

Ashes

By Lind Grant-Oyeye

The hyacinths spoke of time past,
when soft rain drops on petals drizzled,
When the skyline was endless and fearless,
each new day born with a song with
soft lyrics that came from its beatbox.
The hyacinths then spoke of withered times,
When the clouds were colored deep,
When the beatbox lost its connection,
filled with gentle roaches and ashes.
When my daily walk became unaccompanied.

Roots

By Lind Grant-Oyeye

I dreamt of an old woman, she dreamt of that day and
the patch, where her navel cord was put to earth like debris-

that which almost had her tied to the home base. She floated
through life like flotsam, through rivers with endless basins.

She dreamt of the flights and fights, life educated-
scavenging and crawling like a prodigal child.

She dreamt, she returned like a bird-homing,
with fantasies of that which she has become,

on the way home to kiss the rich soil,
where her navel was birthed and breathed life-

homebound to kiss the soil where pain died,
was buried and tried to resurrect.

Hearts in Amber

By Lind Grant-Oyeye

It was as if their love started deep beneath
the ground, like aged bones which

have walked through seas and swam through ancient lands.
It was like the dead mouse whose skin was turned into amber,

the carbon foot print which marked its hide.
It was like their love was weathered by the weather.

They had no regrets as the night approached and
they tried to smile through the dense fogged sun-

their atmosphere made rich by their carbonized hearts,
which have turned to fossils as they try to breathe love.

Home Rage

By Lind Grant-Oyeye

Love's gentle persistent voice says
express yourself,
in words that sing of beautiful birds and enchantment.
Love knows-
We flow through life, like streams,
We drift where nature's co-ordinates take us.
We listen to Mother Nature say- your hearts belong with me
They are pulled, plucked like the ukulele by the ones with deft
fingers –the ones to whom the hearts must roll-
with gentle arrhythmic beats.
The body, heart and soul all sing and dance to love's tunes.

Then a careful look at the history abecedary, who mutters these words-
if

love
up

is run

messed

for your life

A Poem For Society

By Lind Grant-Oyeye

She said to write a poem, not a romantic poem,
not a limerick and not a haiku,
one that flows from the heart, wholesome
to speak of the abstract, the concrete-not cuckoo

She said let the heart flow like a stream with no dams,
then I found my love for culture, nature and nurture.
A poem definitely not a haiku for poetic slams,
to bring forth laughter and culture
Then

I

Imagined

Sun light shines on all
We stare with our blinded eyes
the ills of the world

She said not a limerick, not a sonnet, not a rhyme,
we saw disarray around the world which does not rhyme
we heard the songs of sorrow,
dreams of a better tomorrow.
Then I decided to write a poem about society and time.

Lind Grant-Oyeye bio: Although Lind Grant-Oyeye was born in Nigeria, she considers herself multicultural. She has work published/ forthcoming in several international literary magazines. She tries to pitch in regarding social justice, equality and women issues and believes art is a language for change.