

White Garment Man

~~~Augustine Chidimma Doris

With his white garment he walked  
to the altar singing and blessing the body of Christ  
What pain I feel in my heart  
for the man my heart beats for belongs to another

He is as funny as a stand-up comedian  
As calm as a still lake  
As loving as a mother's embrace  
His voice is a melody  
He doesn't look bad

Should I compare his love to that of a father's love  
or that of a man to his girlfriend?  
or that of a white man to his pet;  
he can go miles to cure the pet of his illness

The illness we both contacted was that of love  
The sin we committed was that of love or lust

We are two in this, just as love and lust are two words.  
I wonder what he has for me, I am sure mine is love.

My father who lives in heaven do not forgive us,  
me in particular for eating the fruit that is kept for you.

I would have loved to return it back  
but my heart has grown to love it  
and my body is weak to do so  
yet my spirit is willing

What ungracious offence I have committed against God,  
my body and to the white garment man  
The world I live in please do not spit me,  
do not judge me.  
I better clean up my tears and be strong.

Even if the world rejects me  
And God himself rejects me  
The soil will not reject me  
and I refuse to regret my actions  
nor what I feel for the white garment man.

For now, I will keep my head straight  
And wait for a reply from heaven,  
until heaven calls me  
I plead onto the trees to plead on our behalf  
To the white garment man, I am sorry if I lured you.

~~~Augustine Chidimma Doris is a young Nigerian poet. She is very passionate about poetry.