

Poetry Series

**ADOO TUADUM**  
**- poems -**

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ADOO TUADUM()

# All That Is Vanity

All That is Vanity  
Is the lust of the eyes  
That makes man loose his image  
And move the direction of his mate  
To lead their ways in delayed  
That is full of decayed

All that is vanity  
Are the vehicle of the lips  
That praise & destroyed  
And make the soul mobster  
By the power of the master  
To do the masters will  
Full of unwillingness

All that is vanity  
Are the days wasted  
Moving in enjoyment  
That is full of enrollment  
In a vessel, that is vanity.

All that is vanity  
Are the wishing, likeness, happiness,  
Anger, love of the people  
That is full of amble  
And tall like the apple  
To be demonstrated like the angle  
And has no place to handle.

□

All that is vanity  
Are the court judgment  
That lack jurisdiction  
But assume as case,  
To be Awaiting among casing

All that is vanity  
Are flesh that is dust  
Full of blood that is water  
Living in the waster

To know that all is vanity.

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# Call Her The Name I Know

For Her name is Endurance  
Not to fool men with Florence  
That leaves with victor  
And yet no victory  
To be call Victoria.

Hear her voice mingling with Peter  
With a dancing drum and jester  
For people to joke and full with laughter  
To loose their dignity  
And play with their responsibility  
But yet no maturity.

See her face shining like star,  
With the vision of becoming a star,  
And yet no key to get it started,  
To put the vehicle on drive.  
For it takes no time to write on paper,  
But more time to get it better.

Ooooh! Endurance  
Listen to your inner voice  
And hear it with vow  
Keep your bold in your neap  
For your creator needs you  
More than the earthly youth.

ADOO TUADUM

# Happy Birthday

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Birthday is a day worthy of celebration  
Of another added deliberation  
That goes with graces  
In the world of greatness.

Let people come and jubilate  
For is a time to accumulate  
And lost the pass mystery  
To build a great ministry  
That would never be minted.

I hear voices saying happy birthday  
Radio playing happy great day  
Full of song that sang  
With a raising hand of a holiday  
And a worship ground of a holy psalm

Listen! Listen! ! My dear  
And celebrate with maturity  
For and added year is and added responsibility  
Happy Birthday.

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# Join Me

Join me as I dropp my poem,  
That share feeling of the likeminded prose,  
In a place of harsh prove,  
To let the part discuss with point  
And fill with allusion.

Join me as I move with gladness,  
Flowing with food for thought,  
To influence my readers glade,  
And do words with inscription,  
Embody with inspection.

Join me as I work with acquaintance,  
With rhyme of acceptance,  
To grows heart of mediation,  
And elaborate the mediator  
To know his diction.

Join me as I see the wished of people  
To be protected like the apple  
For the world is full of amble  
And yet no preamble  
To show the angle.

Join me as I close with monument  
Without epitomizing attachment  
To endow wisdom  
And close with alacrity  
Without resolution.

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□Tuadum Adoo Igbara

Poet

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# The Man With The Love

The man with the love  
Never dropped me on your pack  
For my love is in your part  
Not to mention in particular  
The sweetness in my mind  
That keeps the reminder

Never child away from me  
For your love had sponge my lips  
With acronyms of taste  
Not to measure with taster  
In my inner memo  
And yet non on my memory

Never close the door  
For your closeness is mouthful like dog  
Hotter than the pretender  
That is full of intruder  
And yet no place for extrovert

Don't call me your friend  
For your eyes lack friendship  
In the minds of our days  
Not to taught of our holyday  
That is full of song that sang

Hear me as I call love! Love! !  
Bewared of lust  
For love is good  
But not the earthly goodness  
That is full of sins.

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# To My Friend Elizabeth

Friends call you Elizabeth  
Both I called you lizzy  
That you are flexi  
And not lazy  
With a crown of honor  
For you deserve the honor

Let your part be of full of praise□  
For all in you are praising  
That goes with prayer  
And yet no room for playing  
To build your dignity  
That goes with integrity

Read my poem with joke  
And full of laughter  
For all they plan his been alter  
To put you in his centre  
Surrounded with the army of Christ  
To be protected from crises

Oooooh.... Elizabeth  
Sit with your honor  
For your honor is sweet like honey  
Picture like the future  
For all is destiny  
That has been destined

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