

Bonfire Liturgy

Psalm 141:2: May my prayer be set before you like incense; may the lifting up of my hands be like the evening sacrifice.

Burnt rubber is sultry, with an imposing smell,
It'll give the sunset a haze reminiscent of Owerri's harmattan,
Intimate in how it keeps everyone else far,
drawing only those with a thrill for the fire and smoke.
Evening rituals; start of long traditions,
They begin like this,
As the smell evolves,
Piling on burnt paper, plastic and tin,
Anything that can carry a prayer on it to the skies,
Just like a song in my heart,
I'd burn it too,
If I would live long enough to see it answered.
This haze, that's how it would be.
Bold and foul.