



**KOLADE PELUMI**

# **LOVE DIARY**

**(A COLLECTION OF POEMS)**

## **Praise for Love diary**

Short, long, spiritual, you want a sip but end up drinking the whole bottle. It's a diary; an art of love

- Poetic diary

This entire concept shows creativity at it's peak. Kolade pelumi expresses himself in the best way possible by writing love poems that inspire and make you ponder about your love life.

- The voice ministry

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*LOVE DIARY*

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# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am grateful to a lot of people for the successful completion of this project. I am thankful to my parents for their support both morally and financially in order to make this project see the light of day. (photo sessions are not free you know 😊 ).

To the models that featured in this project. Lanre, Olaitan, and Beauty, thanks for making yourselves available for every shoot. I am also thankful to Dupe who gave words of advice and encouragement and served as the make up artist for our photo sessions.

To the photographer who handled all the pictures in this project. Jide, you rock!

I whole heartedly appreciate all the people who edited this book at one point or the other and freely gave suggestions that eventually shaped the final feel of this project, namely, Similoluwa, Abimbola (Vexscheworld), Feranmi, Ibukun (Poetic diary) and a host of others.

I am thankful to all my friends who assisted this project in one way or the other, from assisting with the shoots to the online promotions. I am thankful for having such resourceful friends, I won't be able to put all your names here, we would need another book for that 😊.

A big shout out to the brands who supported this project, including Trendsexpress (officialtrendsexpress.com) , Poetic diary, The voice ministry (thevoice.com.ng), The bees ng (thebeesng.com), Timi bracelets and a host of others.

Most importantly, I am thankful to God for the grace he has showered upon me to do cool stuffs like this 😊

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# FOREWORD

I was at a cafeteria in Lagos, Nigeria, where I was reading about Jon Bellion and how when he was starting out, he distributed his first few albums for free with the aim of getting people to love his work so that when he eventually puts a project up for sale, people would gladly purchase it.

I decided to implement the same idea with my poetry. Love diary is a collection of a select number of my poems , and is expected to depict episodes of my personal experiences in a world of love, feelings, girls and butterfly fluttering stomachs!

The aim of love diary is to get people excited about my work and build up anticipation for my upcoming project **ONLY JUST A BOY** , which would not only consist of poetry , but also, a mini music project (an EP), which will accompany the book.

If you are reading this, then you are about to go through some of my poetry. After reading and enjoying it (hopefully 😊) ,I would implore you to help fulfil the purpose of this project, be part of my story, share this book with as many people as you can, post screen-shots of your favorite poems to social media platforms such as Facebook, Instagram, Twitter and the likes using the hash tag #loved diarybykoladepelumi. Let's get the buzz out there!

***Kolade Pelumi***

**#loved diarybykoladepelumi**



# *#lovediarybykoladepelumi*

1. *TELL YOU*
2. *ATTRACTION*
3. *SHE CALLED ME DEAR*
4. *IN MY ARMS*
5. *INSECURITIES*
6. *DANGEROUS LOVE*
7. *LET'S PRETEND*
8. *WHAT TO CALL YOU*
9. *YOU WERE MINE*
10. *THE FAIREST*
11. *I'M SCARED*
12. *BLIND LOVE*
13. *CRUSHED*
14. *ANGELS*
15. *CINDERELLA*

**BONUS**  
**SHORT STORY**



# 1. TELL YOU

I want to talk to you  
Before the morning sun greets hi  
As the morning dew walks upon the  
floors

I want to tell you  
About how your eyes become shy  
While mine unconsciously adores

I want to tell you  
About how your hair needs no dye  
Her lines, my hands want to explore

I want to tell you  
But I don't

I'm too scared you'll tell me  
You don't want me to tell you

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## **2. ATTRACTION**

Yes

Your beauty attracted me

But it was your heart

That made me stay

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# ATTRACTION



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### **3. SHE CALLED ME DEAR**

I have never won a million naira  
I have never owned a flashy car  
A mansion , I have not yet

But this I know  
None of the above can compare  
With the feelings that were aroused  
The first time you called me

DEAR

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# SHE CALLED ME DEAR



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## **4. IN MY ARMS**

Whenever you are in my arms  
I know there can be no harm

It doesn't matter what life brings  
As long as you are in my arms  
I am well armed  
To take on the entire world

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## **5. INSECURITIES**

She is always asking  
How do I look ?  
Little does she know  
She is like the sunrise  
It doesn't matter  
How you look at it  
It would always be  
Beautiful

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# INSECURITIES



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## **6. DANGEROUS LOVE**

Loving you is dangerous

At the same time adventurous

Just like a moth drawn to a flame

I know certainly I'll be burned

But still

I'll love you anyway

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# DANGEROUS LOVE



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## 7. LET'S PRETEND

Let's pretend  
I'm not the last thing  
That flashes through your mind  
As the stars take charge of the sky

Let's pretend  
I don't bring up awkward conversations  
Just so I get the chance  
To hear your beautiful voice

Let's pretend  
The entire class has not noticed  
How we forget ourselves  
Staring at each other

Let's pretend we are not in love

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# LET'S PRETEND



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## **8. WHAT TO CALL YOU**

I should call you a robber  
The way you stole my heart

Or an insect keeper  
For the butterflies you sent my path

Or maybe a volcano  
For the feelings you erupted

Oh yes! A tornado  
For my world, you disrupted

But really, all I want to call you  
Is my own!

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## **9. YOU WERE MINE**

Some say a girl is only yours  
The day you wed her

They lied

I knew you were mine  
From the moment  
Your eyes shied away  
While our eyes played  
A game of hide and seek

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# YOU WERE MINE



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## **10. THE FAIREST**

My girl may not be  
light skinned  
But  
She is the fairest  
Of them all

My girl may not  
have blonde hair  
My girl may not  
have blue eyes

My girl may not be  
Snow white  
But  
She is the fairest  
Of them all

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# THE FAIREST



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## **11. I'M SCARED**

I'm scared  
Not of leaving you  
Not about the distance  
That would exist between us  
But of meeting you again  
And not feeling those butterflies  
That made me feel I could fly

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## **12. BLIND LOVE**

My snore disturbs even me at night  
But she sleeps soundly by my side  
without a fright

My mirror tells me that I am not the  
most pleasant sight  
But to her, I am a shining knight

I feel like a writer who had lost his  
will to write  
But she somehow still sees a man  
whose future is bright

People who say love is blind have  
to be right  
Or perhaps it's me who doesn't see  
the light

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# BLIND LOVE



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## **13. CRUSHED**

Tolani mi (my Tolani) I would call  
you  
Whenever you responded  
I would flush

Our conversations were long  
Whenever they ended  
You would blush

One particular day  
I called you the usual way

Tolani mi

You did not budge,  
Why? You would never divulge

That day,  
My heart was crushed by my  
crush

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# CRUSHED



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## **14. ANGELS**

The stars are a little shy tonight  
I'm scared of the dark  
I hear angels glow in the dark  
Would you go out with me ?

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## **15. CINDERELLA**

I watched Cinderella again  
And I was worried

I had no kingdom  
I had no fancy palace

Yet I want to be your prince  
And I want you to be my Ella

So I have decided  
We would write our own fairy  
tale

You might not have a fairy  
godmother  
You might not have a fancy  
glass shoe

But I promise you one thing  
A happy forever after  
Just like Cinderella

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# CINDERELLA



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THE  
S  
ON  
MY  
CHEST

It's a beautiful saturday morning; the sun is up in a nice way, not too harsh, not too gentle, just perfect.

I am patiently waiting for Sharon, my best friend for about a year now. We had arranged to meet up so we could reminisce about the good times we spent together, before she finally leaves.

The news about CAN\*\*\* came as a shock to me; I did not expect that the beautiful times we were having together would be cut short abruptly. I never would have thought that CAN\*\*\* would be the one to snatch her away.

I actually can't fathom why these things happen. It's sad that CAN\*\*\* (it just creeps me out to spell it out completely) has finally succeeded in taking this wonderful creature from our midst.

Sharon has been my driving force this past year. It's hilarious to now think that when Sharon first came into our SS1 class two years ago, I (and majority of our class) thought she was cocky and proud.

I for one did not like her, probably because I felt she had come to steal my place as the best in the class. She was very confident but many of us mistook it for being full of herself.

She would look at any math problem and swing her hair to the left and tell you boldly "I can solve that easily". She loved to swish her long, black, curly hair back and forth.

It's sad that CAN\*\*\* would make us lose sight of her alluring hair. How I would miss such lovely hair.

.

The battle for the best in class between Sharon and I was tough. After the first term where Sharon had joined our class, I still came out as first position but with Sharon trailing closely behind me.

The second term I received a shock. I was third. Even though the gap between the first three was very close (about five marks if I recall correctly). It was disgraceful to me. I, Peter Ade-Coker, third in class and the new girl came first? I was sorrowful.

Actually, thinking about it now, I feel I was the proud one. I worked crazy hard the last term, not just because my name and honour was on the line but also, I thought to myself, “that proud girl can’t take my place”.

It paid off. I was first overall but Sharon was close as usual, coming second. That moment felt good. I know I would remember it for years to come.

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It's still astonishing how Sharon and I finally became best of friends. It baffles me every now and then also. The tale goes thus.

It was on this cold Sunday evening, (I remember this vividly because I lay on a chilly floor all night weeping). My dad came to break the tragic news to me. Mum died in an auto-crash. I was broken. I could not concentrate on anything including my studies. I had not a care in the world.

I loved my mum with my life and was certain I was better off dead if she was not living. I started doing badly in school, I lost my focus in life. I was drained of any drive or passion that I previously had. I became a shadow of myself.

What would never cease to amaze me was that Sharon never heard about my mum's death, all she noticed was that she had no competition in class any longer. Sharon had sat me down to discuss about my decline in academic performance.

She listened patiently and carefully to me as I slowly narrated my ordeal. I remember crying on Sharon's shoulder at the end of my narration. I fell in love with Sharon that day. Not the kind of love I know your minds are drifting towards, I fell in love with Sharon's personality.

I created a strong connection with Sharon from that day. She helped me get through my pain and helped me with my studies. Of course, it was never the same. I came fifth that term, but without Sharon's help, the last position was calling out to me.

Sharon was my muse, she helped me with school work, explained things my mind could not grab in class for lack of concentration. Sharon kept my company and did not make me feel lonely. She filled the void in my heart, she was like super girl. She was the S on my Chest!

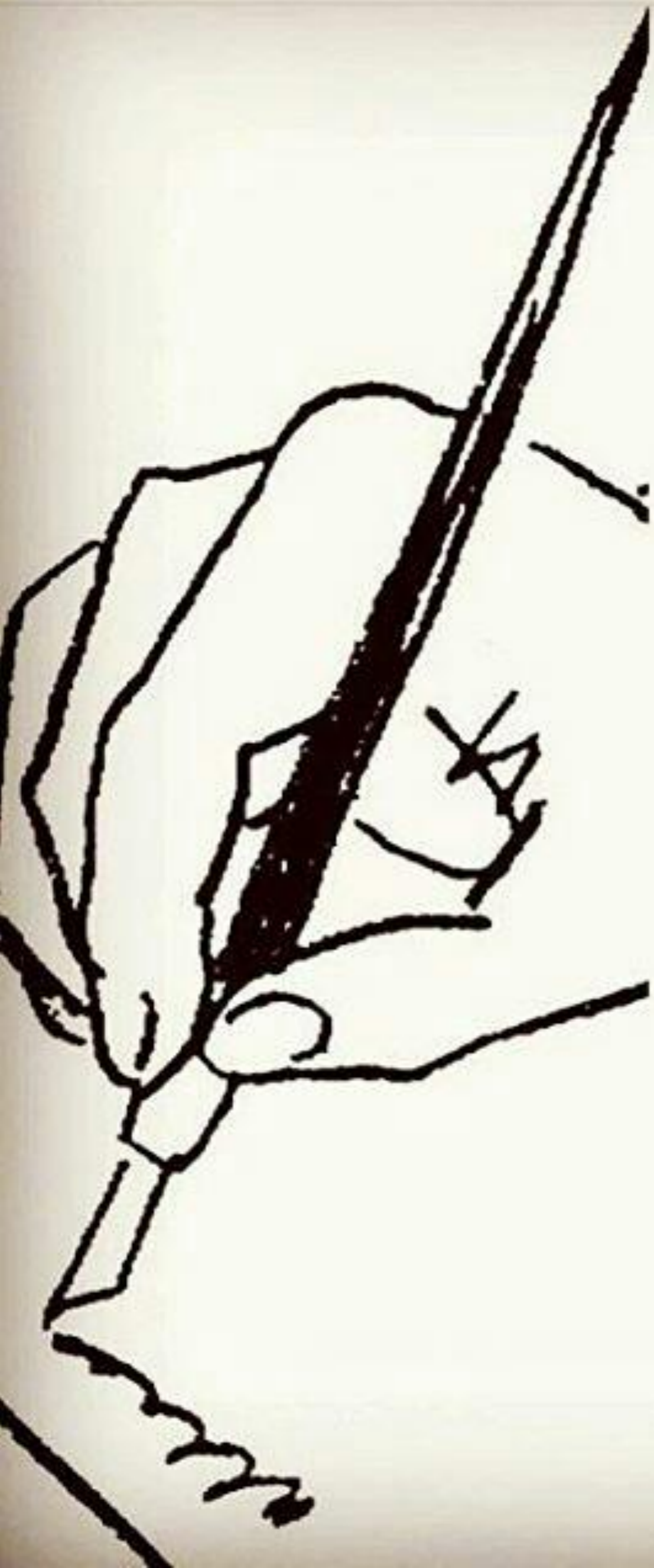
And now, CAN\*\*\* has come to steal her away from me. I would never have the opportunity to ask Sharon out to the school prom. By the way did I mention Sharon's beauty? Damn she is beautiful. She is what comes to my mind when I think about an angel. Alright, I have been too much of a chicken to spell out that which takes my precious jewel away from me. It's CANADA alright! There, I said it. Her father had arranged to take Sharon to Canada to complete her education. Now because of that, I would lose my muse.

I am trying to concentrate and enjoy this outing with Sharon. It's not easy but that's all I can do for her. I stare deeply into Sharon's eyes thinking about things I want to say to her but won't be able to, thinking about the feelings she had awoken in me. Thinking about how much she made me strong. Thinking about how much I love her.



Her parents come to pick her up to the airport and I stand to give her one last hug. I hold her closely, secretly wishing I could stay there forever. My muse, my strength, the “ S” on my chest is finally leaving me. As she lets go of me, she whispers to me something I have craved to hear for some time now. The inner workings of my being quiver with excitement as she says.....+drum roll+..... “I love you”.

# THE WRITERS PLEDGE



I'LL WRITE WHEN I'M HAPPY  
I'LL WRITE WHEN I'M SAD  
I'LL WRITE WHEN I FEEL CRAPPY  
I'LL WRITE WHEN I'M GLAD  
I'LL WRITE WHEN I'M WEARY  
I'LL WRITE WHEN I'M CHEERY  
I'LL WRITE WHEN IT'S RAINY  
I'LL WRITE WHEN IT'S SUNNY  
NO MATTER THE SEASON I'LL WRITE  
I'LL WRITE TILL THE DAY I DIE

*@koladepelumi*

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A relentless dreamer and an almost hopeless romantic . Space and energy enthusiast , Writer, Poet, Guitarist, Speaker and Civil engineering graduate.

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