

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Ude Ugo Anna: Three Poems

Ude Ugo Anna · Friday, June 5th, 2020

One and a million trenches

The world's swiss cheese
– porous, stinky.
Let's play hopscotch
on these graves;
one and a million trenches.

Hop. Uwa.
Stride. Tina.
Hop. Stop. Floyd.
Hop. Some person.
One foot. Wait, who?
Hop. You?

*

Muffles

Ixora.
No, honeysuckle
Sunflowers are left to wilt on haircrowns.
Thorns are useless until it's time to speak of pain.

You're not some rose to be trampled on
by lovers on their march to sweet bliss.
Scratch hibiscus from your bio.
If they milk and drink you, turn poison.
You're no frigging herb.

*

Yelga

Not all wombs are foetus-shaped.
Oyinma,
bury your chisel and stop carving.

If what you have is 'irregular,'
fill it with roses, pages and tea.
Wombs are wombs for everything
and anything.

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