

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Abbas Rabi'u Adamu: "My Aurora"

Abbas Rabi'u Adamu · Wednesday, February 3rd, 2021

My Aurora

Per se,
I remain silent
to the plain trunk of Ginkgo
with etched bark of sere serenity.
I uttered—
“Oh my Gosh!
my feet never feel a tavern
Though my lips to feel liquor
I'm drunk after glaring an Annabel Lee.
.....Then I muttered—
She must be a Persian tapestry
of glitz and past pure pearls.
But I take a lead
to plead—
Please let me peep
Into the flourishing inks of Saadi, if not!
to Tagore or slipped
to the greasy inks of Rumi for recapitulations

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