

Shosh

With age comes wisdom and contempt in measure,
Ancient treasure bequeathed by youthful pleasure,
In her defiance to death, she lives on, back bent head held high,
In reminence of times past she looks upon the village with a sigh.

Trudging on the road, her destination the river,
She stares at the tarmac kicking up phantom dust;
As she would with friends on treacherous walks -
Walks to school and any other amicable service,
A ball whistles over brushing the tips of her hair.

"Damn you kids, didn't survive the pandemic to die to toddlers!",
she exclaims pointing her crooked finger through the school fence.
In the mass of frightened students she sees a familiar face;
Almost unrecognisable without the dirt and tattered clothes,
Smiling, she leaves the lads looking at the ball like a love lost.

In a scuffle between white knights and the burning lord,
The blue maiden meets her path without much a sweat,
Cleared of all the trash that saddled her, she's immaculate;
Her waters running deep & wide feeding the blossoming village,
Holding a mirror to anyone who dares face their mortality.

"The river is , was and always will be,
As long as the river endures so will we,
When the river meets it's end so must we. "
These were words spoken by the elders when she young,
now that age has become of her, she heralds the same.

Standing atop the bridge, she looks down at her younger self;
Drunk on the hubris of beauty and the bliss of ignorance,
Without the metal hip and without scars to the heart,
She ponders on bills to the clinic and everything else,
Surprised at the money not spent and care given.

With age one is wistful of better days gone by,
Weighted by the days of a better age lying nigh,
As the reaper tugs on her sol bidding her find rest,
She looks upon the village and sighs, "oh, how blessed!".

~Kenneth Njongwa