Broken Bones

If we sit on the stool of our long, sagacious past
Reminiscing the toils of our ancestors
Brimming with the hope of a glorious prospect
For the giant land
On which the sacrifice of blood and sweat has been made
Hope becomes the foundation
On which our visions are built
So we pedal through life's journey
Dangling in the visions of that supposed hope
And like the Boxers in our windmill
We toil night and day
In a bid to build the world's envy
On this giant land

But we, like Boxer
Are Boxered out
Laying in a pile of wasteland
Where hope is crushed by falling bricks
Aspirations, covered in hovering debris
Here we lie
With broken bones
Inherited from the toilet of our existence
And as we rise in subjugation
To the whips that crack our tattered backs
We fall once more
To the blows of collapsing beams

There it is
The last straw that breaks our backs
Now, we see this giant land

From a different perspective

A wasteland laying flat on the ground

By our sides…

Angela Imhanguelo *hails from Lagos State, Nigeria. She is a poet and an aspiring novelist. Her poems have been published in Praxis magazine.*