**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 supportBoth legs cannot standThe whole nation needs a wheelchair   A child at 63 Strapped at the back of other nations Overdue for weaning But still breastfeeding at 63How can this child grow when she is:Always attacked by bandits Always starved and forced to be quietAlways 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 abroadWhat 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 gariAll my shoes na from gariAll my houses na from gariAll my clothes from gariAll my soap na from na from gariGari nawa for you oNawa from youCome let’s sing oNa from gariGari Gari Gari, na from GariThe food wey I dey eat oNa from gariThe clothes wey I dey wear oNa from gariGari Gari Gari, na from GariMy father forget me, my mother forget meGari no forget me oNa from GariMy uncle forget me, my anty forget meGari no forget me oNa from gariGari Gari Gari, na from Gari **THE SUPREME SEAT**Amidst scorching sun, deadly and heavy rainfallBreeze of winter removes our caps and headtiesWaiting for the down pour of electionTo vote and give them the seatBut when you give them the seat, they forgetCampaigning with empty promisesOur roads are death traps and we light wooden straws for lightWe share water with pigs, cattle and reptilesOur children study under mango treesBut 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 forgetCalling the masses to clap for themMoving from place to placeGiving sweet lemon of unfulfilled promisesHaving their manifestos thrown upBut when you give them the seat, they forget**OUR NATIONAL CAKE**Our National cake is no longer nationalOur National cake is no longer shareableOur national cake is for those who wear suites and long shirtsThose who manipulate elections and wither our economyThose big horns in human jerseysIt is only for the nation’s elitesThose who wear black suit and long shirtThose who wear big agbadas and order youths to echo their chorusThose whose business is manipulationThey manipulate election, they manipulate country’s economyOur national cake is only for the power mongersThose who beat us and want us to smileThose snakes in green grassesThose Who come as saviours but are devourersThose who take power by hook and by crookOur National cake is for those in red carpet, green carpet and white carpetThose big lions who fetch firewood from foreign hospitalsThose who send their one-year old child to school abroadThose who fill Nigerian bullets in foreign accountThose rat-hands in nation's TreasuryThose big commandosThe Sayers and undoersThose who increase number of widows and orphans in yam cityThose who climb and throw away the laddersOur ancestral ghosts are wailingWhisper to them;they have done us evilAlekwu is cryingEkinibi is cryingOur forest is cryingOur river is cryingThey have finished the national cake**SURVIVAL OF THE FITTESTS**The whole nation is an islandWe are in the Jupiter of powerOnly the fittests surviveThe polibulldozersThe lions in the jungleOnly the Godfatherists surviveElephants trample upon the ratsThe fleeting lizards seek for waterThe weaver birds chip and cry without listenersAs buffalos struggle with elephants in titanic battleThe nation’s three trees refuse to bend for one anotherLeopards jet out to frighten the frightenersDistributing posters and fliersParroting their chameleon promises of 2023The TRIBE-BUNAL shall determine the bull hornsOnly the fittests surviveThe toothless bulldogs roar and cryMy power, my seat, my positionThe defeated commandosThe grasses shall not suffer the titanic battle of elephants and buffalosAll grasses shall grow their voicesFrom young to old beingsTo remove their crowns and hornsBut 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 >.