Fruitless

Fruitless is the wife
Whose womb yields not
Like a pumpkin plant
Whose buds never split
For the joyous blossom.
Her broken happiness widens with tormentors
Recursive signs and wails
Gossips and hard-stares confront her everywhere
Piercing her heart like a hot arrow
In the antelope's thigh.

Pitiless numbered days propel her misery
In the ripple of matrimony
And the larger environ.
Vocal and unspoken questions police her husband
Seeking the cause
Dejected as the bereaved
She walks into concealed silence.

To the consternation of her scorners
After two seasons she returns
Accompanied by twin girls;
Her exact replica
To the jaw drop of her scorners
Who are too dumbstruck to speak.

– Deborah Abayomi Olutimi*

*She teaches English at Yagongwo College of Nursing Sciences, Kuje, Abuja – 900001, Nigeria. She is a fellow of Ebedi International Writers' Residency. Email: abayomiisalive@gmail.com.

© 2024 The Author. Published by Paragon International Publishers. Open Access Under CC BY 4.0 licence.