

**OKWUDILI NEBEOLISA**

**Backyard, Morning**

Every morning you go about the house,  
waking the people in it, and then prayer—  
five decades of the rosary, readings  
from the missal a register of rituals.

Everyone else moves like they are walking  
in the dark: short sighted, groping, their hands  
almost out. Only you seem agile.

The light outside slowly fills the rooms—  
what is there else but to fall in love with it,  
be bewitched before it tapers off?

In the backyard, your vegetables  
are having their unhurried death.

There is no mincing words as you go on  
in that mild light, taking them one by one.

Even dogs know when their masters die.

Perhaps it is something in the air,  
something with ethereal teeth, terminal.

The backyard is so bare it mirrors the sky.