

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Livingstone Ngoziukwu: “Acrobatics”

Livingstone Ngoziukwu · Saturday, June 20th, 2020

Acrobatics

It was as soon as dawn broke, over our shoulders
And birds and bell chiming— the rhymeless hymns
Of neighbouring chorals, and the noise and cries of
Our friends in the battle to bathe: under the sun, and the cruel
Eyes of virgin girls; as soon as the door is pushed towards glory
And the new milk spill through the lacuna, shining upon us,
And turning lucid our curious feet, that we ran to the ambiance
Where the wet grass fondled a mould of warmth, and children
Flipped in bewildering braveness, like eagles tumbled by God—

It was as soon as dusk came slowly, upon the trees
And the reptiles swam home, nodding to the moon,
While super called with aromatic tones, that we gathered
Our epiphanies in one lump, and scattered into the
Chastity of worried elders, and wished tomorrow
Rebelled against God — to return us again, to the soil.

This entry was posted on Saturday, June 20th, 2020 at 8:27 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)
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