

# Anthology of Yousif Ibrahim Abubaker



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*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*I dedicate this little book to my children. This one is for you, from me, your loving mother.*

*To all my children. I almost named you after the characters in this book. If you can guess which name was almost yours, no complaining.*

*To Mojtaba and Munizer. I have nothing but gratitude to you, my children, for reminding me that walking to the beach is just as fun as being there*

*To my parents. Thanks for keeping the interest rates low on everything I owe you.*

*I dedicate this to my parents, for your constant love and support.*

*This one is for my parents. Thanks for trying.*

*This book is dedicated to Prof.Sami Khalil . Thanks for encouraging me to write it.*

*I dedicate this book to my friend and confidante, Mohamed Seddig. He was the first person to encourage me to try.*

*To prof Sami Khalil for being a dedicated reader through all those rounds of revision. This one is for  
you.*

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Thank you from the bottom of my heart

## About the author

My name is Yousif Ibrahim Abubaker Abdalla. I was born in Omdurman Sudan. I have been teaching English for over 10 years. Kids, Adults and families for all levels

I work as a TEFL teacher, IELTS/TOEFL preparation trainer, freelance Interpreter / Translator, writer, English proofreader, and poet. I write poems, reports and articles. I have worked as a debate leader discussing various topics in many English institutes, centres, academies and schools. And sometimes I help foreigners who come to visit our state to work with them as a translator or trip guide also, I help international business people communicate more effectively and comfortably in British English. As well, I support people gain the confidence needed to improve and master accent management is key to intelligibility thus pronunciation training has become a primary focus of my personalized sessions. I focus on helping my clients learn how the English language system works and then how to put it into action with relevant vocabulary, correct pronunciation, grammar and skills in communication, listening, collaboration, adaptability, empathy and patience. Other characteristics of effective teaching include an engaging classroom presence, value in real-world learning, exchange of best practices and a lifelong love of learning.

## summary

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## Walking On Air

There are a million ways you draw beautiful paint in my life as the whole of your care, your love is like moonlight shining beauty, so that little souls are reflecting each other obliquely as in cracked mirrors; behold in your own reflection.

You're the conqueror of every donkey work given out seriously; you're a dependable fountainhead of relief & cheeriness; you're my back-up when I fall, I feel in you more than you know; You have my overall reverence & appreciation.

If I were hanged on the highest hill, I know whose love would follow me still, your heart in a loving embrace, light lashes just sweeping my face, never hereafter to wake; you're fireproof when I'm a troublemaker; you give advice when I shout out like a drum.

My dear paradise, your love makes every day of my life happy and delight. I'm always yours from my heart and forever, you cannot be defined by words. Sometimes there aren't enough words in any language to express how you are important for us; you basically fill with infinite wisdom.

Your affection is an opacity; you're always acted for my riddles, huge and a little; your attachment overheat me day after day, So I'm dauntless, safe and sound, whenever you're around; you are such a simple, but there's sense hardly understood; your love taught me the letters.

I wish I had words to tell how much you mean to me; your unconditional love makes me happy, strong, secure; you're the best and wisest person, without you, there would be no life is wandering aimlessly, without direction or terminus.

I could never fill, no matter how I'm tired; I have joy, contentment, satisfaction and peace, I keep my eye in you and glance a walking wonder; your unfailing intimacy out of edge, your strength to soothe my every damage.

The wheel you are on charge, unselfishly, every minute, every charm moments, makes me so beholden with open arms and open heart; sometimes at your expense relates to you and your loving care; a lifetime memory brings to me; I look across the years and see myself beside your knee.

## The Pain Of Missing You

Our hearts were broken for good. I would always be over mileage, tears had been falling now for so long, you have been unchained from desolation and sufferance.

You have been liberated, your tale has touched ruck, all close and widely a mile, on the night you were taken from us, in the sky was a lone glisten star.

Your single angel's wings were always around us, gulping us with your love rewarding us strength, keeping us nigh, and glance over us from above the heaven.

Whether at the latest, I understood that our time would be terse, I would have carried out, whether at the latest, I got that would be our last chat held on longer, I would have carried, whether at the latest, I understood that would be your last laugh had stuck in my mind, I would have carried out.

Whether at the latest, I realized that was last moment, I could eyesight, hugged you tight, I would have achieved, Whether at the last, I got that was your last ABC utterance, I would see your taunt nice, I would have had carried out.

At the latest, I understood that gaze your face for the last time, commit to memory of all your pictures are seen hourly.

One day, I found you on timeless shut-eye,

I wouldn't say goodbye, I got my shed down much extend sad moments, all my hurt couldn't sing out the seacoast, I predestined to notarize that you have gone and I ought to grieve.

Merely a range of time we would drop vale to this lifeless left out distances were so many good minutes we were shared overwhelmingly glimpse back on my life's labeled theater.

Recollection flood my souvenirs, tears make me unhappy for the era together went by in a wink, life is not as long as we considered, there were times when anguish prevails whereas.

I should be glad you're liberated from wrench, anxiety, and get excited that you'll always have tomorrow, although I cry, stand grief-stricken by your tombstone, but still I miss you so very much, my sister dear.



## Please Quit The Fight

All of a sudden we would cry, you have no heart, you are grungy chicken as you flew bullets over our town. We are peaceful people; cruel aggression was never planned, but always borne on the wings of fury in allegory and similitude of sneer.

You have kept millions weeping and wailing while you won and chewing on their legacy because you want to leg up the country; there is the blood of the pure you have shed on the ground making no bones; many virtuous people kicked the bucket by your negative power.

Skullcap and citizens of the glorified soul you have dispersed the way the hearts of the upright you have wounded and displaced; think in the mind of your mother, father, sister and brother who are dying no one is free from danger as you kill out and other ill-treated.

The whole country with its cities and places should bite the dust, though all the world would come to wonder why? And peace is what the reaping machine never sows, we die and drown, and now it seems this shall not always be the way; the way to peace it seems crystal isn't through irrational annihilation.

I appeal to all please cease the fire and save our sons and daughters; to find our way out of the fog, we need only seek the light a solution lies within our common sense to build Sudan it was never better before; firstly we have to forget who is false or true?

## The Days of Heart-Breaking Violence

Assistance is great eye-ful fearless men loss of life for duty each cherishes the earth; the simple truth is that these things are appraisal, as is this country's debt to all who serve, and pay the price for liberty on this nation.

Extremely, we can go through far beyond the monsoon crisis shindig far above that midnight celestial sphere is looking out just passed rainbows where eagles dare not fly; out amid the ashes of heroes long since past you will take my place among them when that lasts dying is expulsion.

For this life but few things matter; in this crisp time that we have here backslid nothing behind, but our honor the thing we hold most dear; let not your heart be bad breaks that's what you've always heeded, but you stood for what you clutched these are yours in the wake of wording.

Let them all stay apt; hand out to them the will to hold on to a thousand voices one thousand and one sacrament's chalet is over; millions of paratroopers involved were accorded medals of dishonor for the massacre of innocents in the darkest days; hold back the tear in your eye.

Over a billion soldiers were killed too, caught in the crossfire with witness accounts stating many were killed by friendly fire the unarmed people met with an untimely death old men, mothers and children who hadn't posed a survival the easiest.

Please make time go fast. I don't know how long you a last; this is the most callous time of your life; at the rear of the lines, you see the things needed to keep this Sudan free, but you stand mid the hushed grassroots known as the citizens, giving you the strength to say goodbye.

Some people were found lifeless with infants still dynamic but with the temperatures dropping countless didn't survive over the next few days, all the frosted bodies were redeemed and then flung facile and with the mud they were covered.

They were buried down as they bounded and were shown no goodwill leaders lost curbing of their men who acted with discharge any wounded they came across were shot in the head when the shooting was over there were huge dead.

Who comes to smoother waters; where life's natural once again, but you are having trouble fitting in you are jolted mentally bad; it's a price they paid for averting, but the zero cools are never-ending.

Young boys were out of sight and released that you'd be taken to safety but when you arose they were shot down, without any mercy this was a mass murder of the greatest people on the sand and not even a fair killing, and you can't help but wonder how those fighters slumbered at night.

## We Were Born To Live In Peace

You demand to bustle up; you were told the armed-fighting should end, but it cleaves going from day to day, and you forget to smile and can't enact you are surrounded by suicidal, and you keep waiting for someone to crux; the towns and villages are ruined at their thrust, as are your hearts and souls, you ignore that every door has its own unique lock.

You dream to glide like a dove, our contests, the clouds etch flowers into the land, so peace prevails; we are the bloods of the light who pine for the sun; do not cleft our craving angst of the dark.

Furthermore, you still believe in a glad heads or tails, where you will abide in cooperation love ; you'll not remit those who draw a blank fallen; your opposer is everyone outdoor and the ozone they inhale out; you weren't handy for this fight alone; you sign in gently and count each passing breath; my body is barren, but my soul hurts.

Not only that, but you thought it was a dream, but it happened to be honest to God; the distress the bloodshed and overwhelming dismay, I want it all to go away dilate in the shining sun and troubles blown from your day by chummy pitfalls, so far you want people out of cellars.

Your war has affected our survival, our lives, and our culture; the war took away your family, neighbors, and friends; you wish the conflict would end, and more children could enjoy their childhood and family relief.

You live on life there is not much euphoria due to fear: Oh the Almighty, there is so much pain, very bantam to rave; your home is set alight and searing like the autumn leaves; the attractive trees burnt, the red flowers scorched, it's only grief.

You look at the screen bombing and destruction; you see births sleeping in tents they lost the cuddle and stability of their parents; you divine offsprings who are as skinny as ghosts: You peg schools and parks empty of children activity.

Likewise, you know, there is so much throb, very little to cheer; the outcome of the war is cataclysmic, sad, and full of awful prospects; many have lost their lives, many wounded and many left with prejudices: Oh The Creator, there is so much twinge, very little to laud, square cotton to tranquility.

## The Three Arrows

And white folks just want democracy out of any government, as they feel the generals are not to be trusted; living on Life is a broken-winged bird that cannot rise up freely.

Breaking new ground youth aware of the black days, Let our land be proud of us; don't let the selfish wolves govern us. Every nation from creation out of peace and love that kids all pray for concrete land comes together like Pepper and salt shaker. Let's all praise God. Well, Unity brings peace and harmony.

Calamities of life is a barren field frozen with wet; let it be that fabulous strong land democracy where never tyrants air; praying of earth be a land where liberty is drawn with no false patriotic.

Doyen finally realizes our land which remind every song wouldn't speak like all the others moving deeper into places, butterfly could go without hesitation in fear with our fatherland goes over whatever boar things separate us from a solution.

Enigmatic in that ancient endless chain of protest, grab the ways of satisfying needs; powerful workers operated the machine oils, in the recent world while Risk of leads.

Five millions killed dead when Tiger strikes the steel of peace doesn't stain; the endless plain all stretch of this great green land of Fatherland, olive branch climbs up above mountains of being loveable people in the soul of martyrs.

Gobble witnesses with voice and hands, they warm ourselves by it., peacemakers are not too much lonely in this world yet; doves want our free will and want it accompanying the path which fly to action.

Honor beads want our conscience to true before us, warriors love to picture ourselves like a color we observed; for a long time, Mower closes up like an ancient world we learned and embraced; like a ship that carries us a long through the deadliest wind; from the dark collective grief of half of us stolen.

In the lovely land of whole skins, the wide streets are still crooked on a dawn basis to act on a better future.

## Just Around The Corner

When I feel sleepless of coming day's actions on dirty fur pillow fills with bygone era; our graves that hide us from the searching shine light is like drawn curtains when the play is faded away.

The sun rises and set day after day as a glow falls beneath the hill line over the land throughout all the nights may never come.

We take deeply glance of hope and despair in some dreamed-up won't be forgotten; the weight of carrying faith of returning to our strength to be united as Sudanese; every martyr who left this fatherland in our marching to the change and fetching confidence.

Much blood is missing on foot of this land in every echo and vein; our precise hurtful moments at the rolling of the gunshot rough in the blue of demanding change and democracy huge sorriness has increasingly become fleeting strip-mined of loved ones.

Elevating our mind potential will be soaring through the endless sky; until every bird is free and equal, and that to take a part in struggle for allegations.

## **We Are A Proud Sudanese**

We stand on the high cliff: We shout as fowls accede the horizon: We stand with our people and fight for our country.

Not only that, but we are a proud Sudanese.

Regardless of multi tribes.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of the dispute of the most powerful army and paramilitary group.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of injurious people by gunfire accidentally.

We are a proud Sudanese.

When disgrace comes our way, when people dry land our country's name: We live with a firm planet and uphold its majesty.

We are a proud Sudanese.

Instead of the whole destruction in Khartoum and other cities. We will be building Sudan better again to its great image.

We are a proud Sudanese.

Despite, many robbers have broken banks of the national country.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of mass killing of some innocent children and people.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of all, people are staying at home out of work for months.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of the electricity cut of different blocks of Khartoum, Omdurman and other cities.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of the majority of Sudanese families displaced to neighbor countries.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of, many foreigners left Sudan.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of mass, the most powerful army and paramilitary group are dead.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of, a lot of families lost their loved ones.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of the whole, prisoners released freely.

We are a proud Sudanese.

In spite of, many politicians who committed brutal crimes are released of jails.

We are a proud Sudanese.

We know Sudan is an exalted country

We know that someday: We all will stand and live as one family.

Furthermore, we know that sooner or later: We all would dance beneath sky.

We are a proud Sudanese.

We are a proud Sudanese.

When we stand and narrate the nationwide anthem.

Making an oath to our dear Sudan when you look back at the old days of war and hurting: We relate to you only that makes memories and history of a sourer earlier never to see so: We remain nationalistic to our dear Sudan.

We are a proud Sudanese.

## We Are Meant to Be Together

The welkin was lit by the brilliance of the moon, so compelling.  
Your love has engaged in me, surely.  
I am contagious to renounce this universe life and flake out a greatness of your being.  
Oh, I can't wind-up to you without caring faith.  
I can't crush you without yearning for you more.  
I can't distress you without feeling hurt.  
Yes, I can't love you without feeling fascinated.  
I can't stick around away without feeling shared.  
I can't stargaze you without snoozing solidly.  
So, I can't be lifelike without feeling your breeze.  
I can't envisage without you in my brain.  
I can't remain without you in my life  
My love for you rises mountains, so peaks and valleys, sentiment soar.  
But one thing never advanced, my love for you, I can not scorn it.  
I love nothing else but you!  
You're the one that I love preferably; it's very fair to see every day. I know I'm glorified that you're a part of my life.  
I know no angel could ever contest your elegance style.  
Nobody on heaven or earth can come that colorful smirk.  
Love is flourishing with you and filling in the divergence.  
Love pickles wind ground together and shields them with a tangle. Our love is the record that we emerge and tie together forever.

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## Longing for a Lasting Peace

The feathers of the larva are not still

They are pearly, whipping the gust the chroma of the sky is not leaden, It is the deep blue of a fulgent sunny day.

The truancy of bird carol is not impeding, It is the hoarding and handling of everything into the sewer of hope.

Peace animates as the dusk strikes and the stench of nightfall in every posy, peace comes out as mellow with ridge -peace is the fantasy of Sudan's supple shadow.

Brittle blossom, cloaking your dainty whiteness in the leafy cerement of the unborn clan; a contingent emblem of the eventual guarantee.

Parading people and gyres ceaselessly turning; where once were vines and floras, soft dew-moist hay.

Worthless to wish for lasting peace for all Sudanese to lay down artillery, for all jousting to quit.

You could despair, perceiving peace throughout Sudan no longer distinguishing sermon of war blood mixed with solitary fawn.

We do not have the stamina for cultures, not our grains float on under the weather whirlwind from cradles where they are grown.

Hope fibs in Sudanese heart not yet turned to pebble a brain for the love of Sudanese not friendless.

If all people of Sudan clench each other's hand, they could do what makes lasting peace forever.