

# Re-awakening the Shrinking Blossom

by Ikenna Nwakamma

For Elo

I

She is now a stranger to herself  
She knows no more the shape of her heart  
A heart so numb, but familiar with sorrow  
So broken as it drifts apart  
Ruptured lily, once radiant like an after rain sun  
Once aspirant to the great heights  
She once felt her arms like wings  
Ready to challenge the sky to a race.

Once a lily with allure and blooms  
Full in her innocence, full in gaiety  
Like pumpkin by the waterside  
Her nectar and pollens primed  
Waiting the visitation of the butterfly  
Waiting for the symbiosis that creates greenness

Lo! It was the Caterpillar, not the butterfly  
It was the burrower that went for her core  
Invader of the bloom that ruptured her blossom  
Taking her nectar in exchange for venom  
It was the shrinking of her petals early in the morning

II

Suddenly, the sun ceased to shine in her eyes ...  
Radiance choked by yoke  
Her night hid with a knife  
On her bosom, treasures were plundered  
Leaving sorrow, tears and blood.

She bore in her, fermented rabid pleasure  
And lesions of forced passages  
On her are footprints of a pleasure Pirate with diseased loin  
Poor sister familiar with sorrow  
With eye sacks drained of tears

Let me tell your tale  
And defile the treacherous silence  
Let me bear witness to your stripes  
... judgment to the mute  
Let me bear witness to the death of the sun  
And chant the dirge for justice with raised fist

Let the silence break  
Let the moon find courage and expose the angles of the night.  
Let my words give you strength  
In your strength, the bloated egos will deflect.  
Let me tell your tale  
That silence may know some shame.

III

Suddenly, her innocence dripped off her head,  
For she bears on her face the mark of the beast  
With heated infirmity in her blood stream  
Leaving pains, blames and shame.

Suddenly the Holy Ghost took leave of her...  
A virus stricken temple  
The pulpit of her salvation, now the fulcrum of her damnation  
And the sword of Herod is over her head, proclaiming judgment ...  
"Your loose loin kissed rabid pleasures  
Your mouth is unfit to praise the lord of host"

Like her master led with a cross to Golgotha,  
she walks through the darkness of transgression  
Staring at faces once fraternal,  
All scornful, none mournful  
... a leper in the house of Yahweh  
And like Julius Caesar in the face of treachery, she whimpered in silence  
"et tu brethren"

IV

I hear you Elo  
I feel the silence in your solitude  
I hear you, daughter of my father  
I see you peeping through the cracks  
Thirsting for sunshine

Reject the redefinition of you with a viral surname  
You are Elo, the bearer of dreams.

I hear your whimpers; I hear the whispers  
Worry not of the inanities of the apocalyptic horsemen  
Worry not of the infirmities of your bloodstream  
Dispel the disgusts with a bust out of your shrinking blossom  
For by your smile and affirmation to greenness  
You shall disarm the spineless virus

Drop the gong of the leper, take the branch of the Olive  
Show your face to the skies again, and seduce the sun into full shine  
Hold my hands, lean on me  
For behind your cloudy face laden with a heavy heart  
I see the gaiety, and freshness out of suffocated viruses

Let the sun rise again in your eyes  
Open your petals to the sun of the new dawn  
The scars on your skin are the marks of your strength  
Let smile find its place on your face again  
And make melodies out of your tale.

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