Ola Abdalkafor

My Truest Vow

Let's start with no lies:
After we unite,
I'll drown all words,
strangle poems,
assassinate songs,
and magic dreams into dust.

I won't plant you a rose in my heart,
but a thorn in my throat.
I'll feed on wrath,
burn our passions,
and keep their urn.
I’ll make our bond
a spider web, easy to wipe;
a leaf that falls in autumn.

This is my vow,
the truest I've ever made;
let's hope I break it
as promise violation
is humans’ enduring gift.