

Omoyeni Adebola Daniel

**My Nation is bereaved [#Endsars]**

Oh darkness!  
You've stolen away our shadows,  
Our patriotic shadows.  
You kept them in a cave called "blank"  
where we will never see them again  
after the cry for freedom:  
End it! End it! End it!  
Should they die for expressing themselves?  
So many years they bore the agony  
of being mute,  
But never blind and deaf.  
They spoke once,  
between speech and death,  
"Right" was their bad luck,  
Should they die for speaking once?  
We will never forgive you  
Oh, darkness!  
With bullets, guns and fury,  
You shed their blood,  
by the gallant men in "Khaki green,"  
who, in loyalty followed your order.  
Thus,  
The candle light shall be your traitor in the night,  
The lantern light will betray you anywhere,  
The moonlight will always disturb you,  
And you will never see the sun.

## Chicks in a cage

Behold!

The men in coats paid a price  
to redeem the weeping chicks.

A noble price paid  
to get a better price.

All days the cock crows,

All nights the hen cackles,

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!

A melancholic tone from their beaks.

The black-mother bound in shackles,

Wet with rain of tears,

Painful tears of liberty

and yet a little smile.

A smile from the sky devoid of dew,

To see the cheeks freed,

But freed to be freed

and bound again

by the hovering vultures.

Behold!

The skeletons wallowing and galloping

to save their rotten marrows,

Will their marrows be devoured?

Tell it not again,

It is a tale of woe.

Alas!

The hunters cannot shoot,

and their magics fail to perform wonders.

Before time, in time and after time,

The wind shall break the shackles of the black-mother,

And the joy of freedom be restored,

And the hovering vultures

will never and never land!

## Giant of the kongs

Giant of the kongs, shame on you,  
Shame on you, Giant of the Kongs.  
I bought you from Mr White  
in the year 1960,  
I keep feeding you  
with my best bananas.  
You drink the best wine  
from my vineyard,  
That you may grow up  
and pluck coconuts for me,  
in a garden called "plentiful"  
on a tree called "Abundance."  
But rather,  
You keep crawling  
Like a creeping cockroach.  
Lazy Kong!  
Will you ever walk?  
One could have pity  
and patience for poverty,  
but for laziness,  
a strong whip will do.  
Giant of the kongs, shame on you,  
Shame on you, Giant of the kongs.

## The path not taken

Two paths narrow down the hill,  
Long and very deep.  
One looks grassy beneath the mill,  
Upon it are flocks of sheep,  
But deep in me I could feel  
On a Savannah there is no reap.  
Will a fish live without a Gill?  
To the other path I peep,  
And it looks so fresh and fill  
With nature's abundance it keep.  
I think I will reap,  
I go for it,  
From it I eat,  
But scorched in heat.  
And the rain drench and beat,  
Just for the sake of "eat."  
The path not taken,  
The one valued less,  
From which I haven't eaten,  
It's blessed I guess!