

Poetry Series

Sally Traore
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sally Traore(november 5th 1998)

you are never too old or young to express your feelings to the world

A Worrier Is A Brave Man, Always

When i woke up
I saw him leaving
One my left was a letter
that stopped me from breathing

He had to work again
what should i do? cry
with these tears always dropping like the dopplet of water
ooh they are coming out of my eye

Will he comeback
i know he is brave
something muy happen i'm just worried
This year, no grave

A worrier is a brave man, always
he choosed to be one right?
that's nobody else's business
his job for the nation is done bright

A worrier is a brave man, always
but sometimes he needs some special days
And they all served our blessed country, Hurray!

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Africa, Africa Ooh Africa

Africa
continent of love
continent of caring
continent of women

Africa
you held me
you loved me
you saved me

Ooh Africa
where are you now
where is your support
please tell me it's not gone

Come back
Africa
Come back
we need you

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Faces

When your eyes smile
I'm confused

When your mouth stares
I'm confused

When your ears appreciate my smell
I'm confused

When your nose loves my voice
I'm confused

But we all are right?
When you think of only a thing.
Guess what it is

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If We Were...

If we were
dancing along the drum
clapping our hands to the beat
the music would never end

If we were
sitting by the lake
forming a caring heart
Love would say hello

If we were
ignoring people
walking away from huge mouths
Jealousy would pass us by

Unfortunately we didn't
and now the tears are showing up

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Life Is Quite Weird

It is raining and snowing at the same time
the sun is not out so no time to rhyme
the rainbow won't be here until spring
But we could all have a shiny ring

I know how to rhyme but that's not all
i also go shopping at the mall
Me and my brother fight all night
but my mom says it not right

My family and friends are in my heart
Grandparents and best friends are special
life is not only what i call weird
but i love to be heard

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Love Is Just Love

Love was...

when it lay between you and i
and never seemed forever
i fell to earth in surrender
and you became the center of my eye

Love is...

when i pass by you accidentally
i grab a sense of your smile
when between us is distance measured by a mile
i grab a sense of our love immeasurably

Love will be...

when i can no longer see to see
when i can no longer hear to hear
i know you will be near
simply just you and me

Love eternally...

when god granted us our wish finally
he put in us a throbbing heart
when it stops from this earth we will depart
But our love will be immeasurably

All because Love is just LOVE

Sally Traore

My Flower

You are my flower
they always said
i love you head
what else do they have

don't listen
don't let the bad wind blow you away
let the good one instead whisper and pray
so you'll see

Your love is
who cares for you
who will know how to say i love you
and that one is YOU

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Powerful Women

Powerful women
from Africa
strong and confident
from asia

You are so bright
you smiled the sun
power, power
you don't play with the fun

The man is gone
the children are there
strong, strong
what a fair

Hold on tight
you tell me
never give up
you let me be

love is on its way

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That Special Boy

His personality enjoys
lookings at the clouds
he is a lovely, caring little boy
but you know he a little too loud

He cried and cried as his face shoot me
beauty from the precious life
he is not the boy that you can imagine
stay away from the wife

He is my little brother
without dies without playing
don't even try to bother
because you'll die crying

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The Dunce Is There

A mentally impaired boy
named tom
sitting on his chair
next to the window
the wind blowing his hair
Ms M ask him a question
he says no with his head
when she suggest
to pay attention
but he says yes with his heart
when respect is there
he is up
we questionne him
and all the problems are posed
he starts sweating nervousness importe him
everyone laughs at him
Then the laugh carries him
and he erases all
the numbers and words
the sentences and traps the names and dates
with chawks of all
colors
on the black board of misfortune
he draws the face of happiness

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