THE GHOST SONG

by

Chike C. Aniakor

Child, go home before the night comes,
The man who is so tall
His head cannot be seen
Bend low like a bow
and look through your legs,
his feet borne aloft
on a cushion of wind,
sailing like a feather
in a village harmattan
is not one of your kin.
Child, go home
The moon is down
and the night is sold
to voices of maidens
caging the night
with dirges of moon songs
Their triumphs the owl
hoots;
The night is still
like a man on the
crucifix
where men without bodies
hold meetings for their
next victim.

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