

Misplaced love

Dregs of stale wine,
Shoot through her eyes,
Like pus from jigger foot,
Infecting healer and air,
As angry spikes
The friendly child.
From Noon till harvest time,
Still she sows cocoyam leaf
Over that boil.
That boil in the bottom of her anus.
But,
Come festival and harvest,
Both spore and spike
Must yield to musical pot,
And spread fair intestine,
In the market place.