Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Olaitan Abdulafeez Oladipupo: Two Poems

Olaitan Abdulafeez Oladipupo · Saturday, June 6th, 2020

ODE: ILLY HEALED WORLD

T.

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 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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