

Poetry Series

Eromosele Bobby
- poems -

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Eromosele Bobby()

5%

If ninety five
percent 'f the
hundred things
i enact is classified
as a motify
no need my lady for
thou to be petrify
of thy love for me
nay tis a wonderful
feeling
this game we play
shall be 'f ex
paramour our
swansong
all ex-incubent
paramours
experience
opprobium
making retrospect
bereft psyche
halcyon
pacific semetry
dream has always
been burton
so love and beuty
an intrasigent
conundrum
life affairs slosh like
rum
even life incestous
are mostly abysmal
with peers things
metamophors to
acts 'f derisory
nay any other
verbage that
cudgels the above
is pejury
un-ethical things

are my life's portal
the worst a human
can embark is
carried out as
infinitesimal
ninety five percent
'f all that's i done is
wrong
but my love you are
5% 'f my life
the only thing i ever
did that's nt a gaffe
my amiss you sing a
swansong
thou art a piano
sound that's sings
at the hit 'f a gong
only two beign that
earth hoards
tis me and my five
percent
our presence
porges a scene
that's incandescent
albeit our berth lies
open in the sward
yet never love let
we be awkward
my five percent
lets sail the globe
together
to a place we do
tarry forever
we do live a velvet
life, nay whether
affluent or
insolvent
and our love we will
never rent

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Hakuna Matata

Hakuna matata
tis such a
wonderful psyche
hakuna matata
transcend thee of
all quagmire
hakuna mata ta
tis the best way
2be soignee
it reveals no
worries 4d rest of
our days
it set our borstal
trouble free
and 4rm sorrow we
do be descrete
when action is un-
ethical
t'will vouchsafe
liberty; tis nt
quizzical
Hakuna matata
all amiss is
accelerated nt as
henious
what thou see as
frouth is only a
prowess
4rm all degrading
dillema be delirious
when the environs
is frouth close thy
eyes nd be
dauntless
in all difficult
situation just ad
hocly be
impectuous
thy eyes rimsy in

tears
cause no more
parent that
vouchsafe fears
dry thy watery
balls and up
toast upon the
vintage in thy
plate and cup
thou art not a virgin
in orphan
prolific live without
yet the world sing
their paean
hakuna mata
slough villain
tired of the whip
form thy burgoise
abhor on the
stalwart sucking
vampire dissembling
disdain
albeit their state
be grandiose
yet in our own way
ecstasy can be
sustain
so leap into solace
away from lachry
muse
hakuna matata i
preach to you all
that four reason
differ thy tears fall
no matter the
commotion tis
good to joy
like infants ecstasy
up like thou
possess a new toy
for every
thousand reason

2sorrow
knw that joy is
shower into our
bones in a million
arrows

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Phrophesies 'F Poetry

Tell me brethren when the rain falls were would you be:

in d pearl 'f ectasy or hades 'f shackle.

in love or abhor.

The ticker falls wen d rain falls.

given love but wouldnt accept,

rather seeking frustration, confusion, abhor and a state 'f dismal.

As rain bring blessing on sow seed,

so does tears bring blessing on poetry inert the ticker.

Ooh! See the sunligth 'f solitude,

the rainfall 'f abhor and the little joy is air for this poetic seed planted inert the

ticker, harvested by ma pen and tommorow

it shal be the mellody which mother shall use too sing thy bairns y is sweeter

than any food, romantic than any lass.

It carasses 'f sweet rhetoric verbiage erects an attitude 'f ectasy to shag upon

the bed 'f cupid. I luv u poetry

Eromosele Bobby

Ten Over Ten

To live 10yrs
without tears is to
live without 10yrs
without family
to live 10yrs
without fault is to
live 10yrs without
friend
to live 10yrs
without crime is to
live 10yrs outside
the community
to live ten yrs
without stress is to
live ten yrs
without labour
to live ten yrs
without failure is
to live ten years
without hard work
to live ten yrs not
been a renegade is
to live ten years
without a woman
to live ten yrs
without happiness
is to live ten years
without christ
love woman
hardwork christ
community labour
family friend they
are the cause of
our trouble but can
we live without
them life is
quizzical
all perfection lies in
poetry

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