

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Emmanuel Douglas Mulomole()

A Gossip Mongers

I know you are a gossip mongers
And you know I'm detesting you,
And you know I'm not pleased with you,
You always judge me day and night
And you follow me from left to right.
When will you stop to judge me?
When will you stop to follow me?

When I fail you are busy disseminating that tale
Through your sinful lips that murmurs around
Now my life's beautiful story would surely fall unto the ground.

Gossip, gossip, gossip everywhere
You exhibits your evil colours,
I know you are a gossip mongers here and there.
When will you see a right things I have done?
And do you know your bad character will be gone?

Enough, enough with your nonsense chitchat
Stop with all your constant backchat
Instead, mind your own lives and be fruitful
For our world to be restful and peaceful.

#EDM.

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God's Light

God's light has reached in my brain
And it is making my all tranquil thoughts never feeling a great pain
That something is now a point not vain

God's light has illuminated in my throat,
And it is creating all my speech to be a tune divine,
That my words are now drunk with the Immortals wine.

God's light has lighted in my heart
And it is making my life be an eternity
That something has now a strong art

God's light has arrived in my feet
And it is creating my earth be pray field,
And preach field.

#EDM.

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Streamlet Of Tears, Great Grief

No greatly blissful or joyful space in my life

Streamlet of tears deeply flowing in my life

Energizing my deeply sorrowful memories

Divulging the story about the fallen soldiers

That they were courageous and brave within

Now nothing great in my heart but great grief

Yes! It is streamlet of tears with a great grief

Once I remember the lovely voice of wisdom

Wisdom from my grandma who is not with us

She was a storyteller about stories of kingdom

Again, I remember the nice characters she had

Because of death, tears are here with great grief

Image that truly running in my mind is people

Yes! My people who really kicked the bucket

Because of accident or illness or mysterious action

With respect I remember the good time I had with them

Various characters of them, I was learning a view of life

Now nothing great in my mind, but tears with great grief.

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