



BULLETS FROM THEIR MOUTHS

A POEM

ABSTRACT

“My lies are bullets, my throat is a trigger, my mouth is a muzzle and my tongue is silencer. Fully prepared to kill anyone...”

DAMILARE OGUNJOBI

*Like happy goats
We joyed
At the sound of their foot-steps
On our door-steps*

*They came with illusions,
And rice and oil
All to believe in a new genesis,
A new genesis of mirages,*

*Young, old, skin- smile, mild and rough,
We all believed in their sermons of optimism,
Coming from sugar-coated tongues*

*Tongues savoured with deceptions
Power was in our thumbs
But they cornered it to our fists,*

*Alas! The day of pay-back came
Rice, oil, papers of value
All played a part in our stomach infrastructure*

*We could do nothing
but to pay back their gestures
with prints on our thumbs
With pleasure, we ran like goats escaping slaughter
To garages mounted with bloods
Spilled from guiltless flesh*

The power we thought was in our thumbs

Alas! It was now in our fists

We became servants of annihilation

We died

And expired from existence

The mantle was laid upon them again

Wild drivers of souls

Sugar-coated tongues turned sour and bitter

And promises evaporated

Like the waters around Noah's ark

We became sheep ready for the slaughter

Wailing of the nights

As we ate our hunger

And drank our sweat

Scars? We've had many

Tales of thieves? We've heard many

Hissed, shook heads and wept

'O what a happy goat I was!!!'

'Give us these days our daily bread'

Cries, wailings, tears of agony

Tones sent from our pricked hearts

Sent and stamped by our conscience,

To their quarters

Quarters? No, den of thieves

They will come,

*O'er and o'er again,
With happy-sad faces,
Pot-bellies tucked in 'Agbadas'
Shoes polished with our bloods and sweats
Mouths buried in their pockets
Mouths ready to sing our praises
And the rest is history*

*They've come again
But all I could see
Are just bullets from their mouths*

