

Conclusion

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.