

CHRISTOPHER OKIGBO

*Adam Gearey**

Okigbo with a bullet in his neck at Opi Junction,
Nsukka lost, roads choked with retreat.
We couldn't find his body. This is the fate
Of the poet who imagined a nation.
His comet words rocketed the darkness
Flared to nothing; now drift like ash
Or sand; crumble like Ozymandias
In whose shadows we quietly pass
By bodies and burnt trucks. After
The troops have gone we claim
That we will remember a name
Gone from the map; a war, a famine, Biafra.
And Christopher Okigbo, of course
Poet, hero, martyr and corpse.

* Lecturer in Law, Birkbeck College, University of London.