

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Olaitan Abdulafeez Oladipupo: Two Poems

Olaitan Abdulafeez Oladipupo · Saturday, June 6th, 2020

ODE: ILLY HEALED WORLD

I.

Like the ones before us,
here we find ourselves, trapped,
hiding in this hideous hide,
heavenly slum,
standing to compliment our dead chants.

II.

Still we stand, in rows, like choirs
who abandoned the choirstall to
make Philomel jealous of their coronach. Eld-ridden
hands of the ones before us are strummed strings, their
wrinkled faces are beaten drums accompanied with loud basses
their ears once condemned.

III.

Now we sit, still in silence, or
so we thought, to rub off
from the death sashaying
our goosebumped hides,
blushful cheeks,
jaundiced eyes and
mucopurulent noses.

*

VOWS AT SUNSET

in amazement of the continuous course of life...

At sunset, the world looks the most beautiful
and appeasive. With the sun disappearing
below the western horizon comes nightfall.
The color of sunset is one that speaks many words

of love and war.
To conquer love is to win its war.

Sunset is when two distant lovers
look up to the vault of the heavens
with feelings of saudade and jealousy
intertwined. They think of each other
and mutter quiet words
in the language
that only reds and yellows understand. Each
passing day they see reflections
of pale tints of hues
that wink with heartfelt romance
which robs them of their sanity.

Sunset is tenderly warm. Artists
carefully revel in its warmth
so they don't lose themselves in awe
of its half-finished canvas. Mothers
look out for their kids
at sunset so they don't lose their ways.

To lovers, sunsets are promises
waiting to be made, and promises
are words to live by. Indeed
sunsets are reminders
of mortality.

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