N’ikpeazu

In death, they say, bro, everything will be, is beautiful.
When you left, silence attacked us.
Mum sewed up her lips, raffia-tied up her hands
& we really did search, for you, we searched
At the brothel, where the women you did it with testified
The wind grabbed you before they could get a taste of you
Mum has cut the tie at your grave
While the priest in consoling us said of a time everything lost will be restored
I look at your clothes, your shoes
Agh, the things that will kill us — ugliness?