

## POETS' ANTHEM (OUR BABIES)

*Oke Mbachu*

Like the dog  
with its hydrant,  
a bee with  
its comb;

the old sheep  
w/ the shepherd,  
the dead in  
their tomb:

like open space  
will take light,

and tiny stars  
ride with night,

will we stand  
by our words,

pen, the um-  
bilical cord.

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