

Poetry Series

Boluwatife Asake

- poems -



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Boluwatife Asake()

I write because God has conferred on me the ability to string words together to impact lives

I am Boluwatife Asake Adeniji (Asake Creates)



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Ghosting

Ghosting me without closure

Where did I go wrong?

No Idea

What then happened?

No clue

Furled in hurt

Alive in pain

Fighting. Thinking

How do I break free?

How do I move on?

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Bye

Goodbyes are hurts
But painful are goodbyes which you say to the dead
Mourning while tears defile your face
Hurt. Pain. Dread
But even more painful are those goodbyes to the living
Who are never to meet

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Dawn

Here we are amidst zillions who craved nothing
than living a life without fears of brutality and poverty
nor of desperation, anguish and enmity

Yet, we elect into offices
leaders exhibiting only these
with no recoil to their psyche
nor a flinch to their soul.

They stand boasting and gloating with their taxes
minding neither our shelter nor intakes
Waving aside their responsibilities while wallowing in wickedness
disregarding the voices of those who put them there.

Now, Here we stand among the millions
who wants nothing than fighting for what's their's
Set on Reviving with outspread pinions
what's been trampled upon. Exploited. Manipulated by You.
Liars.

Neglected, Hated, Beaten, Hungered but no anymore
from our slumber we've awoken, power up
To bring You Hypocrite down by objection
Putting an end to our afflictions.

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I Am

I believe in life.
I console the life broken
I now am face to face with me
I am the force that makes you find you and lose you at the same time.
I am not what you see, but what I make you see.
I comfort the disturbed and disturb the comfortable.
I am the lie that enables you to realize the truth..
I create what wasn't
I am the soul of creativity
I am a lifestyle
I am a kind of confession, more or less oblique.
I am that which is felt in the blood, swimming
I am born out of struggle between wisdom and madness, between dream and reality in your mind.
I am obsession
I am expression
I am a form of truth.
I disturb yet reassures
I am the hammer with which you are shaped
I am the missing link, not the links which exist.
I'm not what you see, I am the space in between
I evoke unconscious consciousness
I am what you see when your eyes are closed
I am a line around your thoughts
you shut my eyes in order to see.
I am your obsession, joy, and torment.
I live from constraints and die from freedom.
I am that thing that liberates your soul, provokes the imagination and encourages you to go further
I am here to live out loud
I AM ART

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Fate

Locked up in this cell
Nah, it's hell
No more can I hide
A feeling I can't compare to nothing
Pulling me down to ashes
Here facing my demons all alone

To break free, i tried
All day I cried
All night i hide
that which I cannot

Pulling me down
Still i fight
This I'll do till
I breathe no more

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Known Enemy

Love, Joy and Peace
are the promises of her,
A friend in a piece

Success and greatness in abundance
are the expectations shattered
by my friend in a piece

Now Resolution

Give me an enemy I can see
Not a friend in a piece
Unknown, waste, vague, vain
She is, and her gain.

Give an enemy I see
For her hatred drives me
to success and greatness.

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Tears From The Street

We are citizens of the street
Brought up in a way so strict
We are so restricted if our rights
Yet hungry and desperate

We hustle while we struggle
We innocently get into trouble
And know one is troubled
We hustle like lorries
Our government, not worried
No one to say sorry..
No father, no Mother,
No Brother nor sister
Who then will save us from this fever.
the street

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