

Strength

I am coming out of the otherness,
retracing steps to a door marked 'human' —

Anything is possible.

If I can cut this umbilical cord
stifling my cries, strangling my destiny,
weakening the intent of violence against
the nightmare vision of one who has known
glory only in past tense ...

A clue here, hearsay there, a sharp vision
of damnation cloaked by normality,
constructed by cowboy builders and still
they would hold me to ransom over a
yawning foundation and make me
part of it as I am already.

Am I strong enough? Perhaps.

Maybe if I walked out on yesterday
I might just build upon a strength that will
place me firm in tomorrow's grasp. Or will
I turn pillar of salt from returning
my gaze too many times in regret at
forfeiting the warmth of my mother's womb?

They say strength comes from within. What reserve
do I hold for this, such a long journey
and no guiding star? Then I fear I must
look back. Then I will crawl forward, past the
mirror-stage — 'That's you,' a familiar voice
cries. Is it? Tell me, is that really me?

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