

Issue 06: Oblivion <https://librettong.com/2021/12/30/diary-of-a-broken-woman-john-chinaka-onyeche/>

30th December, 2021.

Diary of a broken woman

These were her words as she muffled them in-between;
When she pointed her hands to the portrait on the wall end,
Those beautiful photographs took on their honeymoon night.
With her voice wet with many waters of late morning tears,
And she spoke to me in the manners of a summer fire - wind;
She utters those words without a breath-taking halt.
Now, look through the paths drew by my sorrows,
As they have formed routes into many of my heart's wishes;
Daily I have wandered and returned to this house of grief;
To mourning this love that I had once thought about,
And this reality of brokenness before my gaze dance in a blur,
Causing the eyes not to see beyond its many griefs.
I've wailed rivers - night - day as I look at those memories,
In these portraits that are hanging on this wall of our eyes;
Where we have laid to rest our wedding pictures.
I have become more cracked up by these realities,
Yes, these voids created by this many betrayals,
I have returned seeking from where it could be written.
Thou art loosen from thine yoke of bounds.