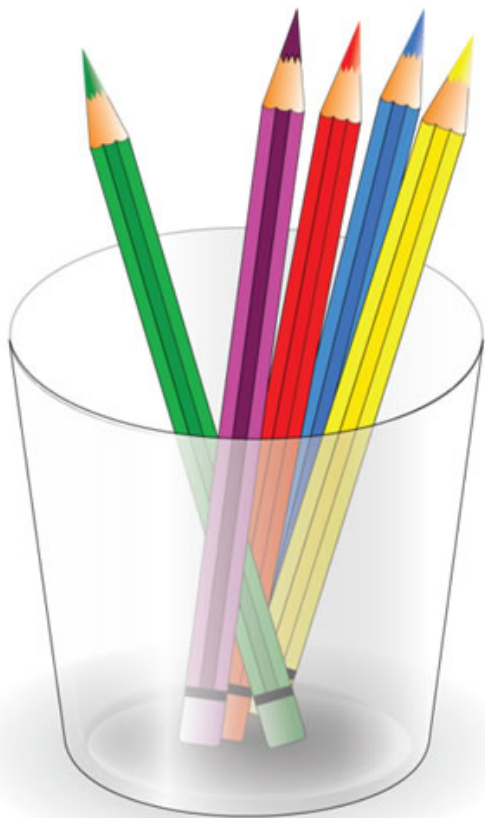


Anthology of Wolf



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To my Shewolf

About the author

Wolf the poet was born in the year 1998. A being in touch with mother nature itself

He is a teacher by profession, he loves to mentor others into spilling their guts out in form of writing.

He started writing and performing the various form of poetry during his schooling days

summary

Balancing the scales

I am a Wolf

Love unmeasured

Sickness a Menace

Balancing the scales

In life
one is always
balancing

like we juggle our mothers
against our fathers

or one teacher
against another
(only to balance our grade average)

our sweet black essence
or the funky honkies down the street

and lately i've begun wondering
if you're trying to tell me something

we used to talk all night
and do things alone together

and i've begun
to balance
the pleasure of loneliness
against the pain
of loving you

Wolf the poet

I am a Wolf

I am not a rose but a thorn
I hurt everyone touching me
They say i was cursed before i was born
To be honest shit is killing me
I have furs like a wild dog
I grip a prey and vanish in a fog
Some say my blows are like a wolf
With a bad past like a cursed oaf
Whatever they fucking call me
From the bones i have been fighting
Burning my past into odorous stream
Yeah i'm a wolf and i will stop their scoffing
I underwent an overwhelming mutation
Split up my cocoon apart
A caterpillar morphed into a butterfly
A wolf incarnate out of the pod
A strong being like the iron rod

Love unmeasured

The day my love was very long
This love i have for you is so strong
My affections for you princess are never wrong
You occupy my thoughts
Being the persona in every memory
My days without you are dark
When we don't converse i will not be a lark
Who loves to read the book of Mark
Instead i will be be dry as the mahogany bark
For i yearn your embrace my love
I tend to create an illusion in my mind
Usually i term it as my mind scape
It is a space i do escape to
To vanguish and extinguish my sorrows
In that mind scape is you my wife
Baby doll in you i see a wife
A girl with a brain sharp as knife
You bring me to life
And each and everytime you make me smile
The smile so innocent leaving my mouth agape
I miss caressing that curvacious body
Every squeeze i apply on those tender thighs
The love bite on those soft lips
Only God knows how much i want them
Call me a Casanova i won't mind
Since i am lusting for the woman i love
That woman is my rare flower
I will water it, care for it
As it is delicate leaving its petals to levitate with the splinter of sunshine
Exposing its fragrance cleansing the foul air within
My flower my Shewolf.

@wolf

Sickness a Menace

i wake up to this nightmare
The nightmare enraging my sleep
I am trapped in my own fantasy
A self afflicted doom of sickness
The sickness becoming my menace

A cold i encountered
Engulfing my emotions so tight
Not giving me a room to breathe
My throat so sore and itchy
Tryna utter a word, but my voice's scratchy

I find it difficult and excruciating to sleep
I have to rely on the pills
I see them pills and all they give me are chills
But in order for a splinter of sleep to dawn on me
I have no option but to oblige

I give it a day or two for the flu to pass
I am a wolf and i'll get well
Despair and anguish i will dwell
I will draft a sequel not a prequel
Allow me pen down, salute folks

@Wolf