

Chapter Thirty Two

THE WIND LOST ITS DIRECTION

By Chinua Ezenwa-Ohaeto

What is left of us?
When our instincts are being deceived
By the metaphysics of our entity
The wind has lost direction
And the ocean depends not on the rain
For its overflow and over flood

Where is the pot of knowledge?
That our stretched arm cannot reach
The dogs must use their sense of smell
Because our great gem has been stolen
Many have gone, yet many have to go

If you cannot find solace on earth
Is it in hell that it will be found?
Perhaps you can try heaven
Our clothes have been torn
Those things you know that do not matter any more
Have begun in our midst

Our fate lies in our hands and palms
When the road taken diverts into mishap
Does it mean that our journey has come to an end?

The reverted attention that emerged out of nothing
The desolate must catch their wish
The wind must carry away the irritating ideas
For the heart to be purely pure
Like the dew from the clouds

The wind has lost its balance
We must find our direction
We are redirecting direction
Our eyes have seen mischief

We must find direction.

Department of English Language and Literature, Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka.