Incisions in my memory
And the whirling mind
Slithers on Slippery life-slices.
Reminders prompt
My tactile hands to turn
Brim full granary of Album pages,
A harvest of heads.

Here
Innocence of dimpled cheeks
stream with love.

There
Unfathomable passion of sultry mouth
Wink beckoning eyes.

But animated mirages
Replicas on sterile paper
Are empty tortoise shells:
 a bundle of sighs
 do not make a smile
 a bundle of smiles
 do not make a laugh.

So a country
Turns its dog-eared pages
of bullet torn history.

Here
dance starvation
oozing with hate

There
Flit Gorgon tribalism
shaking nineteen heads

And our Agbada* Characters re-enact
In bloody cyclic custom
A morbid drama.

*Agbada: a traditional flowing robe particularly worn by politicians, the seemingly affluent citizens, and very important personalities including high public office holders.