NAIJATION at 63 and Other Poems
Oche Ogolekwu

Author: Oche Ogolekwu, Department of Languages and Linguistics, University of Calabar, Calabar, Nigeria. Email: ogolekwuoche@gmail.com.

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NAIJATION at 63

As an imbecile
Both hands are looking for support
Both legs cannot stand
The whole nation needs a wheelchair

A child at 63
Strapped at the back of other nations
Overdue for weaning
But still breastfeeding at 63

How can this child grow when she is:
Always attacked by bandits
Always starved and forced to be quiet
Always naked and forced to cover herself with her palms
Always crying and the parents are celebrating
WE ARE ALL VICTIMS

Oche: When our youths set aside Saturdays to construct linking roads with their hoes instead of Julius Berger
What are we?
Joe: We are all victims.

Oche: When we use the unused dusty and darkened lamps instead of bulb and bubbling.
What are we?
Joe: We are all victims.

Oche: When our children study under trees instead of classrooms, and their own children hosted in foreign schools.
What are we?
Joe: We are all victims.

Oche: when you only smell their presence after four years to blow their campaign whistles instead of celebrating their campaign promises.
What are we?
Joe: We are all victims.

Oche: When they climb up and throw away their ladders instead of giving us time to climb,
What are we?
Joe: We are all Victims.

Oche: When our children finished their Ajuwaya many years but are still looking for falling crumbs from government.
What are we?
Joe: We are all Victims.

Oche: When they increase pump price of PMS while their own vehicles are being fueled with our common money.
What are we?
Joe: We are all Victims.

Oche: When communities are taxed to rebuild the dilapidated hospitals while they hospitalise themselves abroad
What are we?
Joe: We are all Victims.

Oche: When they play their songs and want us to chorus by force in scorching sun and tiger rain.
What are we?
Joe: We are all Victims.

Oche: The victims are:
Our children who study under mango trees.
Our able bodied youths who construct roads with their hoes.
Our children who finish their Ajuwaya without jobs.
Parents who vote in scorching sun and tiger rain.
People who suffer terrible ailments without hospitals.
Are we not all victims?

**Joe:** We are all Victims.
CANARY SONG

All my money na from gari
All my shoes na from gari
All my houses na from gari
All my clothes from gari
All my soap na from na from gari

Gari nawa for you o
Nawa from you
Come let's sing o
Na from gari
Gari Gari Gari, na from Gari

The food wey I dey eat o
Na from gari
The clothes wey I dey wear o
Na from gari
Gari Gari Gari, na from Gari

My father forget me, my mother forget me
Gari no forget me o
Na from Gari
My uncle forget me, my anty forget me
Gari no forget me o
Na from gari
Gari Gari Gari, na from Gari
THE SUPREME SEAT

Amidst scorching sun, deadly and heavy rainfall
Breeze of winter removes our caps and headties
Waiting for the down pour of election
To vote and give them the seat
But when you give them the seat, they forget

Campaigning with empty promises
Our roads are death traps and we light wooden straws for light
We share water with pigs, cattle and reptiles
Our children study under mango trees
But when you give them the seat, they forget

Always with their Whistles blowing
Come come come and vote for me
Poster flying like harmatan leaves sucking for supremacy
Using pestle to pound the heads of citizens
But when you give them the seat, they forget

Calling the masses to clap for them
Moving from place to place
Giving sweet lemon of unfulfilled promises
Having their manifestos thrown up
But when you give them the seat, they forget
OUR NATIONAL CAKE

Our National cake is no longer national
Our National cake is no longer shareable
Our national cake is for those who wear suites and long shirts
Those who manipulate elections and wither our economy
Those big horns in human jerseys

It is only for the nation’s elites
Those who wear black suit and long shirt
Those who wear big agbadas and order youths to echo their chorus
Those whose business is manipulation
They manipulate election, they manipulate country’s economy

Our national cake is only for the power mongers
Those who beat us and want us to smile
Those snakes in green grasses
Those Who come as saviours but are devourers
Those who take power by hook and by crook

Our National cake is for those in red carpet, green carpet and white carpet
Those big lions who fetch firewood from foreign hospitals
Those who send their one-year old child to school abroad
Those who fill Nigerian bullets in foreign account
Those rat-hands in nation's Treasury
 Those big commandos
The Sayers and undoers
Those who increase number of widows and orphans in yam city
Those who climb and throw away the ladders
Our ancestral ghosts are wailing

Whisper to them; they have done us evil
Alekwu is crying
Ekinibi is crying
Our forest is crying
Our river is crying
They have finished the national cake
SURVIVAL OF THE FITTESTS

The whole nation is an island
We are in the Jupiter of power
Only the fittest survive
The polibuldoozers
The lions in the jungle

Only the Godfatherists survive
Elephants trample upon the rats
The fleeting lizards seek for water
The weaver birds chip and cry without listeners
As buffalos struggle with elephants in titanic battle

The nation's three trees refuse to bend for one another
Leopards jet out to frighten the frighteners
Distributing posters and fliers
Parroting their chameleon promises of 2023

The TRIBE-BUNAL shall determine the bull horns
Only the fittest survive
The toothless bulldogs roar and cry
My power, my seat, my position
The defeated commandos

The grasses shall not suffer the titanic battle of elephants and buffalos
All grasses shall grow their voices
From young to old beings
To remove their crowns and horns
But only the fittests survive


Email: <ogolekwuoche@gmail.com>.