

Poetry Series

**Enoch Cole**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**

2024

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Enoch Cole()

Enoch Cole is a Sierra Leonean born on the 20th October 2004.

He's a writer of different literary genres, a song writer and a recording artist.

Born in the capital of Sierra Leone: Freetown, he have been travelled around distinct districts by his parents, but he's currently residing in lungi City. Where he have grown up and grasp maturity, lungi city is where this dream found and located him.

He really love writing poems, it's like a routine habit for me, and it's what he wish to do forever.



PoemHunter.com

# Last Hope, Hungry Hope

LAST HOPE, HUNGRY HOPE

Men! ! at this instance,  
my poetry and music are my only last hope.  
Corruption, life corruption,  
my optimism is been restricted to stretch itself beyond every other scope.  
Restrictions birthed figuratively through fleets of disappointments,  
Misunderstanding my hope for a road, Their consistency of riding on me so  
serene, I can no more cope.  
My existence is now full of worn out features and bore holes.

No more hope for me or less,  
Other than my poetry and music, unlessThe reason ar dey pan explain tire no  
evidence: life.  
I must coddle with thanksgiving to God that I'm breathing,  
At least I won't be flirting with a silent death... sighs.  
Interested forks will chill on clues about my predicament.  
Being attentive when I oozing lyrics is like blowing cold tres,  
Reading through them likewise, tastes like sipping on the holy communion.  
With the way I immerse myself on the concepts,  
Other fields yearning my hope to play with some more should elsewhere their  
trades ply.  
I've been scribbling dark dictions dead in the night, tryna make my talent cry,  
Ihn voice nor go cut, been compelling it to let it out loud.

I entrusted my trust and expectations to innumerable entities:  
Man, Organisations, Processes, Codes... Gosh darn let me hold in the rest.  
Let me contain the test, they're all allergic to fraud free.  
They've brought to drain my once fruitful aspiration tree.  
They obtain my riped hopes using stones of their attractive features,  
Just to adopt them as diets, now they've strive hard to devour all.  
I offered my hopes to Just a bunchful of counterfeit processes,  
Untrustworthy humans, they framed a see blocking view to never behold my  
needing state.

Every other pillar out their I donated my hope to just handled my feelings as a  
toilet roll fate.  
My last now is my music and poetry.  
The hope is hungry, it yearns for liberty,

For me, from my buried invisible and unrecognized ability,  
My perceived dead humanity.  
I've been scribbling dark dictions dead in the night, tryna make my talent cry.  
Ignition of fire sessions consistently in the booth.  
Beating my chest saying  
'Bo me na man, bo me na man'  
But deep in my heart and deep in my art I fail to soothe,  
The burdens that have been pulling me down, hope axing that have been giving  
me bath.  
My music, my poetry, my tone of plight, Cross my heart this last hope must reap  
me a glorious and plenish path.

© Talentocks ????

Enoch Cole

# The Prestigious Awol Awards

## THE PRESTIGIOUS AWOL AWARDS

What can be more awesome and flaming with prestige like the AWOL AWARDS?  
A platform that commends, complement and tear out rewards,  
To deserved individuals and make them silverware lords.  
This unique organization is too eligible for a standing ovation.  
On the instance it came into existence,  
It sends a serene magnetic attraction for innumerable applauds and thumbs up,  
Because it storms with peculiar and unimaginable goals.  
This platform's recognition for credibility and beams is going to be  
insurmountable, cross my heart and soul.  
No hurdle will ever succeed in shaking this grounded table

All works of life awards,  
It supports encourage and complement efforts.  
Assures distinct aspects of occupations that their good fight against failure  
causes endless riots.  
AWOL AWARDS is voice, a talking parrot,  
For voiceless prolificals striving to justify their essence but their tones ain't heard.  
This platform was really formatted well, see the beauty of it's been,  
Precisely for Kaffu Bullom community and Sierra Leone at large.  
Whilst the downgrading and daunting of talents was prominent,  
It just unexpectedly barges,  
Barges in and it's like wow, what a development.

Be it Sports, Academic, entertainment, promotion and more,  
All these categories are going to dine on a slice of this nutritious pie.  
Nominations will be erected like flags,  
Only an entity will stoop out victorious from any group.  
The rest will surely not loose courage and bravery.  
No one will be a loser, for being nominated alone is savagery.  
The runners up I'm sure will even generate more energy, pace and power to win  
the next year by all cost.  
Every winner of course will feel like dripping on ice,  
Amazement and joy will make them frost,  
Failure finding it's prey will instead fall a mice.

Deserved individuals will be automated to silverware lords,  
Or sword lords, because every silverware is a sword,  
To slay any discouragement and pessimism whenever you sight it or take a look

at it,  
So I say hail AWOL AWARDS, kudos.  
Keep up the good work,  
You'll consistently be appreciated.

© Talentocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# Gift To The World [ep] 1

GIFT TO THE WORLD [EP 1]

I'm a donation to this planet, earth.

Yet to get the clue from any mankind since birth,

Why the world finds the process rigged and rugged conceiving me.

My spirit in a world of it's own beholds me sitting on top of the world figuratively.

This present world though ain't ready for that instance to be made literally.

I'm a gem, charity to earth from heaven.

My endowment and features flies far above the Raven.

Reality check,

I was supposed to be authorizing a world of my own, a Sceptre control.

Why in my body and soul I can perceive I'm unappreciated?

Give me my flowers while I'm still breathing so I can coddle them to combat the cold.

I loathe that Mohbad category, this world can really freeze it's conscience cold.

It is confused with sycophant scorpions, Anti-hypocrisy eyes glaring them so bold.

I'm a poet, playwright, story writer songwriter and a rapper.

Done all I can to hold for ransom a likkle attention on a wrapper.

I won't stop though for no dream raider,

Silence: sleeping on a gift alone is raiding it of it's value.

I'll pile on the pressure on the competition of achieves.

I just wrote this to jerk back the universe from it's snoring on me.

I'm a gift, please utilize me.

The saying 'Your best friend is yourself', is vivid,

Cos I perceive my spirit imagining me on top of the world sitting.

© Talentocks ???? ??? ???

Enoch Cole

# The Beautiful Ones Are Here

ENOCH COLE

THE BEAUTIFUL ONES ARE HERE

My attention is negligent about who wrote the book:  
The beautiful ones are not yet born, I forsook,  
Planting my concentration on the context or the look,  
As I'm even yet to have a glance or grasp of the book.  
But men, I eye this existence as a book.  
I've been reading thoroughly over it again and again,  
Just for it's knowledge and mine to clause a hook.

One concept I've got to figure out,  
After my ears have been troubled enough on debates over thus:  
The Beautiful ones are yet to be born or they are been born already.  
I got to find out that the Beautiful ones are here after all.  
Being beautiful according to my perception is not been charming and pretty.  
From what I've harvested, being beautiful does not instinctively and conscience  
wise talks about your outward appearance.

Being admirable and cute is when you have a good heart, soft and sweet like raspberries.

Preaching and practicing humility, even if it was a disease,  
But lo, after all it's not.

Being georgous is being cleansed from the attributes of jealousy and envy.

Being adored as an angel is when you're been virtuous.

Howbeit, you turning out to be praised as stunning and handsome sounds  
superfluous only when you're renowned to be responsible.

Having your dignity and integrity locked in you.

That's only when I will succumb with your indefinite backbiters.

Hailing you, charming and pretty, if these are a defect,

Surely those chantings are back stabbings.

The beautiful ones are here, those that fare with every positive and ovation  
deserved vibe.

Moreover, the only privileged and proud beauty there is,

Is the God - giving.

Every other painted by cosmetics is scam craving.

© Talentocks ??????????

Enoch Cole



# Happiness

HAPPINESS

Happiness...

Happiness, what is happiness?

Is it just a feeling? .

Well, I feel happiness,

But it's far beyond feeling,

It exceeds your normal imagination,

It involves combination of other constitutions to match it's valuation.

But in my own judgement station,

Which subsists as none other but my mind,

Obtaining this summary of mine was a grind,

I perspired to draw this conclusion: .

Happiness is being grateful,

For any pleasant thing,

Little be it or big, executing love,

And showing no hope for a reciprocal.

Being humble, loyal and righteous,

Not limiting these to the prominent but also to the name.

Armed with good energy and vibe for all humanity,

Even those that hate you and wish to be notified that you are the source of people's pity.

Scrambling to interact even when you're spurned multiple times.

Stay napping consistently on good health,

For wealth without health is like bad breath.

Owing no Adam and Eve a dime.

Not suspected or held for any crime whatsoever, or any dubious act.

Happiness can be identified when you bury your pride.

How can one be spotted with stripes of ego and pioneer happiness?

Being literate, having intact your five senses, to align with the sixth: happiness.

Happiness is a whole sense on it own.

Interceding for those your enemies that want you dead, and others that eye thee a nugatory.

Conclusively on my perception about happiness, is when you have your sanity in place.

Peradventure there's any other my horizon misplaced, let it be an untold story.

Folks that may scorn this theory, to hell.

For you and I ain't in the same category,  
So you may bring your fallacy.

© Talentocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# Grief Will Come. Good Will Come [a&b]

GRIEF WILL COME. GOOD WILL COME

[A]

It's just obvious,

Grief will visit and good also will greet us.

I've got an extreme certainty about that,

I can't conclude for thee, maybe you're Thomas, crowned with thongs of doubt.

I've lost my lover, my mother, my father, my sibling, close relative, dearest friend or an essential racket.

Or my sweet something, oh! that thing I cherish so dearly.

One or multiple of these may be the culprit of my grief.

I know it really pains, I've lost joy to a thief,

Grief it is.

Grief paid me an arrival, but i refused to entertain it.

Courtesy of that he laid on me his anger, wickedness and craft.

Grief is a partner to flight,

Flight of death and separation,

They united and launched at me,

Now my soul is in a wretched motion.

Grief you see, grief you're happy.

But in all this occurrence,

I've discerned a code: where there is pessimism there is hope.

Grief which I loathe is all mine,

Good which I love will take time.

Good which I caress, will in a griffey land,

And dissolve, and insecticate grief,

And take it rightful occupance in my life, hope is a belief,

Once you burden all your faith on it,

It will make you feel and realize that it is real.

I know, I believe,

Grief will come, yea good will assassinate it eventually.

[B]

I'm optimistic and cocksure my life will taste bliss.

When good eventually shows, grief will pay it bills,

Bills it owes, me for habitating my soul without my good feel.

The dues is the easy access without scramble it will make for goodness into my existence,

The good stands as those good visitors that will console and bring me rose feel.  
Those magnetic things that will happen, and sweet my soul.  
Those elements will make me dismiss the thoughts of those nullifying encounters  
of mine.

© Talentocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# Echoes Of Past Nightmares

## ECHOES OF PAST NIGHTMARES

These days my nights have been messy.  
Nowadays my eyes have been spotting things damn dirty.  
Echoes of past nightmares,  
Upsetting my peace day in and out, I need prayers.

I do not need to keep recapitulating myself that I'm a loner.  
Not again, by simply beholding me you will tell.  
My soul have endured distinct insurmountable nightmares,  
Horrors such as repeated dating declines, toxic relationship heartbreaks.  
Nightmares of false allegations, overturned business proposals.  
Agonies of failed expectations, wasted labour, unfaithfulness of pals,  
And many more of which if I was not resilient to bear,  
Men I would have died.

And yet, though I survived all these,  
The scars have been echoing lately, chasing me crazily,  
While I'm alone in the dark nights.  
My mind racing, making me lazy.  
The echoes of those past nightmares are so aloud,  
They make me envisage so loud,  
How frustrating those showdowns were,  
This have been causing those recovering wounds to spread back like crowd.  
Echoes of my past nightmares, when I reminiscence them,  
They play threat at my neck, this encounters,  
When romancing me, makes me feel I need more than a prayer.

© Talentrocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# Uncharted Waters

UNCHARTED WATERS

Uncharted...

Little drops of liquid now made ocean effortlessly...

Sekkling down with me and...

Oh! what am I even talking about?

Absorbers sorry, my bad.

All I'm saying is there are uncharted waters,

Which been not explored and mapped before, can cause danger and wreckage to sea transports.

Mankind we're all cursed to experience and suffer uncharted waters.

Every man born of a woman life is a ship.

We're all bound to experience uncharted waters,

Though they are by a lucky and unlucky flip.

How, why? we may ask.

Everybody, no matter who you are, is like obligated to go through a misfortune, ask,

Any living breath alive, they must tell you they've been through distinct setbacks.

We're all prone to must suffer a agonizing misfortune we never saw coming.

Afflictions that we never expected or been through before,

Those experiences are uncharted waters.

Never mapped or explored by the crew, will unexpectedly flow out and cause troubles for the ship.

Some pilgrims are lucky than others.

The uncharted waters faced by their ships are not too threatening and life calling.

Some though, been unlucky and miserable will face such.

Moreover, inspite of all these there is the greatest uncharted waters that can't be escaped.

Death it is, irrespective the force of your ship,

It will eventually subdue to its face Uncharted waters, our obstacles.

© Talentrocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# Untold Stories

## UNTOLD STORIES

We just have to apprehend this,  
Even if we desire not:

Untold stories when revealed brings home bewilderment and troubled ease.  
Having been finally uncovered and unsealed will no longer rot,  
But tear out plain.

I, staring at myself knows that I've got untold stories.  
I fare every now and then with dirty secrets.  
Knifing me serenely in my eyes you may realise that,  
I've ignited hell,  
Been through it,  
And felt tongs of hell.

I've toiled through millions of stories,  
I've sat you to knowledge on many of those phases.  
But thousands more I have long arrayed with a raiment and crown of mysteries.  
Men, I've witnessed miseries!  
Of surety my life's a book, but flipping through it an hundred times,  
You only continue comprehending the findings I let you to.  
I've got untold secrets in my mind,  
Serpent poisoning stories in my heart.  
If I spill them out, you may pity me.  
Yea of course you may also instatenously loathe and delete me.  
Men if you know them you may help me, like you were my therapist.  
All these may's may happen,  
Cos if I let them out now, they may be sorrowful, fear giving or painful.  
So I've just decided to hold them in, maybe till death,  
Maybe not, I may gush them out when suffocated with them, inspite of any  
aftermath.  
But for now they're untold stories.

© Talentocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# What Would My First Love Say

WHAT WOULD MY FIRST LOVE SAY?

Habitually, I just laze about, sit or nap,  
While i drunk off in meditation about love.  
To be deeply sincere, love's a fabulous curve.  
Yea, I'm still scrambling to be in love,  
That's my flaw, my bad, but love,  
I know it is a beautiful thing, an amazing feeling.

But what I have been pondering greatly under this affection aspect,  
Is what would my first love say.  
That she intuited and felt the same as I did,  
At our first immediate encounter?  
Or I was the solo go - getter that got attracted to the perculiar wine next to the  
counter,  
Which I eventually obtained.  
Or if hunted her for what may seem like decades,  
Would she say she willfully caused me chasing to measure my love rate?  
Would she reveal that I stole her heart from another fella?  
Would she vow to be mine forever? .

Would she say she ain't here to be my lover for benefit?  
Or would she claim she loath all my likings with contempt fit.  
Would she say she love me for who I am?  
Or her behaviours would speak for itself that she's here for my wealth and  
power.  
Would she promise to be with me in hot and cold, good and bad?  
Would she say she adores everything about me including my family?  
These and many I contemplate during my calm and serene meditations about  
love,  
Lord God, what would my first love say? .

© Talentrocks ??????????

Enoch Cole



# The Name We Call Grief

## THE NAME WE CALL GRIEF

Humans we loath writing home about,  
The word call grief, I doubt,  
If it's not a villain, known as grief.  
The name we call grief,  
It's the backwash of been like: 'I can't believe! '.  
Of the existence of grief we may never array a belief,  
Unless it unexpectedly stopover us and leave us with itself: grief.

If only I can imagine the situation of one wallowing in grief,  
Like a sown seed fantasizing how a grown tree cope with too many burdens of a  
leaf.  
He will correspond thus, while sighing with bitter Sweet relief:  
Flipping hell, gosh darn! we used to share everything.  
We used to coddle when nights get cold.  
We did combined battles, dine together, play together, in hot and cold.  
Discussed with each other our challenges, we were closest friends.  
Why have you see me off to a vagabond end? why! ? .

Because we lose contact with those we love,  
Due to sudden breath end or a repatriative end,  
Repatriation of whatsoever.  
We feel grave though we're still in earth.  
We perceive the vacancy of those in our hearts.  
Which is now lonesome and broken cos they are no more in our lives.  
And grief have bumped in unwelcomed and unannounced,  
Took advantage of our loss, by playing with our sad emotions.  
And make love with our pains.  
The name we call grief,  
It's unexplainable, the aftermath of 'I can't believe! '.  
© Talenrocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# My Bliss

MY BLISS

Girl, you're my bliss.  
You stamped presence in my life and depart fleas.  
Damsel, please don't cease.  
Yea, you consistently rain on me joy and ease.

Love so still like a sacred stream,  
Is what we're sealed in.  
Yea, we have our flaws like bad breath,  
But to trouble our still love, that they ain't felt.  
Nay, we ain't moved by any troubling  
aiming to plunder our nest.

Girl, you're my bliss.  
Just go ahead with your endowed skills.  
Such as beautifying for me,  
Plating me my favorite meals,  
Understanding things that soothes me and those that kill.  
When you offer to feed me you don't tease me with the spoon.  
For there's time for Evey activity under the sun and moon,  
That's your law, rule, stance and view.  
You're just perfect like watching at the moon.  
When I'm around you it feels like living in the moon.  
If that was a probability, we will be the only occupants in the moon.

Girl, you love me with gravitational devotion!  
I vow to never take that for granted, because you abrase me consistently with  
love lotion.  
I will always reciprocate cos your unending love alone is a caution.  
Girl, you're my bliss, my perfect portion.

© Talentrocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# This Is Poetry

THIS IS POETRY

FEATURING ENOCH COLE, IBRAHIM SORIE MANSARAY, EDEM FODEKA,  
PRINCESS WALTER, OREEOLUWA JOSHUA, WISDOM DANIEL, ESE OSE AND  
TAMBA JABBIE KENDEMA.

When Dawn ensued on men,  
The Sumerian swords were ink and pen.  
From beyond this era rose the journey,  
Bureaucracies of endless literary army,  
In dreadful allusion of ballads and histories,  
Beyond visible shades and mysteries,  
We've waited long for this day,  
To celebrate poetry in a glorious way.

© IBRAHIM SORIE MANSARAY

I want to write.  
But, my mind says it is not right.  
To put my brains on a paper light.  
Well, I didn't pick a fight.  
I give it a thought over the night.  
There, I know there is a plight,  
Which would have been a fight,  
That would have created a sight.  
Meanwhile, I don't even have the might,  
To stand any such fight.

Poetry clothes the world,  
With words of adoration.  
Poetry feeds the world,  
With wisdom and knowledge.  
Poetry has the key to literature.  
Poetry is beautiful.

© EDEM FODEKA

Our hearts aches from the pummels of years gone before.

Our mouths are heavy with the same dreadful stories of woes.

Our eyes rove 360° round the shores,

But

We are surrounded by foes.

Our ears do not give consent, for our foes will do nothing but silence us.

The more we defer our story telling, the faster our pulse, our hearts quake with great tremor.

'Who will bail us? '

Mother earth must know of the cruel treatment meted out to her peaceful occupants.

Posterity must never forgive cruelty.

Retribution must perform it's prosecutorial duty.

'Who will bail us'? I ask again?

We must let our springs of anguish gush down the alleys of history.

Then our ten tiny fingers squeaked.

'I pledge!

I pledge to tell our stories of woes as awfully as I can.

I pledge to dance to the rhythm of your pulse, my dearest heart.

I pledge to go beyond the territories of the mouth.

I pledge to write till my tips bleed nothing but ink.

I pledge to tell our story to the Mayors of all cities.

I pledge to tell it to the royal children of England.

I pledge to make it a nursery rhyme for the puny children of Africa.

I pledge to smear every generation with the ink of our anguish, till history is unable to erode the stain of my ink.

© PRINCESS WALTER

Poetry: a specie of mystery.

Poetry: an eventuality occurring after the swerving round of not just another imagination, round about a scribbling Servant horizon's territory.

Poetry: volcano of thoughts erupted after an interesting, aught occurrence or scenery.

Poetry: the source of a conceived perculiar expression, the poetic ideas penned down to make them immortal.

Poetry: the factor through which bards muster their minds: a visual.

So if you're one: a poet, the sooner you captivate an inspiration, end the innocent Page's career,

And make poetry a proud mother.

© TALENTROCKS

Beautiful sync of words and quotes,  
Symphonic blend of rhymes and sounds,  
That tells the tales of love and war,  
Or sings ballads of wondrous sights.  
It tells us of the news of old,  
And speaks of all the great creations,  
It bears the pains and woes of history,  
And bleeds it down in nursery rhymes,  
It shares the burdens of dearest hearts,  
In wisest words and deep knowledge,  
Carrying along the messages,  
Of broken hearts and sleepless nights,  
Of broken trusts and bitter truths,  
The solitudes and wandering souls,  
The illusive charms and the white lies,  
All penned down with the stain of ink,  
This is the key to literature,  
This is the art we call poetry.

© OREEOLUWA JOSHUA

Poetry our soul.  
Poetry our hearts.  
Poetry our emotions.  
Feelings that can never be changed to express in words, with deep meaning.  
Poetry our medicine that heals every broken hearts.  
A powerful tool used in the diction of language.  
A powerful genre of literature, showing the true nature of mankind.

© WISDOM DANIEL

I want to see a million things,  
I want to touch a million hearts.  
I want to express myself vividly through my art.  
Poetry is a mirror to my soul,  
A pathway through my conceived thoughts and desires.  
Poetry is an instrument through which I convey my emotions.  
My love for poetry will never wane,  
The gift of this art is a heightened expression of love.

© ESE OSE

Poetry: a specie of mystery.

Poetry: an eventuality occurring after the swerving round of not just another imagination, round about a scribbling Servant horizon's territory.

Poetry: volcano of thoughts erupted after an interesting, aught occurrence or scenery.

Poetry: the source of a conceived peculiar expression, the poetic ideas penned down to make them immortal.

Poetry: the factor through which bards muster their minds: a visual.

So if you're one: a poet, the sooner you captivate an inspiration, end the innocent Page's career,

And make poetry a proud mother.

© TALENTROCKS

Being tyrannically imprisoned,

By my pen and sheet.

Just as did the Emperor of Rome to the seven sleepers.

Looting, inking and cementing varieties of perspectives,

Lyrical in rhythmical lines

Concocting oxymorous event joyously,

Bitter and sweet experiences

Defeats and triumphs,

Struggles and moments of glory,

To soothe my wretched literal soul.

Oh this genre called poetry!

You convey messages embroidered and shaped with lessons for folks to understand.

Disproportionately contributing to tell me stories.

Ones that give didactic virtues,

And tells me more about my genesis

As an immediate path, is how you've made yourself.

Transiting us to become better people,

And be that change we want.

How even can I portray you? !

Should I ascribe you as being the palliative of our weak morals? !

Are you too vegetative to be the fruit,

The fruit that soothingly soothings our minds? !

What if I assuredly describe you as the mother?

For thou art nurture our path in the realm of human existence.

This is poetry.

© TAMBA JABBIE KENDEMA

When the probability of this young lad with a blind - brightening star was all said and done,

To collapse in wonderment and attraction towards this genre, which once fallen in  
love with can't be armoured with bygone,  
Though endowed with pessimism and doubt to ever find it interesting and  
amusing which could lay his find unimpressive feature on a lawn,  
Then came interest, passion and love for this brand, never plead for an access to  
indulge the lad, it just had it's way like it used a threat gun.  
Now this youngster is forever grateful for the delve, his ambience now for this  
field is an insane run,  
Insane run of form, loving this genre to the point been one of it scribblers.  
He's even a creator of the epic branch, sampling this precise work, words  
multiplication gilters.  
I'm that lad, I end brills ink careers for fun.  
This is poetry.  
Though noto a gem wae get fans dem insai me contri,  
Yet I asses it as a fantastic and magneficient view.  
I loath eyeing it run down like a waste water from a flush pipe view.  
I wanna slide it completely from that perspective many people now percept it, as  
faeces in a latrine.  
Many folks no longer respect it's essential nor it's latin.  
Above it flames I cook strategies and new genres just to restore it past glories.  
I pen down like mad redefining poetry eachday through different stories.  
I scribble consistently like making yummy fries, I wanna break marks.  
What must I say of myself, poetry police?  
Poetry scribbling junta, warch wae a dae extend threatening numbers to John  
Randal Bradburne.  
Still far away, but it's only a matter of time before I dethrone him for most  
imaginative aftermath: poems.  
Poetry is just my second to none, I trust it's process than girls.  
Poetry will never lead to a number of brawls.  
One love and knowledge to all those who love poetry,  
Precisely those having helped this work to be a success.  
This shows you're all really passionate, diehard and committed in constantly  
serving this tea.  
I see poetry as there's always an obligation to write after an imaginative, event  
occurring and a beauty witnessing occurrence.  
Poetry is power,  
Poetry is life,  
Poetry is an amused site,  
Poetry is every brilliant feature you think there is.  
© Talentrocks ??????????





# Depression

## DEPRESSION

Here I soar again,  
On the wings of depression.  
I'm on cloud nine level,  
With the company of the devil.  
Depression is an axe,  
It bumply cuts deep into my spongy flesh,  
When my ambition and dreams were erect and fresh.  
Now behold my wretched eventuality, I'm on level terms with dax.

Don't take into cognizance this smile I wear like veil.  
I'm not good, I'm not fine, I'm dead inside.  
I need help, I'm going through hell.  
Me always telling you I'm great, it's all lie.  
I don't just need you worrying and keeping tabs on me.

There are demons in my brain.  
I'm doing things insane.  
I'm seeming like a nugae  
I'm engaging in dirty and dangerous activities in the secret.  
Depression is killing me slowly.  
All my dreams and determinations are now lonely.  
Depression have taken reign over my soul and body,  
Due to some occurrences that strucked the dwelling of my peace and harmony.  
Oh those memories!  
Depression is now my heal - sickening song and melody.

© Talentocks ???????????

Enoch Cole

# Let's Ride

LETS RIDE

Girl love me now, later may be late.  
See, we don't have a time to waste.  
Come on now let's relate.

Don't tell me you fancy me not and leave.  
My emotions towards you grips my sleeve.  
Don't let me weep in grieve.

Let's ride.  
We shall not die.  
Your love tastes like pie.  
This is not an emotional lie.

I can be your guy.  
Anything you fancy I buy.  
Morning till sunset by your side.  
Your beauty endlessly shines.  
My mood being with you is as if I'm overtaken with wine.

With me you get the best ride.  
Whenever I'm around you I feel so high.  
So let's ride.

©Talentrocks ??????????

Enoch Cole

# Unappreciated

UNAPPRECIATED

My spirit is lonesome and unappreciated.  
Uncountable happenings can be related.  
The world didn't relate to my efforts, now my predicaments.  
I'm the one playing my sounds and dancing on my own.  
Unappreciation and loneliness indulges me to groan;  
I want myself clone!

I need no counsel, that's the motive I have deviated myself.  
I have already gone through millions of motivations and counsels,  
Of which at every close I rebrand myself to be a relentless elf.  
But as evermore these are the stuffs I found on my shelf;  
I am considered a nugatory.  
The better I strive to interact: the harder the world ignores me like an invisible fairy.  
The greater and more magical I do things to catch its attention and focus towards me:  
The stronger it waves me down and sees that my efforts betray me.  
The worthier I serve to see my perspiration gains recognition:  
The lambastingly and constantly the world sentences my spirit into a pit of omission.  
The more purer I try to be guiltless of crimes and negative actions:  
The more constantly they bullet me with persecutions and allegations.  
The more steadfast I do things to be commended for once:  
The more expanded it ruthlessly rebukes and reprimands me of flaws and claws.  
The ferociously I pounce to achieve:  
The furiously it tracks hurdles on my way to see me fall short of my motive.

These incitations have seen me in ultimate loneliness.  
I lean against my recliner in a dark solitary room.  
Swimming on my pains and drowning on my sorrows.  
Sorrows of which I never aspired for looms.  
I'm now left unappreciated and lonely.

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# Dancing In The Dark

## DANCING IN THE DARK

Babe, are you not scared I might not be competent for the fight?  
The scramble of managing this your spotless adoring soul?  
I'm totally disabled, Manning mine.  
My life is a mess, an ultimatum fine.  
Now you aim to lay yours being more snowy on the same line?

You've marooned your Mansion for my hovel.  
Have you lost your wits? we're not on the same level.  
Your life's an eagle to the fowl; mine.  
I used to live all alone, stucked in my deprived state; I'm fine,  
Now you've halted my accepted fate; it's a sign.

Every night I use to drown on my favourite tunes of: Runtown, Johnny Drille and I-tribe.

But no dancing to complement them,  
But now you've indulged me, damn.

It seems like a tradition I'm not accustomed to; realms.

We're dancing in the dark, with you between my arms,  
you made me fall for this, now we're dancing crazy.

You've made me forgive my challenges oh my lady.

I now pray the occasion not to take a u-turn.

Cos the sooner it does: I may restore again to my sores and burns.

I just want to sway with my Angel I've found,  
Forevermore!

Until this event sends a magnetic attention to the world, to square our score.

Can't imagine it, I'm dancing, oh my word! .

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# Sad Valentine

SAD VALENTINE

Hey! looking me dead in my eyes, you can tell that this Rock is more than a mere lad scribbling lines.

Ear troubling understatements professing my unrivalled qualities, the signs. My psychic features can flame blame of incompetence contain, on two enormous barns.

Yet I'm single, I serve on repeat my distressing jingle.

I'm defected having fans.

Curse trouble me to death if I should ever muster, 'I am not loved, ' ungrateful. But the way that unusual love, care and affection interlace through some souls like a ring deals with a finger, on this day.

Since the yield of my conceiving to date, never had I tumble into the lake of the beautiful occurrence of valentine.

Staring dead in my eyes you can vividly tell,

How gravely it looks from loath over a valentine that does not play fair.

People cross the hearts of others even before it comes clear.

Anticipating gifts and love, while I sit by limbo, it's curve,

Lost in the same mood for uncertain miracles to fall.

But Rock, does this event calls for a fine?

Because how could I Cruise on a car of invisibility.

That's how it seems,

Considering no soul of Adam and Eve ever showed me seeds.

Whilst multitudes out there meet Valentine's breeds.

But... But me, have I ever shown someone that perculiar love on Valentine's day?

No, But how possibly may I when I am not accustomed to the custom.

I loath a valentine that does not play a fair summon.

My mates are mates with the custom,

Favored by the platform.

But I, oh God damn it! maybe Rock you should find me an angel,

So on the next occurrence I can activate the clauses of this label.

Cos this valentine of mine is ruined again.

Sad valentine, it pains.

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# The Most Beautiful Thing

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING

When I was moulded from the dust of clay,  
Or whatever substance thereof that emanates the structure that is burdened to  
make hay.

Lord you breathe into me life,  
A precious prize, free from strife.  
Hallowed with an elegant and graceful sight.  
Yet you require from my hands not a slice of price.

This breath i have, I correspond with my solicitude so close.  
Lord not me, but my folks declare with solemnity that life's not a bed of rose.  
But I can recognise that obtaining it is all but a mile of pasture.  
So my deity have clemency on them, for the afflictions and pains of this Earth,  
causing that declarence, brought about the lure.

Existence is beautiful as nature.  
Whenever we walk through it's shore,  
We're cocksure no one's going to gift an hedge to nature,  
By grading the ditto to be slightly awesome over life, thou nature:  
Breath is a beautiful thing.  
Life is an immortal feeling.  
My people presume it's all but done during death,  
But I am confused why I'm convinced that it's just the dawn of a new breath.  
Considering we're been admonished at our distinct religious grounds,  
That life after death is bound.  
What's there that can be more fascinating than an immortal sound?  
None: so life is an experience I cherish so dearly.  
Even in the center of trauma, agony and unwelcoming brevity.  
What then is the most beautiful thing? life.  
©Talentrocks???????????

Enoch Cole

# Something About Love

## SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE

Spasmodically, the eventuality of a romantic ambience languish and away doth scrubs.

But supposing fate gives in, it replenish itself again,

And we hype the late occurrence to be an evergreen shrub.

Babe, in anything we do let's keep head up high so we could avert those events projecting to pester and disturb,

Disturb the sweet fountain flow of our love terrain.

So I assert, but we could be drowned beneath the waves of those events.

Likely somehow: anyhow.

Because the billows roll of those events, being disappointing, may subdue our forbearance.

Thereby leading us to bow,

Bow to the aftermath of those happenings: heartbreak.

Oh heartbreak, we concede you because of infidelity and other negative acts.

That loss of composure, over weighing obsession, earnest emotion and caring. And there's skepticism and sometimes making up of mind on traveling through those features ever again.

Considering the scars of the sores of despair.

But supposing fate gives in, it replenish itself again.

And we fall again for our forsaken features of being in love.

This fate unarguably reacts on approximately all Adam and Eve,

So whenever heartbreak doth hits, let's be courageous and contemplate not suicide or blood cries.

It is always what it is.

But while it plays on us not as it is, yet...

Let's leave the car of our forgone despairs,

And advance to our new, but usual mansion: love.

This is something about love, it's no fallacy.

©Talentrocks????

Enoch Cole

# Hurricane

HURRICANE

Oh no... Oh no!

Captain: the undertaking of my seamen is impending,

We are encompassed by an hurricane.

We both can relate to the fact that there's gonna be a quandary fostering them  
to execute their responsibilities like a levite in a fane.

But decisively I'm going to discreet this troubling hurricane.

A paddle can do, just moan my name as my oar crows.

Yea, moan it slow.

Yea, let me paddle and row.

Say, 'you genuinely knows how to stray my storm show'.

You are the begetter of the hurricane,

My paddle is more of an Harry Kane.

Your storm's not solid, but peradventure climax yields,

I will establish from my oar a crane.

Yea, so just... moan my name slow.

Yea, let me... paddle and row.

To me it's all but a nice go.

©Talentrocks???????????

 PoemHunter.com

Enoch Cole



# Strucked

STRUCKED

I'm strucked oh I'm strucked!

Loneliness strikes me like cyclone.

My situation has land by the milestone.

The incidental hit disposes a scar, now I bare my cross all alone.

My life is a dark forsaken room,

Long raided by thugs and goons.

They faze like the incredible shape of a loom.

Raiders of peace, joy, company and harmony.

On many occasions I strive to zoom,

But under their superiorities I was already a colony.

I feel ultimately grave.

I reckon myself a coward, no more brave.

This loneliness makes me determine my view as I'm coddled by cave.

The company I desire is nowhere around,

The life I fancy I wobble to access, and it's expedient I perceive it profound.

Every moves about my wretched soul is as snail.

Maybe I need my clone to help me expound,

Expound vividly the stone in my mind.

I'm drunk with cognac of pains,

2,4,7 my excess reasoning spills again.

I'm clueless about how to relate, it strains.

My life leans hopelessly against the wall, buried in stupor of isolation and deprivation.

This raided room is left with none,

Other than bottles of ale portraying a cure for contentment to be addicted to loneliness.

I'm now lonely for fun.

I'm strucked oh I'm strucked! .

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# Morning Love

## MORNING LOVE

When I wake up in the morning,  
I wanna behold you in my arms,  
With your spotless and tender soul on my palms.  
Still sleeping as I stare into your eyes.  
I could not believe my sight,  
I'm fortunate to earn an angel free from scars,  
And whose life portrays no duplicity of stripes.  
Thou art more gracious and bright.  
Left stunned and whispered into your ears the words 'I love you with caress and care'.  
And then kiss your forehead slow.  
And you're finally up it shows.

When I wake up with you next to me,  
I love the way you reveal to me things, crazy things.  
You're the air that I breathe.  
It's morning yet you shower me with love,  
And every other morning it's your routine equation we solve.  
I'm now accustomed to your dawn sup.  
Every morning I feel high, I got a Miriam who aids me up.  
You just encounter Moses, so what's up? .

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# Close

CLOSE

My beloved, come close.

Give me something, give me rose.

Oh mother my deceiver give me love of ice let me froze.

My beloved, come show.

Give me something, give me slow.

Oh murderer, oh seducer, give me excess love let it flow.

It's been froze outside,

Girl I want us to meet in.

It is cold inside,

Babe I want you to coddle with me.

I got a table for twain,

Meant for you and me.

Please produce no twines.

I live a very lonely life,

Thou art not here as my wife,

But to blunt my emotions sharper as knife.

My beloved, come close.

Give me something, give me rose.

Oh mother my deceiver give me love of ice let me froze.

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# Loneliness: The Certified Loner

## LONELINESS: THE CERTIFIED LONER

You may never cart away a knowledge about this term,  
Neither will you amount an accurate definition for it, firm.  
Not until you tumble into it's unclean pond.  
Loneliness is an iniquity, a dilemma about liberty formed.  
A certified loner can be a competent narrator to sum,  
Sum causes and justifications that may lead to this destined aftermath.

A certified loner may be bouncing on a very cozy and comfortable life,  
With not a single speck of recallings to worry about,  
All his fancyings and desires laying at his square like a forte.  
Nothing at all standing as a defect to cut luxury's short.

Precipately, some obnoxious happenings may fall on the court,  
And discomfit the whole strategy.  
A strategy once going well, a once blooming destiny,  
Will now be shattered, broken and fidgeted for no penury.  
An existence once dominated by bliss will now be substituted for by what we  
mumur; I'm lonely,  
And the authority that takes governance is loneliness.  
A loner loaths being lonely,  
It was never his aspired story,  
It was never gratified,  
Cos it does not sooths to witness and satisfy.

But now strucks abruptly,  
And he very disappointed and daunted restores into this stint:  
Loneliness and he now lonely sweats from it's heat.  
The perspiration being the consequences of being lonely,  
After effects you will learn from thus collection:  
The certified loner procession or loneliness motion.  
Loneliness define session.

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# Harmattan

## HARMATTAN

The cold: it pours as ice on our skin,

The gelid grapples our rind,

And our combats resemble those of the fishes scales.

That when we chafe our smarting occurrence we view the upshot on our coating  
sallow and chalky.

The cold: it pours as ice on our skin.

Whenever the wind blows in a waft or draft takes a seat.

We are pondering the timid and concerned mood our forgone begetters were at  
their initial experience of this atmospheric nature being damn frigid.

Because even the sun's reign during this circle stands ineffectual.

As a matter of fact the sunlight makes us dizzy.

Dost our neighbors degenerate to dust and regenerate from ice?

Likewise us.

Because we perceive an unusual experience tops on us.

That chilly feel whenever we touch,

Somethings we sense by the feel or clutch.

Scribble scarce about water, let's spare that for the pouch.

The cold: it pours as ice on our skin.

Chapped lips, rough crust, gritty vision.

Harmattan what's your mission.

The breeze is uncontrollable and chilly.

At night we don't know what's our utmost longing,

The bed or the sheeting.

To battle it all way out combating harmattan's cold.

Harmattan,

A season with tough pattern.

Cold dry wind with heavy dust laden particles.

Wide fluctuations in day and night ambient temperatures.

Year complementing rules.

©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole

# This Existence

## THIS EXISTENCE

What is the heart piercing comeliness of this existence we so cherish?  
Why read we not amidst the lines for us to procure an intuition that it's  
salubrious gains are all but slavish?

When one is born he's established a naming ceremony and a welcoming toss to  
this mighty agonizing world.

Oh that babe, ignorant ultimately about all activities during it's morning.

But we have ascertained he will be certain, yea we know many.

As he grows and perceive the scent of evil he met here, he discerns it good to  
do.

Now as he unfolds his imitations, he is cursed, striked, beaten, molested,  
reprimanded, detained.

By kinsmen of this same imitation, no one to reveal or constrain.

When the sooner one is competent to learn, he is forced into the armour and  
armed with sword.

The most optimised barn as they profess,

To easily subdue Goliath: the moolah.

Immediately one realises it's essential, though being the root of evil and asses  
the subdue as a must but feels this armour and sword are a burden to him and  
shrugs them off, thereby tracing the streets in search of sling and stones to take  
to the battle as his own assumed weapons of succeeding,

They conclude and eye the individual to have gone disoriented and off to the  
rails.

No more helping hands, but negligent and negative wands.

Inasmuch as one embark on a goal and taste the deadly counter attack of failure,

All he will ever derive in return is a couple of dry taps of motivation on the back,  
some signifying stabs and a million flowers of rebuke, daunting and reprimand  
comments,

And he alone has to bare his cross of a new outset.

Hence one bag an achievement of a precise aspiration,

He gets enough flowers and some to shear.

Cos they are called together by good and depraved vibes.

Some commend and praise with positivity, some negativity, others jealousy and  
envy, and thereby seek the champion's life to witness a levy.

At the close of the achievement unveiling no one lends a c about his next hop.

When the sooner one call off the grave-light of bachelorhood or a spinster  
challenge for the duskiness of marriage,  
The multitude to celebrate with them outweighs a sight.  
Much gifts and congratulation messages for the couple's might.  
Afterwards not a single soul from that mass is going to bare the share of the  
hiccups and pains faced in their homes.  
Some neither ain't gonna care to care where stands their set stone.

Before your life is required of ye.  
Most of you abide derilicted,  
Some though are fortunate not to be.  
Not being mean not they bare no scar, all have.  
But most of you abide derilicted.  
When one light ruins down then is a human considered.  
Tears to intreat bereavely, bellowed mourns.  
Cos then he's gone elsewhere, interactions quelled, fun? .  
That's why they mourn, but what's more for him?  
Probably some eulogy, elegy, dirge and complementings.  
Then lowerd beneath the earth six feets away from us,  
Dust to sum six feets tall, what a loss,  
To this agonizing world.  
Mankind weep because one of them has left them to the agitations and grief  
here, to rest in a peaceful course.  
Gone as he was born:  
Naked, with none of the prosperities he have been wrestling and kicking to  
attain.  
Then I wonder thus: What is the heart piercing comeliness of this existence we  
so cherish?  
Why read we not amidst the lines for us to procure an intuition that it's  
salubrious gains are all but slavish?  
©Talentrocks??????????

Enoch Cole