

Poetry Porch: Poetry

To My Little Sister

By Jonathan Chibuiké Ukah

Knowing what the world did not know,
that there was an eighth wonder of the world,
I have volunteered to offer my assistance.
You were three when the sickness struck,
like a palmerworm ravaging your body.
First, your feet, your hands, your stomach,
then to your eyes, nose, mouth and tongue,
your head followed with disintegration,
until you collapsed into the undug grave
and waited for the mourners to arrive.
Little scars splattered your body like bumps,
and you were a patchwork of breathing,
co-existing with dead wood, fallen leaves,
lizards that perished in dirty ponds and gullies.
I still recall how everyone avoided you, loathed
the sight of a little sister, lifeless and bony,
returning to the skeleton and ribcages of your origin.
Through your scars, the light of your soul shone.