

Epiphany

by [Ayokunle Samuel Betiku](#) in the [March 23, 2022](#) issue

What does it mean to hold sorrow like hammered nails?

What does it mean to carry the grave as a hammering chest?

I see your heart split into blue and gray by the embrace of thorns,

watch your face fold into a grimace as you watch this cross

-road, this moment when you choose between wine and blood.

And I picture you—bright sunflower embracing this darkness,

crushed as though it ends. In the end, what sings in the morning

is light. I look at you and the weightlessness of my sighs,

your hands on mine weighing in again for the umpteenth time.