

REST WELL

Nwilo Bura-Bari Vincent,
Port Harcourt,
Nigeria

When you die young
You die broken;
Into pieces
You die with your dreams
Shattered from the centre
You die painfully
For there are no young ancestors

When you die young
Rain should fall,
To wash your tender footprints
It is painful seeing it:
Your rhythm is on
But the dance is suspended
And the crowd is expectant

Goldie, rest well

Whether in the bosom of a revengeful god
Or a pathetic oracle
Rest like a princess
For who is holier:
The pope or the populist,
The hope in our head,
Or the reality of our wrongs?

Goldie, rest well

These eyes well tears
It wells warm heavy tears
For if you had lived,
If you had survived,
If you had not been taken
Maybe a love letter
Or a love song from this heart I would have given

Goldie, rest well