



# educated *tout*

Mayowa 'Big M' Fatokun



Edit with WPS Office

# EDUCATED *TOUT*

BY

MAYOWA 'BIG M' FATOKUN



## DEDICATION

This is dedicated to souls who yearned for self realisation and attained it, to souls who yearn for self realisation and are fighting to attain it.



## PREFACE

This anthology is compiled for grown minds but also suitable for young minds searching for clues and guidance for self realisation. The poet is a blend of youth and old aesthetic values thereby giving him a privilege to delve into knowledge of old and feed the young minds with it.

The mind is wild, words can calm it, the soul may be down, words can uplift it, the spirit is invisible, words can find it.



## GUIDE

This is not meant for toddlers so objectivity is not needed. This should be interpreted subjectively. Everybody is entitled to their interpretations as the poet's mind is his, so are yours; therefore, make up your own interpretations.

If what is serious to me is funny to you, laugh away!



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## NEPA

Bills bills bills  
Only you will kill me  
Nepa cannot  
Only you will.  
Nepa man, I dare you to climb that pole  
If Sango will not strike you dead  
You can never expect to rest after a hard day of stress  
Unless you have an 'I pass my neighbour'

Bills today, bills tomorrow  
New extortion power authority  
If you will charge me  
At least do for what I use alone  
If you sell meat, you should not eat bones  
If you sell clothes, you should not look tattered  
But you know the reverse is the case  
And the case is the reverse

Forget Independence  
For we are still slaves to our leaders  
Who are entitled to everything  
And leaving nothing when they leave  
Apart from empty coffers  
And poor angry masses living in darkness

So they made solar streets  
I let out a laugh  
Sad laughter from my unwashed teeth  
A poor man's words always smell  
Who will bail us out?  
See how they are showing off  
Yes  
They say they have brainwashed us

Yes  
They have brainwashed us

Nepa man, I dare you to cut those wires  
If Sanpona will not strike you down  
When have I seen light?



## YAHOO YAHOO

Yes, I am gee boy  
Give me an info  
'info dey o'  
'login dey o'  
'local bank dey o'  
'yankee bank dey o'  
'verified cashapp is available o'  
'shooter dey here o'

You will not see the real criminals post such  
Only empty barrels make noise  
The real criminals break bread silently  
They say 'real gees move in silence'

Come to think of it  
Are the whites dumb?  
Maybe they fall in love easily  
Or maybe it is not just yahoo yahoo  
I believe it is brainwork  
Or juju work  
Or both  
But why go to such extent for the love of money?  
Sacrifice today  
Soap bathing tomorrow  
Candles today  
Babalawo tomorrow

See my dreads  
Even my latest iphone  
They can buy you  
See my Benz  
Even my girls  
You cant try them

In short  
One boy ran mad along the express  
Another one vomiting blood  
Another Screaming at the unseen  
Regular customers for SARS  
Arrest today  
Harassment tomorrow





At the end  
One makes money  
Another collects it  
Robbing Peter to pay Paul is the order of the day

Like Falz  
Welcome to Nigeria  
Everybody is a criminal  
Both the leader and the led



## WASO WASO

A force that is not forceful  
A watchman being robbed  
Put a strongman in charge of your barn  
And he will collude with pilferers to raid it  
we are all citizens so they say  
Both criminals and protectors  
If we are your friends,  
Then what are we friends for?

If I can not tip you off  
So you can tickle me with wads of Naira  
Or take a cut back  
From your night of raid  
Then what are we friends for?  
Then I am your enemy.  
But as you can see  
We are all friends here

The only difference is the uniform  
If you rob in broad daylight  
And I do the same on the highways  
Aren't we just in the same business?  
You can rob criminals alike  
Kindly leave innocent citizens in peace  
If you run in danger  
don't come back to extort in style.

Deliveries!  
Straight to your bosses  
I hear you have daily targets  
Is it true?  
If it is  
Then we are all marketers  
Since everybody is selling something  
You, security or lamba!

Bail is free  
Is it now?  
Even if it is  
You will pay for paper and pen  
Say hello to Officer Woske



At least he cannot be shouting in vain  
Or let you go without asking you for your particulars  
'wetin dey your booth'  
'your headlight no dey work'  
'your horn too loud'  
Same mindset  
Regardless of generation  
Payments start from waso  
From waso upwards  
Depending on the offence  
Of road players



## I PASS MY NEIGHBOUR

After several months of purchase  
Fumes everywhere  
Its rattling noise intimidating our ears  
Our neighbours must be mad  
We don't even pay attention  
Our 21 inches television set is steady working  
Why would you even mind  
Yemi and Shade are also watching with us  
I must tell my brother  
Kindly go tilt the mean machine  
Lets conserve the fuel  
Or slightly shut the fuel nuzzle  
That way  
We can use for longer time

I pass my neighbour  
A little comfort that makes a huge difference  
Some mornings  
Neighbours greet  
Slightly sending a little dig about last night's noise  
They may not raise their voices  
Because at least they are charging their phones  
Or recharchable solar lamps  
Why should they mind?  
I wouldnt if I were them

Bend down  
Grab the plastic holder  
Pull  
Grrrrrr grrrrrr!!! up I pass my neighbour.



## BORROW BORROW

Mebo mebo  
Borrow borrow nation of the world  
They cant stop  
The wont stop

The whole nation is plunged in debt  
The nation that never stops borrowing  
The world that keeps lending  
The agony is never ending

Billions today  
Trillions tomorrow  
But we still need more  
Pouring money into meaningless pursuits

If a nation plunges her people into debts  
One expects developments  
But none in sight  
Please what animal is accused again?

Okay lets go for another two billion dollars  
This time we use it for farming  
Along the way  
An antelope will come and eat the money

An antelope building a multi-billionaira mansion in his village  
Or one adding to his fleet of cars  
At the end when appropriation is done  
Only one percent development is recorded

Shall we go for another loan?  
This time for education  
Pay educators well  
Or continue the same tradition?

Meeeh! Educators are good  
Because tomorrow  
A snake will do the swallowing  
And we continue promising everybody a better life.

Shall we go for another loan?



## OLOSHO

Runs girl  
Cash madam  
Money for hand  
Back for ground  
How much per hour?  
Till daybreak nko?

Oga pay my money first  
She says  
Abi you go like drink first?  
'all na join'  
Chasing gold  
And selling away virtues  
Bleached skin  
Glamorous appearance  
A look will arouse you.

Where then is virtue?  
So I ask  
They must belong to a school  
A school where feelings are murdered  
The only thing they feel for is money  
Money makes them smile  
Not love  
If not money, nothing else.

If I see you  
And I cant pay to have you in bed  
For an hour or for a night  
Whats the purpose of money?  
If you see me  
And you cant pay to have me in bed  
For and hour or for a night  
Whats the purpose of money?  
Man and woman alike  
Everything a man sees  
He wants to grab or bed  
If you cant take your eyes off, pay

I will oblige  
Oblige you fun



And many things that follow  
But you are on your own  
Whatever you contact  
The syphilis is yours to keep  
Or staphylococcus  
We do not hide it  
But you may not see it

We generate fun, sell you relaxation  
And also spread more  
So come and bite more than you can chew  
Come and harvest more than you have planted  
But you will still pay  
The fee is bigger than the prize

What about coded ones roaming the streets?  
Or the beautiful sisters in the churches?  
Or the nice looking girls on campuses  
Spreading legs and getting paid for it  
After all when you clean up  
'e no dey show for face'  
Campus girls in the morning  
Sex workers at night  
Good girls on Sunday  
Runs girls after  
Spread love, not legs  
Spread love, not diseases.



## OKADA

You have not seen anything  
Four people on it is nothing  
I have seen five grown men  
I have seen six little children  
Kill the horse  
Break it

Okada man where is thy helmet?  
It is an okada  
Not a power bike  
Why risk your live?  
You do not pity your bones  
Once bitten twice shy  
So they say  
But these ones never listen  
Broken bones after broken bones  
As long as the okada fall never takes their lives  
When we get better,  
We ride again.

A man grabbed his okada  
Circled round skillfully  
Everybody hailed  
Did it again, and again, and again  
Everytime everybody hailed  
Then, he slipped, falling dangerously  
Then everybody laughed and left  
Only two friends helped him get up  
From the blood - painted ground  
We heard he swore to never touch his bike again  
After his wounds healed  
He jumped on and rode dangerously again.





## AMALA

How do you like yours?  
White?  
Black?  
Brown?  
With what?  
don't let us start.  
The list is endless  
Forever representing a culture  
As some is for other cultures  
This is ours  
The glory of Yoruba land  
Just stir it  
Stir it properly  
Make it soft  
As soft as silk  
I don't want it watered  
No flour in it  
I do not want 'koko'

Amala is traditional  
Embellish it with its chieftancy cap  
Put the royal beads on it  
Beads on its left and right hands  
What about the royal shoes?  
Or the honorary staff?  
Give to it  
Let it hold it  
Forever loved by the Yorubas  
Others adore it too, foreigners inclusive

Where is thy sting o hunger?  
Where is thy power?  
For you have been conquered  
Conquered by this soft amala  
Now my belly is protruding  
All the contours filled with amala morsels  
My belt is unbuckled  
A sign of rest.



## AKUBE

Money saver  
Hope giver  
Bend down select  
'bo si koro ko ye wo'

Money saver, yes  
Hope giver, yes  
'bo si koro ko ye wo', old skool  
There is no such thing as that anymore  
Hanging on walls, in kiosks and haphazardly displayed in shops  
You see them everywhere  
Both boy and girls trying them on  
'ha! Oga, how much for this one?'  
Another says  
'this one fit me well, make I look for another one'

No shame  
No hassles  
No worries  
Buy, wash, spread and put on  
Some don't even mind the smell  
Its a unique smell  
A smell customised for it  
'Akube get class o,  
This one na grade A okirika'  
Just starch am  
'e go stand well well'

Meet me in Yaba or Dugbe Alawo  
I'll be shopping for Christmas  
'My mates must not do pass me'  
Ten thousand naira to spice things up  
If I am in luck they can last for another six months  
Or fade off in no time at all  
Somebody bought a pair of trousers  
A gutter exposed him  
As he stretched his legs to cross  
Pfuuuuuuuu  
the pair tore where the legs met



## AFRICAN TIME

Its an African thing  
Nigerian I mean.  
If an event is 12 noon  
We will say it is 10am  
Even at that  
People will still come at 2pm

places they are never late to:  
Receptions.

Waki and die  
We are always on time to parties  
But never to businesses  
Or appointments

So we know we will not get there on time  
Both of us will just wait  
Or waste our precious moments  
While we expect the other to get their first

I am in bed  
But I will still tell you im almost there  
Since you are also not there yet  
But you say you are there waiting  
'ok give me five minutes' you say  
After five minutes, another five minutes  
Then another five minutes  
Till five minutes turn to one hour  
But I'm still waiting  
And then you show up  
Saying it was a hold up  
'go slow' we call it  
You can imagine its reflections on society  
Everybody becomes slow and late  
Economy becomes slow and bad  
Just because people will not show up on time

Imagine the discomfort a mother feels  
When a baby should be born at nine months  
But is not  
How does it feel?



Keep to time  
For everything time is apportioned.



## BREAD AND AKARA

Nigerian burger  
Saving us since day one  
Burgerking you say?  
Did I hear you say whataburger?

Nothing beats this  
A day old bread  
Parted like a book  
Embellished with carefully arranged balls of akara  
Every bite fills your mouth  
A nutritional journey from the first to the end  
A meal your belly can never reject

Get a lot of water close by  
The only effect is thirst  
And when you quench this  
Your belly is full again  
Thirst comes again  
Here is water, take it

Work with your belly full  
Or a moment of rest will lead to something else  
Close your eyes momentarily  
And wake two hours later  
Two responses to a belly bubbling with bread and akara  
Sleep  
Work.

Bricklayers' favorite  
Strengthened  
As the go about with their 'poun - poun'  
Never minding the heat  
Just labouring on and on  
'pafun' to fill the belly  
'akara' to balance it.



## AGBADA

Show me opulence  
Let us have a glance at his wardrobe  
You will find one, two or more

Ancient beauty  
Born and established as a sign of royalty  
No wonder everybody strives to have one at least  
Find leather shoes to match  
Numerous caps fit  
Abeti aja sits well on it  
Awolowo too can 'denge pose'  
Any cap will do really

Known with the rich in ancient times  
Now everybody can afford one  
Whether yours is the classic aso oke  
Or the in vogue ankaara  
Linen  
Or lace,  
Do starch it  
Starch makes it proud  
Then carefully press  
Let the contours show their pride  
Its a traditional thing  
From ancient history to modern fashion  
Now to kill it off  
Adorn your neck with beads  
Wrists with them also  
Let your walking stick be gentle when it touches the ground  
For the rich do not walk anyhow

Today's fashion is funny  
Not anyhow  
But with intent  
An intent to revolutionise  
Different styles will call your attention  
And I tell you  
They are not your regular agbadas  
Owambe parties are delights for the eyes  
Styles saying 'kami kami kami'



If you are not careful  
You will forget you put one on  
But what is mutual respect  
If you can not love yours  
And still appreciate the other?



## GOVERNMENT JOBS

I love them  
I hate them

Go to work  
Sit  
Eat  
Gossip  
Sign out

Yes I love government jobs  
I know we have to pay sometimes to get in  
Even sacrifice a few months salaries to middlemen  
Customs  
Civil defence  
All of them  
If you do not now have money,  
Know somebody  
The somebody you know may not be a direct source  
That somebody knows another somebody  
Then we have a list of somebodies  
Who also know their own somebodies  
And the connection goes on and on

You may not even go to work  
Or do anything serious  
And you will still get your pay  
Ghost workers' union

Talk about history  
Nobody can ever deny enjoying the government  
Sustaining the nation or  
Embezzling the nation

You do not have to be a law maker  
Or live inside Aso Rock  
To sustain or embezzle the nation  
So far you work for the government  
You can;  
Wherever

Government jobs





I love them  
I hate them

Go to work  
Work  
Work  
Work  
Retire.

Your salary is assured  
Only with a cap  
The next step also comes with a cap  
Every step till retirement is a cap

Level this  
Level that  
Only if all workers are paid equally well  
Not less for teachers  
Not more for medical practitioners  
As long as you are educated

And you are working for the government  
Can we remove the discrimination policy?  
Where one group gets less  
And the other more

Government jobs  
I love them  
I hate them



## PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Everybody wants one  
Whether a room or massive  
Village or town  
Everyone is international  
One is by the corner of a filling station  
Just two rooms  
The name has international in it  
Everybody wants one

If you are good  
You can take three subjects  
With the same pay  
Or even less pay  
With another  
Who takes one subject  
But smarter  
And more eloquent

Owners want to use  
And reuse  
Recycle  
To use  
And reuse  
Until you're useless to yourself  
Eventually doing nothing for yourself  
And dreams go to waste

Promises of a better life  
Flaunted right in your face  
While they enjoy the life they promise  
But you?  
Yes, you keep waiting  
Waiting and working  
And they give you more work  
More responsibilities  
Which you gladly accept

A leader was once a servant  
They say  
But a servant must know  
He must know when to become a leader



Serve if you must  
Do not serve your life away I tell you  
Work hard, for it pays  
Only you should not work hard away

They will flaunt you the good life  
Learn to create yours  
If they give you fish for a while  
After sometime  
Learn to fish by yourself  
Whether with a hook,  
A net  
Or even with your bare hands.



## FOREST OF BLOOD

We did not wake up of our own will  
We did not imagine it  
It was an explosion  
Claiming lives and rendering us homeless  
At first it was a rumour  
They said they were present in town  
We disbelieved  
We heard they terrorised  
But not here  
May be in the bushes  
They wrestled with owners of farms  
Killed fathers  
Kidnapped daughters and raped them  
But not here  
May be in some other places

It was an earthquake  
Structures melting like heated butter  
Only it was a sore sight  
And we were too defenseless, no fight  
They came in troop from Sambisa forest  
When no one was awake  
Completely absent from our vicinity  
Now forcefully sent back to our vicinity

It was after a bang  
A bang that shattered bones  
Misplaced flesh  
And dripping blood  
I had my eyes so I saw well  
My two legs trapped in the debris  
The pain was not like childbirth  
No it was not

They say purification  
But by violence?  
No wonder Nigeria ranks third  
Why kill innocent young and old?  
If you must  
We give you our corrupt leaders  
You know where they are



You negotiate daily with them  
Leave us out  
Let us eat our okro and garri in peace

Forest of blood  
Ruthless gods  
Mercy is lost  
No love.



## ONITSHA MARKET

What is your mission?  
Where are you headed?  
Are you lost?  
Buying or selling?

Onitsha Market  
Talk about her age  
No doubt one of the oldest mothers  
Mothers daily feeding the nation  
A tourist site on her own  
A place of exchange  
A place of union  
A union of local and international  
Talk about foreign exchange  
Or the sheer volume of goods daily sent round  
Do me a favour  
Remove Onitsha Market from our lives  
Then you know what a loss is  
Touted as the trade giant of West Africa  
Why wont it be?  
Imagine the weight of daily transactions  
Or yearly imports raking up to 200tonnes  
What about exports?

Revered for management  
Loved for varieties  
Patronised for quality  
Sustained through investments

Not a place for the feeble minded  
How do you feel if you don't sell in a week?  
Truly your neighbour does  
And you even refer him customers  
All in the spirit of tradesmanship  
Because he would do the same

Patience is the name of the game  
Waiting while your goods sail  
Day in day out you wait  
And smiles hugging your mouth as they arrive



So this one is a newbie  
A buyer for the first time?  
Clutch your purse  
or you may leave with teary eyes.



## COMPUTER VILLAGE

A boy went to buy an iphone  
It was cheap  
They told him to quickly go home with it  
No power on it  
He charged and turned on  
The apple was badly bitten

A pastor was preaching  
Just by a corner  
A masquerade was dancing  
Both prophets had their own congregations

Computer village  
A place of business  
Sight  
And thugs

Acclaimed as the IT hub of Nigeria  
Gladly rivaling some of the biggest commercial spots  
Like Onitsha Market  
Patience is the game's name  
Smartness is paramount  
Because I will not in the name of tradesmanship  
Pass you my own customers

Today somebody will go there for tokunbo phones  
Or laptops  
Or another person is clearing  
Tokunbo and new  
All mixed  
Whatever you can afford  
don't take my money elsewhere  
Even if I don't have  
Ill take you to my next store  
Stores everywhere  
Nna wait here  
Or you want to follow me?  
Come feed your eyes  
It is still our store  
You should give it to them  
Igbos are for business





Learn from them  
Computer Village like Lagos Business School  
Whether you are buying or selling  
Let your brain be awake  
Lest you close the day with regrets  
Lesson learnt or profit made?



## INDEPENDENCE

Independence my foot!  
Nobody is free  
Nothing is free  
Freedom from something is bondage to another  
Independence my foot  
You are not free  
I am not free  
We are all in dependent

They say since 1960  
But forget that I say  
Since time immemorial  
Man has been a slave to something  
The weak to the strong  
The poor to the rich  
The ordinary to the super-ordinary  
Slaves we all are

What do we celebrate?  
Is it peace?  
Abundance?  
Or age?  
What then is age if there is nothing to show for it?  
What then is peace if you are starving?  
What then is abundance if there is no peace?

So what do we celebrate?  
Nothing  
Independence my foot  
Anyway, many happy returns  
Let the usual suspects continue their aimless parades  
Parades of shame and underachievement  
Make everybody sunbathe routinely  
But we know it means nothing, just a show

Independence my foot  
There is no freedom  
Show me the freest here  
He will still be a slave somewhere else  
don't think all is well  
Forget the news they cook for you



Or the papers they design  
Everything is media talk

Year in year out  
The show of shame continues  
Growing steadily like evil seeds  
And they encourage the devil's deeds  
Without hope given  
By the masses none taken  
We have left you to your doom  
And celebration of under par rulership

Independence my foot  
Nobody cares  
Nobody even pays attention anymore  
Thank you for the holiday  
We will stay at home  
We will play games  
Or watch comedies  
For tomorrow we will forget that today is in dependence.



## NOLLYWOOD

Their grammars will not kill me  
Improving day by day though  
As you can see  
We are all just enjoying it  
If the movies are not breathtaking  
The subtitles will be funny  
So you can not really waste your money  
Or waste your time watching  
Only Hollywood and Bollywood rival it  
I think we should give Kudos  
We beg for twists  
Or at least proper endings

Let us respect the veterans  
The forefathers of movie making  
Who have made themselves present in every household  
We know their names  
We even put on their characters  
As we imagine ourselves in their roles

What about the newbies  
The new age acts  
Thrilling us with mind blowing reasoning  
Out of the box scripting  
So one says he doesn't believe in this  
Another says he doesn't believe in that  
But when they both decide to do theirs  
They both have their lovers

Both old and new  
Both imagined and real  
Both absurd and sensible  
Both accurate and inaccurate  
Whatever you have chosen to do  
Whatever you have decided to see on the picture  
Whichever side you are claiming  
Be creative with it.



## JOLLOF

Which version do you enjoy?  
The Nigerian or Ghananian?  
Let the debate begin  
Let us talk or fight it out  
Twitter is bombarded  
War between two friendly countries  
Missiles loaded  
Targeted  
Launched.

Explosion  
Harm done  
Defences down  
Action required: Man your position  
Order: Retaliate  
Manner: Operation Hit and Embarrass  
Target locked  
Missiles Launched.

Funny that we would fight over simple jollof  
And ignore serious issues  
Hours of debate and heated exchanges  
Over who has the best jollof  
Isn't that what they want?  
To get us distracted  
While they are busy doing nothing  
Or pretend to save us all

We know jollof is for special occasions  
Fluffy party pride  
Number one any party menu  
Then morsels can follow  
A party without jollof?  
Count me out  
don't even tell me about it  
Why would I dress this nice and not eat jollof?



## SUNDAY MORNING

It is a calamity  
A happy calamity you say  
From a few kilometers to their camps  
You can see subjects or devotees  
Trouping in and out of such venues  
Worship centres?  
Concentration camps?  
Everything is dependent on missions

Sunday morning here is like a show  
A show of colors  
A parade of clothes  
Asolasan lari  
,Clothes sending messages  
Robbing us of humble hearts

I sit on my porch  
I see people  
They say they are worshippers  
But I say subjects  
Running after gods they do not know  
The brainwashing is too much down here  
That is how they feed upon souls  
Naive souls who don't know who they are  
In the end they lose all they work for  
Their pastor's gain

Church elders have no change of hearts  
Only change of titles  
Pastors do not have more spiritual blessings  
Only more titles  
His superior bishop  
Superintendent majesty and lord bishop  
Funny names  
At the gates of heaven,  
You know everything is dropped



## DPD OR NAC?

Different names we hear  
Different colours we see  
Different flags they raise  
Different slogans they use  
let the names bearers take their names  
Let them wear their colours  
By themselves raise their flags  
With their own mouths sing their slogans

Different day  
Same feces  
Recycling ideologies for the same sole purpose  
Camouflaging with agbada  
But with a general's mentality  
Or preaching equality and economic stability  
And through individual gains sabotaging it  
If I have headache  
Cant I go to Europe for treatment?

Today I am DPD  
Tomorrow NAC  
Whichever party has my accommodation  
But we know ourselves  
That clique or this  
don't we all have where we unite  
We can fight on media  
And unite at finances

Mouths pinned  
Hands cuffed  
Legs chained  
Only eyes wide open  
Those who should be in power have no power  
Those in power misuse their authority  
It is the case of cap and no head  
Head and no cap

Political business is a family business  
Greedy ones hanging their family portraits  
hanging them on the walls of the nation's political history  
And years after years, more family members hang theirs



Are we not all blind?  
don't we see where this leads?  
No where!  
Those who thought it led somewhere didn't get anywhere  
But we say we are moving forward  
We say this party is better than the previous  
When one isn't separate from the other

I don't care about adults  
They have lived their lives  
My pen is scribbled for the youth  
If you must waste your life  
Waste it gainfully  
Not for politicals whose children are abroad  
Or managing multinational investments  
While you rot away in cells or on streets after being used





## OFFICIAL AMBULANCE

Whats the noise for?  
Waow waow waow  
That is all we hear  
All the time  
Whether traffic jam  
But go slow we call it  
Or free road  
It is always waow waow waow

Ordinary local government chairman  
Same  
Rich man in the society  
Same  
Clerics  
Same  
The only time the common man gets it  
Is during transition to the etrnal

But everyone gets it then  
So it is a leveller at death  
Equaling the scores for everybody  
But a separator in life  
Clearing off the common man from the cream de la cream  
Cream de la cream my foot  
Enjoy it while you live  
We both get it when we die

As we transit  
Another realm welcomes  
Another world not known but spoken of  
That is where all questions are asked of us  
They say you never need to answer  
As your wretched soul is claimed  
Or your wretched soul is claimed  
One's wretchedness starts  
While the other is transformed

Waow waow waow  
Let the noise continue  
We will oblige you way  
Do you need our scarves as carpets?



Or our blood to paint the town red?  
While you in starched agbada  
Sit at the back of the government car

We would say let the noise deafen you  
But that would be a curse  
And we do not want that  
So enjoy the noise  
Let the melodic rhythm of the noise scintillate your ears  
Let them calm your fears  
You are still in power  
But for how long?



## ATM

Queue longer than usual  
They said 3 machines broke down  
Only one was vomiting cash  
As usual people would use till it vomited its lungs  
But it was impossible for such  
Las Las they would all go back disappointed  
Some begged to get into the bank  
An order restricted them  
Peasants withdrawing less than 100k should stay away  
Only big spenders were welcome in the arena  
Babies clung to their mothers  
Mothers rarely minding  
Drinks sellers found an opportunity  
Moving through the scattered crowd  
Voices distinguished  
'Cold minerals, cold pure water '  
The sweat on the bottles like the sweat on the people's faces  
Dripping, one alluring  
The other a sign of fatigue

Hours gone by  
Then a ray of hope  
Beep beep  
One of the dead machines came back to life  
People rushed to it  
Pushing one another out of the way  
Then forming a clumsy line  
The first user fed the machine his card  
Punched his pin  
As he was waiting for dispensal  
Beep beep  
The machine went off with his card in its belly

Las las paga would bail them out  
If you lived in a country where every naira counted  
Then paga money is worth saving somewhere  
What a day!

.  
A few knuckle headed stayed behind  
The rest dispersed  
Disappointment lingered on their faces



As they looked for where to use paga.



## NATIONAL CAKE

Private property  
Baked by all  
For all  
Knives and axes  
Shovels and bulldozers  
As they cut into pieces what's for everybody

Yes, they die

And they kill  
While we all look  
Helpless!  
As they share our public property

Whoever must eat with the devil  
Must have a longer spoon  
Long legs everywhere  
Customs, a common man cannot get into  
Civil Defence, wahala!  
Immigration, forget it!  
You would need letters  
Or pay people who are in  
So they say!

National cake  
Private property  
If we are a people  
And we have chosen a people  
And if the people are enjoying what's for the people  
Must we complain?  
Or open our big mouths to cry?  
Isn't that what we do?  
Put people in power  
So they can enjoy on our behalf

National cake  
Private property  
What about taxes that we pay?  
But you enjoy in return so you say  
But we wait  
For the merriment to reach us



Our fathers waited  
Till they passed away with patience  
Now it is the same  
Just like it was  
We are waiting too  
For a piece of the cake to reach us

National cake  
Private property!



## NATION BUILDING

A for apple  
Then 20minutes play  
B for bread  
Then the end of the class  
For the rest of the day  
We can do what we like

Grammar is murdered in broad day light  
Thunder echoing through and through  
We all shook  
We thought it was Sango vexing  
Blood everywhere  
Grammar in agony  
Corper shun!  
Corper shun of life

Educated indeed  
How did you even get out?  
You should have been locked in the school  
Or an intensive learning ward  
Where your brain is formatted  
And knowledge installed  
How do you defend yourself?  
No defense, so you say  
It is what it is  
Just let me teach what I can  
Ignore my university certificate  
Let me teach what I can

If everybody be this  
Then our nation is doomed  
Disaster looms  
And the future is in doubt  
Our school system a fraud  
Where everybody goes and leaves  
Without minds being retrained  
But only targeting certificates  
Ordinary papers!

What about the minds?  
What about self development?



What about nation building?  
If the case is the uneducated ruling the educated  
Then we don't have much to say  
Youth yearning to contribute  
They never get the chance  
Either you are put there  
Or you pay the price  
Those who get put there misuse it  
Those who pay the price personalise it  
You see what nation building is?





## THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

There was this untarred road  
I could see it from a distance  
It was a sloppy steep  
A stream was in the middle  
Only people of the community used the sloppy steep  
Rarely used by outsiders

There was another  
Bushier  
Footsteps had no imprints  
It was a road but hardly noticed  
Whether by insiders or outsiders  
It was the road not taken

A little boy was sent an errand  
An errand of honour  
Many roads but only he knew where he wanted  
A wise man once told him where the road led  
The little boy trusted  
He treaded on the road not taken  
And arrived by the road not taken.



## EARLY IN THE MORNING

My thoughts rise with me  
From the previous night's discussions  
We go to bed together  
They are even closer  
When I rise in the morning  
It is sometimes sadness  
Or happiness  
Sometimes a mixture of both

Can you imagine?  
Waking up happy  
Then life brings you a cup  
A cup of tribulations  
And you having no choice  
Take it and drink  
Now your feelings are mixed  
What you are not thinking  
Or wake up with  
Is now disgracing your early morning plans

Some go back to bed  
Thinking it is bad omen  
Some pray to their God  
Some just take it as it is

Talk about coping mechanism  
My neighbours choose to drink  
Smoke  
Or simply play ludo  
But me  
I am having a discussion with my mind  
With my heart also in attendance  
When we can not find any reasonable ending  
i grab my tool  
I let my hands do the ending



## PAGA

Where is my money?  
You swallowed my card  
Ate my money  
Now you don't want to vomit it  
I need to dip my hand in your throat  
If that is what it takes  
Or put my legs in the same shoes  
With the paga owner.



## THE NIGHT IT RAINED

This night it rained  
Winds never blew  
The rain came down unannounced  
We could not say it was unwanted  
Or wanted  
It was one of those nights  
When nobody cared about whatever  
Oh so its raining  
One person said  
Another instructed a younger to go lock the windows  
Windows locked  
Then thunder struck  
Mimicking rapture sounds  
The children squirmed  
Running towards grandma for safety  
It wasn't a concern of mine  
All I wanted to do was eat my moinmoin  
Just when I was about enjoying it  
Thunder struck again  
This time louder  
Sending deafening noise through the living room  
The room shook  
The little girl beside me clung to me  
Knocking off my moinmoin plate  
The moinmoin laying naked on the floor  
Alas I resigned to drinking my garri only  
Until grandma blessed me with fried fish  
The sad thought of the moinmoin vanished  
Replaced with is the smell of tasty fried fish  
We started dozing  
The little ones stretched on the mat  
Two hours later I completed my poem for the day.



## FOR THE SAKE OF LOVE

For the sake of love  
We die everyday  
Things we overbear  
Things we overdo  
They kill us slowly  
Speedily we fall in love  
Then slowly waking from illusions of love  
Created by desires other than love  
But we say we are in love  
When we should grow in it  
We are consumed rather  
Consumed by the burdens of being in it

Does it really cost nothing?



## MORE THAN COLOURS

More than colours  
Just like keys  
We are more than colours  
We only see colours  
We say black or white  
Even keys need more than their colour group  
As the next key may not be your colour  
I am black  
I need white keys  
You are white  
You need black keys  
Can I play without actually using a key different from my colour  
type?  
So let us all stick to our sides  
So you see?  
What a boring world we would create  
Put a little salt in this sugar  
Feel the flavour  
Becomes something new  
A world of neither  
Neo-creation of both

A deeper look then separation is shamed  
Logic not needed  
Sophistication is embarrassed  
What about superiority?  
Defeated.



## EDUCATED TOUT

Educated Omo Ita  
Call me what you want  
Kolo head  
Area boy  
Local boy  
All these don't define me  
They don't even recognise me  
But I know myself  
Deep down we know what we all are  
Even if the society breaks us down  
Or limits us to a corner  
Or locks us into a box  
Just to enforce the same mentality  
A mentality of protecting and uplifting it  
Contributing your sweat to the development of a few  
But they pay you

Very well  
To break out you need madness  
Rascality  
Packaged and presented sensibly  
You may use words scribbled by hands  
Trained by exposed and strong mind  
Courage  
Faith  
Radicality  
Must all be in your sack  
For what a sword can not achieve  
A word can

Your words, your weapon  
How you wield is upto you  
Let blood cry  
And tears speak  
Your words are yours  
Use them wisely  
If you must fight  
Fight!  
For if you must, be an educated fighter  
What if you are educated alone?  
Or an agbero alone?



Now you see it?  
Again, what if you are not just educated?  
But an educated omo ita?  
Oh, now you see it?





## SWEAT AND BLOOD

My sweat and my blood  
I give them mouths  
I give them hands  
I give them life  
So they breathe  
And they work

While some lament in silence  
And in silence their lamentations rise  
Rising to a brim  
And flowing down  
Joining other lamentations  
Lamentations coming from other lamentations  
Now its a river of lamentations  
Flowing endlessly in stagnant processions

Sometimes they think they move  
And they relax  
And sink into more silence  
Until they realise it is all an illusion  
An illusion of wellness  
And of problem solved  
But again, an epiphany  
An awareness of what silence is  
Sometimes an agreement,  
Patience or cluelessness.

It was a few who woke up  
And they grabbed the bull by the horn  
Rode the life out of it  
Their sweats and bloods  
They gave them mouths  
They gave them hands  
Breathed life into them  
And made them work.



## FROM AN ANGLE

As sound comes out  
Only the drummer knows what he plays  
Hands holding the rubber stick tight  
Gbagudu gbagudu  
The drum echoes  
In the congregation of listeners  
Peoples differ  
While the drum echoes out mystic messages  
Only a few can decode  
Some nod in understanding  
Some just stare in amazement  
Enjoying themselves  
And ignoring the message

The drummers dish out ancient codes  
Coined by kingdoms of old  
Phrased by drummers who dined with spirits  
Now passed to this lost generation

Iku baba yeye  
I sight disrespect  
Who was your father?  
How dared you sit while the king was approaching?  
That was then  
Baba looks fragile now  
A figure of tradition  
A guardian of heritage  
An oracle



## A JOURNEY

A forest once a tree  
An island once an isle  
Cheers to the beginning of beginnings  
And at the end of beginnings  
We unravel another beginning

We planted one tree  
And then another  
And then more trees  
From a strand  
Then more strands  
And then more  
Then more  
And more  
And then islands  
And forests  
And brooms.



## SAME SONG AND DANCE

Deeper than it was thought  
Endless depth  
Take a peep  
You can see it at a glance  
Then take a dive  
And it keeps going down and without end  
The mind of a man  
Who knows it?  
The intentions of a soul  
Who can decipher it?  
Actions and purposes  
Intentions and means  
The mind is like a stone  
Only water can cook it  
What is water?  
If not words  
And what are words?  
If not spirits

Your mind, if you speak it  
If it is of a truth  
Then you have purchased freedom for free  
But of lies?  
You have also purchased shackles for free  
Freedom  
What is greater than a man is his fears  
What is greater than his fears is his mind  
What is greater than his mind is his heart  
What is greater than his heart is his God



## THE FUTURE IS NEAR

It rose at once  
Then it fell.  
And then down down  
Still going down  
Down  
Down more  
And then it stopped  
Somewhere below the expected

A few days later, tables turned  
Then it rose  
Like a kite flying high  
And the speed of a jet  
And the stability of a bull  
It stood there, bringing the rays of hope  
Like rainbow after the rainfall

This is not a game  
Yet the excitement is real  
This is not a movie  
Yet there is a plot and a twist in it

It is what it is  
Near is the future  
If Near is the future and the future is here  
Then the future is here and Near is it  
Bringing rays of hope for all to achieve dreams  
Dreams long locked away  
Like a prisoner on deathrow  
Not knowing when to be free  
But now freedom is promised  
And given  
Realization is a reality  
Near; it was all a dream.



## ELECTION STORIES

Fela sang  
Writers wrote  
Preachers preached  
Nothing ever changed

They will still come  
Words dropping from their sweet mouth  
Like a man proposing to a lady  
And after getting her forgetting all the promises

They will still come  
And leave with the votes  
And forget the promises  
And come back after four years

Our mouths are dry; the national anthem  
Their pockets are heavy; the national pledge  
But to serve Nigeria with all our strength  
That part is for the common man

They will still come  
Others will sing  
Writers will write and preachers will preach  
But nothing will change



## MUSIC

When I am down;  
Music

Happy;  
Music

Sad;  
Music

Alone;  
Music

Life;  
Music

Love;  
Music

Everything;  
Music

