

Final Respect

~~~Niyongu Samuel Shawon

Last night I curled under the sheets  
Remembering the dusty streets  
In beautiful Ihugh where I hail  
And an old woman of white hair.  
Poor and totally wrinkled!  
Even life had her ridiculed.  
She would sing songs  
telling deeds of Kunav men so strong.

I wished her sons  
Cold and loneliness pained her lungs.  
And a shrill smile she often wore  
Would a times cry as during war.  
To help I thought,  
now and then as I ought  
Yet my finances were short  
So I would pray as I was taught.  
She was always alone  
and no word described her but 'LONE'

Sweet death hugged her one night  
I smiled: this was good for her plight.  
Then in awe I saw a throng.  
I had been wrong!  
For what is this assembly? I enquired.  
"Final respect," they chorused.  
My poor heart sank  
as it saw people of rank.

To and fro they went.  
Money upon money they spent.  
Diamond casket embraced her corpse.  
I laughed at such waste and loss.  
Extravagance so fake  
She had had meals of no taste!  
Often sleeping without food.  
She had seen no good.  
Yet in death, everything was new and money flew  
Sadly and funnily, she never knew!

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