

The Child in Me

What decades could not fulfil lies in me deep.
Clouded in hope and dreams, I fare through a vague longing.

Wandering half-clouded in wishes, roses of thoughts fall in radiant faith.
In dark sorrow, I delved into the Creator's law arranging my days with covered eyes
My deepening shades of thoughts held me in delirium leaving my body bruised hurt— a mere
child without help.

On the street, labour blossomed into money to pleasure my soul
I dreamed life but had no shades of beauty, taste nor fashion
In desperate passion, I sang my songs of loneliness in passing ears.
Echoing my lonely life without *mama* and *papa*, *sister* and *brother*.

The saddest moments on the streets sank deep with passers-by casting a cold eye on me.
In me, no one saw the dusk faithfully rising in beauty to expose the whiteness of my heart.
My grief turned inward leaving me helpless and lost.
I dreamed and dreamed till I ceased to dream.

The hustling crowd of white and black never ceased to wonder
Bigger and bigger, they grew in number
Smaller and smaller, I became behind their rough backs
I was forced by fate to choose my choice.

Years rolled by, months crawled perfecting my life in loneliness and want.
Raging in mute silence, perfection embraced me in joyful ecstasy.
Eleven brought the luck that curled me up in brightness that I firmly grasped with my life.

On the hospital bed, I felt joy at my pain after the car accident
that left me flat on the roadside.

A faint voice whispered in my little ears—
“I will take you home! You need a nice home!”

The faint murmur snowed chills into me
blowing wind of joy without trace of air.

Slowly, my eyelids opened gazing into beautiful
faces that dazzled with Angel's smile.

Winged with awe, I drifted into a peaceful sleep
murmuring my silent praise to my Creator.

The paired darkness disappeared
leaving strong shades of white and gold.

My new home smelled of plenty coated with sugary and milky droppings.
I smiled often walking with butterflies in the beautiful garden.

Day after day, I grew rich in sweetness wrapped in news songs—
songs knitted in vows to spread my hands of plenty to the child in me on the street.

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