

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Keyinde Afolayan: “There Was A Country”

Keyinde Afolayan · Monday, November 2nd, 2020

There Was A Country

And there we sat, in a street littered not with dirt or sewage but with chunks of two-day old carcass, flanked by much older bones. The street smelled of life and death alternatively. “What is dead may never die,” we echoed.

Our seats were made of leather gotten from human skins. Our legs were positioned comfortably on dried blood and fat. Surprisingly, we were at ease with the situation as though death himself apprised us that he would come for us—one after the other—until we all became fossils.

Alicia’s Perfect Way To Die went on and on as the only surviving piece of civilization. How did we get here? An onlooker would wonder. Even with my smug, confident smile, I asked myself. I got an answer. I only screamed the same words I muttered on the day Big Bro’s limp body was brought in, struggling to hold on, but couldn’t. The very one Baami solemnly recited as he dug Bro’s new home, directly facing his old room. The one Maami chanted as her clothes became shreds; that people had to stop her from going completely nude.

This one:

“There was a country”

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