

CHISOM OKAFOR

in telephone conversation with my father where he enquires about my marriage plans

a dagger navigating through a gulf of wire curls
meets the centre point of my forehead
just after he spells out the words

lost between the frontiers of things
i desire and what i must be
i want to tell him about the ringing cold

or the house sparrow who homeless
after her tree was felled had made
her nest just at the edge of my windowsill

instead i say baba i don't think the telephone
line is clear enough for this
conversation.