

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Taiwo Oluwarotimi Adefulu: Two Poems

Taiwo Oluwarotimi Adefulu · Monday, June 8th, 2020

The Ancient drum

When the anceint drum is beaten *Gba gudu gba gudu* The evil spirit dance for the taste of blood *Gba gudu gba gudu* When the lost can't dance to it *Gba gudu gba gudu* Only the son of the soil knows the rhythm *Gba gudu gba gudu*

The sound increase in rhythm *Gba gudu gba gudu* Enticing the blood of the strangers *Gba gudu gba gudu* The lost began to move their body to the Rhythm of the drum *Gba gudu gba gudu* The spirit rejoice in comfort *Gba gudu gba gudu* It is not meant for the strangers to dance To it, it is for the son of the soil *Gba gudu gba gudu*

The Anceint drum *Gba gudu gba gudu* Who is fed by the blood of the strangers *Gba gudu gba gudu* When the drummer is overwhelmed by the Power of the spirit *Gba gudu gba gudu* The evil spirit has taken over him *Gba gudu gba gudu* He needs to be baptized in a pool of Palm oil *Gba gudu gba gudu* 1

When you hear that sound Gba gudu gba gudu It is a warning to the strangers Gba gudu gba gudu gba gudu To stay away from dancing Or your blood will be suck out By the dancing spirit Gba gudu gba gudu gba gudu.

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Passage to the dream world

Taking a nice deep breath, laying quiet on my soft bed. Staring at the ceiling As I flash back to the memories of the past. While my passport has been stamped by the spirit of sleep to go the land of dreams.

I landed in a place, beautiful and I saw a door which leads to a place unknown, A place unheard of Try to open the door and peep, what await me there. All I see is a place of dream As I step my foot all I could do is to dream forever.

But I felt something strange Something beyound this land of dream, Something behind the door I peep through. Tho I see my self out in the dreamland but I see my soul leaving my body.

I got attracted to the thing of the world And I sold my soul to the dream of this world. Where will I find my soul And I watch it float around like a balloon.

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