# Reconciliation

Your splendour the pageants celebrated,
Your face the glossy-print worlds enticed.
With tilted smiles and gliding gait
You wore that face you knew so well.

Enraptured judges crown your charms,
Your reflections on glasses delighted you.
But time's decades have unyieldingly flitted,
Engrafting its homage on your facial feats.

Drifting in seconds, minutes, hours into days,
Slithering into months, crafting its cruel artistry
Mimicking geographic rivulets, ravine and gorges,
Besmirching that celebrated face you knew so well.

Time's seasons plunder unrestrained, unyielding,
Yet subtle, until this face which now reflects back
Barely identifiable to you and wooers of yore,
Of the face you thought you had always known.

The road to life's journey is paved with reconciliations,
The unsavory route those before you have wandered.
Though this face leaves you baffled, staring, wondering,
Time's deal is done; the faces must now make peace

**– Clara Ijeoma Osuji***

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