

This Queer Little Girl

~~~ *Ijeoma Anachebelu*

Sometimes  
This queer little girl in me  
Looks out through my eyes and  
Wonders where the world went in her absence

She sees the creases and the frowns  
She sees the weighty bags under the eyes  
She sees the fear; the constant fear  
And the biting of nails in worrisome consternation  
And the shouldering of responsibilities not quite hers

You see this queer little girl  
She loves fancies  
Fancy little things that mean everything and mean nothing  
Fancy places  
Little towns with bright red lights  
Slim slender beauties with exotic apparels and posh shoes  
The quietness of solitude  
The listening in the telling  
The fancy of everything in nothing  
And the beauty in everything of everything

Understand my vanity, I beg of you  
Understand my vainness please  
And then you'd see that this queer little girl  
Just wants to live, just wants to breathe

Understand my vanity, I beg of you  
Understand my vainness please  
And then maybe you'd see that  
Age is just a senseless number  
And am not that old.

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