Poetry Series

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- 2 poems -

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Hope

When all hope seems empty,
Looking round and dull like a dooty,
Sunrise give it nothing but clue,
Everything will be okay when all is due,
Unexpectedly, the joy will come,
You will be relieved for all has been done,
Making your star to shine like a moon,
Although, today might be bitter,

There might be a tint left,
Like a person accused of theft.
For it fails not to rise,
At last, good fortune will be the price.
Suprise and dumb by a good fortune,

But, tommorrow, your life will be better.

Olugbuyi Stephen Gbolly

The Thankless White.

Woe betide you the thankless white, coming to us to make us shake with fright,
usurping all our throne and authority, consuming our resources eith curiosity.
They pointed a long roaring metal at us, if roared at one he is nothing but loss, they captured us by cruelty, we work till our energy got empty.
Thank God for we wre relentless, our joyfulness is now countless, we were no longer a slave, we were finally save,
they were standing before us as our rival, but now we stand like a survival.

Olugbuyi Stephen Gbolly