



Quotation: Folorunsho, Life, Light And Love,
NSM BLOG January 2026,
<https://new-school-of-multilateralism.uni-graz.at/en/the-nsm-blog>

12 January 2026

Life, Light And Love*

As I lay my weary head
On this unforgiving stone,
I feel life beckoning
With light that holds hands with love.

I see life, light and love
Running towards me
As I lay my head
On this strange pillow.

Lying alone in the middle of nowhere,
I see on my right shoulder
My 'one silver eagle, and six-pointed stars'
That would have turned
To 'a golden eagle and a cross of sword and baton'
Two moons from now
Covered in thick red liquid
That is trickling out
Like water from a half-blocked tap.

As I lay my head on this hard pillow
I feel my limbs getting numb,
I feel my vision getting blurred
To the hole on my shoulder.
Only my mind through the pain
Sees the deep ones on my leg and thigh.

When darkness finally comes,
When this pain finally eases off,
When the soul finally shuffles off,
When this warrior is dragged
By friends or foes to a pleasant



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Or unpleasant resting place,
And when the waiting ears
Of the world hear the news
Tell my parents that I fought gallantly
To save this sinking ship.

Tell my friends home and abroad:
I fought against the misty weather.
I fought against the windy weather.
I fought against the unnatural smog.
I fought against the strong tidal waves
Of this strange obnoxious creed.
I fought against the deceptive signals
Of the captains of this sinking ship.
I fought against the coded strategies
In the theatre of senseless war.
I fought against the moles
In our cherished camouflage uniform
Tell my loved ones I fought gallantly
To save this sinking ship.

Oh! When sorrow and pain submit
To the will of our Maker
Who weaves the tapestry of life,
Tell my wife that her dawn's light
Should not rush after my fading dusk
The shroud of night will soon claim
The rose of twilight.

Let my wife not weep
For her darling hero
But for this sinking ship
And its captains consumed
By greed and decay
Let my wife not weep



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For her gallant warrior
But for the land's fractured leadership
Blind to the turmoil, deaf to the people's plight
Let my wife not weep
For her head's broken crown
But for the innocent souls
About to twist to macabre dance
In the theatre of senseless war.

As I lay my head
On this hard pillow,
I see life, love and light approaching
Yet, my heart yearns
To depart, to break free
From this prison of pain
In this transitory moment,
I long to submit
To the gentle embrace of eternity,
And find peace with my Maker.

Moshood Folorunsho



Folorunsho Moshood is a writer and book reviewer. He is also an independent consultant with expertise in Development Works. This particular poem features in his yet to be published collection of poems titled *Peace on the Wings of Vultures*.



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