

BOOHOO OR, OBLIVION FOUND

Oke Mbachu

There are so many poems
I have lost in the dark,
inside forgettable rooms
that had lost all their spark.

Many stars have fallen,
some that I could have held;
blown to air like pollen—
so many dreams I've killed.

Ashes in the mind
from fires of long before
that I cannot find;
no handle to no door.

There are roads in the soul
that I'll walk in time,
where nothing is the goal,
and they talk in rhyme.

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