

## NAIJATION at 63 and Other Poems

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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 fittests survive  
The polibulldozers  
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 fittests 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

**Oche Ogolekwu** holds M.A. English and Literary Studies. He researches in the fields of pragmatics, forensic linguistics, theolinguistics, forensic discourse and multi-modal discourse. He has published articles in local journals. His recent articles are: "Language and Religion: An Evaluation Grammatical Cohesion in Selected Pentecostal Sermons in Nigeria," Ushie, G. O., Inyabri, I. T. & Ebim, A. M. (Eds.) *Language and Literary Studies in Society. A Festschrift for Professor Eno Grace Nta*, 2021, pp. 89-112 and "Forensic Linguistic as a Catalyst for Crime Detection among the Nigeria Youths," *Ahyu: A Journal of English and Literary Studies (AJOLL)*, 2020, pp. 42-5, <http://dx.doi.org/10.56666/ahyu.v1i3.6>.  
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