

# 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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