

The Incarnation of The Body as A Parcel to The Needy by Nwuguru Chidiebere Sullivan

After every birth/ adulthood approaches me
from both ends/ say/ it closes silently into my body

from both sunrise & sunset/ & then abandons me
as a threshold of a cartridge loaded with bullets/

every day & night/ I itched for a breakthrough/ or a mop-up
from the hands that keep greasing my limbs/ until my body

becomes a sufficient solution for aliquots/ or a suitable specimen
for the theory of nine lives/ something that sections me /The first time

a microtome knife graced through my severable torso/
it felt heavier around the calcified portions/ but it looked

as if I've savoured that biopsy before/ or is it true with how
we can vanish from ourselves/ & mount life into a new body

at somewhere else?/ There's no other way to write you
this poem/ without first explaining to you how I've rented

several habitable forms older than all of us/ which means/
I'm part of the charitable forebears who ferried us this far/

The function of this body is a prodigy/ that begins with
slicing itself into palpable pieces of a parcel/ it starts

from a city teathed with fluorescent sun/ where I cede myself
as a gift/ to the needy women pleading for multiplication/



a miracle that keeps me here & there at the same time/ & every day

I wake up with the urge to satisfying a fresh appetite/

