

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

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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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