

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Abigail-Tydale Bassey: Two Poems

Abigail-Tydale Bassey · Wednesday, December 2nd, 2020

Revolution

My old President sits
While his people die
My old President sits
While his people die
There's no mercy in his heart:
I am going to send him home.

I am going to shut down his office
Chain his door with my people's intestines
I am going to shut down his office
Chain his door with my people's intestines
Whether I'll crawl or roll to Aso Rock:
He does not deserve to lead us more.

Chanting with tears in my eyes
Today must not meet me keeping mute
Chanting with tears in my eyes
Today must not meet me keeping mute
Bad governance has to end:
Then, everyone can smile again.

*

Born in the 1980s and '90s

dark clouds gather
thundering
raining
fire/ sores and tears
the feet of the carefree boy
treading fearfully
all around

where he would stop

to greet
 they would force him to buckle up
 and run
 a place he would sit out
 laugh
 they would force him to jump
 rolling on the floor

somewhere he would fly the elevator
 get to work
 they would force him to wear rags
 sell groundnuts on the streets
 where he would count his pay
 build a duplex for mama
 they would embezzle his Kobo
 make him rich only in dreams
 He and his brothers,
 their sisters and their friends,
 born in the 1980s and 90s_
 disappointment linger in the air they breathe and their unhappiness
 will no longer hide behind failed patriotism

where they would plan
 chaos
 he will bring
 peace
 where they would dig up the intestines
 of youths
 he will seal up iron in their
 stomachs
 where they would set a home
 ablaze
 he will empty the
 ocean
 where they would embezzle his Kobo
 make him rich only in dreams
 he will count his pay
 build a duplex for mama

and live
 with great faith in Nigeria

stand
 with great faith in Nigeria

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