**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.* **Email:** <ogolekwuoche@gmail.com >.