

Poetry Series

Dr. Emmanuel Moore
Abolo
- poems -

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Dr. Abolo holds a Ph.D degree in Economics and is a Fellow of five professional is a risk professional and is listed by the World Bank as one of the finest minds in risk management in Africa. He has passion for reading and is also a prolific speaker on GRC, finance, HR, Strategy, Leadership, etc.

Fly Away Your Sorrow

He lost his wings at birth
Soaked in the misery of nothingness
Child caught the face of a dejected mum
Dad gasps for breadth in vanity of time
What lurks in the darkness beyond?
Where is the answer, the poor child reels
Eyes glinted at ignorant jubilation
Not again, the village moaned uneasily

Wings refused to flap inspiration
Sun refused to dry soaked misery rule
Conscious of the stream of pain not long
On and on breathlessness overcomes hopeful desire
Heart overflows with helplessness
Birds fly around filling the air with hope
Child closes eyes not to twig bitterness
So that sorrow could fly away

All at once the days come by
No means to endure the crunch of time
Denial by the offensive of futility of all
Rescue for survival nowhere to find
Staring the freshness of gentle breeze
Hope wades in with a struggle to live
'Abrakadabra' the witch doctor screams
So that sorrow could fly away

Don't give up my brother
Determination beckons with authority
Sorrow and hopelessness dumped on the side
So that no other child sees it no more
Holding firm to tomorrow that is not lonely
Misery in abyss pushed aside to give way
Alas the flower glows and sweetness flows
Like the river of life beyond comprehension
Fly away your sorrow.

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Goodnight My Angel

What is good about the night
When the wind stops blowing in fear
Alas tomorrow will bring its own fortune
But the coldness is shy in the midst of rain
How close that you are far away
Night has fallen in the shelter of your warmness
Goodnight my Angel

Do not disguise your Angelic terrain
In the shadow of care tainted with ease
Pain has disappeared and sorrow no more
Birds cry in fear of the hunter
And the story- teller weaves the rainbow
As the children look in admiration
Goodnight in the embrace of love.

Goodnight to you my Angel
As you close your eyes do not wonder
Dreams are real and bitterness away
And if tomorrow should come
I will be there and behold the twinkle
For togetherness we have been
And I will elevate you to the stars.

How much longer will I have to wait?
Chasing no shadows in the realm of time
The little child clings around the breast
Holding firm with hope of love
Let us cling and tangle in deep passion
No retreat, no surrender for the glue is real
Goodnight my Angel

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My Heart Goes Out In Winter

Long ago when I was young
I heard so many things
The Winter one I know
Very cold so cold I was told
Now I am old I know

Africa hot, Oyinbo country cold
Geography teacher used to say
But now its so real with climate change
All are crying about Winter
Winnipeg and 'Amelica' my heart goes out for you

A young child from Africa cries out
The cold bites harder but a place
So well organised that the pain flies away
Poor little boy from Africa
Experiencing sweet bitter all the way

The father looking so helpless in the air
And the mother grinds her heart away
But the pain is not real as the splendor
Of tomorrow the wonders yet not behold
With laughter of sweet dreams cruises away

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No More Sorrow

Born into a dark night village
Crawl disgustingly around the wood
Flame glowing with annoyance
Bowed by pained face of cruel looks
Swings back, front, sideways
No laughter but doom weather
Hopelessness after others before

Questions abound in grim faces
Will this be different or more of the same?
Kids run around innocently in frenzy welcome
Into their world of despair and pain
Laughter for the sake of hopelessness
Big brother arrives and name attractive
'Been to' 'go bring am hope' the mother wimps

Papa and mama wonder about 'morrow
Hopelessness must be conquered
No more pain, no more sorrow
School three miles in crushing sun
'Gari' and groundnut in pockets
Danger lurking in the corner
But the storm inspires for 'morrow

The journey seems long but hope not far
When all rewind from the past of yore
Triggered by that which was said of old
Hope replaces despair and bitter, sweet
It wont be long my brother
Try hard folk and don't miss the price
The pain is deep but the gain is here.

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What A World... Give Me Strength

I have ability to switch style
even under pressure
Focused concentration, I am
with tenacious unpredictability
And yet fail to admit mistakes
even resist as always
Laced with external distractibility, I am
What a world.....Give me strength.

I have ' killer instincts' to move mountains
even driven to pinnacle with passion
Making things happen as always, I am
even I am, less anxious in decisiveness
And yet do things my own way
rushing the poor fellow to frail
Impatience won't disappear with quietness and shyness
What a world.....Give me strength.

I step forth in dignity for low anxiety
even with meticulousness
Decisiveness for reality, I am
with sterner stuff in slippery control
And yet unable to manage time
with a hog on spotlight
Drenched in my own outbursts, I am
What a world.....Give me strength.

Proud of my strength of friendliness
even with positive openness
The power to carry on with persuasiveness
even I am, yes I am in assertiveness
My strength that never dies
in the face of motivation
And yet my ears are too weak to comprehend
with sound of domination
What a world.....Give me strength.

Let me be weak to be strong
and strong I am in weakness

With passion for sweetness in bitterness
And this is real in steel
The contrast and the conflict
That steers in my way of long ago
And this reality in mirage
Gives me the courage to rise above pain
What a world.....Give me strength.

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When The Sun Smiles

The rain kept pouring in vain
and no one seems to know the pain
The sorrow of labor lines the root
But the root appears in subjection
For no one could carry the element
Far flung on yonder, long ago!

Come to me with sheer of love
in the passion of dream told long a while
To be true in the cradle of sorrow
keeps the wing of imagination, obvious
No regrets befall the stand of affection
For the sun mixes the rain with bright colors

The moon does not need to fight
same road well traveled for purpose
And when destined for the reality of time
Beseemed by faithlessness renewed
'Abraka da bra' the farmer wails in sorrow
Hope not disparaged as the time tells

Let the beauty of nature not betrayed
with passion the blender carries up the smoke
Beneath the flame of mercy of yesteryears
How true the giver grants to him of goodwill
With appreciation though sometimes convincing
For the sun shines in the midst of rain

How long shall they kick the prophets
cause he gat no voice to cry the woes
Sublime the hours to come forth
With a smile covered in gratitude
Wake up no need for trial of tears
For the sun shines as overshadow.

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Who Will Save The World?

My heart bleeds watching the world's distressing moments
Shame that no one can help as the world sinks
Stinking around in a mess of heartlessness and lawlessness
How did we get here to be lamed and shamed even by animals
Who can save the world?

Killings and maiming on the loose in a senseless world
A world that is destined to die in the hands of a wicked soul
Why Oh Why Am I hear the dying child cries out in vain
Pain all over him with desperation aggravated by neglect
Who can save the world?

Why save a world that is heartless with no natural affection
The monkey laughs with ego of pity for a people without soul
The lizard pounds its chest with pride of sternness
In a world full of pain without pity for a fellowman
Who can save the world?

Hopelessness in the midst of crime, hatred and selfishness
Wars, hatred, bitterness, jealousy, acrimony and prejudice
And no man cares about the other and crooked to outwit the other
What a shame that goodness and mercy are made to go on holidays
Who can save the world?

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