

I had always pondered on the era that a Nigerian man will start foreseeing the greatness of the nation and stop wandering and roaming about the entire universe. I foresee an epoch that our lost glory will return to our lands and our soil will bear children once again. I anticipate a time when we will all return to our travel maps and draw out plans and techniques for our dear nation; an era when ‘hard working men will return to ‘green their grass and wish it never dried’ and home will become ‘world’s purest wine.’”

- Ogunjobi Damilare T.

IN THE CROOKED OF NIGERIA

Ogunjobi Damilare T.

{Monday, 26th June, 2017}

*In the crooked of Nigeria,
Exist many but one seer,
In the deeds of the living,
Different habits exposing our being,
In the dead of the night,
Comes a shambolic line of sight,
In the surroundings of politics,
Everywhere filled with tricks,
Crafty players of religion,
Like boiled bones cooked until done;*

*In the picture of history,
Filled with eternal mimicry,
On the sands of time,
Always on the unknown side of the rhyme,
In the air exist plagues,
Inscribed on the country’s plaques,
Swimming in the river of corruption,
Journeying on the road of fake fashion,
0 1 0 – The present masses’ formula,
Absenting the presence of the healer;*

*In the plight of diseases,
Giving out all our deafless pleas,
Lasaa fever, once the talk of the day,
Ebola virus, once gave us its ray,
Deficiencies, exalting itself,
Syphilis, claiming rights for itself,
Human-Immuno Deficiency Virus,
At your sight, we feel nervous,
Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome,
Ignorance killing some;*

*In the field of savoured lilies,
Living people with signs of bullies,
Darkened like dusters,
Trees of ill-luck clusters,
On the drums of remembrance,
Comes the bad rhythms of our dance,
Terrorism, in the waters of life,
And abduction the talk of life,
Leaving the shores of security,
Sleeping in the grave of insecurity;*

*In the warm hands of our youth,
Whispering tongues poisoning truth,
Travelling in the speedy vehicles of our stage,
Burning beauties in rage,
A young bright child,
Skin, smile, heart and mild,
Dreams? I had many,
But never fulfilled any,
In the myth of our time,*

*Seeks for nothing good, even a dime,
Loved ones missing by kidnapping,
Trashing them in the heinous bin,
Filling crimes to the brim,
Gory faces like grim;*

*But with the love of revolution,
Removing the pictures of these fiction,
In having a cleaner Nigeria-population,
And a peaceful and better nation,
We can boldly and courageously say,
This is a new-born Nigeria of today*