They Called Me a Woman
(For you Ezinne Agnes, my mother)

He who brought me into this world started it before kin and kith
Looking at me in shattered expectation and forcing a smile
In alter dismay and with scornful laughter seen by all
He called me a woman!

Disrespected and talked to in disdain, treated with contempt by all
Nothing, unuseful, looking down on me by both old and small
While yet I strived to make something out of what they made me
They called me a woman!

Things that matter about me at my back gladly discussed
Family wealth and inheritance snatched away from me
While yet the life preserver kept me safe in his hands
They called me a woman!

Cherished by him I vowed that death would do us part, my hope raised
With great expectations on me to bring forth what they desired
Responded with sigh when I produced a replica of myself
They called us women!

Just a woman; to be remembered only in times of need
When the neglected becomes so useful they all sort for me
Plying my nature of *nwanyibuife*[*] and solution manifests
They announced me a woman!

Note: [*]*nwanyibuife* – women are important

Haughty Queen from the East

Behold the fierce eyes of Her Majesty
That reveals her destructive heart!
Her tiny legs that run faster than Olympic runners,
Her wings that fly higher than the eagle,
Violating immigration laws!

Behold the piercing grips of the fiery Queen
That quenches human breath!
The haughty looks on her destructive eyes,
The proud heart for conquest achieved,
Rejoicing that her cure more harmful may be!

Taking world leaders and scientists captive
Ravaging both the rich and the poor!
Revealing the foolishness of desperate hearts of men,
Contesting for dominion, luring men into lies everywhere,
In their desire to own the world they did not create!

Why do you want to keep under the carpet…
the controversies of your existence, oh Queen?
Why have you chosen to depopulate the earth?
And delight in the murderous name, COVID-19?

If you have come to stay for more exploits
Have it at the back of your mind that Divinity also begets
Strong breeds who you can never overcome.

Lockdown I

Measures in place to avert your spread and infection
Deprive men of handshakes, hugs among kith and kin
Is it your intention to kill human relationships?
Shutting down offices, markets, and institutions of learning
Not considering the fate of the world economy
Is it your plan to kill men with hunger and boredom?
Shielding our faces, masking noses and mouths
Washing our hands, sanitizing everything around
Physical distancing and virtual meetings embraced
Haven't you already reshaped our world with terror?
Self-isolation and abhorring social activities again
Fear and torments, another plan of yours
To take away our culture, our jobs and our joy
These whole measures so irritating
As hunger made marks on us.

Lockdown II

When every other thing failed to set its eyes on men
We thought your life span had expired with that.
When happy survivors are getting ready to pick up
lives you shattered you raised your ugly head again.
The sad news of your second wave so terrifying,
New strain more deadly than the former you brought,
Have you re-strategized to totally crumble the world economy?
With what do we qualify your wickedness to men?
Shall you retain COVID-19 or change to COVID-21?
Enjoying seeing men more vulnerable and terrified,
Exposing them to more job loss and hardship,
Equipping hunger mightily to devour men,
Your lockdown order many will abhor to survive.
What will be, will be, you know, her majesty,
The fear of hunger supersedes yours.

– Evelyn Nwachukwu Urama*

*Lecturer, Department of English and Literary Studies, Alex Ekwueme Federal University, Ndufu Alike, Ebonyi State - 480213, Nigeria. Emails: evelynurama@gmail.com; evelyn.urama@funai.edu.ng

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