

**THE OBLIVION (Poem)**

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Am but a bird in distress  
The voice of a mistress  
Subdued in a forgotten moment,  
Our voices are drowned and mute  
The hand of death so heavy, like  
A hammer on an anvil,  
Dragged to an arena drenched in  
The sweat of slavery and hypnotized  
To the slow dance of death.  
I belong to nobody,  
Is but a slogan covered in mud;  
cornered and barred  
But we can only hear the voice of  
Hope, so far removed and distanced.

I am but a bird of hope to perch,  
And never to die,  
My wings spread in the east sun,  
The splendours of a morning dew beckons,  
Reminding me of past dirge,  
The sorrows of an ageing city,  
The voices of a tiring people, forgotten  
In the rain.