

a man / feast on these with his eyes / tongue /
and nose / because he, in his yesterlife,

stepped / over his bowl of greed / & whims
breaking them into pieces endurance / &
steadfastness

vii.

a grain buried into the soil
and grows into greeneries
how man rises after death

a man / thinking the last day is a joke
will / on that day in his fear be choked.

THE INTERPRETATION OF PEACE

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

I tiptoed into the
room—
warm and fresh,
a fragrance of
the occurrence
rented the air.

Thousands of
scratches
littered the walls
like graffiti,
with rumpled clothes lying lifeless.

She said to me:
“This was where it happened”
tears embroidering
her cheeks,
voice breaking like thunder,
& her hijab—
moping her tears.

I asked:
“& you say he is a
man of peace,
clothed in piety
& walked with ease?”

“I thought he was
for his smile was
golden
& his words were harmless.”
She said.

"But this is not
the peace I know"
I muttered to myself.

THE WRETCHED

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

وللذين كفروا بربهم عذاب جهنم و بئس

المصير

And for those who disbelieved
in their Lord is the punishment of Hell,
and wretched is the destination. (*Suratul
Mulik, verse 6*).

In my progenitors' unwritten books,
I read there are things that swallow
one in the storm of shame than stealing,
but not a single page points at any.

And like a squirrel, searching
the field for peanuts, I snake
down the chapters of The Book,
So from Baqarah to Tabaraka,
I found the colour of shame
on the skin of many verses,
iridescent with terror and grief –

Thirty-nine verses uttering and
muttering one & same language.

That's proverb of a man who struts
and frets in life, butterflying between evil
and righteousness, and on the last day,
the rapacious shark of his vices
swallows the dolphins of his virtues;
and wretched is he in his shameful end.

SEVENTY-TWO VIRGINS.

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

What will be their reward when they
desecrate the sanctity of life,
with every soul — seeming like fireflies in
their blood-hungry eyes?

What will be their reward
when they disrupt the peace of gatherings,
wreaking havoc on those who choose not to
raise an arm to harm or defend?

What will be their reward
when they hold a dagger to the neck of
innocent beings
screaming "Allahu Akbar"
as they slit their throats,
cutting them off from the rest of the world?

What will be their reward
when they defile the naive ones,

with the cursed rod in between their thighs?

What will be their reward

when they kit in grenades and

wired boxes, blowing themselves

away with numerous innocent souls?

They pride themselves

saying paradise awaits them

with seventy-two virgins at their fingertips.

But Nay!

I say waiting for them is a beautiful hell,

consuming & regurgitate them

everyday for their misfortune;

With thorns as food

& scalding water— to quench their thirst.

For he who kills a soul unjustly,

has killed the whole

of humanity.

LA'IB WA LAHW

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaaawy)

مَا الْحَيَاةُ الدُّنْيَا إِلَّا لَعِبٌ وَلَهْوٌ ۖ
وَلِلْآخِرَةِ الْخَيْرُ لِلَّذِينَ يُتَّقُونَ ۖ
أَفَلَا تَعْقِلُونَ

And the worldly life is not but amusement
and diversion;
but the home of the Hereafter is best
for those who fear Allah,
so will you not reason? (Surat Al-An'aam,
verse 32).

the first poem i learnt taught me / how to say
chocolate in the way
it crashed on my tongue: "fi şíbí jẹ,"
i can remember how we ate gods /
in our candies: where is "èkánáá gowon,"
i've missed the brittle sweetness of
"bàléwà" / & how it coloured our tongues /
into plaques of rainbow

growing up / i was richer /
owning an estate built at the backyard of
bàba múkálà /
i had the most beautiful wife /dámilólá /
& no one contested her with me /
cos good things are for the brilliant boys.

today we've grown / but sadly /
i still see men rolling tyres on the street /
in the advanced way (lahw - diversion) /
of how they did as boys (la'ib - amusement)

they bask in the pond of ignorance / that
hādimu ladhāt is the shadow /
that follows them everywhere /
& the day it will rise on its feet / so they may
take the place of shadow /
they'll shout / seeking for an extension of
time / to put their life in order / but then;

لَنْ يُؤَخِّرَ اللَّهُ نَفْسًا إِذَا جَاءَ أَجَلُهَا ۚ

وَاللَّهُ فَخِيرٌ بِمَا تَعْمَلُونَ

Never will Allah delay a soul when its time has come.

And Allah is acquainted with what you do.
(Surah Al-munaafiqoon, verse 11)

HOW TO GIVE

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

Isn't the most edible food one taken from the
purest source & processed
to please the eyes, sweeten the mouth, &
soothe the bowels?

Or of what use is a dish digging out our
salivary gland in disgust &
utmost displeasure with a stone for every
bite?

Sadaqah should be given with heart of gold,
tailed by a smile and the urge to give again
and again.

Sadaqah is Sadaqah when the limbs and
hinds are hearty,
when the mind is configured to seemingly

unending enjoyment,
& hands above detest to be crushed to
nothingness.

Sadaqah on the deathbed, with conflicting
instructions:

"Give this to the nightwatch men,
Give this to the
one-eyed man,
Give this to this
Give this to that"
is no sadaqah.

For Sadaqah is a bird
dousing its two wings
in an ocean,
& as it seeks to take
its flight,
the drops from the wings
are cleansers—

erasing the previous sins,
and the ones to come.

WHEN I MEET MY MAKER

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

When the sky cracks apart;
dispersing like snowflakes.
When stars fall like shards on earth;
When the Sun loses its light
and the earth crumbles.

When seas and rivers,
oceans and lakes
wrap into another-
reduced to nothingness;
When the mountains, valleys
and rocks go puff!

When life is given to remains of men
buried beneath the earth:
skulls, thumbs, pinkies and
femurs, will assemble
themselves in place.

When the scale weighs
heavy and light deeds alike
with hidden secrets,
stripped for all.

When bodies are clenched in chains,
thrown down an abyss of furnace
shrieking incessantly out of pains,
in the pits of Jahannam.

When I am called forward
to account for my deeds;
the good, bad and the ugly,
my heart will freeze
my soul will shiver:
in fear and in hope.

When I meet my Maker;
hoping for His countenance,
I will kowtow in humbleness

and genuflect in praise
For I am but a sinner
seeking His benevolence.

A HUNDRED SUN

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

يَا أَيُّهَا الَّذِينَ آمَنُوا اسْتَعِينُوا بِالصَّبْرِ وَالصَّلَاةِ

إِنَّ اللَّهَ مَعَ الصَّابِرِينَ

O you who have believed, seek help through
patience and prayer. Indeed, Allah is with the
patient [Baqara - Aya 153]

ten pounds of worries in the heart
a hundred sun burning under the singlet
& they say patience is a ship bringing a
thousand gold ashore for the patient
how do we wait to be burnt or sank
how do we carry the dust of the past
into our new streets, unwashed
when the threads holding the fabric
of our patience has weakened into cobwebs
waiting to be blown away by angry wind

like a stranger knitting himself
into the body of a host with water
even a gentle wind will crash it
see, there is more to patience than
"life is hard, not unbeatable"

وَلَنَبْلُوَنَّكُمْ بِشَيْءٍ مِّنَ الْخَوْفِ وَالْجُوعِ
وَنَقْصٍ مِّنَ الْأَمْوَالِ وَالْأَنْفُسِ وَالثَّمَرَاتِ ^{قُلْ} وَبَشِّرِ
الصَّابِرِينَ

*And We will surely test you
with something of fear and hunger
and a loss of wealth and lives and fruits,
but give good tidings to the patient,
[Quran chapter 2, verse 155]*

but
what is patience if not a whetstone
sharpening your axe for an instant cut
what is waiting if not a grindstone

crushing your mount into grains
what is patience if not a cloak pass
giving access to every recess of mercy

أُولَئِكَ عَلَيْهِمْ صَلَوَاتٌ مِّن رَّبِّهِمْ وَرَحْمَةٌ
وَأُولَئِكَ هُمُ الْمُهْتَدُونَ

*Those are the ones upon whom are blessings
from their Lord and mercy.*

And it is those who are the [rightly] guided.

[Quran chapter 2, verse 157]

WHAT IT MEANS TO OPEN & READ THE QUR'ĀN

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

When you flip open
the pages of the scripture,
you flip light, upon light.

Your tongue:
a butterfly flapping
its wings in joy.

The verses:
paintings of your mood
reflections of your inner self,
echoes of your past, present, and future.

and when you speak an alphabet,
you speak tenfold of rewards, and ten, and
another ten—
till you lose count.

For \mathfrak{A} is an alphabet
and \mathfrak{B} is an alphabet
and \mathfrak{C} is an alphabet.

WEAVING PRAYER INTO TAPESTRY

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

Allahu Akbar!

Let this moon kindle my night
into an iridescent rainbow. By
this i mean let be worn around
the night's neck a lapel of milky
ways.

Allahu Akbar!

Let the stars weave themselves
into tapestries of enamelled orna-
ments around our wrists.

Sami'aLahu liman amidau!

Let us be strolled from days bless-
ed with mud. sweat. blood. & tears
where cloud filled our breathe and
rolled into nights of dates. musk.
milk. silk. rivers. flood. & pears.

Allahu Akbar!

Let these gates be opened to the
promised garden. I have memorized
its rivers like I did my names.

Allahu Akbar!

I have memorized the colour of its
trees, the fruitless and the fruitful.

Allahu Akbar!

I want to call their fruits and see
them juicing into my cup before
I'm done. And see them instruct-
ing my heart to forget the days
of storms and eruptions.

Allahu Akbar!

Isn't this what Jannah will be like?

As-Salam Alaykum warahmatuLahi!

Do you feel this statement as if you
sending benediction to your co-dwellers
of the Jannah as you move your head
to the right, then to the left?

For Salat is a kayak taking you there,
And that's the welcome message
from the Angels as they open the revered
doors of Jannah to you saying;
*Salamun alaykum, kataba Rabbukum
ala nafsiHi rahmah.*

WHAT IT MEANS TO BOLT-UP

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

*...and who restrain anger and who pardon the people -
and Allah loves the doers of good; (Sura Aal-E-Imran,
Ayah 134)*

When you bolt-up the rage in you
allowing the phlegm of unrefined words
to stick in your throat
without spewing,
you become a sun;
bathing by the seashore on a mild midday.

When you halt the rock of ages,
gathering in your mind
from rolling and crushing another to death
by keeping your tongue in place,
you become an activist;
fighting with words & silence.

When you look around & find nothing better
than to smile to the one who has wronged
you,
whilst saying "You're forgiven",
you become a moon;
kowtowing to the sea on a silent night.

For swallowing up anger which has been
sliced up your throat,
& pardoning one you could have reprimand
makes you an 'Ali (RA)
who forgave a broken ornament.

It makes you a companion,
heeding to the words of Rosullullah:
"*La Taghdab!*"

"*La taghdab*" means "Do not get angry".

etymology

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

& we break ourselves
this morning, i told
in a way that becom-
my nightmare to dad
es irreplaceable. in
he released a sky of
the name of unequi-
soothing words on
vocal colour of God.
me. but indoor, he's
God is not rainbow.
found blowing a
His colour is love.
cloud of worries into
The Prophet is not
the palms of his
a dictator ripping
hands in a way that

us of our identity
suggest to the blind
in the name of
that things are
sunnatic. for
tearing. apart.
sunnah is not that
& father said, "don't
thick. yesterday.
read the wrong sides
a lady left her parent
of the Book. & bcos
because they won't st-
there's nothing
op asking her to kneel
wrong with/about
to them while greeting.
the Book, don't read
i asked her what is
the Book wrongly."
urf. qiyas. ijma.

this is how we hold
till now she's still
the Love in our hearts
searching for answers
with our blood flow-
in the wings of
ing & connecting
passing birds.
(with) the world.

the etymology of us as broken wings & burnt
feathers / of religion / is us trying to erase
our etymology / as human. / & we become
disjointed / like the arms of this poem. / we
are much for nothing / like a sea of bubbles /
what can they do to a forest of fire? / these
forests of fury!

WHAT IT TAKES TO FALSELY ACCUSE A WOMAN.

Aladodo Abdus-Salam

Women are fragile vessels / they were fashioned to
be // And to speak ill of one who is covered in
bashfulness / is to set yourself on the path of doom
// To look down on one who is divinely honoured / is
to throw yourself for the wolves to devour // A
woman is not an object / not a thing // A woman is
not who you roar at / a woman is not who you tear
apart at any opportunity // A woman is not who you
trample upon just because you can / a woman is not
who you wipe off her chastity / because the world
will believe you when say it // A woman is not who
you falsely pelt with the stone of waywardness / and
if you do / then you're cursed / cursed on earth / and
in the seventh heaven // For a woman is not an
object / not a thing / not an item of tomfoolery //

VANITY.

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

I roll my cats / as if the night is shading me into a
dung beetle / I sip a coffee / even my cats know the
language of bittersweet / & because a dog is not to be
eaten / doesn't make it an Iblis / to be stoned / to be
beaten / to be banished into the latrine of hatred //
Whoever deforms the creatures of God by words or
actions or inactions touches God where He turns
waves into tsunami / and wind into tempest // Vanity
is / haughtiness / is arrogance / is empty pride
inspired by an overweening / conceit / of man's
personal attainments / or decorations / is an
excessive desire for / notice / or approval / is
ostentation / is idle show // This poem is / a bulletin /
telling you to lower your wings / to animal / much
less fellow human / to shed your skin of / pride /
before it lowers you into the bottomless pit of rue /
of His wrath / to deflate your mind over this feeble
ground a million has acquired before you /
Remember shaytan? / What version of him are you?

ABOUT THE POETS

Aladodo Abdus-Salam is a graduate of Islamic studies, and a creative. He writes for knowislam.com.ng; a body dedicated to telling the Muslims' narrative (as it is). His work has appeared or is forthcoming in Brittlepapers, The Mamba, Stardust, Wales Haiku Journal, The Quills, ISWOT, FitrahReview, Al-Bayaan, Ar-Risaalah, Medium.com, ForReadingAddicts UK, WRR, Youth Shades International, and other platforms and or literary publications. He is the Chief Strategist at Mobile Caps Mall (a startup dedicated to keeping alive the dress sense in men through befitting indigenous caps), and Co-Founder of Amrayn Poetry Series. He tweets @dodo_leleyi.

Taofeek Ayeyemi fondly called **Aswagaawy** is a Nigerian lawyer and writer with works appearing or forthcoming in Lucent Dreaming, Ethel-zine, the Quills, The Pangolin Review, Minute Magazine,

Modern Haiku, Hedgerow, Acorn, Akitsu Quarterly, Seashores, contemporary haibun online and elsewhere. He won Honorable Mention Prize in 2020 Stephen A. DiBiase Poetry Prize, 2019 Morioka International Haiku Contest, 2019 Soka Matsubara International Haiku Contest, 1st Prize in 2018 PoeticWednesday Poetry Contest and 2nd Prize, 2016 Christopher Okigbo Poetry Prize. His chapbook "Tongueless Secret" (Ethel Press) and full-length book "aubade at night or serenade in the morning" (FlowerSong Press) are forthcoming in 2021.

OTHER WORKS FROM THE POETS

Co-authored works:

- Lu'lu'an Manthurah (Scattered pearls)
- Lu'lu -L- Maknun (Preserved pearls)
- Numero Uno (Number 1). To order for a copy, click: [here](#)
- Al-Khabith (The evil)

Solo publications:

- Listen! – Aladodo Abdus-Salam
- Oro n bo (dripping words) – Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)
- This will help – Aladodo Abdus-Salam
- Bayelsa taught me how to li(ea)ve – Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)
- Sacred Jewels – Aladodo Abdus-Salam
- Tongueless Secrets – Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy).

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LADAYNA MAZEED (THERE IS MORE)

A COLLECTION OF POEMS IN COMMEMORATION
OF EIDUL-ADHA, 1441AH.