

## **BANISHED.**

A mere mortal in the times of creation,  
It's existence ordained by the omniscient,  
living only to die.

A particle of dust, caught in the tango  
of the night and day,  
a merest fragment, lost among the terrestrials..  
in the vast expanse of the universe,  
awaiting only disintegration.

Or perhaps a light feather, off the rears  
of some obscure bird,  
blown first by the Harmattan,  
then the Polar winds,  
floating, leaping, turning with each gust:  
weightless..., undeserving..  
still hoping someday, for a journey's end

The lone fisherman, lost in the hurricane,  
fighting only for his dear life,  
his intense frenzy to survive,  
a cellular microcosm  
of the monstrous powers that surround him.

So am I glad  
that my journey, be at it's end—  
having known happy laughters,  
and it's varieties in the plains..  
in the grasslands.

Having lived with death,  
a guest only in the taking:  
and the pains of loss,  
like a widow in agony,

when walls have collapsed  
never knowing where to turn,  
none left to call.

Having known dignity in lineage,  
pride in the tribe,  
and honour in the state.

Having turned paper to shield,  
pen to spear  
scripts to canon..  
my only defence..

and made pets of these.  
When, like the Baobab,  
it's branches, a welcome arm  
stretching far, stretching wide..

it's luxuriant leaves,  
a tropical canopy  
giving shade, giving shelter  
to the tired traveller,  
I have obliged, in harmony,  
the ways of my people.

Then,  
second time around,  
to know the wicked powers  
of the relentless storms  
forever searching...

It's claws deep in the soils  
of my roots,  
and, having turned me orphan,  
and turned me destitute,  
with no shelter.. and no home,  
will now cast me to distant shores:  
To know only nymphs and dragons,  
to live alien, and die alien:  
being no kinsman to any  
and none to a stranger.

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