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MAP

Musa Idris Okpanachi

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MAP

Abstract

We have been Pushed to the edge Of the Sea. Between the Sea And the warriors' tanks, We squat Perched on the last Line of the map, Each in a cubicle That shrinks to The last contour of time In the whims Of a tricky geometry And geography.

Musa Idris Okpanachi

MAP

We have been
Pushed to the edge
Of the Sea.
Between the Sea
And the warriors' tanks,
We squat
Perched on the last
Line of the map,
Each in a cubicle
That shrinks to
The last contour of time
In the whims
Of a tricky geometry
And geography.
Our frontier diminishes
By minutes sticking
Us to our roots.
The shared blood
Of humanity spilt
The innocent ears
And the gate of our
Collective prison
Closes against our will.