

Wild Weird World(www)

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death sometimes is not an end but
a means to live--- a renewable passage
whose doors are porticoes to a renaissance.

I've seen dead men wear new bodies that
smell like camphor, pour themselves into
freshly ordered skins & joke about how the
aroma of many meals reeks around the funeral
ground
of a fellow who dies of hunger.

such a man will come back as a baby with
furled palms, shy of the tricky embrace of
the world. he will wish to gift the earth an icy silence

in place of a vagitus on his return, but his mouth
will leak out of a dirge stained with the blood
oozing from a wounded guitar he will cry his
way into the world & the midwife will offer him
drops
of water as if it's his first time learning that

all languages no matter how bare, root into a river.

but this time, he is not coming as a full-fledged blessing
like the woman who births him think him to be he is

coming as a tax collector with palms wide enough like wings
to take back everything the world owes him. this time, the sky

wears a freshly braided horoscope on his behalf & it speaks of a
a wild weird world where God recycles the same coordinates in different
websites

& axes as an act of benevolence to everyone who prays for resurrection.