

D.M. Aderibigbe

Art of Surviving
— *after Chimamanda*
Ngozi Adichie

Sunday: tired of God,
tip-toed out of Heaven.
I was just eleven
years-old — old enough to sit
on a Danfo bus rolling its tyres
on a tiled road leading
to my mother's flabby breasts.
In a market before the street
of my childhood: sounds flew
out of gun-mouths:
the living killing, the living dying —
afternoon dripping of blood.
Behind a building
which never recovered from the crises
which raged on my mother's lips,
I hid beside him: my neighbour
like me was dead but breathing.
When the dead finished dying,
we walked with our kneecaps
out of the market like injured soldiers
retreating from a battlefield.
The street was soaked in whispers:
beneath a woman's lips, my naked
mother — running and mourning
over her living son.

