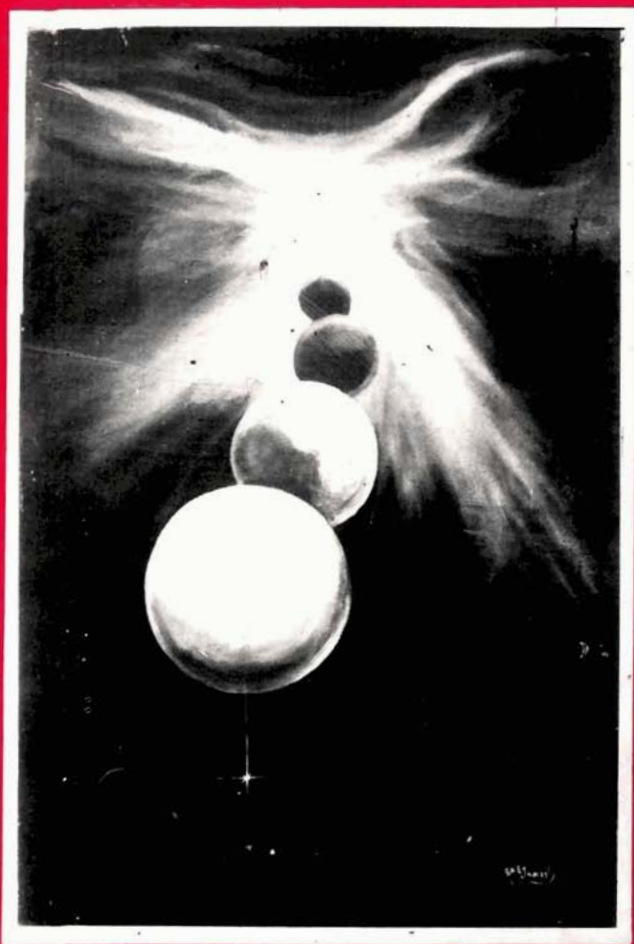




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36

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IK AKONOB

Coup

Intoxicated
harmattan breeze
drums
on tree leaves.
An old music
an old dance begins.
Suddenly
season's pawns white-haired
swim the streets
drawing dust-curtains open
groping
for a pathway.
The season's coup ...
a new tenure
a new regime
another season
even so ...
flowers wither.

EZE CHI CHIAZO**the other sex education**

(for all the circumcised women of the world)

close your eyes
let's look for the way
use the veil, if you like

husbands have right
to their desires, daughter
we have not

every woman is for a man
therefore, daughter be
for your man

for what does the she-goat
have it behind?
avoid his eyes, the sight

women have no desires
...?
it is so, daughter, it is so

why then are we circumcised?
if not so

everyday
every means

The soldiers are marching

they march all the day long
night falls over us

they march and crush
flowers tremble
humus weep
butterflies recoil their lips

they march all the day long
children refuse to show their heads
even at the tenth month

the soldiers are marching
as though meteorites fall
the snails would not crawl out

soldiers are marching
we can no longer hear
the sweet laughter of children

the soldiers march and streets are empty
only prostitutes show their bodies
and they that have guns laugh

night falls
soon there will be
sighs
groans
barks
howls

will you march along with them?

at last

... and finally
the cock left the hen
and crowed loud

the hen looked at me
stretched the neck
to ask whether I witnessed

I saw it , hen
the earth saw it

PATRICK TAGBO OGUEJIOFOR**Solitude**

(for Vayo)

Must I be told of the impossibility
of returning to a most cherished reality?
Shamelessly I guess heavenwards
staring at the moon, pleading
for the return of the harmattan nights
to have you beside me in warm embrace.

But the grooves of the gods have been
deserted long before our love seasons;
you remember our nightly reading of the HOLY BIBLE
how we cannot open our books
until chapters after chapters of the Holy Scriptures
have been buried in our heart of hearts
But I can now see, Vayo,
the illusion of happiness
and the reality of sorrow
I can now see.

