

Double trouble corona

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It was not ideal for him to stay out so late
 There were three young kids and a job to juggle
 I could have done with some help at home
 We were supposed to be partners
 who lean on each other to pull through life
 But how mighty glad I was
 That he had found an after work hobby
 It didn't matter that it was drinking
 to a stupor with his boys
 He seemed to enjoy it enough to stay away long hours
 And he only came home when he was almost passed out
 And many times he tried his previous hobby
 But he only got as far as throwing a jerky punch
 Which was usually easy to dodge
 And the kids didn't have to see him at all
 Since they slept soundly in their beds then
 After all, was not an absentee father better than this image
 of a father in a stupor from drink and raging,
 ready to beat whatever and whoever is in his way?
 It was not ideal not to have a partner
 to help with the expenses around the home
 Well... at least he paid the rent
 And so it is worthwhile to stay with him
 And I don't want to be the one with the tag:
 "The woman who could not hold down a husband."
 Yes, many things were not ideal,
 but I lived with it anyhow,
 because in all of it I was told, I was blessed:
 that a man had married me at all
 and made me a woman by giving me children
 And was God not helping me by giving him the late nights?

They were such blessings to miss his beatings
Now all for me to endure was the dawn pestering
for intimacy that was so estranged
But wasn't it a blessing that his job required for him
to ride the company bus very early in the morning,
Cutting short my nightmares of dawn?
All of which, I thank God, the kids do not see.
But now, what is this that they say?
Hmm...coronavirus the novel is here
And all are ordered to stay at home?
Oh dear! Where is my God?
Coronavirus is not ideal
But in more intensely undesirable ways.
And now my kids are forced to witness
The venting of frustrations of a father they hardly know
And endure the stifled screams of a mother at night
And in the morning their confused and panicky looks
That a mother with a bruised heart has to bear.
Now here I stand again with child,
And already three hungry mouths had been too much.