

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Bura-Bari Nwilo: Two Poems

Bura-Bari Nwilo · Monday, September 28th, 2020

Where do broke men go

Where do broke men go
when they die?
To God's pearly gate,
a marvel of wonders,
whose cost could have set them free,
or to God's hell, a bowl of fire cooked
for the damned?

To ask at whose expense the fire brims
and whose job it is to fuel it would be
blasphemy.

For the one who made peace,
made war at his spare time.
And no man should doubt this, men say.

Where do broke men go,
when their eyes close to worries,
and their poor bodies can't be chased
down streets for a lil bread collected?
Do they disappear or migrate to Trump's town,
where armed officers shoot them from behind for being the wretched of the earth?

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Where we love is home

Where we find love is shelter,
protected by a dozen soldiers,
on guard daily.

The room where our lights shine brighter is stage.
Where a hand leads us to safety is haven.
You're now my haven.

In cold times, I am warm, staring in your face,

staring at this photograph in my head,
hoping you would see me soon.

These scent I emit is of want,
it is of a craving to be seen by you,
and the kindness in your heart.

Where we love is home,
where we feel no fear is home's ancestor.
You've become my idol, good one.

Your laughter has become my totem,
I know no more loss when I call to you,
You have become breath bringer.

Where we love is home,
Where our legs do not hang in the air,
and our thoughts are not of harm.
You're my home, Sorkwa.

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