

Poetry Series

# Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

## - poems -



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**

2022

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Owoeye Taiwo Bisola()

My name is Owoeye Taiwo Bisola. I'm a student of Obafemi Awolowo University Ile-Ife. I study Education and English Language. I try to express myself through the flow of thoughts that circulates in my mind. I try to pen down my words in the best way I could. When people ask me if I'm a writer, I tell them I'm still a budding writer. I'm still growing and developing myself everyday.

Poetry keeps me alive, I love God; I love myself; I love my family and friends who keeps me on my toes and ensures that I strive hard to be my utmost best.??



PoemHunter.com

# Man's Best Friend

He treads the crooked paths with him,  
Deep into the forest of fallen warriors,  
As the wind wails, this creature cries,  
The sun is out, this furry being wags his tail.

Inside his rich coat, comfort is found,  
His eyes understands the witty words,  
The man's secrets are save in his safe,  
He strides with secure steps for drippy days

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

## There Is A Poem...

In the sad lines scrawled on my lips, there is a poem pretty and petite,  
In the way the dawn drags the days with the dusk, a poem is painted,  
At the Gate Of Hades, the devil and his cohorts writes eulogies,  
At the Staircase Of Heaven, the angels recites poems sweet like manna,  
There is a perfect poem beneath the arc of the resplendent rainbow,  
There is a poem in the manners the mountains are arranged in greens.

There are elegiac verses on the walls of my world, they are now gay,  
There are stanzas stressed on melancholic meters in a merry mood,  
At the hours of darkness, I scribble down dizains to douse my tears,  
At the times of tempests, I dare not write a dirge, blue and barbaric,  
Instead I wrote down a beautiful ballad, burning away all bridges,  
Instead I wrote down lyrical love poems on the clouds laced with rhymes.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

## Music...

Lyrical lines wafting through the air,  
Euphonic beats, therapeutic to the soul,  
Melodious verses, magical with voices,  
Mellifluous flow from the heart of heaven,  
Magical music mending the broken heart,  
Sweet symphonies from the highest skies,  
A nepenthe from my abode of asperities.

Into my soul, into my ears gramary is made,  
Rhythms composed out of this cosmos,  
I'm dancing to the terrific tunes in my heart,  
The moon is at my feet, I'm targeting the sun,  
My body is twitching to the harmony of songs,  
I'm with Apollo at the paradise of praises now,  
The Sound Of Music conquers everything.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

 PoemHunter.com

# My Demons...

There are demons playing a game of soccer inside my head,  
My heart thumps up and down like the drippy dew at dawn,  
Fear of the unknown devours me up like a confused victim,  
I put all of my pains into a cute little pouch inside my heart,  
But my pains puts me in the pool of my tears, I became a wise fool.

My demons whispers vile words into the wind, its poison in my ears,  
The faceless demons inside my soul, dances with kindled steps,  
Their dancing strides makes my world spin around in circles,  
I forged my sword from fire to fight off these frightening forces,  
They are in my head, they are in heart, my body a temple for peace.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Would You Be My Friend?

I want to sculpt silver out of stones to build you a perfect pearly pendant  
wrapped in the warmth of the shivering sun,  
I want you to wear the necklace upon your chest, thrice my confidence,  
Chisel out my craftiness with your condensed charisma crushed with a good  
character.

I want you to be a comrade that would dwell in my head without paying rent,  
while the world waits up for our desolation,  
I want to wish all wrinkles off your weary face, our worth will be weightless,  
Care for my cuts while my blood bathes your burns, I'm hoping to heal with your  
help.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

## Do Not Fear The Past...

The past is like a garden of roses, rustling with roses, tearful with thorns,  
The air rosy with flowery fragrances, the flower bed spurting with spines,  
Do not fear the past, the past was painful but also gainful with greeny growth,  
The past is precious to the present, the past is a phase the present has to peer into.

The past is a perfect age to acquaint yourself with wisdom and become her sage,

The past is a present to this present, to sprout from a sapless seed to a rooted tree,  
Do not fuss over the past, the fact that it transpired was pernicious but palliative,

The present is priceless to play it, so let the past pave the paths to this pleasing present.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com



## Dear Love,

Why do you keep intoxicating my soul with your venom, aesthetic yet implacable?

I can't even breathe with your toxic ties hung around my neck like a priceless medal,

I used to clamour for your oxygen to love and live as if my existence depend on you,

You played a game with my heart and won, so I cease to exist in quintessence, my love.

The feathers in the clouds have withhold their power and passion to overwhelm the earth,

We are left desolate now to hold on to our world with a falsely fortified grasp on her,

Love, for your sake I robe my lover in a plastic bag, ready to dispose her with her deceits,

Both of us are out of breath now to survive in a world whirling with decay and dearth.

©DECHOSEN1??

PoemHunter.com

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Out Of Space

Walking on the moon, out of space in a world full of fluttering flamboyant butterflies,  
The land is robust with greens, the flowers are flawless with colourful rainbows,  
I'm dwelling in a world where birds chirps charmingly and nestles on honeydews,  
Those earthly pyramids slouched soothingly on the lush grasses awaits my tush-tush.

Talking to the milky moon, with a beautiful butterfly perched on my fidgeting fingers,  
Swathed for the voyage above the heaven, my helmet an harbour from my Hades,  
The sky's cheeks grows rosy with the yellow sun serenading the rhythms of the rains,  
The shadows of the hurricane are darksome, deadly and dangling on the earth's orbit.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# A Sinner's Plea

I'm still breathing amidst the brewing darkness inscribed into my heart,  
On bended knees, my soul screamed without a sound, when shame shattered my  
soul,  
Lord, my heart is brutally broken from the burning blade of trespasses and trials,

Father, I denied you and your love and travelled among wolves in wolves  
clothings.

Like a prodigal daughter, I'm back with my sack of sins slouched on my bent  
back,  
I have erred and the truth is lost in my seas is sin, afflictions arose more than  
twice,  
I am on the Road To Damascus, let your blinding rays sanctifies my dying spirit,  
Father, my Torch Of Spirit is fiery now, so I could walk on that path without  
falling down.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

 PoemHunter.com

# I Will Be Waiting...

From dawn till dusk, I will be waiting for that pink arrow of love to strike my heart twice,  
I will be stalling under the starlit sky to listen to the fluttering of her wings above my head,  
The god of love has flipped through the pages of my requests sodden with my stormy tears,  
The heart that used to beat in symphonies is splattered to the floor now in bloody circles,  
The vibrating voices of my ancestors to my ears about folktales of love are voiceless now.

The skin of the soil is rotten with the famine of love rooting inside my embittered soul,  
I refused to adhere to the voices of my ancestors, now their tales haunts me at night,  
I'm still tarrying for love to play a game of hide\_and\_seek with me, I hope she wins,  
That chubby cute angel of light has sprinkled pixel dusts mingled with petals on my paths,  
Now it's left to me to write my visions with an inky tip, pellucid and plain upon my frail table.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Ode To My Mentality

I want to write a lyrical poem of exaltations to my mentality for staying strong in all storms,  
My mental capacity is meticulous like lightening, it strikes with such dexterity,  
I want to pen down powerful rhymes to showcase my appreciation to her grace,  
My eulogy is punctuated with the glory of the sun and the colours oozing from the rainbow,  
For she has greases my palms with the oil of honour and hasten my steps towards success.

I will hum heavenly hymns to hype up my mentality, maybe she will move on mightier,  
My lyrics floating inside my head, flows like rivers of rhymes, heightened and honeytinted,  
I want to flood my mind and body with songs of victories, maybe they would be my saviour,  
My warm worships wafts into the walls of my heart like a balmy fountain of consolations,  
For she shields my sanity from falling down into a ditch drabbed with dangling haunting hopes.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

## Before You Go...

Hold my hand one last moment before my breathe leaves my nostrils like  
smokes,  
Before I become the night in your dawn, cast aside the shakles imprisoning our  
souls,  
Unbraid the ravishing ribbon strapped across the package my rationality entered  
with,  
Before you break my spirit with your sabre from hell, recapture our ultimate  
memories.

Before you go, heal my hurting heart with the last love that's left inside your  
selfish soul,  
Unravel my mind with the labyrinth of love one last time, let it be our concluding  
passage,  
Hold my heart in your hand, patch it up like you do patch up your tattered  
vestments,  
Hold me in your arms as if you will stay by my side, ensnare my soul in your  
chest of craft.

©DECHOSEN1??

PoemHunter.com

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Alone...

Immersed in an ice-crusting pitch-black river,  
Bubbles aviate high and low the smoky air,  
All I have left to eat are slices of sufferings,  
All I can sip from my drink is droughtiness,  
I was left to my meddlesome dark thoughts,  
I was alone with the sand of times under me,  
I changed into a ghost, haunted in my world,  
The wings of the wind drifted apart beneath my broken body.

Unaided, I sat still like a stagnant stream,  
On a sizzling hot hill, saturated by the sun,  
The gaze of the shiny stars are with my night,  
The stare of the moon blinded me with light,  
I was dumped on a dump with dazzling dimes,  
I was gasping for gaiety in my rivulet of tears,  
I mutated to an alien, an archfoe of humanity,  
The company I keep with myself is tectonic than that of the world.

©DECHOSEN1??

PoemHunter.com

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# We Belong To The Clan

We are sisters from the same hood, our souls and spirits belongs to the entire community,  
We kissed our dreams and realities goodbye for the sake of the clan who forsook us,  
You see the chalky adornments on our faces mixed with garish rainbows of the clouds,  
You see our charred faces put into the sun to dry the golden droplets of rays from sights,  
Our souls are being sacrificed at their altar of redemption, we are the lost sacrificial lambs.

Our feet are glazed with anklets of terrors as the red earth refuses to swallow our bodies,  
Our fingers grazes the green growths at our greenhood as they cart away our corpses,  
We are alive with our hearts tickling with an exotic appetite to eat the food of the deities,  
We are dead to the clan, our heads some kind of sculptures to adorn the walls of their huts,  
Our only hope is to hold each other's hands while the whirling waves washes us ashore.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



# Silence

Floating aloof thin air, almost yogarish,  
The green hills haughty and highish,  
Silence hung over my heavy brows,  
Emerald grassess grining at my gaze,  
Hasty steps from the whispering winds.

The echoes of mountains in my ears,  
My silence a solitude for my soul,  
In my silence, my spirit is renewed,  
Stalking springs of showers shudders,  
Silence snuck into my soul like the dawn.

My silence is anchored on a sail of seas,  
The moon dipped into diamond dewes,  
The galaxy my fortress from forces,  
Silence slipped into all my seasons,  
Heightened hills and feasting lowlands.

High voices howling inside my hurting heart,  
So I slouch silence onto my bent back,  
I pick up my peace from weeny pebbles,  
Then I grind them among glitters of gold,  
The skygate of silence slides open again.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# When Love Dies...

When love dies and lay lifeless at a bleeding angle of my bleeding heart,  
When the zoom zoom of our love truck fell off a pole and entered the river of death,  
When love open its eyes and closed it in utmost disgust and killed my breathe,  
You were my love and life and I used to hold the key and lock to your very heart.

When the fierce fire of our first kiss turned to ashes and oozes sweet smokes,  
When I turned my back to you, I turned my time to bright blue flames of smokes,  
You were the smoke infiltrating my lungs with cancer and untimely savoury strokes,  
When the lash lash of your lust landed on my back, I now hate the hands that gave me strokes.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



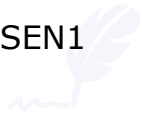
PoemHunter.com

# Every Mother Knows...

Every mother knows;  
The stretches of stress on your silky skin.  
Every mother knows;  
The stings of scorpions inside your soul.  
Every mother knows;  
The aches you hoard inside your heart.  
Every mother knows;  
The weaknesses that weighs you down.

Every mother knows;  
But will fight you, then flaunt you like a prize.  
Every mother knows;  
But her whips weave patterns on your body.  
Every mother knows;  
But wants you to face your fears without fear.  
Every mother knows;  
But loves you with the last breathe inside her.

©DECHOSEN1



PoemHunter.com

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Hope At Dusk...

Hope sat down on the dusky sun,  
She swings her legs and awaits night,  
While I'm drowning and in need of air,  
Hope filled my lungs with fresh fragrance,  
While I'm freezing in a frozen forest of fear,  
Twilight anticipates my smouldering embers with light and love.

Hope at dusk appears with doomful days,  
The dusty clouds grows plain with peace,  
While I'm gazing from the apex of the clouds,  
Hope whispered about better days with her,  
When my head is hot with the sparks of hell,  
Hope signed the stars with her heart shinny with the rainbows.

©DECHOSEN1

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

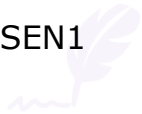
# I Need You...

I need you to hold my hands while the heaven is manched in an embrace with darkness,  
I need you to numb the pangs of pain swallowing me whole along with my sanity,

I need you stay by my side while my hairline dwindles down the road laced in silver linings,  
I need us to make magic, before the world watch me fade away like clouds while they fold their arms.

I need to listen to the music that your soul sings when my love is lost in your soul,  
I need to weed all withering buds from our land that blooms with breathtaking roses,  
I need to wallow in your sun-tinted warmth that has the hue of golden robust rainbows,  
I need us to be united in spirit before I close my eyes to this wearisome world nauseous by our love scent.

©DECHOSEN1



PoemHunter.com

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Together We Can!

Together we can dutifully dig the desert for diamonds not dirts,  
Together we can move these mountains if our hands are clasped,  
In harmony, we can hammer in our strength to survive these storms,  
Together we can dive into the perilous days, we can float above the tides.

Together we can fortify our forces and face our today plus tomorrow,  
Together we can poke the moon in the face while the night is nigh,  
In symphony, we can sieve our sorrow away from our sunniness,  
Together we can elevate this entire earth from its noble viles in oneness.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Let's Go Far Away...

Let us ride into the sunset on a broom like the ones Harry Potter and his pals wield,

Let us go far away into the wilderness of unfiltered passion, pure and perfect,  
Let us inhale the sweet smell of the mountains and the autumn air around us,  
Let us race each other dreamily like deers in a forest fused with Flames of Fear and Faith.

Let us sparkle with the night stars, let them shine their lustrous light on our lane,

Let us relish in the refulgence of the moonlight as she monitors our move,  
Let us bring down the rainbow from the skyline, let us paint on our souls her vibrancy,

Let us run with the steps of the sunlight pacifying our paths powerfully with her rays.

Let us ride on the wings of the wind with the cotton clouds beneath our fingers,  
Just the two of us, sitted by the seashore, crooning tunes softly into the sea,  
If you could love me hard, if you could hold my hands till it hurts, I will love you the same,

Let us take a sabbatical leave from this world of weariness, let us love in our own words.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

## Dreams...

Last night, my head was smoothed against my pillow in a peaceful slumbering,  
My heart was thumping against my chest as if it would burst like an inflamed  
balloon,

Last night, I was in the land of dreams, dwelling amidst dreamers like me,  
My eyes was closed to the turmoils of these times, my mind was unfolded from  
fantasies.

Last night, I beheld her in my dreams, standing statuesquely and stunningly,  
My soul exploded with exquisite delight at the deliverance from my doomful  
destiny,

Last night, I gazed at her exceptional beauty, way out of this world and the one  
on high,

My spirit was beneath the umbrella of the twilight's twinkles, enthralling yet  
deluding.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com



# It's Okay To Cry...

It's okay to allow the tears flow fast and furiously from your eyes,  
It's okay to wail out loud, when the heart is null and void of emotions,  
It's alright not to be alright in a world of absurdities and abnormalities,  
It's alright to weep buckets of tears when your heart is in pieces and not in peace.

It's okay to be okay when the world is okay to your taste and you love it,  
After that terrible process, make the coast clear from overflowing again,  
Rise from your fall, seep in the sunrise with all of your sinew, get suntanned!  
It's alright to be alright when the universe welcomes you with her arms wide open.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# A Nightmare...

Everyday, I rise up from my rumples,  
I was burnt alive yet I arose from my ashes,  
Life is the worst nightmare ever to befall man,  
This world is not my home, I'm just a refugee,  
I'm earth-bound, I can't soar through the skies,  
I sow seeds of struggles, I reap my harvests with havocs.

Everyday, I awake from a worser nightmare,  
When will my wings be released from fetters?  
She captured my woes for her own pleasure,  
A planet pulsating with rhythms of decays,  
This earth is a graveyard for despondencies,  
I can yet feel the cadence of liberation pounding inside my soul.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Friends For Life...

Trekking down swiftly on the dusty grounds to our hearths, sweats washes over us like rain,  
Our laughter echoes back at us in pure bliss almost like that of wide-eyed youngsters,  
The earth trembles as we stroll down the route of comradeship, an eternal expedition,  
Friends, it's high time we murdered the green-eyed monster with the green horns,  
Friends for life is what we shall become, in this life and the life anticipating our arrival.

'Twenty kids can not play for twenty years', an adage says, I do not concur with this proverb,  
Our trio will continue to re-create memories, even when a century has come and gone,  
The heaven has blessed this brotherhood, so let this brotherly love operates in us forever,  
Comrades, adhere to the euphonic lyrics of the wind, let her whistlings whisper wisdom,  
Comrades, we've come this far not by default, we've come by resolving our disputes as one.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Nigeria: The Tale Of An Abandoned Child.

Like an orphan she sat down comfortably on the porch of poverty,  
Like a stray, she strayed to the other side of sufferings and sorrows,  
Like an outsider, she had been left desolated in a forest of derelictions,  
Like a rogue, she had ran away from home into the arms of white outlanders.

She was discarded like garbage by the hands that once fed her freedom,  
She was rejected by her own blood, she was deserted in her own blood,  
She was abandoned by her first parents who loaned her modernities,  
She was beaten black and blue with prickly pours that penetrated her world.

Her whole had become a heap of asperities even to the other worlds,  
Her innocence had been stolen from her since she was an infant,  
Her story touches the heart, though very supposititious and bogus,  
Her tattles and tales has thorns and tears popped out from the depths of hell.

Nigeria, your oldish tales are stale now, bemusing even our minds,  
Nigeria, it's time to weave a whole novel story that will ease our souls,  
Nigeria, the hands that poured life into your beggarly hands are now bent,  
Nigeria, it's time to spring up like emerald greens, the moment has come to adult again.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Nigeria At 61...

She clocked another year this day brimming in a boiling pot of pure dishevelments,

I saw my once fancy favourite flag torn swiftly into shreds, it was branded with blood,

I saw the portholes on the roads covered with the carcasses of my dear dead friends,

I saw the stream of water from the eyes of Mother Earth inundating the highways,

She is +1 today, but her rotting body smells rusty with senectitude and selfishness.

She is an elderly woman with the cerebrum of a child who dwells in a dreamland,

I saw guns brandished in the air like medals, the scent of flesh dominated that day,

I saw the moon turned to crimson and inflamed with the blood of the Innocents,

I saw the blood and guts on her calloused hands, it's not coming off anytime soon,

She has come of age to ride on the wings of freedom, but she is stuck in her immaturities of self-inflicted torments and thralldome.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# I Am A Robot...

I am a ROBOT, I can't comprehend the meaning of love anymore,  
I am a ROBOT, love is faceless to me now, as if I've never beheld its face,  
I used to perceive the perfume of love from your body, now it's just a stench,  
I used to feel the love from your stream of utterances, now they're just hogwash,

Now you've made love acidulous and astringent on my tongue and my skin.

You glided into my dreamy days, you ripped out my heart from my chest,  
You slit into my life like a klepto, you stole my soul along with my sanity,  
I used to think our love was written in the stars, now it's just a cloudy mist,  
I used to think we would reach for the stars and knock them out from the night sky,  
Now my chest is a gaping hole to the flies and vultures that desire to devour my entrails.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Love Doesn't Last

You captured my body and soul into a spiderlike web tagged LOVE,  
LOVE doesn't last, no need to garb ourselves in futile gaments of grandiosity,  
You ensnarled my heart into a consuming net studded with purified lewdness,  
LOVE can't endure any encumbrances hurtled at it, it's just as conceited as you  
are to me.

You released a flash of green light into the wind, my heart beat skyrocketed,  
LOVE is both tedious and tempting, you shouldn't have told me your tales,  
You've bolted the latch to you heart, I'm at the door of your heart knocking  
bitterly,  
LOVE is tormenting than hell, how can I love you whilst in shackles smeared with  
shame?

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# I Hope You Remember Me And Smile...

I hope you remember me with a smile plastered on your face,  
I hope you remember me when your heart is no longer mine to possess,  
I hope you remember me with your heart radiating with the sunlight,  
I hope you remember me with the rhythms of my love resounding in your soul.

I hope you remember me and wear me around your neck like a charm chain,  
I hope you remember when my world is on fire and the flames are frenzied,  
I hope you remember me when my Zion no longer drips in Glory,  
I hope you remember me and the marvellous memories we brought to life.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com



# I Just Want To Be With You...

All I've ever wanted is a spot by your side;  
    Tomorrow might not tarry for our love;  
Today will holdup in anticipation of our love,  
    I want to knit for you a heart made of love,  
Destiny is in haste to coalesce our tracks,  
    Stitch up my torn heart with your soothing fingers, with the tip of your  
healing needle.

All I've ever wanted is a home in your heart;  
    The universe might tumble downward;  
The elevated grounds might concede lower,  
    I want us to preserve honour in our hearts,  
Fortune is fascinated with our decisions,  
    Flick and swish your wand and allow your magical charm enchants my spirit  
and soul.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

 PoemHunter.com

# I'm Just A Friend

I'm just a friend;  
But I can't stop the brouhaha of wings;  
Butterflies awaits high and low in my belly,  
We tease with love; we settled for friendship,  
My heart loves every part of you,  
But your heart is crafted for another.

I'm just a friend;  
But we light lingering kisses here and there;  
My heart thumps at the mention of your name,  
We forge love with fire, in the shape of a heart,  
My soul longs for you to be mine,  
But fate is disgusted with our desires.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# I Choose The Mountains...

The valleys cry out my name as I strife to scabble,  
I'm in-between the hills and the mountains.  
I need to rise above the wavering wind and surface,  
The mighty mountains are moving;  
I need to budge like the zephyr and climb their zeniths,  
I choose to race on the puissant fields,  
I choose to fly above the moving mountains.

The lowlands bewitches me with their greens,  
I'm in-between rocky routes and heightened highlands;  
The lowlands call out to me charmingly,  
I choose to climb my mountains with the sun in my eyes,  
The hills are hurling high praises at me;  
I choose to cut my fingers and bleed upon the ridges of the hills;  
I choose to sweat puddles of rivers on the harrowing plains.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

 PoemHunter.com

## If I Had Known...

If I had known the love I was searching for in your vacant eyes was right before me,  
I wouldn't have encapsulated all of my love inside that rocky quarter of your heart,  
I would have waited for love to seek me, find me and hurl me into your warm and frosted embrace.

If I had known the jewel I was hunting for at the ne plus ultra of your heart was nigh,  
I wouldn't have wallowed in the the wildness of love flooded with withered flowers,  
I would have held back from your clutches of concupiscence and scrutinize your hollow glower.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# True Beauty

True Beauty variedly dwells in the eyes of the beholder,  
True Beauty is wrapped in layers of the soul and mind,  
True Beauty cannot be spotted with denuded  
eyes alone,  
True Beauty revitalize the spirit; the hearts erupts in sublimity.

True Beauty cannot be masked with makeup and cosmetics,  
True Beauty enchants the mind with legion of good deeds,  
True Beauty cannot be stashed under a cloak of pretence,  
True Beauty is sitted at the depths of mitzvah and felicity.

© DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Love Your Sparkles

Love your sparkles, don't be envious of the sun's glow and flow;  
You're a rose in a vast vase, blooming, budding, yet beautiful;  
Love the sun, the way she saturates your buds with her rosy breath;  
You're a distinctive flower within the embrace of the outside world;  
Love the air around you; her bedazzling aura permeates the universe.

Love your sparks, don't be emulous of the sun's glitters and growth;  
You're a wild plant blossoming in the field, you will be sought like gold;  
Love the stars, the way they shower their lustrous lights at night;  
You're a seed in a fecund soil fused with the highs and lows of this earth;  
Love the moon; her splashiness, the way she shows off her gloriousness.

©DECHOSEN1??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Childhood Dreams

In my dreamland, I see myself draped in an angelic gown, resplendent and radiant.

I built the bridge between life and death, I bounce on beautifully towards my duties.

My patience marked me out for perfect doings, behind my mask is a static smile. My silvery tray emits the sun light; the light lit open the hallways of the halfway house.

With the metallic string strung around my neck; the heart beat of my patients were prominent.

In my puerile daydreams, I behold myself as a healer; my touch healed the sick. I raise the dead with the tip of my syringe, my fairy face fabricates health and wealth.

My pointed pearly wings were hid inside my tintless dress, I am a guardian angel.

My flashy smile brought back the galaxy of stars into the starless clouds and night.

With that HOPE inscribed inside my heart, I grew up with it, soon enough I broke my HOPE into HALF.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# A Very Short Story

She came in like the whirlwind and swept me off my shaky feet;  
She paddled on her troubled serene sea, on her boat of betrayals;  
She sang till the sky opened her window and washed her whole;  
She weaved lyrical lines into the wind and I cease to exist with love;  
A very short song, she sang of our love; but the thunders were too thunderous.

She chanted psalms into the air, her voice resurrected my soul;  
She sneaked into a corner of heart, she trampled upon it like dirt;  
She sang an hymn to the clouds, beckoning the cherubic angels of love;  
She cooked my favourite dish; venting into the dish oodles of cattiness;  
A very short song; melancholic and menacing; she did made sport of my love  
and life.

©DECHOSEN1 ??

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com



# Dancing In The Rain...

DANCING IN THE RAIN

.....

I would like to dance in the rain with you for a life time and see the world  
through your eyes,  
The prickly pours pouring through our pores and scraping away all sufferings and  
sorrows,  
I would like to play alongside with you in the rain rushing down from heaven like  
hails,  
The icy icicles descending from the clouds as if they have windows cools off our  
weariness,  
Dancing in the rain with my arms around your wriggling waist, is a dream come  
true for me.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

 PoemHunter.com

# Life Is Too Short...

LIFE IS TOO SHORT...

Life is too short to be stranded in seas and shades of sorrows, strifes, and sufferings.

Life is too short to be down in the mouth all the days, weeks and months of the year.

Life is too short to be short of words that reflects our love for our lovers and loved ones

Humans are like flowers, they bloom beautifully today, they may wither tomorrow.

Humans will leave behind memories, they will always be part of us, they will mould us anew.

Life is too short not to forgive and forget misdeeds thrown against us like stones.

Life is too short to withhold malicious memories in our mind like they are refined.

Life is too short and will always be bereft of height in terms of longevity and span of life.

Humans! It's up to us to live our lives with so much life that even death would be scared.

Humans! let us be like the words written on the shore never to be wash away by the sea.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# The Harvest...

## THE HARVEST

The earth will open up her mouth to receive our offering of sweats and struggles.  
We dig up clumps of earth with our hands, to grow seeds to feed our hungry mouths.

We will grow tiny seeds like stars, sleep will flee from us when she sees our strives.

We will watch and wait for the hour of harvest and it will sneak up on us like the dawn.

The seeds will increase in height and weight, the seeds will become fruits and flourish.

We will detect weeds in our plants and thorns in our roses, we pluck and harvest them still.

The grand orb of light will sprinkle her rays on them, the prickly rods will wash over them.

We will rest our backs on the soil and heave a sign of victory that we came and conquered.



PoemHunter.com

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Should I Be Scared Of Happiness?

SHOULD I BE SCARED OF HAPPINESS?

Happiness seems surreal, as if she is from another world,  
Should I be scared to paint on my face all my emotions?  
Should I sketch on my spirit and soul images of sadness?  
Happiness seems like an alien, she seems strange even to me.

I try to put happiness on the pinnacle of my hurting heart?  
Should I be scared she would fall inside the hole in my heart?  
Should I draw on my face a smile with a little charcoal?  
Happiness wouldn't mind if she knows how colourful I could be.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Hypocrite...

HYPOCRITE...

Your right hand knows what your left hand does everytime.  
You feasts on their blood just to be fleshy and big like a pig.  
Your heart is pure white, the colour of cruel cozenage.  
You dine with the devil and his angels with a long spoon.  
Your spoon is made of silver, it gives a silvery lustrous fake shine.

Your menacing deceit is more extensive than Lucifer's.  
You crowned yourself with cunningness plus craftiness.  
You say it is morning and I steal a glance at the heaven.  
Your virtues are misplaced in a dark hole of your heart.  
You say you love me but your deeds and seeds sprouts lies.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Hey! African Child!

HEY! AFRICAN CHILD!

Hey! African Child, who said you can't bring down the mighty moon to its knees?  
Who said you can't stare at the sun in the face with so much strength it will shrink?

Who said you can't climb the stairs of success with the stars under your feet?

Hey! African Child, who said the world can't be yours even when it is above your reach?

African Child, the sky is where you can get started despite the darkness dimming your lustrous light.

Hey! African Child, who said your black skin won't shimmer even in the white world?

Who said the colour of your skin which is that of the soil won't bring forth its harvests?

Who said your handiworks can't hand over to you the fruits of life from the tree of life?

Hey! African Child, who said the earth won't tremble below your burnished feet?

African Child, the clouds will hover down for you to pluck at their fluffly cottons to create your own clouds.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Because I Love You...

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU...

Because I love you, you brush me aside like I'm nothing but a dusty speck on your dress.

You watch my lips move endlessly and you make no move to listen to the words I say.

Because I love you, you tell the other guys I'm like a baby craving for your attention everyday.

You watch me sing songs wafting from the wall of my heart, you love not my love lyrics.

Because I love you, I stood in the blinding rays for days, hoping you would stand with me.

You watch me scribble songs on the sheet of your heart, hoping you would sing with me.

Because I love you, I crossed and climbed bridges to hammer into your heart my love.

You watch me choking to death, gasping for air, you couldn't even lend a hand to lift me up.



PoemHunter.com

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Love, Is That You?

LOVE, IS THAT YOU?

I remained in the figment of my imagination,  
Holding in my hand, a brush to paint.  
A bucket of paint, oozing like smoke,  
Your heart a colourful crafted canvas,  
My artist's mind blended with bleached, solid inspirations.

I stayed trapped between loneliness and lust,  
Blood streaming like an endless river.  
From my heart, a garbage at your dump,  
RUTH is the child of the world, a wonder!  
It is RUTHLESS of me to choose RUTH as a real choice.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com



# Stuck

STUCK

I'm stuck between the walls of weakness and shades of stress,  
Stress served me breakfast in bed, she made me a mug of fear,  
I eat from the stew of struggles, my heart a home for weariness,  
Pain bounces back and forth inside my head like a soccer ball,  
My body burns and bleeds with burden on how to study the next page and  
chapter of my book.

In my pain, I create my best piece with the entrails of my pen,  
My pasts are proportional to my present in presenting a paragraph,  
Despite the raging desire of the beast in me to grovel in pleasures,  
All I could do is to let go of the pleasures and let my pain pave a path,  
A race won through stresses and struggles in presenting the perfect words to  
read and write.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Amaka Disappoint Me...

AMAKA DISAPPOINT ME....

AMAKA served me BREAKFAST in bed, she served me a cup of commotion.  
She is the thunder that struck twice while the rain was running around in  
ecstasy.

AMAKA crucified me on a cross of havoc, on my sores she erected a pillar of salt.  
She is the snake that snuck into my dreams, inflicting my world with a half-pint  
toxin.

AMAKA disappoint me, she is the wolf in a sheep's raiments, innocent yet  
nefarious.

AMAKA is the eclipse in my day, she is a cherub angel with the devil's wings.  
She torn a hole in my chest, she feasted on my dying soul like a starved  
vampire.

AMAKA dug a well in my eyes, my heart more droughty than the Shahara Desert.  
She smoked out my love like an addict, then it went wispy into the wind, broken  
into half.

AMAKA disappoint me, she served me BREAKFAST on a platter of sinful schemes.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Our Father's Land

## OUR FATHER'S LAND

On our father's land, we will serve with joy in our hearts while the land is rusty with dearth.

We will sow on our father's land the seeds of labour, with honesty jingling in our hearts.

We will discipline our tongues to say the right words and not tell lies as if it were the truths.

We will adorn our hands with beads of honour as the blood that flows inside us is royal blue.

We will crown our heads with our harvests, with sapphires crusted with rubies in a golden grand style.

On our father's lands we will train our feet to prance to the rhythm and blues of the soil.

We will dance with vibrancy peeling off our skins, we will shake to the beats of our land.

We will match on the abstractions and distractions barring our gateway to success.

We will beat our chests like the ones destined to revolutionize our sinking father's land.

We will sing with exuberance busting from our bodies, our voices will strike the earth more than twice.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Allow Me...

ALLOW ME...

Allow me to hold your hand stiffened and stained with sores;  
Allow me to lavish your love-starved heart with my love tales;  
Allow me to pave a smooth way into your heart buttered with cream,  
My lips drips with promises of a perfect precious present with you,  
My heart beats for a beautiful beginning with you; to heal, hope and be happy.

Allow me to tread the thorny tiles of trepidations with you;  
Allow me to swim through the sharks-filled sea with your scent;  
Allow me to fasten the seatbelt of love behind the wheels like a learner,  
My hook is ready to fish out your love even when it's slippery to catch,  
My ship is equipped to sail the bottom of the ocean for an everlasting voyage.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Loyalty

## LOYALTY

LOYALTY is the watchword inscribed on the walls of our hearts so we don't neglect it,  
We will watch our worlds with the torch of the heaven, streaming with sparkling stars,  
We remain devoted to our cause, nothing can truncate the call we've been called out for,  
Our lyrical lines will raise like sweet-smelling savour, rippling with a replenished loyalty,  
On the pavement of LOYALTY we stand, all other ground is sinking with sand and stones.

We will remain steadfast and strong when the storm life takes us for a ride in stormy styles,  
We will help set up this nation afresh with the best bricks, our hearts hungry for CHANGE,  
We will become better brethren bestowed with unique strokes of leadership dignities,  
We will paint powerful colours on the canvas of our skins, dripping with dire LOYALTIES,  
Our emblem is LOYALTY, we will pull out the weeds just to erect the cross of our salvation.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Since You've Left

SINCE YOU'VE LEFT

Since you've left, I've been standing at the entrance of your heart, stiff as a palm tree.

I've been doing cartwheels, sweating profusely every time I listen to our love song.

Since you've left, my heart had been broken into half and burning with a bright blue flame.

I've been outside in the rain, hoping the rainbow would soon be out in the clouds.

We used to be  $1+1=1$ , now the equation of our love is now unbalanced, wrong and false.

Since you've left, I've been on my knees daily, praying as if the sky would close in on me.

I've been treading upon the ground carefully because it breathes fire as if it were a dragon.

Since you've left, I've been left desolate and deranged, I'm not healing anytime soon.

I've been out in the storm, screaming to the world I've been hurt once again, as if it cares.

We used to have so much love stuck to our souls, but our souls had become lost in lust.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

27/08/2021

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# This Moment...

THIS MOMENT...

I don't want this moment to pass us by,  
I just want to get lost in your starry eyes,  
If I get to choose between you and long life,  
I would choose you, because you're my life, the reason why I'm living.

I don't want to die isolated from your love,  
I want the Garden Of Eden to grow in our yard,  
If we get to live and love our next life, my love,  
I would choose you over and over again for a million times and more.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA.

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# They Ask Me Why...

They Ask Me Why...

They ask me why I constantly recoil to my shell leaving behind a timorous trail,  
They ask me whether love was a foe, an enemy I would never again forgive,  
They ask me whether I'm cool or I just wrap my craziness in a corner of my  
heart,  
I know not whether to scream or smile, I know not whether to open the pages of  
my story or my book.

I know not whether to grunt or grin, for their queer questions bore holes in my  
heart,  
They ask me questions that hits hard like a rugby ball, leaving on my body  
bruises,  
They ask me to open my mouth wide and words would spurt out like lyrical  
songs,  
They ask me questions of which answers I know better than to uncover their  
vessels of truths.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



# I Will Try Again...

I WILL TRY AGAIN...

I will try again with an air of confidence,  
The confidence I lost during my fatal fall,  
My fall was like that of Lucifer; an angel,  
I will build my dreams on fluffy fair clouds,  
Though they're aloof now, they still shimmers.

I will try again and grow back my wings,  
The wings could fly me to golden grounds,  
My wings were wispy, so I broke them off,  
I will patch them up now with threads of time,  
Though they're bloody now, they still breathes.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Loss Of Love...

LOSS OF LOVE...

With strifes in their hearts and heads, they took up arms like plunderers,  
They are ready to loot the last hope from our hearts and minds like smugglers,  
Our homes became unsafe, our streets overflowed with water and blood,  
Loss of blood, loss of love, loss of words to tell tales of the good old lives we've  
lived.

With hatred in their hearts, they excogitated fiendish fights without rights,  
They are ready to war, our painful pasts came to life and dwelt amongst us,  
Our society is at stake now with no sane soul to rewrite some histories right,  
Jaw-Jaw is better than war-war, let us tailor our talks on the table now and sew  
them right.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# I Loved You Better...

I LOVED YOU BETTER...

I loved you better when your heart was still in one whole piece,  
I loved you better when your hands get warm within my reach,  
I loved you better when the sky was the mirror of the sun, golden,  
I loved you better when you opened the door of your heart without guile.

I loved you better when you taught me how to tread on the lane of love,  
I loved you better when the path of paradise was the road to your heart,  
I loved you better when euphoria was your second name and home,  
I loved you better when you called me mine and I was yours indeed.

© DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Burning My Midnight Candle...

BURNING MY MIDNIGHT CANDLE..

Every night, I stay up just to feed my eyes on the scrawlings on my books,  
Everyday, I sleep not just to feed my mind with knowledges from my books,  
Knowledge is power, so I try to acquire it and utilize it to my advantage,  
Every minute, I try to drink from the fountain of knowledge and wisdom,  
Every hour, I glance through my books with leery eyes even when I'm depleted  
in strength.

Every night, I light up my midnight candle, it lit up my room with fiery flames,  
Everyday, I wield the power of the flames to sudy the words on my pages,  
Knowledge is strength, so I try to empower myself with it and harness it well,  
Every minute, I watch the flame on the candle dancing and jolting with vigor,  
Every hour, I desire to be like the fire on the candle, burning down after my  
flame is gone.

©DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Pangs Of Pain

## PANGS OF PAIN

There are pangs of pain prickling my heart,  
There are rhythms of pain tingling my soul,  
There are cramps of pain stinging my belly,  
How do I get free from these constant pains?  
How do I liberate myself from its captivity?  
How do I spread my wings and soar the sky?  
My heart keeps dripping dark redish blood,  
My heart keeps aching, too much thoughts twisted up in pains.

Dear heart, be still, stay good and be strong,  
Dear soul, you've been through much storms,  
Dear spirit, stay intoxicated in your euphoria,  
You can be free from the fears eating you up,  
You can still shut off the crying of the wind,  
You can still walk on your water and not sink,  
Dear heart, heal up from the hurts hurting you,  
Dear heart, cease from pounding with pains and know peace again.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# What About Me?

WHAT ABOUT ME?

What about me and the hurts in my heart?  
What about everything I've been through?  
My soul screams in silence every season,  
My eyes turns crimsome with weird warmth,  
My nose is constantly overflowing like rivers,  
When will mercy behold my face with pity?  
What about me and my weakened world falling apart right in front of me?

What about me and the scars on my body?  
Who do I hold accountable for these scars?  
My scars are always shimmering with blood,  
My mind is usually muddled up with mud,  
My brain is consistently in pleasurable pain,  
How do I put an end to these rivulets of bood?  
How do I catch the sun on my face without blurry eyes and without being burnt?

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# Heartbreak Songs Are Better...

HEARTBREAK SONGS ARE BETTER..

When I left your side, all hubristic but  
enfeebled,  
While the wind of life submerged me in woefulness,  
I was afloat in my air of anguish and arrogance,  
I was disheveled by the deluge of self-reproaches,  
Heartbreak songs are better than love songs composed with chaos.

When I deserted our island of love and liberalities,  
While your heart was fractured into a legion of fragments,  
I was heartbroken by the hours of values irretrievable,  
I was carrying a torch of hope when I let go of your hands,  
Heartbreak poems are better than love poems        plagiarized with pains.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

 PoemHunter.com

## 24 / 7 Hour Love...

24/7 HOUR LOVE..

You promised me a whole 24/7 hour of true love,  
Through out our days, we will fly on Cupid's back,  
You promised me to gift me, Cupid's arrows and bows,  
Through out our days, we will always shoot at the stars,  
You promised me you will wait up till the next day,  
Through out today, I waited for you to come with the pink flowers,  
You promised not to shoot your shots at other shorties again,  
Through out today, I swear I set my screen on fire with my stare,  
You promised our love will be forever, till the end ends,  
Through out our lives, we've lived on your list of lies and lusts.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET; OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com



# In My Silence

## IN MY SILENCE

In my silence, I speak volumes of words,  
On my stoic face, expressions are crafted,  
On my broken body, my scars are scrawled,  
On my brittled bones, my sores are scribbled,  
In my silence, I speak multitude of witty words,  
In my mind, words are running like rivulets,  
In my silence, my heart speaks my thoughts,  
In my soul, my feelings are free as the wind.

In my silence, my world is serene and sane,  
On my world, I found beauty in its ugliness,  
On my wounded world, I found hope in hurts,  
On my life, I swear I could see the starry night,  
In my silence, I found safety in its insecurities,  
In my mind, words are flowing like the ocean,  
In my silence, my heart says its own stories,  
In my soul, my emotions are all enuciated.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# What About Love Songs?

What About Love Songs?

I try to let go of your hands and unbind the bracelets of lust,  
But my palms gets clammy with my sweats and your crocodile tears,  
I get all self-absorbed in my own puddle of a painful loveless life,  
Are all love songs flawed with flakes of fallacies floating in them?

I try to voice my goodbyes and turn my back to your betrayals,  
But my heart got in the way and I couldn't give up on our love,  
I get all mushy whenever I stare into your dripping eyes,  
Are my love poems not enough to win your heart back to me?

©DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# You Are The Answer

YOU ARE THE ANSWER

You are the answer to the question jingling in my heart like the bell of a watchtower,  
The question I ask myself whenever a new day dawns and the sky changes into scarlet,  
You're the answer I've been searching for since my heart pulses and pines for love,  
The question I beseech my heart everyday the celestial orb of light overpowers the night,  
You're the answer I've been digging through the depth of my heart for, every brand-new day.

©DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Gather The Rosebuds Now...

GATHER THE ROSEBUDS NOW...

Gather the rosebuds beneath the pearly snow,  
Beneath the snow balls vibrating with energy,  
Gather your rosebuds while you're still vibrant,  
Beneath the thorns and prickles of this world,  
Gather the rosebuds, ripe, rosy and refulgent,  
Beneath the distilling darksome puffy clouds.

Gather the rosebuds rippling with raw beauty,  
Beneath the mounds of earth around them,  
Gather the rosebuds wrinkled and wandering,  
Beneath the greens and the glowing grounds,  
Gather the rosebuds into ravishing vast vases,  
Beneath the rich stalks and fluids underneath.

© DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO t

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# There Will Never Be Another...

THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER...

There will never be another to hold my hands and walk with me through the dark ditches,

There will never be another to kiss away my tears, while I'm wallowing in my well of woes,

I will bestow you my heart, never let go of it, even when I squashes you against the wall,

There will never be another to flourish and fade away with me when I'm flagging down,

There will never be another to worship me with all of my weaknesses and worthiness.

There will never be another to grab me with loving arms when I'm falling down into hell,

There will never be another to venture with me into my dreams and dreary days on earth

I will present my presents and my pasts, I will present my love and be your precious pearl,

There will never be another to cherish and complete me in competencies like you do,

There will never be another to connect me to the realms of resplendent glories like you do.

©DECHOSEN1 ??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# My Old Scars Still Hurts...

MY OLD SCARS STILL HURTS...

My old scars still hurts me, though I'm healing bits by bits and my hopes are howling,  
My old wounds are swollen with sufferings, whipped upon my back like a black slave,  
My old injuries are drowning my soul with drizzling drip-drops, gentle yet gruesome.

My old bruises still burns me when the world spits sulphurous sauces on my face,

My old sores still stings me when my spirit grows cold and the world puts me down,  
My old blotches still boils, I'm hoping they wash away soon in peaceful perfect pours.

©DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola



PoemHunter.com

# Inner Peace

## INNER PEACE

I found my Inner peace in my pen and paper,  
I found my Inner peace in my inky scribbles,  
When my heaven was ablaze in a lake of fire,  
When my work was belittled and backstabbed,  
My paper and pen lingered into my nepenthe,  
My scrawls and squiggles became my source  
of hope and happiness.

I found my solitude in my whimsical writings,  
I found my tranquility in my library of books,  
When my ink was dry, my days became bleak,  
When my heart was hallow, I penned my lines,  
My sheets became the wall against the world,  
My journals and diaries became my dwelling place for peace and joy.

©DECHOSEN1??

POET: OWOEYE TAIWO BISOLA

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# When There Is Love...

When there is love,  
A plate of rice will end this reign of hunger  
When there is love,  
A glass of water will wet away our thirst  
When there is love,  
Perfect peace will pave our paths and paces  
When there is love,  
Light will shimmer into our souls and spirits.

When there is love,  
Darkness will cower and flee away from us  
When there is love,  
Hope will make our hearts her home forever  
When there is love,  
Happiness will be boldly written on our faces  
When there is love,  
Light will live in our lives, lucid with dreams.

© DECHOSEN1  
16/06/2021

PoemHunter.com

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

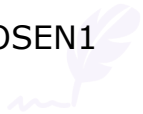


## Before My Light Burns Out...

Before I exude this world of wars and worries  
Hold me close in your gentle loving arms  
Before I exit this loveless life of lies and lust  
Hold me tight in your tender arms with love  
Before my soul dances slowly out of my body  
Hold me once more, never let go of my body  
Before my light burns out like a little candle  
Hold me once again with your light and love

Before I leave this earth with heaven at heart  
Hold me close, enclose me in your embrace  
Before I kiss your lips and my days goodbye  
Hold me well, wrap me in your warm embrace  
Before I close my eyes in death and stays still  
Hold me till my spirit sojourns on to the skies  
Before my light burns out like a burning lamp  
Hold me with old tales of love, sweet like wine

© DECHOSEN1



PoemHunter.com

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola

# What Happened To Us?

## WHAT HAPPENED TO US?

What happened to us?  
What happened to our bond so thick?  
What happened to our world so full of life?  
We were like earth and rain, messy but fun  
We were like 5&6, the same, yet different  
We wrote wonderful words on our world  
We wrote them with wands made of rainbow  
So, they shimmer sweetly like the sun at dawn  
So, something beautiful as this won't last long

What happened to us?  
What happened to our hopeful hearts?  
What happened to our world full of warmth?  
We were like magnet and iron, sticky and one  
We were like the stars in the skies, soft and lit  
We held the world in our fragile happy hearts  
We held it so tenderly, so it won't tear us apart  
So, it will water our souls with love and light  
So, something brilliant as this won't be forever

© DECHOSEN1

Owoeye Taiwo Bisola