

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Odediran Foluso: Three Poems

Odediran Foluso · Tuesday, September 8th, 2020

### THE LANGUAGE OF PAIN

The language of pain is neither salt on a fresh sore  
Nor a deep cut into the skin.  
The language of pain is not a throbbing illness

Do you understand the language of pain,  
When the shadow of sorrow hovers above  
the soul of a man in the valley of stagnation.  
Squirming and mummurs of anger echo  
from the backyard of the limbo!  
It is the voice of the mad man on refuse dump,  
Whose star brightly shines,  
And when the sun eclipse,  
Dimly it shines beneath the shadow of hazy  
night.

Do you understand the language of pain,  
When your body is not in inner harmony with your soul  
yet they dwell in the same valley.

\*

### UNBOUND

I hear the silent echoes of clanging pendulums,

The hues of noonday become

turquoise,

With slow cadence,

I hear!

The grating roars of pebbles

beneath the ebbing rivulets.....

All earthly atoms are now living on the frail arm of time.

Confusion lingers at the threshold,

while the mallet hits the gravel,

a fracas in the passage.

\*

## THE ART OF DARK POESY

...Night

Senescence...

Colours on pallets:

Dark acrylics on the canvass of the night.

A muse;

an echo- blazone of stale desires.

Capricorn and pices in wanton thoughts.

Purple, grey, and red- a succubus, petals of dark rose, matriarch of-

death hung in between teeth. Adieu

Orgy in dark trust, all power defied.

White chromosomes stimulating dark clitories;

A demon in a pram

Ah poetry!

This entry was posted on Tuesday, September 8th, 2020 at 7:41 am and is filed under [Tomorrow's Voices Today](#), [Poetry](#)

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