

## **The Truth is White**

Behold the cloud—

it seems like clusters of white woolly ice-cream suspended in the air.

You long for it in nightly race drifting in and out of thoughts with shades of insomnia.

Now, you have reached the cloud staring it in the face with dreamy-dizzy eyes.

In flashlike spree, you scooped it with curved palms—

it feels like air covered in odourless smoke!

In stunning silence, you feel the coldness—

muttering nothing, beholding nothing!

You count your wishes back in rows tethering through

life's priding times when men were possessed with spirited euphoric utterances—

"the sky is my starting point"! The clouds are my wings!

Now, you know the clouds have no wings!

They are merely the Creator's pawn spanning artistic colours in eternity's space.

This moment,

bring your palms down!

Lower your gaze and spread your arms!

Feel your space!

Gaze with love and shade your colours beautifully with heartwarming smiles!

Murmur in yourself with unspeakable gentility that echoes this truth—

"I am standing on my space! This space is my starting point!"

Now, close your eyes in Creator's Muse knowing

that you have no wings of special breed.

Drown in that Muse and walk in your ability with nurturing stamina.

Do this in love!

Spray your boundaries in love!

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