

THE COLONY CRUMBLES

We smile inspite of the throes . . .

because our skin
has become thick like the hippo's,
and the whips of woes
can no longer bend us to wail or wince.

Yet inspite of our contempt
we succumbed under the scourge
of anguish into settling for crumbs.

The colony crumbles . . .

because none is eager to poke
his infirm finger into the heaving hive,
to stir a buzzing swarm among the boughs;

because birds have become
heedless to the hums of bees,
and inattentive to the grumbling of grubs;

because bees now make no honey,
and the flowers are not fertilized
because the pollen cannot reach the anther;

because bees perish with their busyness unsung,
and birds ride the clouds hauling

the loot on haughty wings;

because fecund winds have been hoarded
by the winged monsters who dine
at the corridors of the sky;

because trees now stand tall and ripe with
bleached leaves like a whipped face. Browbeaten
trees bow their brown heads in the barren wind.

And sown seeds rot . . .

because our testicles have become swollen
from the weight of unsquirted seeds,
virgin seeds sepulchred in the rotting roost,
seeds stowed fallow in the freezing gloam.

And because our testicles are humongous
they crook our legs . . .
and because crooked legs trailing untrodden bushes
only leave behind a crooked trail.

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