

A poem for hundred

[In celebration of Nigeria's one hundred years of Amalgamation]

Nigeria at hundred
is more than hundred tribes
speaking a hundred tongues
wearing hundred different styles
doing hundred same things
in a hundred distinct methods
around hundred places
united in a hundred ways

She is a hundred faces
with hundred diverse needs
wishing hundred different wishes

Hundreds are smiling
Hundreds more are not;
I am among the hundreds who aren't
But even without hundred kobo
talk less one hundred Naira
I will wear hundred smiles
for a hundred years old Nigeria
because in a hundred ways
I see a light of hundred rays

Barking dog

[For Shila]

Anytime I hear barking dogs bark
I smile to hide the pain in my heart
My barking dog will bark no more
The black and brown haired large-canine friend
will bark now only in my memories
Gabriel, the highest of all
Please tell the angel at the holy gates
to open up when he comes barking
Usher him into the home I have there
So we will be reunited when my time comes

The rise

The rise makes a fool of us all
We do not stop to think
Nothing matters any more
Our thought is removed from us

Will you give me the moon?

O' Yes I surely will

After a still vibration
It all comes rushing down
Our mind is laid to rest
and the scenes return to our heads

What is it you wanted again?

My brother the commissioner

Agidigbi, whom they made commissioner;
trained though school with fathers yams
plus the melon from mama's backyard
and the power from my muscle
now calls father lazy
He drives the big cars of government people
and his stomach has began to shoot from his shirt

Just last week when I saw him in the secretariat
after eight months of waiting
He told me to keep hopes alive and wait
He forgets everything which I remember
and puts away the things there is to keep

I have an opening for a gateman in my house
I could give you the job without an interview
You know we are of the same blood
I want to help you
Your wife can come wash my wife and children's clothes;
and scrub the toilets too
The house help has run away
I wouldn't mind giving her the job either

The Prodigal

[Back to Base]

I will turn
 and return
Back to my hood
 It's for my good
I shall not fear
 but may shed a tear
I guess this is it
 I have been hit
By the train of life
 it's given me a rife
I have a story to tell
 of how I fell
A story to be told
 it will give a cold
Back to my city
 to beg for pity
I do not care
 and feel no scare
Not of my father
 or even my mother
I craved for fun
 in the city of the sun
I strived so hard
 but I had no card
I went into hiding
 without minding
Whether I die of thirst
 or hunger first
It got so tough
 and everything rough
Home was better
 at least I was fatter
Daily, I lay on a bed
 after I was fed
But I wanted more
 and my heart became sore
I ran away
 without knowing my way

I have lost all
 after this great fall
Let me pack
 and go back
I will turn
 and return