

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.