

## **You Were Not There**

You were not there when I saw:  
Death is a lively roaring thing  
In blue and white,  
The form of a monstrous vehicle.

I have seen death kill  
Dealing the happy little girl a sufficient blow, taking her unawares,  
Knocking away the trash in her hand so that it hung over her head.

With my eyes I saw  
The once lively little thing, unable to flicker a muscle  
As her people beckoned, prayed and cried  
While the running death ran ahead and ahead  
With increasing and renewed vigour.

Beware!! Oh ye that liveth  
Life is pregnant – ephemeral; fickle; full of death.  
And yet, even death is full of life –  
Showing up in all its strength  
Still taking even many more – boys and girls, big and small, uniformed and  
civilians, sane and insane, dogs and cats. . .  
Everything in its way. All alike.

In different guises, death is coming  
To kill us all!!!

***Deleteh Bank*** is a medical doctor in Nigeria who combines his love for clinical medicine and creative writing with a perfect blend of hard play and fun. He has received a prize for short story writing from the Association of Nigerian Authors, Rivers State Branch. And has been published on African Writer, The Kalahari Review, The Voices Project and The Naked Convos.

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