

POETRY

TWO POEMS

by Onookome Okome

These Feeble Poems

These feeble poems that I write
how much hope of grains are situated in them?

The people in the streets are so many,
so desperate.

As I walk towards them,
these poems and I are like vanishing wishes
in a run-away inflation.

We are unadorned; littered along side-walks.
The sun shows no mercy, my legs are tired.

I write another feeble poem,
my wandering feet leave that on the paths
but the rain says no to my marks on history's face,
the rain washes down the tears
that my feet make on the sands of hope.

I wonder.

I wonder.

These feeble poems that I write!

My Heart Said Things

This freedom to write is a strange power!
Suddenly upon a strange idea pleading. . .
I hear the opening of a heart —
Then the tumbling of a heart
Of pressured pages of histories. . .
I see a people lost in the constraints of things
Not hoped for,
Then I know. . .
The silence in my heart said things
I have failed to record in the senatorials.
I remember last season when we harvested
Laughter that raged on in the racks.
Now the rafters are desolate;
Full of limping faces.
This freedom to write is a strange power!
In its lightness, I am propelled
Into this madness —
A madness that leaves me free to shout.