

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Njoyim Elisha()

A Lady And The Night

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She had the cruelest intentions of
ruling the night
And her rage was upon the dark
and starless night.
As a Dame passed by with a bodyguard of
two, three or five,
Scared as a Damsel deprived of
love and Life,
She with rage sought to feed on
her preys fears
But fortunately, this Dame
was fierce.

The trees beckoned to her vain
promises of grandeur
In acceptance to miff this dame who
walked in splendor.
She was terrified as she walked in this
light forsaken road.
The noise of the trees like that of a hundred
soldiers on a crumbling boat
Filled her heart with fear, like an infant
who wouldn't dare
Set foot into the treacherous paths
of Port-ou-Guerre.

Her rage multiplied when her prey wouldn't
surrender to death and leave life,
For they were all demised, her bodyguards of
two, three or five.
She was bereaved of these brave men who gave
their lives for her own,
And she said these words as she
wept in her home.
Njoyim Elisha

