

Lock Down

Iron chains clanging

Locks, locked, solid like Aso Rock.

Time, claustrophobia, minuscule moments

thriving on memories of freedom

and the intense promise of our eyes meeting across

the hall, savoring the conversations to come.

I miss the snuggle of your embrace,

our camaraderie over fried yams

and cooing at beautiful babies at airports.

These freedoms we seek,

These freedoms we took for granted:

to braid my hair in a saloon,

to take my son to a barber's shop,

to eat roasted peanuts, made with love and sweat

to fly our big birds, now cooped up in hangars

When the plague circle is broken

and the world is born again,
and we hug the crescents of moon and slivers of stars,
and birds return to nests with victories.
I will reach out and touch your hand.

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Abuja, March 31, 2020

we achieve this breach, once in a 100 years
panged in hangards six cornrows,
Not spiky in all directions.

To go to the saloon, to visit the barber, does he have a
facemask, breating on people, handgloves, the freedoms
we take for granted, to buy a loaf of bread, to go to the
market, to go to the market, without thought on a whum,
we sneak out under the of crescent of moon an slivers of
stars, cucle of plague every 100 years, birds winging
howmwards, chicken cooped, balm in gileadmassaging
the ego of men on short fuse, petulant school boys,ride
bicycles, making the time , men moon, move count. Time

