

EDUCATED TOUT

BY

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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
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

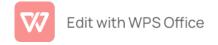
Yes, I am gee boy
Give me an info
'info dey o'
'login dey o'
'local bank dey o'
'yankee bank dey o'
'verified cashapp is available o'
'shooter dey here o'

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 21inches 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

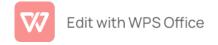
Runs girl
Cash madam
Money for hand
Back for ground
How much per hour?
Till daybreak nko?

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
Pfuuuuuuu
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

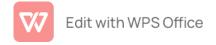
places they are never late to: Receptions.

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.

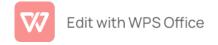
AGBADA

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 SWhether 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

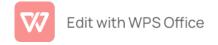
Everybody wants one
Whether a room or massive
Village or town
Everyone is international
One is by the corner of a filling station
Just two rooms
The name has international in it
Everybody wants one

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.

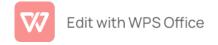
FOREST OF BLOOD

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 drippling 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

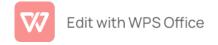
What is your mission? Where are you headed? Are you lost? Buying or selling?

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

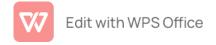
A boy went to buy an iphone
It was cheap
They told him to quickly go home with it
No power on it
He charged and turned on
The apple was badly bitten

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

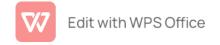
Independence my foot!
Nobody is free
Nothing is free
Freedom from something is bondage to another
Independence my foot
You are not free
I am not free
We are all in dependent

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 MORMING

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

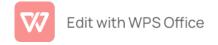
Whats the noise for?
Waow waow waow
That is all we hear
All the time
Whether traffic jam
But go slow we call it
Or free road
It is always waow waow waow

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 whats 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

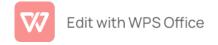
A for apple
Then 20minutes play
B for bread
Then the end of the class
For the rest of the day
We can do what we like

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 that 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	١,
Happy; Music	
Sad; Music	
Alone; Music	
Life; Music	
Love; Music	
Everything; Music	