

PUNDITS ON A SHELF

**Some pundits pun their mind
to shops that pay the most.
Powdered faces, suits and ties,
Are all part of ominous acts.
Pundits for pickings on a shelf
disfigure facts for unholy reward.**

**Pictures seen are surely green
but they paint them blue-black.
Blue is the colour of the open sky,
one that observers can verify.
Is that sharp spade called a spade?
The sponsor's reaction is pre-saged.**

**On a stage so visible and bright,
pipers are paid for their tunes.
Some recite prepared scripts tightly.
Fear and carrots are in their act.
Ask a question and watch them blink
when answers are not in their script.**

**Shyness there belies a bold trick;
and probity is feigned for the public
In darkened rooms, conspiracy holds
all concocted to mislead the public.
Truth must undress fully for review.
That nakedness appeals to fair minds.**

**All acts of trickery must quench.
Should the Sheriff be called to action
or is it the pastor for quick deliverance
to offer pundits earnesty to drink?
Those confessions must come on stage,
otherwise, their opinions are fodder for cows.**

ROASTING IMMIGRANTS FOR VICTORY

Natives are fed and toasted
but immigrants are roasted;
Politics rests on numbers
when conscience is withdrawn,
politics patrols as victory.
Emotion's elevation results.

Empathy and sympathy
are words that are so foreign
As acts, they are so rare.
Antidotes were promptly injected.
To where were they distributed
when bias blares from

In dark and secret rooms,
some consult with zealots
and are threatened by the rainbow.
There are musings of hatred
but the public is in lethargy,
a fertile ground for plunder.

Invasions by the selenites
are overstated so loudly by fear.
Emotions are aggressively stirred.
Rationality is in sharp decay
but audiences still doubt risks.
Resistance to carnage is so noble.

Youth are often in genuine unity
against vicious discrimination.
Exposed colours are very exciting
only when mottled into a mosaic.
Clearly, that increase in mottling
is our undisputed direction.

TO ALL IN HIBERNATION

The bell-shaped dome is in fashion
enclosing self, family and reserves.
Fear of famine after the blitz is strong
but the indigent focuses on the now.
All the deep scratches on their shell
came from their despair in bad weather.

As cold weather blitzed the land,
you were in very deep hibernation,
shelled away, a more proper term.
The weather hissed mist and ice.
Challenges were billed wake and rescue.
You were spared all the turmoil,

While you took that hibernating sleep,
the blizzard came and destroyed farms.
Scared folks and beasts ran helter skelter.
Tulips now hang high on tree branches,
a very sorry sight for all displaced farmers,
but there, you lay low under your shell.

When many things fell and shove your shell,
all your reactions were strictly internal.
White snow powered on exposed features.
Roofs, trees and human moods swayed
and victims rued the absence of rescues
but your dome nicely sheltered you.

You are now awake in a new world.
That wild weather pattern has stilled.
Ask us not about broken tree stumps.
Tall trees creaked while you soundly slept.
It was their warning of impending collapses.
Could you lend a hand on reconstruction?

FRENETIC SCOOPS AFTER THE FAMINE

It was lavishness before the famine
with no storage of grain for the future,
Largesse at events were normal.
Per capita dividends were satisfying
and all pretended to float on gold coins.
Suspicious ebbed to bare minimum.

Soft hands were held in friendships.
Doors were left unlocked in the village.
Dispossessions were alien and rare.
No one sought to be demonized.
If cousins and heritage were shamed,
the tribe would despise that canker.

The season of plenty was at hand
as smiles distorted unsunken cheeks.
Neighborhood poets staged renditions,
some, conventional, others as rap.
One-way streets widened and converted.
Essentially, the community was thriving.

Then came the damping famine,
sustained by paltry precipitation.
The earth was scorched fruitless bare.
Beasts and birds became scavengers.
Droppings were picked and devoured.
Such was the extent of biting hunger.

But all blights have their tenure.
The drought receded and ended slowly.
Sprouts of corn and cassava returned.
Garri and corn meal piles were in stalls
but folks scooped them frenetically.
That was fear of the return of famine.

Famine had changed normal postures.
Hoarding became the unshakable norm.
Souring of food prices followed suit.
Artificial scarcity was then created.
Ruthless famine could be quite cyclical.
Experience can elevate some expenses.

JUST THE BREAD WITHOUT SOUP

Poe, the orphan needs a meal.
None of the orchards is hers.
Biting dogs guard the fences.
She watched with envy as they eat.
They derive strength from that chow.
No wonder why they are ferocious.

Source of energy is uncertain for Poe.
Donors want illicit affection in return,
What a price to pay for bland food!
a pinch on emotion that Poe must reject.
That consort would be just a fling
as both parties have unmatched needs.

So, Poe treks with an empty bucket,
pitching left and then, to the right.
Many new promises just dissolve.
They came with spoilage of emotions.
Some factors were concealed at offerings,
just a few meals offered to entrap Poe.

How did Poe become solicitor?
The other gender commandeered farms.
Poe just retained key nurturing skills
but skill lies worthless without tools.
Tool owners just relax and recruit skills,
and they offer a pittance for high utilities.

That is surely, Poe's predicament.
Recruiters ignore her real skills.
As they roam their eyes on her features,
making illicit offers with ensnaring caveats.
They offer her stale bread without soup.
Addition of soup, they make conditional.

Facing all this undeserved frustration,
Poe just decided to own her own farm.
Targeting a deserted valley to crop,
she collected and planted some seeds.
The valley bloomed with her sprouted crops.
Harvests brought her sustained relief.