

A close-up photograph of a white ceramic cup filled with tea, with steam rising from it. The cup is on a white saucer. To the left of the cup is a crumpled, light-colored paper bag. In the background, a book is visible, and the scene is lit with warm, soft light, creating a cozy atmosphere.

# *The Sustaining Cup*

*for the sake of nobility...*

O L A L E Y E   G I F T   E M M A N U E L

The  
Sustaining  
Cup



*Written by*  
Olaleye Gift Emmauel

# The Sustaining Cup

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# FOREWORD

As we live our daily lives, we are encountered with different circumstances and different situations in which we all have different reactions to. We sometimes make mistakes which leads to regrets due to our lack of reflection and carefully thought out decisions. These mistakes go on to serve us as experiences.

In our sojourn through life, we pick up experiences and shape our thoughts and beliefs from them, hereby creating a perspective unique to us only.

**“The Sustaining Cup”** is a string of poems- each carrying a particular wavelength of thoughts, from my experiences and recounted situations which explore different areas of life in which readers could learn from.

This book is written in the form of an admonition from a Parent to a child, and it consists of two parts: "Father to son" and "Daughter Episodes”

As you read through this carefully arranged set of poems with an open mind, I hope you'd be able to understand the contexts, relate to the experiences, and mould for yourself a better perspective to life and living in general.

~ **Olaleye Gift Emmanuel**

*Poet and Author*

Father to Son...



(i)

Dear Son,

Come...

Let me teach you how to die.

Give all and restrain not.

Let your heart scream for help

Till it finds solace in the smiles of shadows.

Walk therein and become as a sin to the god of death.

Breathe... breathe again...

For death has many colours and you just found one.

(ii)

My Son,

There are many ways to tame the devil

But the best way is to tame yourself.

There are loose mambas everywhere

Misleading members into teammates

Till the heat of poison shames the vein.

Listen... and hold down the fort...

With every devil it brings.

For you own the fort and not otherwise.

(iii)

There are seasons and there are ceasings.

Be prepared,

For the seasons would become ceasings.

Dripping clouds will dry off,

And the wings of courage will be clipped.

Cower not! Push on!

It takes a great deal of madness

For a cow to escape butchering.

Remember this.

(iv)

Dear Son,

Do not be swayed by the colour of flowers

Its beauty is in its scent.

A rose is pure value laying waste until it is found.

Do not follow the paths of demons who found roses and burnt out  
its fragrance.

These ones are the tales of thorns

Killing the hopes of new buds.

When you find a rose... do live and die for it.

(v)

Everyone loves sweet words.

But a bleeding tongue

Is a man's undoing.

To promise is to imprison oneself.

Dear Son,

Take care to fulfil thy promises.

A word on oath

Is a wrath waiting to fight back.

Take heed!

(vi)

Dear Son,

Dig a well and dig deep

Until you find water.

The fire of moods

Shall burn the heart into rash vines-

A nest for angry birds.

Quench its flames.

Dig deep until you find water.

For water is gold.



(vii)

Fashion your thoughts dear Son,

For thinking is free but not fair...

Ask life.

In the pattern of a temple

So is information moulded

And waves of thoughts comes to worship.

Need I say more

For this path you must find for yourself...

All alone.

(viii)

Dear Son,

This is the unreal wings

That brings death to the god of the lofty.

The impetuous games of the inferior

That spurs his false magnificence

Into crooked satisfaction.

Dazzling lies that exhorts a man to the shadow of God-

Is bound to melt.

Beware! Better is silence than pretence.

(ix)

Dear Son,

There are battles that taints a man.

Do resist!

The urge for power is a blind hue.

There are nobles who were beset by this adventures of shades

Learn their lessons!

For the wages of sin is death

And the thirst for power; shame.

Never forget that.

(x)

Without bullets, a gun is useless.

Dear Son,

Let me teach you how to shoot.

Say little and do all.

Let your conscience exercise daily till it becomes lighter than feathers.

Float till you can sink no more.

Steady... lock your target... shoot!

For the only power a gun wields... is bullet!

(xi)

Dear Son,

Never give in to the god of no god.

This is the birth of tragedy.

Endeavor to believe

For unbelief is an irreparable disaster.

Only if spirits could speak, there'd be enough stories to fill black pages.

Strengthen your will

For threats will seek to break them.

Let death be the proof that a God exist.

(xii)

My Son,

Be inclined to love virtue.

For this is how to be great.

Hunt for the hunter within.

Raid his armoury and unleash great guns for great chase.

Compete with each other.

Keep the sport alive

And feed on healthy wins

Till you grow to become known as a standard.

(xiii)

Son...

Identify yourself.

Listen to the sound of your very own reflection.

The truth of echoes can only be told in quietude

And restraint only can its magic kill.

Listen well.

The stream of your own wisdom

Flows within... drink!

For conscience is its name.

(xiv)

Dear Son,

Have you heard of the chambers of secrets?

You should build a small one too.

Do not be afraid to own a puzzle

For it becomes healing

When you work it right.

Forget not that you are

But a piece in a puzzle within a puzzle.

Puzzle this!

(xv)

Do not let me hear

That you have cowered to the punches of tight fists.

It is a dangerous blow.

My Son,

Do not be bullied by the whispers of fear,

And the rumours of darkness.

Do not build for yourself a lonely grave.

Break free

And learn kindness.

Daughter Episodes...



(i)

Dear Daughter,

Meet your Mom...

Let her show you how to string hearts.

There are keys that can tune a man

Go to your Mother

Let her teach you how.

Do not dance the dances of madness

Where you play your body into black keys...

Trust me... its music is sour.

(ii)

Dear Daughter,

Do not be misled by reckless music

Blaring from the deadly lips of schoolboys.

Regard it as a proof of disaster-

Completely starved

Taking a last shot at survival.

The days of mad thirst and desperation is greatly upon us

For deceit has grown to become an astute move.

Beware.

(iii)

Leave no stone unturned

Crave and crave again

Till you break into rocks yielding fruits.

Daughter,

Bleed yourself out for love

Till he finds you and dies with you.

The sunflower flashes its light amidst wildflowers.

So say a prayer to heaven to flash its flame through thy mirror

That you may find paradise.

(iv)

Fear not to eat the forbidden fruit.

Eat till you're filled.

Dear Daughter,

Tap into the root of wisdom and revel in it

Even when the populace thinks you mad.

Wisdom is a circle of wonders

Leap in... head first...

And command the power of healing and the respect of ages.



(v)

Dear Daughter,

There is no greater satisfaction  
Than to gather the proceeds of harvest.

There are three roads to satisfaction.

Breathe... live... work.

Do not burn the joy of fulfillment on the pyre of gender.

Ambition can be a pest when not attended to.

Be wise!

(vi)

Dear Daughter,

Do not cast stones at a beehive  
For the burn is a plague of humour.

Dim your searchlight

And be slow to find fury

For he knows not how to hide.

Master composure

Even in the garden of spears

For calm is the new guts.

(vii)

Dear Daughter,

Listen...

Let me tell you how to become a spine.

Grow into a mass of nerves

On the back of gentlemen

That awe may fall upon attackers.

Grow till you strike a chord.

Until in the end

The threat is dissolved by its very own self.

(viii)

Daughter,

Let us talk of ceremonies

Especially the pageantry of weddings.

Think! For you are in no contest.

Your medal of honour patiently awaits you

On the golden wall across the oceans of unity.

Row and steer your relation-ship.

Crash not...

For staying married weighs far too much than its ceremony.

(ix)

My daughter,

Mark limits for the sake of peace

And be up to the mark.

The edges of friendship and love

Are inconveniently close

But maintain the gap.

Take control and tie down disputes.

This is your bounden duty.

Carry it out!

(x)

Dear Daughter

Money is fleeting

Your mother is a witness.

Take great care

To not see a man by the colour of his money.

This joy is misleading.

A Mother once said

That a woman who marries money for money

Looses her self-worth.

(xi)

Dear daughter

Do not cling to the ecstasy of heights.

It comes with a bad fall.

The attraction of discontent cannot survive the test of time.

Ask robbers.

Do not slave for a fatal order.

Subdue this urge and be insured

For you are a privilege another hopes to have.

(xii)

Daughter,

There are music that works wonders.

Pay attention!

The skills of tunes tuned in perfect time

Provokes steps of delight

And spirits of dead talents would rise again.

One small kindness deserves a big thanks.

Watch the magic of keys gratifying chords

And the wonders of tones that comes alive.

(xiii)

Dear Daughter,

Do not gift your soul

To the craftiness of seers.

There are limits to the power of prophecy

For it is a future yet to be set.

Examine it.

When the god of doom speaks

Fear not the evil tales

For you wield the power to reverse them.

(xiv)

Dear Daughter,

Promise me that you'd catch the essence of existence

In the throat of dialogues.

A lifetime is brief but slow to look upon

Until it begins to fade in a twist of fate

And colourless rainbow.

Find flavour

And fate will fade the twist

That victory may dwell in your abode.

(xv)

Dear Daughter,

Listen...

This is how to achieve purity.

Save truth and murder lie.

For lie is a dreadful traitor

He shall not defend you on the day of reckoning.

Walk in the shadow of truth

Till you become a wonder woman

For the shadow of truth is a safe home.

**The End**