

Poetry Series

# EMMANUEL GIWA-ALADE

## - poems -



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## EMMANUEL GIWA-ALADE()

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# The Rose's Crimson Hue

At every whisper of your name,  
My heart skips a beat, in sorrow's frame.  
For my heart breaks, in strata deep,  
Tendrils of pain my soul do keep.

Like a broken wall, once whole and strong,  
Now shattered, with holes that last long.  
The sizes of the holes tell the tale,  
Of love's fierce battle, and heart's frail.

I watch through the window, as rain pours down,  
As if nature weeps for our lost crown.  
A white rose once, now crimson-hued,  
Your touch, a whispered promise, now subdued.

Your gentle touch, a piercing blade,  
Cut through my heart, with love's sharp shade.  
I thought it magical, the rose's swift change,  
But didn't realize I bled from love's range.

Until I felt the sting of your gentle hand,  
With the rose's white petals, dyed in my pain's stand.  
Now crimson-hued, the rose remains,  
A symbol of love's sweet, yet piercing pains.

EMMANUEL GIWA-ALADE

# Lamentation Of A Broken Heart ??

pain is all that we feel  
that's why we're trying to heal  
hurting each other brought out the worst in us  
doubt, anger, and lies splited us  
but those actions weren't necessary  
cause break up was never an option  
my devotion and emotion wouldn't make me take that action  
cause you was everything my heart always mentioned

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# Vengeful ?? ??

life is full of ups and down,  
blowing like a tip of a gown,  
my sadness comes when all hope is down,  
making me end up with a frown,  
so in my tears I drown,  
as I walk downtown with my head facedown.  
I wish I could leave this walls,  
so I don't get to see those who sent me to the falls,  
I have risen and broken out from my prison.  
To those who are worthy let em speak, I'll listen,  
as i glisten, Through the hall of their pain,  
My face be the last when they meet their bane  
and then, they shall see the flame of my very own pain..

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# My Confession

Sadness I use to embrace for in it I dwelled in those days

Happiness was far from my reach and there was no one for me to beseech, for this love that you all preach.

I wondered and wandered searching for that feeling they say "gives a man strength at the cost of his mind" even when he sees he's still blind; love they call it, I have tasted it and I have felt it but the monster birthed from a broken heart made me numb making it difficult for me to succumb to that feeling again even though the monster drives me insane.

Then I met her. In her eyes I could see heaven, with her tender hands she drew me closer lighting up my candle of love in a twinkle, that I had thought could never rekindle.

A smile that brighten my day, heaven I saw in her eyes and I have let her into my heart, with a tender voice she spoke the name..... "Aishat"

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# Sad And Vengeful

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# Embrace It

Old age is no honour  
It's just a coward way to go funny enough we all want it.  
Life, full of uncertainty.  
Death is certainty, for it is the only thing that is certain.  
It is the only cure to everything  
Life is a pathway to unending suffering yet we strive for it  
'The world is a dream and death is the only interpreter'  
In the long run we all live to die  
One by one it will take us all  
Who dies, dies and who lives, lives  
So live your own life, for you'll die your own death. But those who truly die are  
the ones that have been forgotten.

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