

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Ayoade Sulaimon Oriyomi: “Frail Heart”

Ayoade Sulaimon Oriyomi · Saturday, September 5th, 2020

Frail Heart

Every day little bits fall in line
Landing on this broken heart of mine
They can't replace the parts that are gone
But they make a bridge to carry on

Whenever my face cracks in a smile
It feels like a bitter cold defile
A betrayal of the dearest past
In danger of fading far too fast

Every morning when I wake alone
I keep breathing air from the unknown
Each breath is an unwilling suture
Knitting yesterday to the future

Every night I beseech and implore
But only truth arrives at the door
It's an affliction that's here to stay
An echo of your passing away

But those little bits keep on falling
Though the thought of it is appalling
With each settled piece, I sadly find
Acceptance does not have to be kind

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