

Nothing Beautiful Lasts Forever

by Sa'ada Isa Yahaya.

Yesterday, I held a country in between my palms

& my body morphed into a scar.

I do not mean to call my country a graveyard, a slaughter house

Or even a memorial park for people who are not citizen enough to see light.

Nothing beautiful lasts forever.

The same way the "UP NEPA" falling from my sister's lips has refused

to invoke light into our eyes.

We have learnt to lip sync dirges with the newscaster ;-

A girl walks to God because she is not human enough,

a child's body becomes a specimen to experiment if Christ really died for us.

Another artist dies from his record label,

Another Deborah....

Another Hanifah.....

Another Mohbad.

The truth is ; we are bounded by this grief flowing beneath.

My Chibok sisters are not the only ones lost/mourned in this poem.

Tomorrow,

I would blame my Mother for not teaching

me how to unlove a broken country.

I would blame my Father for not teaching me how to turn poems into prayers,

to make them light enough for God's palms.

Blame myself for being a tired believer,

too scared to egg hope in my palms,

because here, every child must learn to live on cold songs and burning bodies.