Poetry Series

Damola KolaDare - poems -

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Damola KolaDare()

A Pained Pen

From its belly gushes fury Belching smoke Flames fly freely Lament from a bloke Gory is the story Immersed in a mound Of mirage, a joke Sullen, sodden, solitary The soul in a choke For blood it bays Spraying ballistic bullets (Mis) rulers to pay For every minute of iniquity And for victory, a ballet Lest this pen continue Its purge Never to be drowned A call to Nemesis And preparing a dish of dung

Damola KolaDare

The Magical Spring

It lights a candle of delight Flows with grace divine Burns the embers of pain Pacifies the tortures of a soul Sweetens the bitterness of broken tongues Transports to the celestial city Mellifluous to broken drums Carves a home in a fragile heart Softens marble hearts Commands cherubic presence Buries worries of donkey years Spring that invites humility to a feast From a beauteous border Meandering with magnificence Quenching thirsts Crave I this grace Glorifying the Father of all glories As cherubims swim in bliss.

Damola KolaDare