

Remembering the tendril

Is it snake or dove that pulls the tendril,
When its blood is infested with red ants?
Is it convention or godliness,
That makes the mad woman
Rage with ruled disorder.

Ekwe-ekwe* of the intricate steps,
Dancer with the neck of ostrich,
Is it your inheritance,
From flying ants that have fallen,
Or your consort with the bird
Whose voice breaks morn?
Is it your sojourn with the owl,
Or your flirtation with the Aro
Which makes it difficult to learn you?
Woman of the wild,
Companion of spirits,
Shopping with all
In the village market of Amuda,
Who are you?

The bullet that arrested your voice,
Should have waited for us
To learn your secret.
But we were far away,
Building shields,
Flying from menacing sound,
And force of wrath.
who have legs
were'far away,
Remembering the tendril,

* A mad woman who roamed around the market of Amuda-Isochi, during the Nigerian civil war singing, dancing, and talking more sense than nonsense.

When menacing wrath
Of poisonous snake,
Stopped the vibrating tendril.