

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.