



THE ECHOES OF SERVICE

— IJEOMA G. UKENI

I hear the garland steps zamzamzam.
Who is coming? 'Tis our king our manager.
He's got water in his bowl and towel on his shoulders.
Would he wash my legs too? Such reversal!
Never, not me a follower! That humbles Him too low!
Perhaps such preferred humility is not subordination.
He's got reserved power in his hands and remains first amongst
equals.

Like the story of some winters ago
When a father shielded his own.
As a leader wouldn't it be fitting for to him others do serve?
Yet in his protective armour he labours so his pride reserves.
You first is key, such was the tale of some leaders of old.
Perhaps the same for those existing but maybe unknown?

When the servant becomes the leader
Our queen has come home and service lingers
Until the leader becomes the servant,
Our mirror is unborn and no dolls to hand down
Leading leaders; serving servants
That's the way it should be and endless
But is this a new tune or one re-echoed?



Okay, echo it louder, scream till everyone listens.
Train them and showcase till no one misses
So at the end of silence it is loud enough
When the music is over everyone has had their dance thereof
And soon no one will need their pride's ladder
Because the voice of service will speak louder.

Of whom do I speak of madam? Or can I speak to you?
Please may I ask a question...?
Do you lead because you serve?
Have you been led and desire to serve?
Why should you lead if you cannot serve?
Make way 'oga', the one with the service piper now calls the tune!
See how the tune is called, enough to make anyone serve!

Ijeoma writes poems on several themes; most of which have either been presented at an event, published in a local newspaper or year book and shared on social media. She is currently researching on servant-leadership at the University of Huddersfield.