

A PAGE IN THE ALBUM

By

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Incisions in my memory
And the whirling mind
Slithers on Slippery life-slices.
Reminders prompt
My tactile hands to turn
Brim full granary of Album pages,
A harvest of heads.

Here

Innocence of dimpled cheeks
stream with love.

There

Unfathomable passion of sultry mouth
Wink beckoning eyes.

But animated mirages

Replicas on sterile paper
Are empty tortoise shells:
a bundle of sighs
do not make a smile
a bundle of smiles
do not make a laugh.

So a country

Turns its dog-eared pages
of bullet torn history.

Here

dance starvation
oozing with hate

There

Flit Gorgon tribalism
shaking nineteen heads

And our Agbada* Characters re-enact
In bloody cyclic custom
A morbid drama.

* *Agbada*: a traditional flowing robe particularly worn by politicians, the seemingly affluent citizens, and very important personalities including high public office holders.