

The Battle

When the tempest was o'er
I thought I'd won
The battle of the gypsies
In desolate winter runs

Marilov! I have not the time
To damn a swollen kitten
Muffed in pricking moles
My heart beats

In the red eyes of an hawk
On a fig tree lay a dove
Barren as the winter sky
It's mitral incompetence, aye the carpenter
It's a ghost, aye the pastor

Here a hurried dawn
Two coronaries are down
White coats and blue siren
An egret eyes a veritable lady

A murmur in a blistering balloon
I have heard a million beats
It's over with my stethoscope
A sonorous drum beats the final night

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