

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Oladosu Michael Emerald: Three Poems

Oladosu Michael Emerald · Monday, August 31st, 2020

### Inside Life

Inside, everyone is a  
great joy  
Waiting to be born  
Prospecting everything in life is done

Inside life, no sweat no wealth  
is the theory  
Aggregate sudor concludes riches  
is the practical  
Diddum for needs is elusive

Inside life hope is lost  
Sons of darkness  
and vagabonds fust  
The desire of good future  
for the youngsters is in the desert  
No pant No Benz they say  
Money leads them astray

Life in its natural state is very brutal  
But it can be a living hell;fatal  
When all wishes is not all we see

Inside life, arike is Haqim Abolaji's choice

Inside life  
The only way to get rid of temptation  
Is to yield to it.  
Hmm..... inside life  
All is vanity

\*

## Of What Use Is the Cry

Man's death is known  
at his birth.

Of what use is the cry,  
to the beautiful memories  
to the tears and laughter  
When we are no more?

Of what use is the cry  
when the tears can't resurrect the dead?  
Of what use is the cry  
When we'll all die  
and sleep wickedly without  
caring to know about people's feeling.

Of what use is the cry  
When we know that life is a general market  
in which we come to trade  
and at the end the reaper would knock us out  
and hold on our breath

Maybe the cry is just a lie  
to pretend as if we are immortals.

\*



I'm beautifully clothed  
with pride.  
I glow in the sun  
I'm fragile  
Whenever I visit couple of thorns,  
I got torn.

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