

The Embattled Desire

A land of hope,
Covered in ashes,
Swept away by fear,
Forgotten in tears,
Surrounded by ghost.

Shall we ever return to our land of hope?
Will our children only dream of it?
And our babies sleep to its lullabies,
As we thread through this hazardous path to safety,
May we never forget our land of hope.

Towards an uncertain future,
With a desire to survive our generation,
A desire for peace,
A desire to always return,
A desire to tell our stories.

May we never experience such again,
Nor our children witness the horror of a feigned salvation,
God bless Nigeria,
God bless Africa,
God bless all the Continents.

-CHUKWUEMELIE OGUCHI-