

emptiness has a body

when her voice no longer carries you,
it becomes established that you are ephemeral.

she fails to lick you like mint dressed up in green paper,
your body becomes a meal left cold .

she lets you suffer from unseen texts,
silently dying from self replies.

you throw stones with a poem,
hoping she still lives within,
but you are a glass house — & you break.

heart becomes brittle,
she strangles the entirety of your feelings,
unlearning your name becomes a ritual.

you walk away from hurting,
holding your heart like a car crash,
allows you drag defeat home.

home is you
wallowing
inside a personalized wreckage.

*Lagos-based **Michael Akuchie** is a university undergrad who writes poetry. He lives with words crawling around in his head. His works have appeared on Dwarts, Vagabond City Lit Mag. African Writer Online and elsewhere. He is of Nigerian origin.*

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