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Author

Ezenyirioha, Chuma G. G.

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Poetry The Oasis in the Desert

In this desert ruled by sand dunes and sand banks
Where the elements fight relentless duels
Where raw red power breathes magma
Where vices ripen into virtues,
Emotion and not reason rules men's heads
Men mortgage their consciences
In the pursuit of their gory games,
Here where only red rocks breathe
Only stubborn cactuses survive the blizzard.

Where is our salvation?
Where is our refuge?
Men's heads have gone berserk
The elephants have been let loose
And they terrorize the world with wickedness,
Vipers breed like flies in broods
And the cobra lies in wait couched
The time-bomb sail like parachutes in virgin lands
A sheet of locusts descend on our farms
And disvirgin the crops,
There are giant traps in all nook and corner
Men's tongues are gagged with wax
The weak shrink in terror
And the land has been stripped of its peace
Panting in mournful anger.

Where is our salvation?
Who will go for us?
We are the healers
In this dark house of sin,
We shall wash the wind
We shall clean the earth of its impurities
We shall wash the rivers
We shall comb the virgin forests
And search our misty souls
For this elusive torch light.

With this torch light
We will embark on a long trek
In this arduous search
For the lone oasis in the desert
That will quench our burning throats.

Our heart is an open wound Only truth can heal it.