

POETRY

I AM THAT WOUNDED LAND

Wellington Nwogu

I am that wounded land
Of smelling sores; my head
For long been prey of iron suns,
My soles suffer unnumbered times
From prickles of broken bottles

I am that wounded land,
Bruised by demonic angels
My miseries remain my meat
And tears, my bathing water

I am that wounded land
Enmeshed with awful woes;
With laden heart of plural worries
Now, I mean, now, I am like
A walking corpse whose spirit
Aimlessly strolls

I am that wounded land
With beaten and battered body;
My eyes dented by dust of corruption
That rules the sphere and space

I am that sapped sobbing soil
Of absent nutrients;
My leafy hands become brown and
Tremble before the face of earth

I am that saggy-breasted woman
Whose nipples suffer in the mouths
Of insatiable mortals who daily
Maul and mar my grandeur. Yes!

I am that light of departing rays
Belaboured by the snags of
Gritty darkness whose presence
Births disgrace and pangs

I am that wounded land. Yes.
I am that sapped sobbing soil. Yes.
I am that saggy-breasted woman. Yes.
I am that light of departing rays. Yes
For we know nothing best here than
Dark rhythms of errors and woes

Author's Note.



Wellington Nwogu is a restless Nigerian poet from the Niger Delta region of the country. He is the author of *The Yawning Earth*, *Paradise of Thorns*, and *Men of Double Shadows*. His poems have been published in both local and international anthologies. He is a literary and social critic and an ingenious creative writer whose writing transverses three genres of literature, a philosophical, proverbial, and motivational writer.. In addition, he is an expert in ecological literature, and reading and writing are his hobbies. Wellington holds a Bachelor of Education degree in English and Literary Studies from the University of Ibadan, and Master of Arts and Ph.D. degrees in Literature from the Ignatius Ajuru University of Education, Port Harcourt, Nigeria.