

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Esther Okekwuo: Two Poems

Esther Okekwuo · Saturday, November 7th, 2020

### Poem 1

Hi... Hello, How are you Esther?  
Sometimes, you act like a jester!  
What's all these I hear in Nigeria?

I hear the police is now a molester?  
Sometimes dressed in an unknown attire  
To extort, arrest, kill or even pester.

I heard at toll gate where you all gathered  
To make your voices heard for better  
There you Sòrò Sóké'd for a New Nigeria.

But tragedy struck like the flash from a photographer.  
Perfect pose, lights out, black out, but no camera!  
The massacre of peaceful protesters.

Those who were supposed to be your protector  
Fired at you as they were given the order.  
They watched you bleed even with the flag as an advertiser.

These hit like the blows of an angry avenger.  
There were blood spills flowing like water  
And ceaseless smokes of fire.  
I also heard your BuBu gave a blunder  
That even ignited the anger  
What gain is left to acquire?

I heard palliatives were hoarded while people died of hunger.  
Is it true it was scattered and shared in asunder?  
This looks like a script well penned by a filmmaker.

Truly no one is safe, not even the bestseller.  
Unless one rests under the shadow of the Maker.  
"It is well", though these words are bitter.  
Remain safe my dear Esther.

REHTSE Thinks out

\*

## Poem 2

Hey yoo! Park there!  
How can this car be part of your bills?  
Your particulars over here!  
And in two seconds, his blood spills!

Hey yoo! Come over here!  
How can your chain be full of frills?  
Your blings sends bitter chills!  
And in two seconds, his blood spills.

For so long we have lived with an ideology.  
“The police is your friend”, only in theory.  
Right before your very eyes and with all energy,  
The one who should be your friend will become your enemy.

We have dined with pain and even deformity.  
We have been made to believe in reality  
That phones and PC’s have nothing to do with privacy.  
Open up to them anytime or else you may not live to tell the story.

We have been shot countlessly with no pity!  
We have been raped and brutalized ruthlessly!  
We have been harrassed and broken as people without dignity!  
We try to talk and we are shut in finality.

We have quietly endured these things.  
We can’t keep calm anymore so we scream ENOUGH!  
Unity is the strength of our power  
Welcome to a generation that Sòrò Sóké’d.

This entry was posted on Saturday, November 7th, 2020 at 7:43 am and is filed under [Poetry](#), [Discourse](#)

You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.