

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Millicent Ezekiel: Two Poems

Millicent Ezekiel · Wednesday, November 18th, 2020

### IS IT THE DEAD?

Against unnumbered foes,  
They fought for a better life,  
They sacrificed all the pleasures of now,  
For later and some sacrificed their lives.

But what was “their” response?  
Sited on the hustle and sweat of her people  
They signed papers that could cause a shift  
It wasn’t for positive, you guessed right!

Giving Freedom to Pot-bellied men  
Who have no sense of Altruism  
Who are deep in the abyss of abject Pauperization  
The Right to do as they please.

No, it’s a crime to be young and successful  
At least that is the language they can speak  
That’s the language they can understand  
They taught us to number the days of our children early.

The children who swore to make the country better  
To make it better for the next generation since we failed them  
Who then is to serve their Father’s land  
Is it the dead?

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### DEAD IN MANY WAYS THAT I CAN’T COUNT

I suffer born pikin come this country wey things hard, I train am go school, him finish. As he talk say he wan go jolly

Na so “Sars and Police” stop am begin ask where he see money take buy iPhone, them tell am say make he open him phone. The truth of the matter be say, na luck dey he side that day wey he escape from them.

Na peaceful protest my pikin tell me say he dey follow him friends go do, na so our soildiers them wey suppose dey protect us o begin dey open fire ontop protesters. I been dey think say na only sars we dey gather fight but na only one of the bad fruits be that.

E follow others hold candle for people wey die ontop this police brutality matter wey we dey fight, if to say I don know wetin go sup at the end, I for join sef hold candle for am. Pikin wey life don dey smile for, na so government just waste am

If to say I don see say wetin government wan do no go benefit me and my pikin, I for no allow am go protest with him friends, but the thing be say e dey too late to cry when the head don comot already. Upon say presido speech dey sound like radio wave, I still dey sit-down for house dey hope say one day my doctor son go walka come back house

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