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# Masculinity at Sunset

Forlorn
In ire silence, he stands wearyingly near the window.
He stares at the timeworn hanging relic of his nuptials;
Puke-like, dulled by many seasons - a dying photograph
In a love-paradise, now a chilly wilderness of solitary-hood.
Urediye lays serene under the shaddock tree by the window.
Burdened by grief, he ruminates on his shrinking social-world;
Entrapped by anxieties of old age and an imminent dying body.
He deliberates on sunset-masculinity; an enterprise of forlornness.

Musings
Of yesteryears' princely gait and fair fortunes,
A towering six feet figure, cruising on flying feet;
All now lost in age-induced stoop and misfortunes.
Gripped in ageing body; a pathetic spectacle, nothing
But fragile memories of escapades and rivalries of youth,
Mere flashes of allures and flattering slice of a life bygone;
New rushes of memories festering with illicit manly passion,
Silenced in now-crumbled paradise he created with Urediye.

Lonesome
She sleeps on many years of their delicate memories.
He gazes at her resting place below a late-ripening fruit,
The Shaddock tree waves with the angry harmattan wind,
He shuffles back to his rocking chair next to an empty one.
Last three months have been emotional and tense - Urediye.

Surges of now distrusted memories of triumphs and ecstasies,
Agonizing conversation-hunger aggravated by lonesome grief.
He ruminates on sunset-maleness; a brute - a vicious task master!

Waning
Of ambivalence, gratitude, and of living long enough;
Spiteful facial lines inflicted by euphoric grins of youth.
Of hegemonic masculinity progressively coming undone;
Three months of metal-heavy weight of grief he has borne.
He takes a glance through the window again; lost in thought;
Of waning vigour and long nights of later-life already fought.
Desolation ushers the moment of truth like double thunder bolt;
The direr journey of twilight masculinity has just begun!

**– Clara Ijeoma Osuji***

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