

A Covid Christmas Trio

Kóla Túbòsún

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An Exchange I

"You didn't send me your list yet?"
I murmur a procrastination.
Undecided whether to tell you
How I burnt the list.
Blowing the ashes into the night air
On the breath of my own longing.

In any case the gifts I want
No money can buy.
Not now. Not this year.
Not from anyone.
A hug. A slow dance.
A kiss.

Like so many others
We settle on a phone call.
On Christmas Eve.
At midnight.
Our own communion.
A memory of this strange year.

Christmas Present II

"Surprise me!"
You rebuff my demand.
Calmly pointing out that
You can hardly be expected
To know what I want
If I don't know what I want.

I sulk at this logic.
Jealous of Past Me.
Who would have crossed water,
Flown miles, clambered hills.
Sure of my room at your inn
At the end of my journeys.

And oh so resentful
of Present Me.
Restricted to
Virtual spaces
And electronic dependencies
To touch a face on a screen.

Hesitantly hopeful that
Future Me, Future Us
Will once again
See each other unmasked.
And re-learn to hold hands
Without terror.

New Year's Eve III

New Year's Eve -
A time of promise.
Of new starts and fresh slates.
But this past year has
Brought so much, so many
I am tired of the strange.
Of becoming accustomed
To masked non-recognition
And garbled internet speech.
Tired of the virtual
I long for the personal
To be tangible once more.
Not at a shadow digital remove.
However, tonight
Physically distanced.
We shall dance.
You and I
On our individual screens.

So that next year's eve
Gorging on our touchability
Sweaty and hand clasped
We shall sway
As if to never, ever part.

Aduke Gomez is currently the Chair of the Steering Committee of Art4Life - an initiative of the Lagos State Ministry of Health established to introduce art and the practice of art into the entire healthcare process. Her recent children's book "Lost And Found In Lagos" - a collaboration with Biola Alabi Media was selected as one of Channels TV Book Club Top Twenty Books for 2019.

