

Poetry Series

Ezekiel Olasehinde
- poems -



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A Tale Of Twelve

A boy of twelve, impaled himself,
He said to his fellow, "Life's a scam."
The elders delve, "Free thysel, "
His parents slow, "This's, a jam.."

When the government came,
They gave the mom a glass of brew.
The governor cared for the dame,
And when she gulp, her throat glued.

The dad went atop a roof,
He told the senates, "Free my wife."
The elders delve, "Show thyproof, "
The government slow, "This's a strive."

The king ordered twelve guards,
To cage his mind and burn his barn.
When the town elders piece the shards,
The king was god, too late to darn.

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Silent Hum Of Noise

Aflame,
Sets the voice,
As is the city claim,
And its town-folks; rejoice.

It drove them smelting mad,
The sound of it possess,
A turnkey bad,
Amess.

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A Silent Farewell

Time, a chance for more
A spade with which one may spear
That perches, tortures one soul to its core
When it all ends, Thursday had long disappeared
All that was left was yet another gore
Where's the tune of gone we held dear

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Poo Of A Raving Noise

A lone child smokes a-group.
A dancer sets the world aflame.
And my demon left me.

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