Cultural Daily

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Taiwo Oluwarotimi Adefulu: Two Poems

Taiwo Oluwarotimi Adefulu · Monday, June 8th, 2020

The Ancient drum

When the anceint drum is beaten

Gba gudu gba gudu

The evil spirit dance for the taste of blood

Gba gudu gba gudu

When the lost can't dance to it

Gba gudu gba gudu

Only the son of the soil knows the rhythm

Gba gudu gba gudu

The sound increase in rhythm

Gba gudu gba gudu

Enticing the blood of the strangers

Gba gudu gba gudu

The lost began to move their body to the
Rhythm of the drum

Gba gudu gba gudu

The spirit rejoice in comfort

Gba gudu gba gudu

It is not meant for the strangers to dance

To it, it is for the son of the soil

Gba gudu gba gudu

The Anceint drum

Gba gudu gba gudu

Who is fed by the blood of the strangers

Gba gudu gba gudu

When the drummer is overwhelmed by the

Power of the spirit

Gba gudu gba gudu

The evil spirit has taken over him

Gba gudu gba gudu

He needs to be baptized in a pool of

Palm oil

Gba gudu gba gudu

When you hear that sound Gba gudu gba gudu
It is a warning to the strangers Gba gudu gba gudu gba gudu
To stay away from dancing
Or your blood will be suck out
By the dancing spirit
Gba gudu gba gudu gba gudu.

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Passage to the dream world

Taking a nice deep breath, laying quiet on my soft bed. Staring at the ceiling
As I flash back to the memories of the past.
While my passport has been stamped by the spirit of sleep to go the land of dreams.

I landed in a place, beautiful and
I saw a door which leads to a place unknown,
A place unheard of
Try to open the door and peep, what await me there.
All I see is a place of dream
As I step my foot all I could do is to dream forever.

But I felt something strange Something beyound this land of dream, Something behind the door I peep through. Tho I see my self out in the dreamland but I see my soul leaving my body.

I got attracted to the thing of the world And I sold my soul to the dream of this world. Where will I find my soul And I watch it float around like a balloon.

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