Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Ariyo A Rasheed Adebayo: Two Poems

Ariyo A Rasheed Adebayo · Friday, October 30th, 2020

SARSAPARILLA

There are fairytales being told under the night's moonlight. Tales as bright as a lone star in the very heart of darkness, Like the root of sars that struck 9ja like a stray thunder. Roots as deep but of sweet fragrances that lures its preyto having a sour drink from the poison of its cruel nectar.

There are stories of men like wild flowers you cannot seewithout having the fear of losing your ability to breathe. So, what good is an odorous plant when you cannot liveto tell the sweet tale of its scent as you ended up with sars. The doctor said it is a severe acute respiratory syndrome.

There can be a thousand and more ferocious beastsin the heart of the jungle and we even wouldn't break a sweat. But a single wild animal out in the open and on our streetsmust be gagged and drag by its horns to the slaughter house, Like that other family of covid that I know from the medicals.

*

WE ARE WAY TOO YOUNG

We are way too young
To face the pain of broken dreams
That breaks too many things
Like the future in its wake

We are way too young
To see our hope grow wings and fly
Leaving behind our battered spirit
Like its a thing to be discarded

We are way too young To tell our stories in dark places Places that had lost its sacredness To the darkness of our souls

We are way too young
To have our bodies covered in scars
That looks like world map
Leading to a hidden treasure

We are way too young
To listen to the sound of gunshots
For nothing good comes from war
Than pile of dead bodies to enrich the soil

We are way too young
To feel the weight of hashtag
That looks like casket
Buried on every man's wall

This entry was posted on Friday, October 30th, 2020 at 9:01 am and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.