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100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment
Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!

YOUR DRUM (Poem)

By OSORO P. J. NYAWANGAH

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(Waste no time gossiping it doesn't pay!)
Many people are always poking their noses in other people's affairs for nothing.

Play your own drum,
No one else,
Can play it for you,
It's your drum,
And your chose it your self.
No one else should,
Only you,
Know the tunes,
Let people
Enjoy the tunes
By playing it yourself
Have the hands for it
Take courage
Play your own drum

Wake early in the morning
Prepare yourself
In morning sun
Put your drum
Have the stick ready
For the best tunes.
Play your own drum
No one else
Can play it for you
It's your own drum
Prepare it yourself

YOUR DRUM (Poem)

For you alone
Know the tune of the drum

Don't be worried
How well others play
You also
Can play better
Often we are so busy
Listening, watching
Others play their drums
That we don't
Play our own

Practice always
Make perfect
Have the hand for it
Play your own drum

Be proud
Of your own drum
People are eager
To listen to the tune
The tune of your precious
Drum of yours
No specific qualification
Needed to play well
But will and seriousness
Play it well and loud
For it's yours
Play your own drum
No one else
Can play it for you.

Shall the driver
Drive the tailors sewing machine?
Shall the farmer
Harvest with the surgeon's scalpel?
Shall the fisherman
Paddle with the soldier's gun?
Shall the nurse
Inject with teachers chalk?
Shall the chef
Bake the mason's dough?
Then play on other's drum
But your own!

YOUR DRUM (Poem)

Play your own drum
Play it well and loud
Have a grip of it and
Use your talent
Enjoy your own tune and do not be surprised
Then, before the sum is done
Every one will recognize
The sound of your drum
They will dance
To the tune of drum
And crown you!

FREELANCE JOURNALIST, DISTRICT POLITICAL PARTY SECRETARY AND AFRICAN
CULTURAL ADVOCATE

A Happiness Poem

By David Leonhardt

If a happiness poem could bring forth a smile,
Then my face would always dress in style.

If my ears could hear my computer screen,
From one to another, they, too, would grin.

My keyboard types for my eyes not my tongue
This happiness poem will never be sung.

But what of my eyes? Don't they shine?
Yes, but not from this poem of mine.

The pen is mightier than the sword,
But a pen can write only words.

The feelings I sense and the senses I feel
For keyboard and screen remain far too real.

My ears and my nose remain at rest.
My cheeks and hairline are doing their best.

But if this happiness poem could make my mouth smile,
My face would forever dress up in style.

David Leonhardt first published this happiness poem in A Daily Dose of Happiness at

. Read his friendship poem at

A Happiness Poem
How To Do A Baby Handprint Poem
Native American Indian Drums
Free Poetry Contests
Are You Really Writing Haiku?

Gag Gifting.
The Alphabet of Birds



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