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Chukwu Romanus Nwoma

Contradictions

Beneath the apparent meaning of life
Lies a nexus of contradictions
Man searches in the storm
Not of the sea, but of the soul
Yet, no meaning is unraveled

Why does the nightingale fly at the echoes of its song?
Why does the hawk sleep at the time to devour its prey?
Why does the candle go off when it's time for light to overthrow?
Why does the ship sink on arrival to anchor?
Why does the rain stop when clean water is due to flow?

Indeed!
We have neither the mass nor the fibers
To withstand the strong current of fate
Helpless we are
When nature is in a conspiracy against us

Chukwu Romanus Nwoma teaches in the Department of English and Literary Studies, Alex Ekwueme Federal University, Ndufu-Alike, Ebonyi State, Nigeria.
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Just Beside My Grave

People would gather to sing canticles with my name
To speak of my commissions and whisper my omissions
Many would gather to sing dirges at the edge of the grave
Some would celebrate in joy for my death and mock my corpse
But we are all walking corpses

Just beside my grave, gathers a heterogeneous class
From the men of letters through the men of wits to the men of craft
Fragile hearts would roll in tears as stubborn ones would stand in shock
While pretentious tears would hang on some cheeks
Yet we are all working corpses

Just beside my grave, a gathering, perhaps, in a circular shape
Friends would lament the vanity of life
And eulogize the much I had achieved
They would tell how I rode on the wave of fame amidst my foes
But we are all walking corpses

Wrinkles of grief would adorn the faces of friends
Powder-coated faces
Would dampen in dripping
And drizzle in tears
Yet we are all walking corpses

The cheeks of chicken-chasers
Would be shrouded in shriveled gazes
Amidst their deceitfully sullen faces
Stagger their sagging shoulders
But we are all walking corpses

My grave, the end to a very long walk of a lifetime
Yet the beginning of another journey to freedom
You are only mightier than my flesh
Not my spirit, nor my pen and paper
For we are all walking corpses

Chukwu Romanus Nwoma teaches in the Department of English and Literary Studies, Alex Ekwueme Federal University, Ndufu-Alike, Ebonyi State, Nigeria.
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