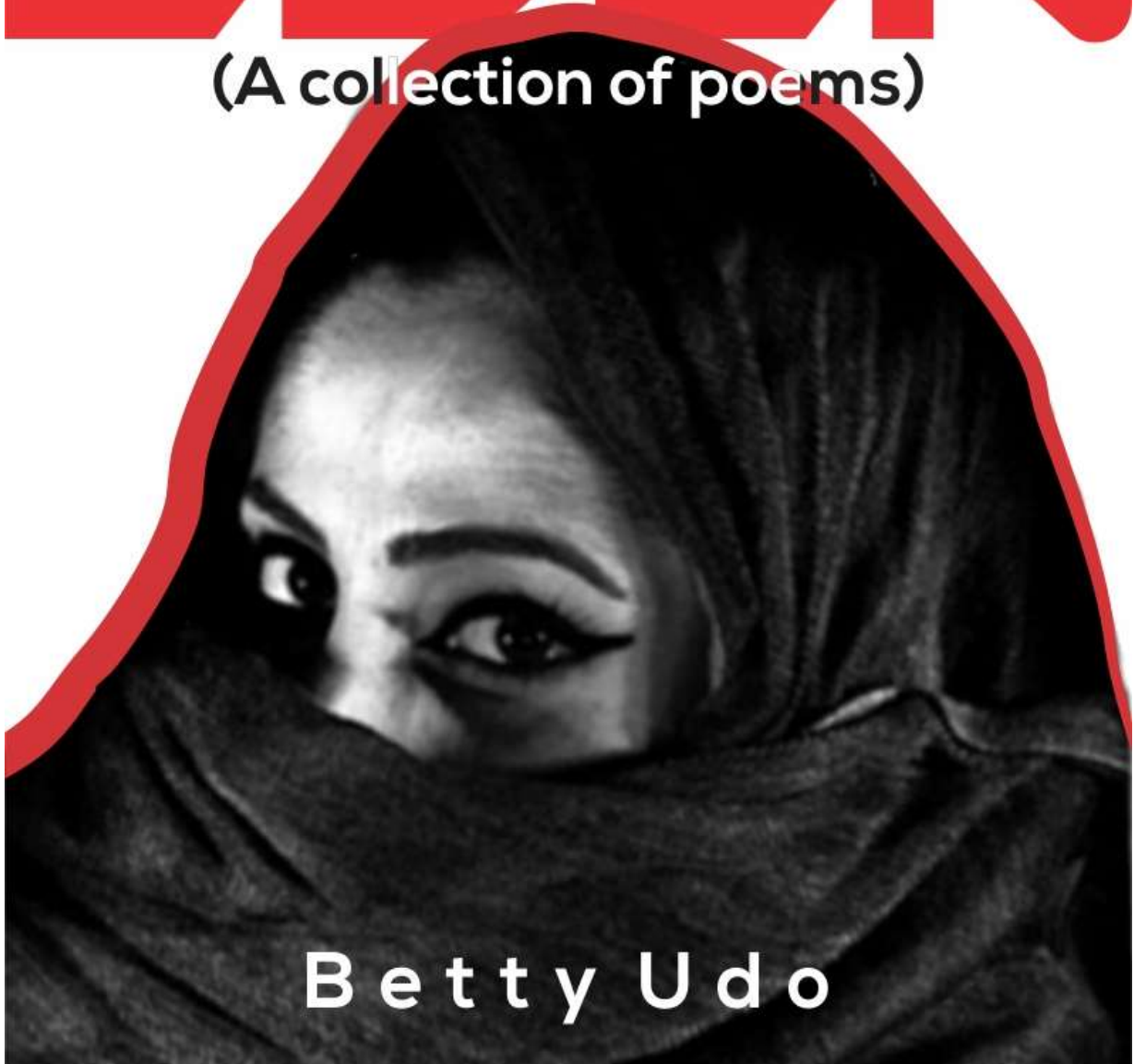


EYES OF EDEN

EYES
of
EDEN
(A collection of poems)



Betty Udo

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PLAGARISM IS BOTH A SIN AND A CRIME.

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THE BEGINNING

The world is crooked and cracked.

Our society has split into two.

We have floated away from sanity's anchor

And the boat has sunk into chaos.

I see the near apocalypse

Unwrapping itself slowly.

We have ignored the script, and the script writer.

Forgotten our roots and lines.

One last chance and the book will be closed.

SUNDAY SERVICE

The people trooped in,

Dressed in their best.

Sang songs and praised the Lord.

The children ran from pew to pew,

Passing silent laughter around.

The mothers did not bother, let children

Be children.

The congregation danced to the joy of the choir.

They turned in happy circles.

Then the pastor climbed the pulpit,

Ready to preach.

Hallelujah! This is where the church will say Amen.

But they didn't have time to reply.

Ripped from its foundation,

The church went up in flames.

Gone are the saints to meet their maker.

NAKED

They told her it was her fault.
Her dress was too short,
And her sleeves were not complete.
They also asked why she walked alone.
She should have taken someone along.
It was only 1 in the afternoon.
She explained how the men took her.
Tied her up and covered her eyes,
And shred her favourite dress.
'Why didn't you scream?'
They covered my mouth too.

Still, her family put her out for all to see,
Dressing her in shun and shame.
Many days later, they found her
Naked, washed up ashore.
The river had rejected her like her people did.
Only the Earth can love.

SISTER SISTER, WHERE ARE YOU?

Sister Sister, where are you?

I heard they dragged you to hell.

I'm sorry I did not come to help.

I was afraid they'd drag me into the darkness too.

Sister, what happened to your clothes?

The innocent whites have been stained with

The blood of wickedness and hate.

Sister Sister, where are you?

The light is calling you.

Why are you still tossing and turning in your nightmares?

Please, wake up to joy.

I believe you can forget.

Make new memories and find happiness.

Sister Sister, my beautiful sister.

Your body has been beaten and scarred by the devil.

Yet you remain as beautiful as the sun.

Sister, please come home.

Mother cries for you.

Father is angry.

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Brother John refuses to leave his room.

He wishes he was there to protect you.

Please, come home.

I pray for you.

I pray you don't hurt yourself.

Your heart is broken, I can feel it.

But it can be mended.

We will cover your wounds,

We will bathe you in love.

Where are you, my fine sister?

Come home.

STREET COURT

A young man was walking one day
He could hear home calling his name.
He could already feel his wife's lips
On his cheek.

His daughter's arms ready to welcome him home.
Then he was taken by the shoulder.
Unexpectedly dragged through the mud.
Beaten till there was nothing left of him.
He ran, oh he ran!

Till he lost his footing and
Fell deep into their rage.

They threw stones and forgot to ask questions.
They picked him from the ground like they were
holding scraps of rubbish.

Tied him to their stake of merciless justice.
Fed him dirt and choked him till he bled inside.
He begged, he begged to know why.
He begged for mercy.
He begged for justice.

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He had a wife and 4 children.

Tall and lanky, gave everyone a smile.

Nobody is too sure of the truth,

It doesn't matter now.

He's dead already.

All they heard was, 'That man is gay.'

'See the way he's walking.'

'See the way he's dressed' and

They forgot all his good.

A LETTER TO THE MAN ACROSS THE STREET

I know a man.

He lives across the street.

He is happy.

His wife is not.

His children don't understand what's going on.

So, I went and dropped a note at the door.

It read thus;

Dear Man Who Beats His Wife,

Beat her till she turns blue.

It must be pleasurable to watch her cry.

She is your wife, you can do anything.

You paid money on her head.

Scar the body you never loved.

Didn't you call her beautiful only yesterday?

In front of your friends.

You lie.

Her being alive makes you angry.

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I pray your daughter doesn't meet the same.

I wonder about your mother.

Is she still alive?

DRY

Wilted flowers in the Sun

Dry brown eyes and itching rashes.

Hardened kinky curls walking around
in the heat.

Her ebony skin and pink tongue
have no more moisture.

She is a wandering soul on a hopeless journey,
In search of hope and rest amidst oil stained
waters and dying tree stumps.

She walks these dirty streets of poverty,
Decorated with tears and stacks of refuse.
Her silence is a cry for help.

WAR

I saw it with my two eyes.

Lightening struck and pushed the grass aside,

Making a path for the friendly footsteps of thunder.

Kindness was the planned mask.

I remember how they took my brothers away

And danced in the innocence of my sisters.

My mother cried to the heavens yet

only the earth listened.

It opened its doors and my tired mother crawled in.

I hid behind a car door in fear, I wish

I had more courage.

Beyond the bridges, we searched for something like hope.

All our joy, they stole.

Their promise over the radio was to restore glory

Yet our hearts and head remain heavy

without rest.

OMISSION (By Divine)

The mourners are finally exhausted.

With no more water left in the tank
behind their eyes.

Lips too weak to even part for a simple silence.

Hurriedly, they gather their mats,

Folding them neatly together and place them
on their heads, they head back home.

Home is bare without food or water.

For none was left to tend to these things.

All the firewood, dripping wet.

Flogged to insanity by the merciless rains.

They go into their rooms and their dreams are
cruel and harrowing.

They wake up and realize there's one more person to mourn.

LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl

That lived downstairs.

Now, she's gone.

Her clothes are packed and her smile

put in a box and burnt to ashes.

At what age do you bear children?

Younger than 13? Yes.

That is when beautiful Amina

Was taken to her new home.

She was instructed not to cry.

You don't want to drag attention to such wickedness.

The old man tore her apart from inside.

She bore a son and fed him from

underdeveloped breasts.

I heard she tried to run but they dragged her back

and she bore another.

And another, and another and another.

Till her insides dried up and she could not

feel any more pain.

That's the end.

She was buried with her hijab and gold rings.

A M N F S A

We have forgotten where we're from.

Our colour and culture,

The soil from which our veins

were spun out from.

It's a pity, that now our curls are a taboo.

Attacked by heat and relaxers and the lies that

Our curls are ugly.

So we bend.

We bend to another man's belief,

Aching for acceptance.

Pursing something that is not ours till we lost our

sanity and place.

QUESTIONS

What happened to us?

Can't you see all is not right?

The Sun is gone, the children are inside.

They are afraid to play.

What child is afraid to play?

The streets are flooded with tears of the young.

Young girls bribed with vanity and candy.

Our boys do nothing but hang onto bridges and trucks.

Shattered dreams roped out of great expectations.

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THANK YOU.