

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Abbas Rabi'u Adamu: "My Aurora"

Abbas Rabi'u Adamu · Wednesday, February 3rd, 2021

### My Aurora

Per se,  
I remain silent  
to the plain trunk of Ginkgo  
with etched bark of sere serenity.  
I uttered—  
“Oh my Gosh!  
my feet never feel a tavern  
Though my lips to feel liquor  
I'm drunk after glaring an Annabel Lee.  
.....Then I muttered—  
She must be a Persian tapestry  
of glitz and past pure pearls.  
But I take a lead  
to plead—  
Please let me peep  
Into the flourishing inks of Saadi, if not!  
to Tagore or slipped  
to the greasy inks of Rumi for recapitulations

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