

Nduka Otiono

Footsteps of an Approaching Dream

I hear the footsteps of an approaching dream
And scream to deaf thoughts trapped mid-stream...

The alarm bells toll the arrival of a new dawn
And I sing like okiri, the street bird and secret sharer...

Listen: you will hear the tale of stubborn grasshoppers
And the conspiracies of weaver birds against goggled generals.

This is the season for street stories,
And I, singer of tales, am perched on your tongue...