

BIKO!\*

by

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I remember ... once  
When woven cloth was sold in village markets  
To lend beauty to slim bodies.  
Now folds of thick flesh are girdled  
In naira-powered silk.

I remember ... once  
When ears were light  
Pierced with fragments of winged coconut shell.  
Now lobes collapse  
Dragged to despairing lengths  
By obese patterns of heavy gold.  
Eyes too big - hearts too small  
Biko!  
Let's reverse the order.

\*Igbo lang. for "I beg."