

Poetry Series

Dorcas Tayire
- poems -



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I'm a writer, content creator, blogger, poetess, singer and dancer. But what I love best is what I do best and that which I love best is writing.



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The Glow From The Night.

Hope, it is; they say
what you feel for tomorrow, may.
Might happen or maybe nay,
the unwavering joy; hovering in your heart
to witness the long awaited light.
Oh! wait, tomorrow just might come in bright
maybe might, just be able to wipe away your fright.
Sleep on tight,
slowly listening to the chirping sound.
Close; quietly your eyes,
wrapping your body into the solace of the night.
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Give Up Not.

Different pages, different chapters; a story to render.
Tears streaming in some.
Smiles; being begged to show its' face.

Here goes chapter one,
Oh! This isn't the part I love.
Pains, depression, agony and oppression.
Sadness, resentment, retrogression.

The pages flip, we see the same.
Flips; once more, still same.
Flipping continues; yet the same.
Oh! Anger evolves, flipping and flipping; oh no! , Still the same.
No! , Definitely not worth the energy.
'Come unto me and give me an hug, let me cleave unto you, for you have loved me this much.'
'Oh yes! , ' Says he: 'I've missed you alot, welcome back to the story of misfortune.'
'Thanks, ' says I: 'I knew; you alone would make me smile, it's all over, my trials has choked me this much.'

Chapter two walks in majestically.
But oh! ... Another trial, yet no one hired.
Another sorrow waiting in joy for tomorrow.
Nothing to show for, nothing to build on.

'Oh pains! Why hath thou no conscience? '
You've taken me so deep down into an abyss of bitterness.
I'm all alone in this wilderness.
Shield me oh woe
for in you I've found a peace so whole.

Flip! Flip! Flip! Goes the pages of life.
Flip, flip, flip, it's just a phase.

Chapters by chapters,
So much questions left unanswered.

With consistency, diligence and practising.

The end of the story arrives,
from a journey of many chapters.

Flip, flip, flip; goes the pages.
Putting smiles on their faces.
It all started from the basics;
Give up not! .

Dorcas Tayire

Triumph

Anyday

Someday

One day

The pain we gain won't reign to stay.

We'll scale through the pages we wailed,

And hail into a new page

Our bail from sorrow would be paid.

And the pages we wailed would slowly fade

We'll become made

And sail into the brighter days.

Where we'll never want or need

What we can't have

By then; we'll easily pay

So would we smile and say:

'The pain that reigned was worth the aim we made.'

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Anxiety

The breathe; never ceasing sound,
That kept holding me bound,
To the melodies; I sing,
My boldness; I bring,
As my voice became loud.

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