

## Little chick

Little chicken beaten by rain,  
Leaving her like scarfs in bowls,  
Shaking her feathers like leaves in breeze,  
Oh the little chicken is sunken and scared.

The rain is mulish on  
Spanking the little chicken,  
And the sun smile but refused to shine,  
While the twinkling stars mock the chick,  
The little chicken is doom to die.

Little chicken wants warm of fire,  
But she got burnt when she would have dried.  
Little chicken fate is sealed to roast or die,  
From the torment of fire and rain.

While she hiccups and gasps for breath,  
She sees a wingless wriggling butterfly,  
Trying to suck the nectar of a colourful rose,  
As the butterfly squirms from stem to leaves,  
Little chicken buoys by the butterfly  
To turn rain and fire to towel and bath

[illegible]

**imid sun will shine**

With a stretched neck,  
Elongating the pink beak.  
The cock will crow,  
To announce your doom.

The faint sun will rise when the cock crows,  
The moon will turn its back against the sky.  
Soon after man and tree disturb the earth for a while,  
The sun will be afraid of stars  
And run to its pouch, for that bring solace.  
But announce your doom to the twinkling stars!

A time will come, when that lovely smile that  
Keeps your face gloomy and your hair dancing to the tune of the wind,  
Will be like a raw bitter leaf finding it's way to your throat.  
Trees will stand still, love ones will find a life in the soil, coins will fail  
to sound in your pocket  
And the cloudy sky will rain curse on the faintest hope left.

Ramming a knife in your belly will seems cool,  
Hanging a rope atop the roof holding your neck, while your legs  
dangle  
In air becomes the only road to salvation.

But let me whisper a sound to your tympanic drum,  
That the world would work as clock still ticks,

It is a phase when the leaves wither for no rain comes forth,  
It will still rain, plants will still grow and your dream will be scripted  
the way you want  
Like the lost sun at night comes in the morning

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