Unconcluded ...
… and tortoise said to her father and mother,
“Show me a husband, one that has never been seen, one that will not steal the fruit of my labour and scatter my father’s barn among thieves far and near.
Show me a husband without guns, without big gown decked in gold.
Show me a man with a sharp cutlass, unselfish spade and serious intent to redeem the land. For too long have I waited watching orisirisi,* even lizards and rats that ravage the land: my fruitful womb. They have no desire in conception! The future curses their resurrection!
"That husband does not exist my child! Prepare yourself for...” Mother and child wrestle words from angry mouth of hungry man stretching long throat for price of prize-ram. “He exists! He exists” The duo shout in hopeful unison that matches hope of dogged stayer wrestling the music.
For music is pepper, sweet and sour like bitterleaf.
Together we wrestle It, you and me, Like dance of dogged stayer.

* All sorts.