



Listen for the End

By Tope A Larayetan

Listen for the forgotten chirping of meadowlarks
hovering over the stump iroko that once covered
the backsides of lovers carving erosion-ready initials
into its ribs.

Sit, watch for the silence that was once the roar of
golden langurs, tap of swimming elephants carried
by the unadulterated evening breeze to the
once-open windows.

Lay in the browning grass and smell death. Sand
shifting to make room for concrete and oak, for
fires snaking through burrows, making ash of them,

Making dust of us.

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