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**Poetry**

# **Dread at Dawn**

by

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## **Yours Affectionately**

Dear me,

I decided to write you a note.

Glad you decided to rock matriarch's boat.

Hope you had a good time, hating and loving her candid hopes.

Made hay in your black sunlight?

Got to the wanton destination?

While you dealt with your inauspicious transverse,

1914 paved way for 1960

1960 aroused 1963

1963 conceived a lot for you to foster.

Yours in marriage of convenience,

FATE.

## **Hidden Eden**

Embers of diligent uprisings you fanned,

Hope of efficient recovery you raised,

Patriotic shoots you sprouted.

Contempt is not my crime;

Thinking more than I give a damn,

Disillusionment attends man youthful prime.

Blurry images I forged from my telescopic lenses

Western hypocritical grandeur accrues in my microscopic lenses,  
Effort(s) concerted into mending brokenfences.

Hope avails retraction

Ailing cancerous effigies spurs my affectionate attraction  
...Holding still to the feeble grace of audacious redemption...

### **Down the Aisle**

We glowed in the consummated friendship of convenience.  
Little did we know that we needed to care much about the notions we ruminated.  
We pursued the crescendo of excellence,  
Lest we took care of the basis through which we were founded.

Aristocratic saviours rose along ethnic lines to tend our perceived infancy.  
They gave us bulls and inadvertently shitted on us.  
They appealed to our impoverished disappointment and promised us wishful appointments.  
We gave patriotic ears to their villainous cry for our votes

Down the aisle we strolled with them.  
For our sociophysiological conjugal bliss,  
there lay in wait at the altar, our date with destiny.  
Gullibly and shallow-thoughtfully, we proclaimed, I do!  
As we hoped in wanton aspiration for the honey by moon-time.

### **The mournful moaning**

The deeds aided by our collective gullibility attend our pathetic souls.  
We offered our-selfish selves some inauspicious notions of redemption,  
belligerent eventualities disdainfully dole contemptuous giggles  
at our colossal disappointments.

Songs of despair cum songs of redemption we wishfully wished for.  
Arrays of despondent hopes pave way for vistas of inauspicious realities in our ramshackled  
hearts.  
Compatriots craved respite but fate had nothing left but dejected and uninspiring responses.

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