

## Twenty-Twenty

I watched the breeze draw lines on my body  
with a chilly-pen freezing my pores.  
In sudden outburst, I sprayed my thoughts in the air,  
speaking in tongues only tears can interpret.  
Silence echoed back in teary drops  
My memories file in lines:

I saw shades of colours cutting me deep  
in the heart with a knife of wishes.  
“Twenty-Twenty is the best year”—  
a love speech in stillbirth!

I walked back my thoughts rift of dreams  
of burst bubbles in a yearly game uttered in delivery room.  
A game of fairytales with opposites—  
A game my Mama played in silence for years.

As a child, I watched her pray tunelessly  
with upraised hands chained in gratitude for the past she had.  
I murmured “amen” in disdain as I stretched my hand  
to Tomorrow forgetting a coin has two sides in a game of chance.

Twenty-Twenty came in as Tomorrow  
driving me backwards in a spinning spree.  
She kept my dream in the sky like a shooting star  
covered in dark clouds; all the colours in me faded.

I saw men fall down quickly without a wish  
My mind became crystal about this thing called life.  
Now, I wait in gratitude of the past  
looking at Tomorrow with bulged eyes.  
“Tomorrow is pregnant” my Mama said in a whisper.  
I wonder if the baby is a she, he or others.

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