

POEM (SPARK OF FIRE IN A DARK FIELD)

Oke Mbachu

Here's a poem that has no idea how it will end:
(unfounded are its blind angles, the curve of its bend.)
It is a poem written for the mere sake of poetry,
like the discovery of a cave, a pause—then slow entry.

This poem is a bit unsure; born quite on a whim,
conceived in that closed, deep place, where the light is dim.

It had wobbled, then taught itself to walk,
(took some needed nutrients from a corn stalk).
It also fed off the city's discarded crumbs,
practiced nights, and transformed its fingers from all thumbs.

This poem is not a rebel, will not be televised,
but might tap at your back door until it's realized.

And it might be a tough call, whether to let it in—
it's barely dressed, shivering, w/ darkness setting in.

But this poem just wants some warmer clothes—and maybe a hot meal,
and to share the fact it sprang from a box that no fate could seal.

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