

## **Will Freedom Walk?**

Who said freedom walks like the air  
when his feet have been pulled from the joints?  
This earth-balled surface frames dark corners  
full of cobwebs, a fence made of lines  
wired upon the borders for deep communion.  
Here and there, dark empty cold; wind egg-union with guard,  
patches of dark-brown bury us without a touch of humanity.  
We are caged without fantasies of a waiting world.  
We dig into hope with puffy heart in comic silence  
feasting on time as lie fondles truth in vibrant caress  
bursting with images of evil romancing with good,  
lovebirds locked in “Haram” in a lost and found game!  
Standing afar, the sun smiles whistling in hot flames.  
The moon watches in quietude waiting for a treat.  
Our hearts crack, we wish they would stop  
if we look at them one more time while guarding the garden.  
We wrap up our thoughts in packages beside the gate  
waiting for freedom to come along and blow the fire cold.  
Silence hangs in the wind, heavy as a rock rolled up  
in a vast darkness moving without intensity; it remains still,  
but still moving—once, twice, several times.  
With sage-like faces, we watch with each passing breeze.

### **Ifeoma Ezinne Odinye, PhD**

Senior Lecturer, Department of Language and Literature

Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka, Nigeria

Email: ifeomaodinye@gmail.com

ie.odinye@unizik.edu.ng