

Poetry Series

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

- poems -

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Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu()

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu is a Nigerian writer and dramatist. A certified and registered classroom teacher. Voracious reader. He is the enlightened one, the deadman alive, the man who is not happy to be alive, the rabbi, the patriot.

I Wish No God

You are the maker of crime
You instigate man to be evil
For your heartlessness is death
There is hatred towards love
For your actions' sake
You are the devil I know
If there is another, I think it you
If there is a reason for you to remain
I am therefore in support of gayism
I am in that in support of rape
And murder and all crimes
You are the vampire
Eater of man
Cause of frustration
If you must live free, then,
We all should do evil
Kill, rape, rob, and in fact, eat flesh
And drink blood
All men should do what he has to do
So far, so worst, it is for thy pleasure
If you cheat me, I will cheat you
If you rob me, I will rob you
If you are kind to me, I will be kind to you
But before you kill me, I'll kill you
An eye for an eye
A tooth for a tooth
There should be no law
State of nature is my best
Let the strongest survive.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Not The Same Category.

When the big boys are now hiding at the background,
Know the mighty are here.

Lecturer dey come,

Students go dey run up and down, trying to please,

But lecturer go tease.

HOD dey come, lecturer go dey please.

Dean den dey come, HOD go dey bend down,

VC dey come, Dean go dey please,

Governor dey come now,

VC, dey please.

Dem dey sweep, dem dey Clear, dem dey advise and beg students make dem no
cause trouble.

Students wan dey lecturer good book, and lecturer wan dey hod good book; and
hod wan dey dean good book;

And dean wan dey V.C. good book, and VC wan dey commissioner good book;
Commissioner nkor?

Him wan dey governor good book and governor wan dey President good book,
President too get who him wan dey him good book, and that one too.

Na so e take dey go,

Everybody get who dey above am, no body dey above pass.

But God dey above everybody.

You see why we suppose humble?

-The Patriot; Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu- son of man

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

I Am Mother Africa

Hear me speak!

I am mother Africa

The womb that bore good children

The hands that cares and pampers

I am the roof of strangers

Wanderers and aliens from across sea

I am food and drinks

To slaves and freeborn

I am mother Africa

Who hand was bitten

By the mouth I fed

I am she, who was raped,

I am the robbed mother,

I am the mother whose sons

Where far away taken

Bound in chains and manacles of slavery

I am mother Africa

Who was slain

And my soil oiled

With my blood dripping

I am the dead,

Buried without a grave

I am the dead, who still breath

I am mother Africa

Who stand upon my grave

In triumph!

Yes, I have come,

To recolonize the earth

I will walk to Europe,

And uncrown Elizabeth

I will go America

And unseat Barrack

I have come to turn the world

Inside-out

To re-position the table

And make Europeans
Fall to my feet and lick
The dust on it
And Americans to fall
To the dust of my earth

I am mother Africa
I have received a lot
I have seen too much
It my time to wake the child
When sleep is most sweet

I am Africa
The second coming
For my offspring
To spread over the ocean
I am Africa
The mother you've heard about
Glorious-gracious-golden mother of mothers;
To reign into heaven!

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

The Enemy We Love

This kind that cause you and I sleepless night, what kind of a kind is it?
Our mind on our palm, when we have it,
Our brain scatter, when we have not it,
Never satisfy with it, always longing and seeking for more,
Destroyer of mankind, it come between brothers, and turned them against, it is
money.
Same it does to sisters, etc, etc.

You and I pull our bones, run over one another
Sleep less and starve, and hurt without feeling pains,
It gives, but then, it takes. It is money, it is the devil,
Yet we running after it,

What was what? Where, why and how?

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

On The Glo Tour.

All corners went dried
And hostels were still,
Churches and fellowships
Left scanty or deserted
But pavilion was blooded with life, full of breath
For Glo brought Flavour and Phyno too hot for Omawumi that baddo had to
intervene;
And they all run town.

Books closed, shops locked down, even the well of oil was like midnight.

I wondered, what is was? Why didn't I see it freaked to join?

It dawn on me, that is their priority, mine priority is different.

Had it be that Wole Soyinka, or Chimamanda Adechie, or Neddi Okorafo, or Ewan
Alufohai, or Benson Omonode or J.P. Clark, or ASA or Ras Kimono or Majek
Fashek, I would have be the first to be there, and if I supposed I had no money,
I will go as Zaccheus, climb the roof top of pavilion to see my own legends and
celebrities and I would jump down as they are going, to touch their clothes like
the woman with the issue of blood did Jesus.

I have my taste and so do you.

-the Patriot, Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu -son of man

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

That Feeling

There's always that feeling
One time, one feels loved
Another time, unloved
And maybe well regarded
Sometimes disregarded
One feels also hated at times
And so valued other times
He feels cared for at a time
Some other times, uncared for
He could feel relevant this minute
The next minute, he feels irrelevant
And he feels useful one time
The next time, he feels used
But he doesn't know
It doesn't matter the feelings
He is always what he is
And a soul who loves him
Always does so
No matter the new development
Those things do not change...

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Beautiful Imperfection

I know what's on your mind
and I don't know what you're thinking
But please, give me a chance
That I may show my affection
I want you to know that
I am in love with you
So don't say to me 'no! '
Else you will tear my heart apart
If you say no
You know I can't live with it
I know I'm not the best guy
But I know we will make it out well
I may not be Kanye West
Nor may I be that Jim Iyke
Your perfect dream man
But see, just give me a chance
To spoil you sweetheart
With my love and affection
Don't think about it
Else they spoil your mind
I might not be rich
Be sure I will get you all you need
It may not be all your wants
But princess,
Be sure I won't let you lack
If you want a diamond
I will get the one on Queen Elizabeth's crown
Please just give me a chance
I know it will be a good price
I paid for loving you
Please girl,
Grant me the honour
to be known with you baby
Give me your hand
Let me walk the cool
evening boulevard with you
I tell you
I will treat you as a Queen
I will adore you as a goddess

You won't shed tears
You will always laugh
And be happy
I will protect you from all danger
If rain get at us without notice
And we have no umbrella
Nor a shade to hide
Because I will always love your hair do
I will behead you
Just to save your hair from the rain
I love you so much
That I will never let you sick
And if death comes to you
I will kill and bury her
Once and for all
For you girl
I will drive everyone else to far Mercury
So that earth will be enough for us two
I will make you my light
And if you say earth is not enough
I will speak with God
He will excuse himself and heaven
Will be for just us two
I will take you to Hollywood
And you will be the star of Universal pictures
My celebrity of the world
You are spotless and flawless
I love you so
I will employ Asa and Jay Z
to be singing only for you
And Wole Soyinka and Ehime Iyere
to be rendering poems for you alone
Then, I will hire Pete Edochie
and Dwayne Johnson with Genevieve
To be acting only for you
Kelvin Heart and Basket Mouth
I will make your personal comedians
Cold Stone will serve you alone
And shop rite will be your private supermarket
I will make the St. Peter's basilical yours
And Pope will celebrate mass
For you alone Princess

Do you want more
I assure you,
Anything you want,
You will get.
Please give me the chance
To show I love you
The chance to show I care
Princess, they say to me
That I shouldn't kill myself
That if you don't want me
There are many fishes in the river
But I say to them
That I will kill myself
For you are the only fish for me.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, the Sane Madman

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Ovonramen N'gbaesi

Son of Adolor
The home leopard
Invisible being
The dead, yet alive
Voice of ten millions Generals
That command the whole earth
To bow before his feet,
Spirit in human form
Indestructible entity
Roaring Lion that render virgin forest, naked.
Mightiest of the mightiest
To him, nations display loyalty
Burning flame of the sky king

Son of Adolor
Home leopard,
Custodian of traditions
Chosen one of all the ten thousand gods of earth.
Anointed by the almighty
Who in heaven lives.
Ordained in divinity
Famous and influential;
Beyond boundaries
More powerful than earth,
Last man standing!
Who strangled an elephant to death
And have it for lunch
Who alone drink an ocean dried
One who hands are long enough to reach up the sky.
Venerable and accomodating
O' rain that fall in the heart of summer.

Son of Adolor!
The home leopard!
Invisible visible being
Who is here and is there
Whose story create new wounds,
Whose tales, is never old
Is always fresh

And all ears so hungry to hear
Body so handsome,
Waist of countless offspring,
Palms of uncountable money
Whose wealth is earth
A wide chest of strength
Joy to faces.

Son of Adolor!
The home leopard
Who is always prepared
The war that war nook and cranny
Of dark kingdom
The mighty, surrounded by flowers
The indestructible, surrounded by thorns
Father, surrounded by grains
In his worship,
Holy and sacred time
Of communion with greys in beyond
When unarmed for 'twas a holy-sacred day,
Invaded by colourless beings
In arms of destruction,
Whose intention was cupped,
Captured!

Son of Adolor!
Home leopard!
Who tradition let not to display might
For the period was sacred
And in honour of humiliation bounded away.
O' tradition which makes, has mar
And looking behind, the kingdom is desolate.
To far away land, on exile be.
King of kings,
To die or be killed?
Oba kha to kpe ee!
He mixed with the air, water, fire and all things of nature
Ovonramen N'gbaesi
Is everywhere, he is not dead

Son of Adolor!
Home leopard!

Where is he?
How did he escape?
Find him!
From here to there
He is nowhere to be found
But he is everywhere,
To save the shame
The whites whose skin colour never reflect his true heart,
To all did say: he is dead!
Shut up idiot, spirit don't die.
Where was he buried?
Here. There. No, there.
Who will believe?
A spirit died! No way.
Ovonramen N'gbaesi
Son of Adolor!
The home leopard lives
He was never dead!
Oba kha to kpe eee!
Ise!

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

I Believe In You

My President O' my President,

Do me this favour

Build me a good Nigeria

Free from corruption

Free from robbery

Free from looting

I believe in you

So do me this favour

I know its hard labour

Build me a good Nigeria

Free from terrorism

I want to go to Borno, Jos, Benue, Kaduna without fear.

Build me a good Nigeria Free from discrimination

I want to wear jalabia and turban because I love it without being called a 'boko haram'

My President

Build me a good Nigeria

Free from segregation

I want to carry my bible through the streets of Borno without being labelled and infidel.

Do me this favour

Build me a good Nigeria

Free from unemployment

I want to get a job after graduation without frustration

Do me this favour Build me a good Nigeria Free from power outage

I don't want to be deaf by the noises of generators and plants

Do me this favour Build me a good Nigeria Free from potholes

I don't want my motorbike to be crushed by NNPC tanker or Dangote's truck because they are trying to avoid potholes.

Do me this favour Build me a good Nigeria Free from

I want standard schools for Nigerians that is so affordable if possible free for all and at all levels

Do me this favour

Build me a good Nigeria

I don't want Nigerians to be running away even to hell just to get away from Nigeria

Do me this favour

Build me a good Nigeria

Where there is standard and affordable hospitals.

Do me this favour
Build me a good Nigeria
I don't believe in politics
I don't believe in magic
I believe in Nigeria
And i believe in you.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Deadman Alive

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Just Remember Me

You will remember me
You won't miss me
but you will remember me.
Perhaps on some days,
You will remember me
with fondness.
You have learned
many things from the days
You spent with me.
It is being with me
that shakes you awake.
You should be thankful for that.
The mother will be relieved
by my leaving you,
I know, because I was not meant for you
She had said
And your friends too
That never liked me
And you, that held me with uncertainties
Only your elder sister
Who showed me lovely regards
but the others will remember me
as the ugly wind that upturned
the tranquillity of their daughter
And friend
-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

My School

Good times and bad times
So hard and rough
The thought of giving up
Where students only and always are all wrong
And not a single defense
Expel, suspension or extension;
And lecturer won't come to lecture? No quarry.
And course adviser won't attend to you, either to sign or to rectify? No quarry.
Students do not know the status of their results or files? No quarry.
After exams, results takes a decade to be pasted.
Where missing result is a carryover;
Where half a semester, a lecturer is yet to come for lecture.
Where an entire class fail a course and the lecturer is not quarry;
But few passed and the lecturer is quarried.
What a school?
It is my school.
A school where welfare is dead, students rights, banished.
Where live this school?
Somewhere!

-the Patriot; Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu (son of man)

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

You Alone

Everyday we hear voices of
Reggae prophets
Singing redemption songs
We know;
They've tried, they preached oneness
They were beaten and thrown into jail for it
We didn't know how it will end
We didn't know who could;
Now I know who can end it
only you, you alone can end it/ this discrimination;
You alone can end it
White man never took us for granted
They never thought of it
When they do something
We think we cannot do same
We can't do it; we call them god
We sing their praises, without even think of doing it
Which they've done
We just think we can't;
They see us do something,
they admire it but they go and do it
We call dem god
They see us as inferior
They see us call them suprerior;
They join us and they brutalize us
This is what we started and we alone, I tell u can end it

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Hope Us Lost

...Let me help you,
No more is it;
I have help before,
I was betray;
I cannot help again.
A believe of no base,
Get hold of pains, let it go.
Now i wounder this trend;
What a wasted generation?
Deriving pressure in seeing talent wasting,
Partiality at all the high places...

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Baptized And Confused.

365 day in three for catechism,
And a night or day for baptism;
From who made you to I do;
Now member of the church and child of God!

365days in three for catechism,
One day for confirmation,
From what is confirmation to receive the gift of the holy spirit.

All these while, blindfolded
Now you see; the professions weren't holy
Not closer to God;
Baptised and confused not confirmed.

Jumping from church to church,
Shouting and cabashing
Missing the holy of the holy sacrifice.

Not going for mass today?
No, words believing,
Where messages reached heaven, not to exulted cross bow!
But to papa and mama adore?

No more can the creed
Nor Gloria neither hail Mary
Shame to thee be
A catholic, baptised or confused.

-by the Patriot, Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu (son of man)

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Cross And Moon

The love we share
with the crescent moon
Each time the moon
Slays a ram and cook
This love we express in words
This prayer and good wishes
Dished out from the crosses
To the brethren of the crescent moon
Which bears no malice nor hatred
Void of stigmatisation
We usually cloud the turbans
And jalabia as well as the hijabs with
Seems to be gone as if all is all well
Most eat the bread and meats
From the pots of the hijabs
While some other turn it in the bin
not minding wasting someone's
efforts and sacrifices just to show love
If only, this love could be indeed a love
For a knife can be drawn anytime
against the infidels because they blaspheme
And a man becomes judge of Armageddon
Without waiting for Allah.
When you see these people
Of the cross and of the moon
You know that the journey is far.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Profession

Let me go down
to kiss at least the
sole of your feet
soul whom my soul loves
so that I may have joy
Grant me the kind access
to your loving heart
There, I want to dwell forever
Dear, do not say no to my love
Deer leaping you have seen
My heart leaps over than that
All for you my love
For you are the soul
Loves by my gentle soul.

May I be worthy to keep you company?
Nothing gladdens my heart so much
Than when you speak to me
Answers my calls
Reads my letters
And even replies my letters
I can trade my heaven slot
Just to have you visit me
Just to have a date with you
To look at your soft face.

You are the one whom my soul loves
The mere thoughts of you excites me
More like Lucifer excited God with praises
Let me kneel before you
To kiss the back of your palm
Let me stand before you
To look into your beautiful eyes
To smell the scents of your satiny skin
To hold you so close and
Among millions of men
Let me be the lucky one
To hug you and
The blessed me to

Kiss your lips.

You are the one my soul loves
My arm is twitching
longing to be lock in yours
That I may walk way down with you
To care about nothing else but you
My hand around your waist
And around your shoulders
finding solace on your succulent breasts
Before the road,
Let them say
It matters not
Only but that you are the one
My soul loves.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Feminist My Foot

Who nor get money say
stout is bitter
Only a fool says there is
no God in his heart.
With toto you are claiming kingship
With breasts you say you be man
If you na really feminist,
You no go shame to say you be woman
You go dey proud to queen
And bullshit king
Because you no get value again
Because you are frustrated
To console yourself
You dey form king
You dey form feminist
Because say men no send you again
Auto say dem don see you finish
U don fade finish and
nothing dey you again
You don expire as e be so
Na im you come dey yan trash
Say you fit do without man
Say u be feminist
Say you be king
But inside your heart
You dey die for men
Inside your room
Loneliness wan kill you
You go wet, you go drip
You go wan die
Sake of say your finger no reach
Even your vibrator no reach penis
Any time you see man
You go dey get orgasms
Yet you say men are nothing
You are ok like that
Single mother!
Single mother kill you
Who knack you take born am?

Na ur finger abi na ur vibrator?
Dey lie to yourself
King kee you dere
Man never talk am finish ooh
You don dey post say
You don see love
Love kee you
You no king again?
You no single mum again?
You no feminist again?
Shame on you
You don marry
Dem dey call you wife
Why you no become husband
Illiterate!

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

I Am Not Intimidated

I am not intimidated by your muscle of notes or coins;
Nor by your muscle of estates

I am not intimidated by your muscle in kitchen and table; in mouth or in pulse,
I am intimidated by that little Ikena Ogbonna, who is a dirty boy because he
could not afford soap and water to clean up.

I am not intimidated by your muscle in four-walls, nor by your muscle in high-
table; nor by your muscle in arsenal,
I am intimidated by that little Osaro Ogbeide; whose school uniform short is
mark with two bull's eye in behind, and who has no one to look unto for a renew.

I am not intimidated by your muscle in holy grounds; nor by your muscle at
points; I am intimidated by that little Wali Musa, who is hungry to see the four
walls and tap from it, but cannot because no one cares.

I am intimidated by that little Bukola Elemide whose stomach is as flat as a loaf
of bread match by forty-four trucks, because the harvest is plenty but the sowers
were robbed.

I am intimidated by that little Effiong Nseabasi who can be on top of the world,
but have no ground to stand on.

I am intimidated by that little Ejiro Efe,
Who could not live a life, because her parents are poor.

I am intimidated by that little Teso Idibia,
Whose only roof is the sky
And the open air, his comfort

I am intimidated by that little boy and girl, who are in chains and manacles of
western madness.

I am intimidated, because I am born to help and save, yet I sit arms folded.
I am ashamed.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Epitaph

Stone over my head

To read:

'I AM DEAD, YOU ARE NEXT! '

standing over head

Look at the stone below my feet

To read:

'SAY NOTHING FOR ALL YOU WILL SAY ARE LIES.'

-okoemu okoemu okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Late Evening At A Junction

It is always this time
At sunset, when the night
Shades are falling over
These teens start rounding off
They've walked all streets
They came from Uwa or Upper
Some came after school
Some didn't go at all
Because they had not the means
All of them are not children
of their mothers
They are just everything in that house
But children!
Neither the man to call a father
Nor the mother to call a mother
Just a maid.
Through Adesuwa,
Each finds way
Roaming through boundary road
And water resources
Taking to 1st and 2nd Ugbor
Going through Etete
Walking all of powerline,
All the streets of GRA
Hawking everything
Then, at sunset
They converged at etete junction
To feed their eyes and sell more.

Looking at moving cars
With grimace of pain
Sweat on their brow
Not the kind of your sweat
It's oily and always there
'cause they are born to die with it
The sweat is heavy, sluggish
It doesn't run, it just stand there
and gleams like a fine olive oil.
What must we do to their souls?

How different they must be
in their private concerns
and evaluations and wishes!

They carry tray on their heads
The hail the cars passing
They want to sell to them
They want to see how the inside is
When they sell for them
Just for their hand to stretch in
That coolness, that scents
Enjoyment of the rich!

Their great black innocent eyes
look into ours with such soulful
intensity that not even
the worst randy in the cars
will have the slightest
sexual thought about them
They are very young
Some of them 11 and looking
Almost 30.

Look at those eyes!
Like the eyes of the Virgin Mother
When she was a child
We see in them, the tender
and forgiving gaze of Jesus
And they just stares unflinching.

Look again!
They penetrate with sorrowful
and hypnotic gleam
When they talk,
They suddenly become
frantic and almost silly
In their silence, they are themselves.

Any act of kindness
Any act of charity
Round their mouths
Like the mouths of chorister children.

They hate to see the evening go
The streets have more comfort
To homes.
As the cars fade off the streets
And etete junction is almost alone
They wave at each other
Hell of home was next
They wish they could make a turn
And never see that home again
Ahh! This is heart breaking.

- Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

A Soul With Mary

This girl has taken over my mind.
When I sit down,
I think of her, her nubian nose.
When I eat, she is there,
on my mind; I see her perfect silky skin
Sometimes I fear the world
will look at me
and read my innermost thoughts.
"What's her name? "
Mary!
She is twenty.
She is beautifully pretty
All the boys in the neighbourhood
Are jealous of me
I am just happy
to be near her
so I can look at her face
And I have looked at more than her face
She's taught me how to kiss like a man
One night in the rain.
Mary says the dearest things to me
Some delusion in my flaming eyes
and floating brain
That I draw up in my seat
And gasps in amazement
In myriad pricklings of
heavenly radiation
I have to struggle to see Mary's figure
And she looks like a goddess
Around her, I feel a serious and tender air
She has her own particular soul
Speaking herself through her eyes
And such lovely eyes
That do prophesy
And indicate the loveliest soul
My intensity over Mary
Rocks so great over her soul
She senses something.
And she begins to grimace

Which leads to bitter tears
And some unknown sorrow
That I have no means to soothe
Because it reached too far
back into innumerable mysteries
And time!
I'm awfully sorry that
I made Mary sad.
With anxious tenderness
I am waiting for Mary to fall back
Into my arms
To feel her soft black skin.
That tender cheek
and fair aspect.
I cannot take my eyes off that
slender dark girl and the way
like a queen.
I want to lean like a status
towards Mary ready to fly
and befuddled across
her face as she glance coolly
and imperiously her way
I have bowed my head
For she is a queen.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

What They Saw

I can see it, I can visualise it, yes, I can picture it,
They saw it all, and they said it, and they fought it,
In that cool and most sort after place, that is at the end of the world,
I imaging the warlord, Ezeigbo, Gburugburu, ikemba, the Oduma of the universe,
laughing at the turn of things in this country he selflessly fought for,

I can visualise Chukwuemek Odumegwu Ojukwu, the way he is laughing at the
situation of things in Nigeria, what he fought for that T.Y Danjuma, Yakubu
Gowon, Obasanjo, Mortalar Mohammed; antagonized in the early days! I see
from where I stand, the laugh in the heart of the Bale - Wole Soyinka, he saw it
too, he stepped in to broker and he was betray and....

I can picture Fela Kuti, Chinua Achebe, and Christopher Okigbo, they are all
laughing at the going of things in Nigerian

When they saw, and said, and fought, they were fought against and laughed at,
but now, all that could have been averted, had their voice been listened to.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Na Doctor Dey Save Lives

Him no be God
But na God dey use am
Him dey care,
but na God dey heal
For physical mata,
Na Doctor dey save lives.
As I give my baby belle
Baby say she no ready be mother yet
Me man no ready be father yet,
Na wetin we go do?
Doctor wey dey save lives
Save our lives, abort the pregnancy
Him say, nothin dey dere
Na just foetus, abi no be the name be dat?
Well, him say na only blood,
E never become pikin!
Ahhh ahhh naun!
Pikin dey fall from sky?
No bi foetus dey form am?
I keep quite.
Na Doctor dey save lives oh!
My papa injure from war
Doctor say him too loose blood
Say the wounds too much
Say na vegetable him go come be
E better him kpai
Na im him gian coup de grâce.
My mama dey sick
Doctor no tok say no hope ooh
But him say na mercy killing
go better for her.
Now, inside my body dey sick me
Cold for outside, inside dey heat me
My eyes dey see double
I don near the other side
But i no wan cross,
I don chop mericin tire
Now, dem dey carry me go see Doctor
Doctor wey dey save lives

As na me come say involve now
I no go like that kind life saving
I know say him must save my life
But i no wan die now!

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The Enlightened One

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Tell It To Ehimen

Tell it to Ehimen

Ehimen, it is a promise
I promise to keep
I tell you,
I'll be at your doorstep
At 12am on the dot
Just to be the first
To see your beautiful face
And I tell you,
I have too many gifts for you
I hope you will like them
First is my face and
Other you will see when
I open the bag.
I will try to be with you early
You won't be alone even for a moment

But in case I don't show up
Don't think I've disappointed
Just know it finally happened
And don't try calling my phone
'cause it won't go through
Everything I've told you
Came to pass
Just lift up your pillow
Your will see my picture there
In case I don't show up
Promise me you will keep that.

I know I will try to be around
But in case you don't see me
Please know I tried
Just that my feet couldn't take me
Just that my palms were cold

Tell Ehimen
I will make it up someday
In case I don't make it now

I will make it up someday
I will take you to the moon
And point the sun to you
We will stroll down round the world
And stop in Rome
Where I will give you my world
And the earth to be yours.

Don't mind my voice
I sing better than the Edos
And I will sing for you
I will render you a poem
I ain't got no naira nor dollars
No diamond ring nor precious stones
But I got gold in the morning sun
And silver in the stars
All for you.

Don't worry Ehimen
I have stories to share with you.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

No Job On Ground

There is no job anywhere
in the country
No vacancy anywhere
Find your way after school
All the ministries are filled up
No empty table in any commission
The agencies and institutions
are over crowded
There is no work on ground
The queue of unemployed people
Is longer than rope and time.

Yet,

There are vacancies for your child
who is still in the womb
Yet, your child gets a job before graduation
There is a directorate office
waiting for your child still in primary school
Yet, ancestors are on desks
Refusing to be 60 or 70 years old
There is no work in the country.

Because it is not a senator's son
who applied and needed the job
Not an honourable's daughter
Who came for the interview
He has no complimentary card
from a party leader or his majesty.

He will be jobless
Because his father is not
In aso rock
Nor is her mother a woman leader
In the ruling party.

No work in the country
Learn skills
Get handiwork.

Which of the President's child
Is a baker or makeup artist?
Which of the governor's child
Is a tailor or shoemaker?
Is there any Senator's child
That is a barber or...?

Learn skills
Get handiwork
Wait not for white collar job
Alright,
Someone struggling for a square meal
Where will he get the money to start up?

We have heard
We will learn skills
We will learn handiwork
We will try our best.

There is no vacancy
Your child just get a job
He just dropped the pen
There is no work in the country
You are working
Where did you get yours
Where did the work go?

You have been there
For a life time
And still you are not over 50 old
And you haven't serve up to 35
Yet, my mother was 15
When you marked you 40th
Now my mother is 57
You are still too young.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

It Won't Be Long

The danger of creating a monster
Is that one day it will
Turn against you.
They terrorise us now
They kill us now
They kidnap us now
It won't be long
The table will turn
They won't kidnap poor wards
From four walls
They will kidnap those distinguished men
In red chamber
They won't kidnap and kill poor travellers
They will kidnap and kill the honourables
They won't rob the us any more
They will rob them in aso rock
Terrorism will come upon the leaders
In the caucus meetings
They will be bombed
In their going out and coming in
They will be shot.
They will bleed and be in pains
As we are in pains now.
Then it will be their children
In Boko haram's den
Their wives raped and slaughtered
By bandits
And they, killed by unknown gun men
As there is no solution now
There won't be solution then
We too will be there to express shocks
To condemn the actions
To send condolence messages
And that would be all
The deed is done.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Kongi At 83

The highly respected man of words and letters,
The Lion of the Jewel,
Library in itself
A world treasure
Unfading model
Literary giant
Survivor!
Fearless and out spoken,
Rain that falls for all
Truth and justice enclaved
Mighty and valiant one
Son of Oduduwa,
Patriot of Africa
Prince of Eledumare
The god of literature and all writings;
Veritable conscience of the people,
Scourge of irresponsible government,
Academic enigma!
Professor of comparative literature, of the dynasty of Akinwade!
Happy birthday to Oluwole Akinwade Soyinka- Prof. Wole Soyinka, the afro-
realist,
The IFA priest and noble.
Since July 13,1934.
I have you on my hip Baba!

-the Patriot, Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu (son of man)

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Going To Be Lonely

It's so sad that you're leaving
though I know you are returning
This night we spent was so warming
And I can't help but just thinking
I love the words you were saying
They made me feel so happy.

So sad to know now you're leaving
After you made my day
It seems my life is ruining
Now that you're departing soon
You know it is kind of grieving
Even though it's not forever.
It seems like eternity.

You can give me a call
Just chat me up or
Put me video call
You even send me a postcard
Imprint my name right in your heart
You know what loneliness can bring
That's why I'm missing you already.

What more can I say?
I love every moment with you
I just got to tell you this
Ain't no one that can ever replace you
Yeah, hurt to know you're going away
I know you're coming back soon.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Obituary

Obituary

In Memory of Okoemu, Liked and hated, fairly love!

Rest in peace!

Gone too late.

How good he was which you never said while he was alive, don't say it now that he is dead. If you have never put up his picture to celebrate his living, do not put it up to mourn his death. Don't be a hypocrite!

The resources you never supported him with to live, do not support him with it now for his burial.

You forgot him all these years only remember him now that he is dead to forget him 'morrow because he is dead.

He is a hero now that he is dead

Oh what a bull is a man

Don't try it in his time

To mourn him or put up his picture

Don't write and don't say anything about him

When he dies else, he will kill you.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

I Am

I am Creation, I am a product of the creator, I am not in this world to live up to your expectation, Neither are you here to live up to mine, I don't owe no one, No obligation. No one owe me, so everything is fine.

I am a teacher, I am here to lead the horse to the stream, but not to force the horse to drink water.

I am creation, I am a product of the creator, I frustrate the frustrators, I assassinate the assassigators, spiritually, not with hands or mouth, but with meditation of the mind, spiritually, not physically. I kill death, I have no fear of any kind.

Life is a struggle, people struggle and it is to die. My struggle is to live. I will never die.

(Peter Tosh inspired me into writing this poem)

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Neo-Colonialism

After my mother
Paid dearly for the golds
Stolen from her
So I can be free
So you can be free
At that,
Not you, nor I
Can do without Anini
Who crossed the seven seas
To rob my dear mother

Of golds and of diamonds
Of sons and of daughters
Of eagles and of doves
Through the Iyamu in the house
And takes the heads of her lions
And vipers

Through fire and broken bottles
The Anini was sent to return.
My brother's hands in victory raised
But again,
Upon daybreak,
Neither I, nor you can do with
The pushed away Anini.

We are at left in politics
At left in economy
At left in warfare
And we need a hand
Second coming!
Anini is come back
Dictating to us
As it were in the morning

I hear my mother wail
What do I do now
All I have, I must sell out
If I must stand

But then,
I am falling
Anini presses me

I am in need of Lumuba
In need of Mandela
In need of Fela
In need of Sankara
I must be them
To help mother out
To once again,
On her face, see a smile.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

I Love The Way

I love the way you are
I love the way you do
I love the way you look at me
Telling me everything is going to be alright
I love the way you hold me in you arm
Whispering in my ears
Those soothing words
When I'm stressed out
I love the way you are the only reader of my works
Encouraging me that i am a great writer
Better than Wole Soyinka
Even when publishers reject my manuscripts
And I returned unsuccessful
From competitions
I love the way to tell me
That I will be the one accepting them someday
I love the way I feel everytime you are around me and everytime I think of you
baby.
You pray for me
You challenge me
You push me on baby.
I love the way your beauty picks me up everytime i want to give it all up
I love the way your scent inspires me when I lost inspiration
I love the way you are
I love the way you do
I love the way you talk
Be with me baby
Stay with me forever
With you I can stay in this wicked world forever
With you... oh oh!
I just love the way... oh oh!
I love the way you take me around girl
I love the way you lay me down girl
I love the way you do.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

We Go Meet

Seated on high
Feet on golds
Shoulders high
None is worth
In thy sight
Someday, we go meet
Somewhere, we go meet.

Be thee a hand to kind
As a hand to thee
Who so without,
Living dead;
And yet, rash hand
Upon to slash dead
Remember!
Someday, we go meet
Somewhere, we go meet.

Which ever,
What ever,
However,
Be the master of four walls,
And let your heart be stone,
So you act upon a juda's kiss
Of parity
We go meet OH!

Ride on to tramp on heads
Spit on gray hairs
Because, hands of them is dried
Toy with have nots
Friends to ground
And even the walking sticks,
Remember say,
We must meet
Tomorrow, we go meet.

Who rules today,
Won't rule tomorrow

Today's boy, will be man of tomorrow
Always remember,
Who get today,
No bi him get tomorrow.
Treat all with kindness

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

When Love Arrest

I thought I could not fall
First, I passed through the path
And the wind blew away;
The door-blind
I saw her fairer thigh
She sat on the bed directly to the door
I looked away

Yet again,
I met her at cross road
Under the blood of nature
She shone on daybreak
She glance at me;
I view her, heaven to earth
At point, she entered me
My feet cleared off the ground

I looked away,
She is all I see
Her face everywhere
I picked up my pen
It is her, I could write;
She gives me sleepless nights
And restless days
Yes, I feel her freshness
Should she had been a dark skinned,
Chocolate,
She also would have been Agbani

In my thought and in my words
In my flesh and in my blood
In my meal and fasting
Her fragrance all on me
She calls a name of male
My heart breaks
All I want is nothing but her
I want to let her know, she rock my world

In my prayers

In my everything
The sugar that sweetened my soul
Fragrance the freshen my mind
In far way, yet nearer than my head
I fall, for she is my missing rib

When love arrest,
I've think, done nothing else
But all about you
The light of my world
The strength in my weakness
My love and life
Where and who is this my Agbani Derigo?

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

An Eye For An Eye

There are some persons you will see, and looking at them with your left eye, it is just so right to strangle or hack them to death.

So there are some that will see you and looking at you with left eye, it is just so right to strangle or hack you to death.

So some will see such person who feel right to strangle or hack you to death would want to hack or strangle such a person to death.

To me, I should kill you,
You should not be alive,
To another, I should die and shouldn't be alive;
And it goes on and on like that.

You offended me,
And I am hurt, then, you should die.
I have offended you
And you are hurt, then, I should be slain;
And another to another and to another.

I, you, him, her and we all
Have in sequence offended our creator, in words and thoughts, yet not a single thought of hack or strangle to death of us by our maker.

Seen, an eye for an eye,
The whole world would wildly walk wacko.

-The Patriot, Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu (son of man)

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Nigeria Cannot Be One.

Where will the oneness come from?

Where my state of origin defines my identity and be or not, I will get a job?

When will the oneness come?

When we are all dead and left bone in the grave?

Where will the oneness come from?

Where I am tagged a minority and you a majority?

Where I am crucified for been a christian and you christened terrorist because you are a Muslim or you ridiculed for you are a traditionalist?

How can we be one when only Babaginda's are friends to Dangote's, and Oritejiafor's are only friends to Adebayo's.

And Ejununade's friends to Ejiofor;

When will the oneness be when who stole billion is honourable and who stole hundred is humiliated and jailed?

Why will the oneness be, when some are born to rule and others to follow?

When agberos beat, kill and steal, and then are free because they have one governor or senator or minister or President behind them?

Where injustice reigns

And oppression flourishes,

Segregation growing

Tribalism popularised,

Nepotism culturised

Wickedness flowing at ease?

Where, how, when, why will Nigeria be one?

Nigeria, cannot be one.

At least not now, not in the next a million years.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu (son of man)

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

On The Moutains

The body quickly remembers
how to die in the face of pain.
I will be a liar if I said
I wasn't tempted
yearning is hard to bear
but each time the urge came,
I bit my bottom lip
and rocked myself to sleep
I cast all sweetness
from my mind
Oh, my thoughts were far away
I won't allow the concubine
to become the wife
Yet,
a day of healing from the blessings
Of her flesh and scent
Those afternoons were
worth life itself.
I cannot help myself.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

August 15

I held her hand
and took her eyes into mine.
At first, she looked surprised,
but then she closed her fingers
around mine and locked her eyes
In mine, her lips so close
They quiver
I hungrily looked all over
Her glowing skin
My heart rejoiced.
So there is someone
on this earth who could tell
what was on my mind!
She led me to an alcove
Just in the room
and allowed me to take her.
I will never forget that day
or any other that I spent with her.
She made my body sing.
She made me howl
when I bent me over;
She made me whimper
when I sat her on my belly.
And when I took her standing up,
It was as if there was a frog inside her,
puffing out its throat,
blowing, blowing and blowing
until whoosh—all the warm air
escaped through my limbs.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Not Guilty

The crime you want to charge I-man for
It's not possible and him no guilty
The crime you want to charge I-man for
It's not possible and him no guilty

He's been following
All these great foreigners footsteps
He's been following
All these great foreigners footsteps

Foreigners like
Honourable Marcus Mosiah Garvey
Foreigners like
Honourable Mr. Malcom X
Foreigners like
Honourable Martin Luther King

Its they who paved the way for I and I
So I and I could be recognized

Jah send them, Jah send them
Jah send them, Jah send them
Jah send them, Jah send them
Jah send them, Jah send them

Marcus Garvey was a freedom fighter, from Jamaica
And Malcom X was the American freedom fighter
Martin Luther King, he was a freedom fighter
And you say they were all great great men

They criticize the man's philosophy
But they should remember, he sets an example
The Igbo, Ibibio and Delta Igbo - Kanu original

Some people want you to be ignorant
And lack of speech and live in fear
He is only following
All these great foreigners footsteps
The first voices of his people

Jah send them, Jah send them
Jah send them, Jah send them

The crime you want to charge I-man for
It's not possible and him no guilty

Oh no, no, Mr. and Ms jury
Use your discretion, his is not guilty

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Acknowledgement: Burning Spear

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Is There One

who knows the rules?

who can do it?

who will play it?

do you like it

when the cloud is upset?

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Hurt

whereupon,
she lied to the face
and spit upon
his gentle soul,
but when he thrive
to stand,
she pushes and
shun him, and
go out through the door
in the still of the night
to kiss and romance another and return to pretend good, when he spoke
she accused him.
and he is pushed to pit
crying

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Death And Me

My death day is the great for me
Waiting patiently for it
When my mind shall think no more
When my soul shall be at peace
And also at rest
The great day of me is my death day
When I shall breath my final
Let no one weep for me
Celebrate, for Okoemu is at peace
Shed no tears on that day
For my death is not my end
It is a gateway to living my life
A new life.
The I will die,
Thinking is begone
Sorrows and sadness too
I will have no fear
So why shedding the tears
Lay me six feet
Pay no tribute
Replace me in all capacities
Do what ever you like
The truth is, I won't even see it
And I won't even feel it
I am then like a stone
The rain that is drenching a stone
Do no harm, but the good of washing it dirt.
I will die,
Whether now, soon or later
Whenever it comes,
It is my death, I must die my death
It is the key to my freedom of peace
My perfect world is in death
Which is my life
Though I am not in a hurry to die,
If it comes, I won't run
Because it won't even let me.
I have no better self but death
Death is peace!

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Untitled

This name, 'JAH' is too big,
'FORGIVENESS' is too mighty,
If it were not so,
I would have turn your head round like spinning a wheel,
And watch you die slowly,
But, this name 'JAH'
Is too mighty, if it were not so,
I would have grip you by neck,
And watch you choke to death,
I would have drag you out and pull you through the mud.
Oh the name!
Just too mighty.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Campus Lovers

Oh campus lovers
You're walking through
the hostels at night
Holding hands and kissing,
The other day, I spotted you, way up at department, you were kissing at the
front row seat,
Campus lovers,
You walk the gate to twin hall, holding her on the waist like in movies
I see you sitting in the library, you were 'quashing' behind the book shelf
In front of upstairs hostel
You banging her by the pole,
Close to 'well bar' you were smooching her right in broad day light
I saw another girl,
Tied a towel above her breast,
She is a 'wife' to the boy in one bed space,
In a room were two others are
Oh campus lover,
You're kissing
You are romancing
You're cuddling
Yes, right before everyone's eyes
I say, hey campus lovers,
get right in room,
Shut the door
And pull down the curtain
Before you turn of the light, think twice boy
Think twice baby
Oh campus lovers
Please get inside
Get inside
Don't act married
'Cos you're not.
Be careful, be careful
I say be careful.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu; the Living Spirit

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

The Prettiest Girl

I am in love with the girl
with the sharp round eyes
Slender body of a fulani princess
She's got that flat stomach
That turns me on
Even when the weather isn't for two
And the snow white teeth
with the wet soft tongue
That make me want to kiss her
Without approval.
That long legs and the soft thin lips
That I can't just stop staring at
She is the prettiest girl
in town who wears
Precious waist beads
On that lovely waist that
I want to hold forever
Not taking my eyes off
her perky succulent sun-tan breasts
In her silk fine gown.
But I can't say I love you
I can't say, marry me
Because I know she will turn me down
Because she is involved with a rich prince
Who can buy her a diamond ring
But I can't tell if she love him
But I know she will turn me down
Because I am just a simple poet
Money have I none
I can't take her to jokers
I can't lodge her in Oriental
On a lovely night rain
I can't fly her to Dubai on vacation
But I've got silver like Don
In the stars
And gold like Williams
In the morning sun
I'm not going to kiss
The lovely lips of this girl

Not going to tell her to marry me
I know she will turn me down.
But you know,
I am in love with her.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Our Mother Is Not At War

Only that about 20 people got slaughtered in Benue
The blood is not much,
About 200 litres full
But more than the river in Benue
Just that people wept and cried
Only about 2000 litres of tears
Just sorrow, tears and blood.
Very few killed in Jos,
And scores wonder
Blood flowing all the gutters
Human flesh in place of cow meat
On the abattoirs
Fresh meat not to eat
Fresh blood of sorrow.
Our mother is not at war
Only that General Boko
is now the C-in-C
And will say, bomb Borno
And it is done,
Thick smoke from bombing is the atmosphere
At least, only 1000 people died,
Only 500 people are injured
Our mother is not at war
Just that her children are killed every day
And she is denied all
She is at peace, because only Fulani herdsmen are killing
Only boko haram, are bombing
Only senators' boys are robbing
No war,
Only that, ofa was robbed
And people killed
Only that Evans the kidnapper may have been set free
Only that Nnamdi Kanu has been locked up at sea
where odi is residence
Only that, herdsmen carry arms like the armies
And killed like soldiers on peace keeping
Only that, some can kill and get away with it
Because, their brother is the husband of our mother
There is only killing and tension

There is only crisis and conflict
But there is no war
our mother is not at war;
Who is deceiving who?

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu; the Living Spirit

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Beware!

Your friend's husband is always the best and always supporting and his family are the most wonderful, woman! Beware of that your friend; she is not telling you the truth about her marriage, she is only bearing the unbearable so that her marriage will not die; and she wants to make you jealous, she is not a friend, she is an enemy.

Watch it, her advice are always telling you how to live your life not how to be endurance and improve; nothing is ever wrong with her family, her children are the best.

Watch it! Anything her husband and parents-in-law like, are the things she prefers.

There you are, bearing out your marriage as it truly is, hoping by so, you will get solution; you are only making yourself a subject for your friend to laugh at; a tool to level the ground with, with her husband.

You must know! No marriage is perfect,

No family is an example

You see them so, because they are bearing and tolerating too many things too even awful to tolerate

Or

They are either comfortable being used,

Which you are not still comfortable with in your marriage!

In 'successful' marriage, one must be a tool, the other, a spouse.

There ain't no fare share, else, yours becomes a debate.

Shut up! Don't speak of your marriage

It is a personal affair

Trouble for you,

The moment you make it public affair.

-OKOEMU OKOEMU OKOEMU, Deadman Alive

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Madam, Oga!

Before let down those slaps on that little girl or boy's face and back as if you are a Roman Soldier leading Jesus to Calvary;

Because he or she did not sweep or wash plates, or clothes, or car or cook, ask yourself, would I do the same if he or she were my child?

Why do we expect maturity or matured behaviour from our house boys and girls even though they are of the same age or even younger than our biological children?

Before you kill that house help, or draw tattoos on their bodies with slaps and flogging, remember that, they are someone else's children and humans too, they deserved to be treated with love and kindness as humans.

Remember also, they are human beings like you and your children before they became your house helps.

They are human beings not animals, remember that you too could have as well be in their shoes if not that you were only more privileged than they are, not better than them; and that you are oga or madam while they are house helps for a reason; certainly to put you both to test on the idea of human relations.

Do not be Oga!

That you may abuse that little girl because she cannot protect herself; Don't make her toy for sex to pound; rather be her father and friend be the reason why she has to smile and be happy not cry and wish for death.

Madam, you too, don't be a madam but a mother!

That young boy is not a machine nor a tool; do not abuse him, save his dignity, show him respect;

Love and care for him with kindness that he may enjoy living and not considering suicide.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, the Living Spirit

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Jesus Is Not In Heaven

Seeing him, John recognised him and pointed him out

Now where is Jesus Christ?

Not somewhere in the sky

Not behind the moon or sun

In you!

In that your friend who needs a job

In that your neighbour who needs to graduate

That young boy or girl whose destiny is only yours to decide

That hungry child

That neighbour who doesn't have clothes to wear

That children who did not resume school not because he doesn't want to but because he has not means to resume.

That one who is stranded

Who lack and in need

In them, not anywhere

Jesus Christ is

There is no one Jesus

There are Jesuses in every soul and being

Jesus is not in church

He is in you

He is in that sufferer

That sick and agonizing

That stranger and that orphan, that widow.

Jesus is that prisoner you have refused to love

That sick you have despise because of the sickness

Jesus is that accident victim you left on the road to die because you were in a hurry or just too important to be a good Samaritan

Jesus is that son of a nobody who has no Senator to recommend him for that job he needed so much

Jesus is that dull child in your class whom you have abandoned because he is slow to learning

Jesus is that wayward child in your neighbourhood that you have refused to correct or teach right instead you chased your children away from him for they are Saints and he is the devil

Jesus is that girl whom you raped because you feel she cannot fight for herself

Jesus is that poor harwker in the street whom you splash stagnant water on and ridiculed

Jesus is that buyer you cheated because he isn't your mother's son

Jesus is these people

Jesus is not in Jerusalem nor is he in Rome

He is right under your nose

Jesus is that man you have denied justice, freedom and mercy and love.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Son of Man-S.O.M

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Just Remember

If you can afford clothes and shoes today, remember those days that you couldn't
Remember those now that can't.

If now, you can afford bread, remember those days that you couldn't and even more, remember now those unable to.

If even now you own a roof over your head, remember those days that you couldn't and even more now, those who cannot.
Those days you were a tenant, never forget now that you are a landlord.

Therefore now, you have mint and you are richer than Arkad, remember so, those days when you had, not even a coin
And more so, those now, that have not even a coin.

Even when you have always had them
Do not therefore forget that it could have been the other way
Only a mere privilege, for you; therefore remember now, even when there is nothing to remember at least for those who are unfortunate to be as privilege as you are.

Every man is only but either, privilege or underprivileged.
Never by your strength or might.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Deadman Alive

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Pride

What i hate is pride
No matter who you are
Once you have pride
I hate you
No matter how much is involve
Even though i am in great need
Even if it is trillions
You have to offer
As long as you are proud
I lose interest
But even if you have no dime
To offer
And you are not proud
I will serve you
I don't mind.
If you like be God
Once you have pride
I hate you.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, the Enlightened Rabbi

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

My Happiest Day

'Tis when i become a Nigerian
When my identity shall be known
My visa to that land come through
And i leave Nigeria to land in Nigeria
The true Nigeria
I can't wait to journey there
That giant of Africa
The pride of the world
When i shall bid farewell to my long exile home
I know Nigeria is waiting for me with open arms
I can't wait to be home
In my motherland
That beautiful country
Filled with people so responsible and rational
I am tired here in this strange land
This alien country
Of animals; a zoological garden
My exit is soon to come
My reparation to home i belong
Where i shall live
In Nigeria
Where i shall die.
I just can't wait to leave for Nigeria.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, the GOD.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

I Don't Want To Wait In Vain

You said in Your words
That You love me
And I believed You
All my life, I have known no other but You
You gave me Your words
That You will always be there for me and you will not let me down.

You said You love me
And would shower me with all good things of Your love
I've been waiting faithfully
But I cannot waiting in vain for Your love
Is Your love I've been waiting on
It is Your love I've been waiting for
Now I just can't wait in vain.

If I won't get what I so need
At least give me what I so want
It doesn't have to go Your way; sometime, my way.

You know what Love?
I have known you
And I have loved and believed in You
If You break my heart,
If You fail me,
If your love serves me delay that I feel disappointment, I will meet You on that
day when You shall judge.

I will challenge You
Tell You how You have failed me
And disappointed me.
Now, my love, is the time
You must love me
You must show me love
If you won't grant me my needs, at least grant me my wants
For delay is dangerous and it is a deny of justice.

Oh my Love!
If you are Alpha and Omega
Let me feel the potency of Your love now.

I know you know the best and everything but for me, let it be now not later.

I may not love you so my Love, but I love you.

I know too you love me.

My Love, I don't want to wait in vain for your love.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, the Scribe

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

I Am A Survivor

I am a Survivor

The world against me
Even though God is deaf to me or even asleep
And in the dust of no sun ray, I fell on broken knees
With my weak muscles
And staggering body
I will move on,
Though principalities and powers sit round the table just for me
And lay me on the cold floor unattended to
Let them grow fat over me
The world is their own
But only for today
Tomorrow, they are gone and it may be mine because i will survive
Life is reveal in the face of death
No matter how many against I, with a crossed heart,
And drive their wheels
And sit on their tables to gloat over me
On the chairs to watch me crumble and fall
In all, I know I am a Survivor.

-Okoemu, the Scribe.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

This God; This Man

So great and mighty
Benevolent and benign
Merciful and providential
He is good - as I have been told.

A lover so beautiful
Fine and creative
Love so, this man
That to keep him nigh
Became him, killed through pains sorrows and sufferings.

As above, so ought, below
As loving as he above,
Just as merciful as he above
As benign as he above
As good as he is,
So was the name:
'Christ-like'

Oh yes, in holy of unholy sanctuaries
All on bended knees,
Hands raised up high
In hypocritic humility
And uncontrite heart.

Vigil all night, full of unholy idolatry of the 'holy' God...
All dancing, singing, drumming and preaching,
Are within ugly reflection of the face-mirror.

Mere temple's warmer,
Dedicated to bed in two, tangling... in moaning ecstasy, the pray to god - 'pussy
and dick' and sing; speaking in 'tongues' unknown to god and man, but to bed.

The man, who make otherself's fate, a footstool, an unmajestic throne.
Robbing him of all and sundry
Yet, this man, unlike this God, whom he claim to serve, is but a cheat.
He is just a Niger-Area policeman.

Albiet, him, holier than Jesus, knowing the law more than Moses,

Saintly than God,
He is the headache of the innocents
Heart attack of the seekers.

This God, this man
So in contrast
Who is the devil?
It is the man who goes to the house of cross
Bending and kneeling in adoration.

If there is this God
He must have erred
For creating this disaster of all disasters, MAN
Enemy of himself, especially the one who is Christ-like

Problem of man is this man,
Suffering and pain.
Man inhumanity to man.
Where did he learnt it from?
The God?
Or himself, devil?

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, the man who is not happy to be alive

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

An Illiterate

It is not one without degree
It is not one without certificate
It is not one who did not go to school
A professor or Doctor of Philosophy
Who is irresponsible in his duty
Who takes bribe or 'blocking'
An Msc or Bsc. Holder
Who comes to bank and leaving everyone
On the queue and heading straight to the front
To be attended to
A lawyer or a barrister or a solicitor
Or an Esquire who display any act of irresponsibility
A pastor or priest who preaches to favour himself
It is not the road side mechanic
Nor a vulcaniser nor a cobbler nor a famer
Neither the tailor nor the 'agbero'
But the teacher or lecturer who earn his salary
But is inefficient and ineffective in his work
The Doctor or nurse who is negligent in his work
The Lawyer or Judge who is cunning in his jobs
The Governor or Senator who failed in their jobs
And the President or minister,
Policeman or armyman who abuses his power
Any one at all who acts contrary to what ought
Is but illiterate.

-OKOEMU OKOEMU OKOEMU, the man who is not happy to be alive.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Human Being

When she spoke, it was a smell of toilet pit mixed with urine twenty one day old
dead bodies

He didn't say a word

Because words hurts forever; he went and came back, and said to her 'you are
the most beautiful, that's why i got these for you'

She opened it, it was tooth paste, brushes and mouth washes.

Her mouth smells, for she was poor and couldn't afford any since birth, and her
chewing sticks couldn't serve much or better.

When he took off his shirt for heat was intense, and since no air conditioner nor
fan in the room, he came out, there she saw his skin rattled with rashes and pox,

She didn't laugh at him, nor mock him, she went and came with lotions, creams
and drugs

You are so handsome that's why I got you these

He was one who have been too poor to afford good water for drinking or bathing

His skin became the Jesus to bear the cross.

She was happy

He was happier

For he was privilege to help someone

He was happier

And she was happiest

For she was opportune to put a smile of someone's face.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The Living Spirit

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Niger'area

Nigeria, where one is,
But one is not
Born a, and in
Still not!
A united divisible entity
Always not at ease with herself
With all her offspring
Opting a slave anywhere
Than been free on her soil
Knowing that her freedom
is worse than slavery
Knowing that freedom is slavery.
Everything is wrong
with this woman
Life in her is worse
than life in hades
If possible, none wants to stay in her
To run away, even if it means
running to hell.
For here, one is two
Cats and rats
All is her
No one is a her
A house divided against itself.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Rabboni.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Farewell Nigeria?

Down the way
Where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the plains
I took a trip on a moving bus
And when I reached Borno I made a stop

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
I won't be back for many years
My heart is down
My head is turning around
I saw blood in streets of Maiduguri town

Sounds of wailing everywhere
And the crying mothers wept while they mourn
I must declare my heart is not there
Though I've been from Benin to Abuja

Down at the market you can hear
Everyone cry out while on their heads
Food stuffs are so expensive
An annual income cannot afford:
Yam, rice, scud fish and all
And times are hard everytime of the year.

Sad to say I'm on my way
even if it is hell
I won't be back forever
My heart is down
My head is turning around
Because life is so
unbearable in Nigerian's towns.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Nostalgia

Home in Emu
where the Children run around
And there is laughing in the ground
Home in Igueben
Where is pride on every faces
Faces so exciting
Igueben with a king so glorious
Home in Benin
Ain't no home for me
Home in old Edo
home in wounded knee
Home in Irrua
Home in Uromi
Homes I will never be.
Away to see the blue ridges of Irrua
Heard the bird of Emu's air
And visited Okoemu's grave
At dusk stood expectorating
In Oria river
And walked the hill night
Of Ukhuema's river
Many memorable nights in Esan West
At midnight Ambrose Alli
And a lonely girl across hidden haven
The dark and mysterious Ubiaja
And Okhuesan at dawn
Then Emu's field again
And St. Andrew as ever
In its great valley cloud of afternoon
The muddy cobbles
The ancients shrines
And the aged long Catholic church
The grass and the farms
The endless poem
By night Emu,
Emu field, Emu black cows
in the secret wides,
crackerbox town with
An utor river for the boarderline

Of ohodua.
Dawn in Ugun
Usolo rangelands that climb
up to the hills of the Omende night.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

It Is Normal.

Yes, in my school
Some where in Esan land,
A school established by a formal governor,
A higher institution'
A university.

It is normal,
For lecturers not to have start a lectures after four weeks of resumption;
It is normal for students not to utter any word of protest,
It is normal for a course adviser to be scarce
As though a male child in folktales;
Unwilling and unavailable
To carryout his or her duties.
It is normal for lectures to come to class late without stating reasons, or even
apologize,
It is normal yes all abnormals are normal.
What an irony?

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu (son of man)

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Baby Be Mine

I'm not a country boy
So you know I not poor
I come to you because
I know you are mine
I'm the classic guy, you know
Let me tell you the basic truth
I don't just like you
I love you helplessly
This is me Jane,
Give me the chance
I will love like God won't
Let me to you to a place
Where it will be just me and you
I will let you know
How you mean the world to me
I will give you all the silver in the stars
All the gold in the morning sun
I will buy the world
And evacuate all the people
And make the world yours.
Listen to me Elohor!
Because I love you
I will give you a diamond ring
And everything you want, i will do
I won't look at another woman
I will take you to Hollywood
To meet with my Sylvester Stallone
And lodge you at Malibu
We have a time out with Genevieve Nnaji
At Oriental hotel in Lagos
I promise you, I won't even look at her.
Listen to me Omosigho
I can send God to earth
And give you His throne
That's how much I love you
I can even miss rapture
If that's all it will take to have you.
I won't think of Ehimen nor Asa
Just you and only you.

Listen to me Ikuoyemen,
Give me that smile
Just be the queen
And I will be the king
You see, just be mine
And I will give you everything
And make you anything you want
I will be your everything
Even your toy.

Listen to me Abiemwense
I am your moon
Even at dawn
I will be your sun
I don't mind, you are the star
Just you,
Me and you alone.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Ah! Wisdom At Last.

You will trip over in your haste
if you are not careful.
Your mouth discharges
words like diarrhea.
Let the General draw
on every skill he learned
in the Defence Academy!
Let him employ every sparkle
of knowledge and tactics!
Let him use his full brain and muscles.
Listen to me,
this is not a world he knows.
When he doesn't find
what he came looking for,
He will go back to
wherever he came from.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu is the-phenom,
Okoemu is the son of man,
Okoemu is not like others
Okoemu's aspiration is to be rich
To acquire properties, so massive
Not houses but wisdom
Not cars but knowledge
Not clothes but truth
Not lands but humility
Not estates but meekness
Not companies but righteousness
Not wivies but justice
Not appliances but mercies
Not affluence but love and happiness;
Okoemu is Okoemu
Not fashion fricked
His views are entirely different
Okoemu is simple but difficult to understand,
Okoemu is who you will never comprehend
He is a mystery.
He is not the best but surely he is trying at least.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Once Awhile

Her beauty comes and go,
Like a twinkling star
Up there in the sky
Or perhaps like lightening
Her beauty is seasonal
Only when she is ready for a function
Only when she is purposely going out
She becomes beautiful
And you think she is Agbani Derigo
Surprise her early in the morning
She won't win Pa James in a beauty contest
At noon, on the road,
Mary-kay and Brazilian hair
Make her the goddess - Genevieve Nnaji
Let her retire in the evening
When Mary Kay shall be washed off
And Brazilian pulled off,
You will know Oshiomole is beautiful
Her irregular beauty
So confusing
Should a man marry a woman
Whose beauty comes up
Only on birthdays and weddings?

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Rabboni

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

You Lost Me One Night In Benin.

I saw it six times
During the night
I saw it waking
I heard it sleeping
I sensed it dreaming
I was permeated completely
with the strange Ogbe myth
Of centre of Benin
And the weird dark myth
of Upper Sakponba
when morning came
I heard Upper Sakponba sneer
a hundred times
I heard Iwinosa made her
sinister come up
I was with Adesuwa in
her paranoiac fears
I rendered poetry with Kemistry
And shot up the rustlers
innumerable times
There is something to do
There is somebody to talk to.
In the head,
Everyone is guiltily quite
Nobody talks.
Benin can never see me again
Don't bother me
I am happy where I am.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Conflict

It came like a wind, and stopped, and stayed, not like the wind,
Looking around like a ghost, and faster than a thief,
Settled and take a place.

Still looking around like a ghost, saw one, and less than a twinkle of an eye, goes
for it.

Like that, all is taken.

Still look around like a ghost, want a place for it trade,

Open it bag, and in it is double edge sword,

With it, stroke a rejected deal,

It says, 'witch-Doctoring is evil: stop it or you die.'

It says, 'here is my Medical Doctoring' take it.

A barren woman goes to the witch-doctor, and the witch-doctor said; 'do this,
and do that, eat this, don't eat that. Pay this, don't pay that, you shall be a
mother, '

Instead of going to God!

It says; my hospital, and then a barren woman goes, and the doctor said, 'pay
this, buy that, eat this, don't eat that, sleep this way. Not that way. I tell you
madam, you shall be a mother,

Instead of going to God!

My witch-doctor and your medical doctor, ain't they same?

It preach God, and on the Medical Doctor, it believe.

I preach God! And on the witch-doctor, I believe,

Why not God all through?

Magician, Native Doctor! Both are the same!

Medical, witch, both are the same.

Yours is civilize, mine, uncivilized, so you said, civilization, that I gave you, now
am not civilized?

Well...

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Together As One

In my whole life,
I've got a dream
Hey you boko haram
Hey you headsmen
In the end of man
we're going to be together as one
All these years fighting each other
All these years, killing each other
No solution,
Everybody hate killing
why do you like it,
The cats and the dogs have forgiven each other
What is wrong with us,
All these years, fighting in jos
No solution
All these years killing in makurdi
No solution
All these years bombing in borno
No solution
Hey you herdsmen
Hey you boko haram
In the end of man we are going to come together as one.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

The Boy Who Won

He came,
in mist of others
Who eats on tables
The sole of his shoes
Crying for help
The leather held on
Only by a little strand
His shirt loose open
Even when he tried frequently to talk it in
Perhaps, no coin to buy a button and fixed it
His short worn out
And the back of it developing eyes
His socks has workout their money
He comb his air nicely
Not because he wouldn't like to cut it low or short
But that, the coin wasn't there for father to spear.
The boy who won,
Hasn't no gold
Nor a silver spoon
From a local public school, neglected and abandoned
He wasn't just like other
Probably the privilege ones,
He hasn't what they had
But he had confidence
He believed it is not in Cambridge nor Oxford
But in yourself
That if they can, he too can
He doesn't need shoes to stand with them
He only needed the legs and he had them
He needn't no cap, but just the head and he had it.
He won!
And he won scholarship
And he won prizes
And he won praises.
The boy who won, was not from up town
Only from neighbourhood,
The ordinary boy.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The Advocate.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Black Boy

Flow of happiness!
Icon of smiles
Innocence on his face
Clouded in a brave smile
As the forehead shines under the sun,
So his future dazzles brightness
His dream is great
His vision is clear
The black boy
Who is sharper than blade of sword
Hope of the mother
And strength of the father
Respectful to the core
Body fresh; agility in blood
With desires to know
Interested in moral
A smile of tomorrow
The black boy
Is a boy, growing so fast
To be a man
Who is ready to face tomorrow
His eyes sees all
His heart feels sufferings
His blood boils rights
The black boy
Whose wish is to serve the poor
Whose wish is to placed objective interest above all
Upon him, the sun shines,
The moon at night dazzle
The black boy
A child destined for greatness
Wish of all mothers
To the boys who are black,
Weep in secret
Just for they are not black
The black boy; a gold,
Whose kind is nowhere any more
Just him!
A boy loved by all.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Let The Labourer Go To Rest: (Dedicated To Nelson Mandela)

Work! Work! ! Work! ! !

Work all the years,

Most love by all, even the enemies.

A day he shall take a walk to the other side;

How about the day?

Maybe it will be renamed; "tribute day"

So long a life, though not too long:

When the golden voice call;

Even the least ear will answer.

Great never is the reason,

As the great mind is calling for rest, & rest have her arms open,

To accept him,

Not even one have the mind to bear the lost,

So, too many things, to make sure he don't go away.

Should he let go today, you can't say,

He died, no.

But transend to the kingdom of the almighty.

A place of no atom of pain,

Just let him go, he will be better there;

He knows you love him.

Everyone knows that,

Being alive, can't walk, can't work, can't talk,

It is the greatest suffering on earth,

Just let him go,

He want to go... Holy angels arms are wide open,

Waiting to accept him & present him to GOD the most HIGH.

We've all said our love, we've all proven our love; we've all shown our love,

The greatest is to remove the tormentor (life machine)

He will live forever in GOD's paradise glory;

Everybody love you great one- NELSON MANDELA! ! !

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Nigeria

Pains - suffering - hatred - blood - death.
Are all the rights we enjoy in my country,
Are all the dividends of our democracy
Pains - suffering - hatred - intolerance - blood and death
Yet our government are relaxed
Everything is fine,
Soon river Benue will dry, and be refilled with blood
River Niger will dry up and refilled with blood
Our blood
Your blood
Nothing is happening in Nigeria except that
People are killed in Benue
There is no war in Nigeria
Just that, people are killed in Jos
Nigeria is peaceful
Only that, there is state of emergency in Bornu
Nigeria is at peace
Only that, cows are living in safety
The people are slaughtered everyday
And government is quite.

-the Patriot, Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Power

Don't be intoxicated by it

In the 90s, during Sani

A certain chief, the Oduma

Then, foreign affairs minister could ordered a house arrest of another chief, the Iyasele, later BOT chair.

Until about a year or two ago, one Iyasele could even in his toilet ordered anything to be done Nationally and it will be done, but since his only room has become 6feet, certainly he can't any more.

Few years ago, a gentle from where oil was first found has the country, but now, he calls another man the title that was his, 'Your Excellency '

Even Obama could ordered the killing of Osama

But now, can't even order the killing of an ant.

Amin could do anything he wanted,

And Adolf could as well

Objective from Ogun once holds a country in his palm, today doesn't

Even his annointed couldn't get through

And Gowon who once sat in Dordan and ordered Wole and many more to be thrown into Kirikiri maximum, today cannot ordered even the arrest of a rat.

Even Gida who in the 80s/90s was maradona of politics today have no say.

It is always so,

Power is only for awhile not forever

The position you are holding now, someone once held it but today he is only a reference

Tomorrow you too will be

Why allow power to intoxicate you?

Just take it cool

Because you must certainly be an ex.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The Observer.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

The Feel

I feel so bad
That you don't love me
I feel so terrible
That you hangout with me
I am so down
That there is no you
To hold hands with
And walk the breezy cool night
I feel so lonely.

I feel so bad
There is no you kiss me
I feel so terrible
There is no you to hug me
I am so down
You ain't here to hold me
I've put out the light
I've drawn down the curtains
And shut the door,
Looking at the bed,
I'm still going to be alone tonight.

I feel to sunk
You won't just love me
I feel to down
It's like I'm not just your spec
I feel so terrible
I can't hear your sweet voice
And I can't see your smiles
Today, I am alone once more
Without you.

All I want is you
All I need is you
Tell me how to love you
I want to love just you
I don't want to be without you
I want to be with you
Is that enough?

I want you to be with me
I'm crazy about you
I can't help it.
Just the way I feel.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The Sane Madman

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Barricade

When in the river, step on,
'Tis blood the river turn!
Little Lily Struggling under the tormenting tentacles,
Of bastard torn.
Getting it feeds, and softening it thirst
From it growth covers.
In shade of pretence, and of motives hidden;
Like willing, like not willing:
A little it share, a little it let to fall,
And like barricade, barricading prosperity of the after

Breast feeding it sweet'ing, and piecing the lily to it Capel,
Spreading and spreading itself wide.
Growth obstruction!
And the heart-melting is,
Comfortable, it seems the Lily are,
Leaping, swooping, and trodding
In remarkable joyous pride,
It leaves eaten in the open and secret.
And like rat, blowing cool breeze
And gently, it de'growth growing,

So, in that, the gnashing continue,
Still no growth of it,
Freely, to the torns, the Lily sold

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Love

One thing binding in us all
Is that, we are human beings;
A man without wealth is a human being
A man with wealth is a human being
A blind man is a human being
A mentally retarded is a human being
We are all human beings
The prisoner is a human being
Show love to all
Giving money is not just enough
A lame, is a human being;
How long is it now, that you have visited
The sick? Not to give money that matters
But show love!
To love is to care
To love is better than to hate.
It is far easier.
Your love can save a dying man
Your touch is a sign of love
Your smile is a sign of love
Your words is a sign of love
All you do can be a sign of love
Talk to everybody
Smile at everybody
Touch people,
Do all these especially to the sufferers
Don't be too big to love
A loving heart is a kind heart.
Don't be in pain before you can feel it
Feel the pains of others
Visit the sick...
Touch the sick...
Mingle with the sufferers
Your presence with them
Is a drug on it own
Show them love
Don't treat anyone with disgust
Because we are all human beings!

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Because Of You...

She said no
She cannot again flow
Even when I call her with glo
She won't pick up, I know
Because you tampered with her glow.

You were a dog
And all you do is break and bend
Unfortunately, she was your prey
And you had no mercy
You just reap her as a reaper
You unlocked the heaven's gate
In the way of a mad dog only.

So she lust it all as you thrust
Now, even Jesus, she cannot trust
And every he, she hates in haste
No matter the pure intention of a faust
Her heart is now but crust.

A too hard to crack
For she fears that any he is a dog
Even when she needs him
She won't go for he
Let loneliness kill her, she will sing hymn.

It is not good for you
Let it all go and mend the heart
Though it is hard, just try
She won't want to and i know why
It will not be well with them
Who had shut heavens
Because heavens shut against them.

This shades of brightest darkness
Where she stays fresh and green
But only starvation is his
For the lord has guarded the fruit
With double edged swords

in the heart of Eden
One can only hunger,
But cannot eat, even
when there is the meal.

So sumptuous.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Boys On The Street

We are the brutes
The rogues on street
Who has no future
We are useless as you have said
We are bad, badder and baddest in town
We are cruel and heartless
And you say we are fools
We are illiterate children
Because we have no school education,
We are the thieves
And robbers and burglars
We are the hoodlums
We are the rapists
Bad as we are, no one care about us
We are bad that's what matter,
Why are we who we are?
You don't know and you don't care
We are vagabonds
Vandalizers and beasts of no training.
We are proud of who we are, very proud to be irresponsible
Do you know how we survive?
As you are struggling for survival
So we are, and this is our way.
We are the children of that old soldier who defended this country and his reward
was retrenchment,
We are the boys who have been denied everything,
We are the children of that woman who had no opportunity to become the
woman of her dream as your mother is now,
We are the children who never had uncles nor aunties to visit
We were the children who had no holidays
We are the boys in the street
Who have become adults since we were three years old,
The brothers to the sisters, that lack opportunity.
We are the negative ones.
Our eyes are dried and we cry no more
Not even when God die
Our hearts has long become stones
We fear nothing for we have seen everything
The only thing left is death

And by any means, we are not afraid.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, the Enlightened Rabbi

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Nuc Dimitis

I know it won't be too long
You will shake the world
This time,
Your soul will go away forever
Your body will be shut away forever
That no one can hear your voice again
Because you will not speak
No one can touch you again
And when a government goes crazy
We won't have you to look up to
Not for hope, not for comfort
It will be a day i wish will never come
But you must go for your rest soon
And I will miss you helplessly
You have served us well
And when it comes,
May it take you peacefully
And blissfully

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

If I Am A Priest

In line of Mekizedech of old.
Who holds dear to the rubrics
As well as scriptures,
Sacred tradition and magisterium
To the letter and to the spirit
To celebrate the sacrifice
Without interference
Just as solemn as it should be
With just the rites
Nothing extra,
Not even the mere Eucharistic offerings
Those and others to be done
On a personal ground
Not during the mass
Not in public just privately
Between you, God and the church.
In others, strictly
Without interruption.
If I am a Priest.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Dumb Ass

The governor is without project
But everytime on the news
Today he assures
the widows a better life
Tomorrow he pledges support
for all albino
He signs MOU
With every country
He assures everyone
That for five years
His achievements are
To assure, sign MOU and pledge support
Governor Obasek
Weldon.

And the Senator
Representing those who jump out
Moves no motion
Supports no bills
Dumb in the house
Only to come online
to felecitate or commiserate.
Mumu man.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

About The Woman

There is something
about the woman
that's so special
That's why she is the perfect handmade
The most excellent of the Lord's creation
Everything about her is so exciting
That's why she's so intriguing
Everyone who encounters her
Never remains the same
She sends this adrenaline across one's system
She is most beautiful and perfect
The woman is never ugly
Something so special about her
that could turn even God on
No wonder some poets say,
She is as God
Others say, she is our God,
And Shaggy just got to wonder
If God is a woman!
Perhaps because no one is ever fulfilled
Without the woman.
The woman is most special
Undoubtedly, most precious
Fairer than gold, she, the finest wine
No wonder, she is the final creation
There is something so special about the woman
Even the nag she may nag, is what makes her special
Even when so demanding, makes her so perfect
That life is incomplete and boring without the woman
She is finishing touch of man...
Only she could make man crazy
And then even a man so lazy
She could make so busy
Only the woman could do what a man can't do
And what she can't do, she makes the man do it
There is something so particular about the woman
Even when she gets angry, her pure heart intensifies
She cares and she loves
If she hates, she hates with the deepest hate

She is the most harmless, but the most dangerous of all
There is something special about the woman
She is not king, but the Queen of kings and mother of kings
She goes by going and by sending
Every part of her is moving
From her hair to her neck, lips or teeth
Her arms, sportly or flabby
To her breasts, full and succulent or pointing and firm
Or sloppy or flat
To her belly, either flat or fatty
Or to her waist, that is the centre of the world
Where the world is spine or halt
To her fresh or fleshy thighs, then
Her long legs
All these are the greatest miracles of God...
There is something about the woman
She is the ultimate inspiration
The greatest motivation
Woman, the rise and fall of man
There is that special thing about her
If she is slim or athletic
That's special about her
If she is fat or chubby
That's special about her
If she is short or tall
That's special about her
If she is ebony black or fair complexion
That's special about her
If she is bossy or submissive
That's special about her
If she is meek and gentle
That's special about her
If she is jovial or social
Taciturn or loquacious
Be her brave or cowardly
Though industrious or indolent
There is something so special about the woman
It is the woman that makes the world goes round
Everything is meaningful with love
And love revolves round the woman
There is something so special about her
Everything is just so special about the woman.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The Rabbi

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

That's Not Just Love

If you can't talk about her everywhere
If you can't fill your thought with her name
That to call another woman's name
It is her name you're calling
If you can't love her like mad
And go crazy about her
If you can't believe in her lies
And you can't crush on her now and till you die
That's not just love!

If you can't lay down your life for her
Or you can't just bear in her pains
If you can't shed in her tears
If you can't give her the world
Or you won't love her excesses
And if you can't spoil her with love
Nor carry her as egg
And tend to her like a dove
That's not just love.

When you see her, even if
it is a second long ago you have saw
And your heart leapt not in joy
As if you haven't seen her for ages
And if you are ever tired of a moment with her
And if you have no emotional affairs with her
If it is just the 'doing' and eating
If you ever live a moment forgetting about her
Or ever have a discussion without reference to her
That's not just love.

If she is not a priority in your life
Her face doesn't excite you
Nor her beauty no matter how ugly
Intoxicate you and make you gaga
If her smells doesn't hunger you
And you hungry not for the taste of her mouth
That's not just love.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Fra Diavolo

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

The Many Lies

And our lips burnt and torn and dried
So our throats that we look for saliva
to wet and soften it, but it was scarce
The sole of our feet became battered
That we feel pains just to walk with it
Yet, in the heart of harmattan,
harmattan denied knowing or having
a hand in it!

Worse still, razing down our greens
not just drying them and making them brown
And falling off, but ravaging our greens with
'9th circle inferno of Alighieri'
Whence, we are doomed in the following days
For hunger and starvation and even thirst
Yet and still, our harmattan has no hand in it.

The insane man says, he set the fire here
He has no idea how or why there is fire there
Even though the fire here spread there.

We had no roof and no umbrella at tollgate
When the rains started to warsh our peaceful heads
With it venomous drops and falls,
Hitting our defenceless body, at the gate
were no eye could see any more
At the gate were the eyes were made shut
So the mouth won't say what her eyes saw
In the end, it will be technical fault.

Yet, the rain said, it didn't fall,
and the sky said it only clouded but didn't let down rain
But the rain said, it only showers
And the ground said, it was only water threw up at playground
But the rain said, the ground said harmattan couldn't
So the ground called and it only sprinkled holy waters
And the ground said it has no power to order the rain
And the rain said it was disappointed at the lies of the ground
And the sky said, it was all a movie preview by a 'wood

And then, one man had planted an eye in a garden
That saw it all.

So the world class mouth and eye, came up
The rain had a source
The harmattan had a source
They were ordered by the ground to wash off tollgate
And heads indeed fell on their knees
And everything stopped
No cry, only weeping in our hearts.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Son of Man- S.O.M

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

That Girl In Our Class

She use to be the most beautiful girl in our class,
And she was also one of
the most attractive girls in our class,
That was when we were kids,
Seeing her again today,
Seems she never met beauty
Just almost unattractive
So fat and slim
So dark so fair
So tall so short
No more beautiful
Far far less attractive
She was the choice
of us all boys in class
To love and to hold,
To be with till eternity
One, her fellows were envious of
For she was with all the attentions.
As we all liked to borrow a book or pen
From her just to have an encounter
And now, she is not even a beautiful in our class.

And that black-nose-running girl
Whom we always let alone
Because of her 'kpomon' lips
And her rough skin tattooed with rashes
She was always the dirty one
Never received any admiration from us boys
Not a hi! Or hello!
No one ever picked a pen
from the basket of love for her sake
She never received a ditto from a boy
Now she is the most beautiful girl in our class
And undoubtedly, the most attractive
Her lips enticing as of Nuella Njubigbo
or Angelina Jollie
So gorgeously and moderately carried
Slim and chubby
Short and tall

Fair and black
That lips, everyone wants to kiss it.
That big forehead has given her
A Rihanna's look!

Was this not that girl in our class?
So we ask now.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Rabbi

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

This Is The Only Problem

when will my one naira have value?
As one dollar or one euro or pounds?
is there anyone with so little a clue?
When I hear that in America, a cent
Can buy something meaningful
And in England, a shilling can afford a lot
But I see in Nigeria, that even five hundred naira
Can hardly afford a toothpick
When I heard that in America
a hundred dollar bill can make a borehole
Where in Nigeria, a hundred naira note
cannot afford a bag of sachet water.
When will the day come that
My fifty kobo will have value again?
I have monies, but i am in a land
Where these monies have no values
Even a thousand naira note
Cannot make a pot of soup
Everything is skyrocketing
Because the naira is of no value
This is the only problem
And the source of all other problems.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Son of Man- S.O.M

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

The Beatitude

Blessed are you, teachers;
Who promote and encourage
Examination malpractice for yours
Is lack and poverty even in midst of plenty.

Blessed are you, teachers;
Who corrupt the minds of
Your students for what you stand to gain
For yours, is hardship and problems upon problems.

Blessed are you, school owners
Who perpetuate bribery and corruption
In your schools, for your students to
Copy exams rather than write exams
For yours is setback and fall.

Blessed are you, school owners;
Who though aware but turned blind eyes
To malpractices and corruption ruining
The futures of your students
for yours is, downfall, nothingness.

Blessed are you, O' parents
Who aid and abate your child
into corruption and malpractices
For yours, is irresponsible and failed children.

Blessed are you, agents of government
For knowing all the ills in the system
Yet, for a brown envelope, you declared 'satisfactory! '
For yours is suffering and disaster!

Blessed are you, lecturers
Who seek cash or in kind bribery
From their students to pass them when they fail
For they have failed to teach students the value of failure
And the gain of studiousness and responsibility
Theirs is old age of pains and miseries.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Rabboni

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

All Is Well

I tried to forced a smile but my lips won't move
All my body could respond to is sorrowful news
Over and over again, the bloody slaying is the prove
No one who ought to know can tell what it was
All around in my own town was red flowing liquid
As heads fall off necks and rolled on the floor like balls
The crying of a mama in this trying time is the killing of another son
Yet no where to run to for a shade even under this scorching sun
We condemn... I condemn... Mr. President expressed shock
Why I die to die again, in a manner I wouldn't liked to die
Yet they go free and are paroled and I die again at the ticking clock
So far i am not a hundred but only a forty five that there lifeless lie
It doesn't matter if before at the hall, I've been kidnapped
And now I am slaughtered like a ram for a blissful salah
Things just will still move on because we are in a country side
Where nothing mattered except when it is they that are victims
As far as it me, myself and I, in the dwellings of struggles
We can die or get killed by anything, it is only nothing.
An echo of the cry that the only good Nigerians are the dead ones.
The only thing we get!
What a sad tale told to unlistening listening ears with a lobe
Out of many in this theatre of blood and death, a talk of the globe
How shall this end? When will we be tired of the question
'How do we get here? '
My home were i owed nothing, not even a room, yet,
My blood wet the soil, my heads roll down the hills of my farmland
In a gory sight so severe than Calvary 2000 years ago
Our eyes can't bring fourth tears, we only heave and sigh
For we have seen much more worst than this through time
It has always been so,
In Odi, in Edo, in Jos, in Benue, in Enugu, in Lekki, in Kano, in Ibadan
In Festac and over time, in Borno, again, in Borno and again and again, in Borno
From young mothers sent to school, to harmless innocent ones in street hawking
To poor farmers in our farmlands tilling and toiling.
Without shame, Generals and Chiefs are ranting nonsense
Crying woes! Blaming the blame
Without an iota of shame.
No action against the enemy of us all.
Will this shooting and bombing be

If a bullet on stray journey kiss a Chief or General?
Aso will cry and fight, armoured tanks will roll out
Armies mightier than U.S and Russia combine
will come out of Dordan Barrack,4-brigade...
And Sambisa shall be a land of Olive branch
For it is us the common ones, the nobodies
Sambisa can Rest in power for more twenty years
While we can Rest in Peace without the peace too
Even at that, we know, all is well
In this perilous time, we shall overcome
Because, for this blood we are sharing, there is God Ooooh!
And it is very very sad!
-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Deadman Alive

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Born To Be...

Zealous burning passion

Immeasurable and unquaffed

Who can stay so strong, so long without food

Yet gets filled and never frail for a whole day?

Even in his lack, he has a coin or a bread or a cup

To spare for his wards...

He wears his only cloth, he sees his infant ward running nose

He cleans his nose with his shirt for he lacked a handkerchief

He tries to take a walk, he sees an infant ward crying, in wait for his parents

He knows without being told that she is starving

A naira he had saved so much with care denying himself many

He uses it to get the child at least, a biscuit and a water

Without expecting a thank you or a repay

Knowing that, the next morning the ward will forget his gesture

A teacher!

Such a man, hated most by his wards for his love for them

Which makes him never spare the rod so the ward won't spoil

Such a no good man, but the best of men!

Not great but the greatest for he alone wishes his wards to be the best and greatest.

A poor rich creature!

He stands all day in his class, with legs as iron steels serving as bones

Feeling the pains, so excruciating,

Seeing a ward in danger of death,

He ran without his legs, leaving them behind feeling no pains, with all strengths

He tries to revive, rushing the ward, carrying him on his aching back running

carrying her on his tired arms leaping

A long long distance of journey to arrive

All through before meeting a doctor and a nurse

He was both at the same time!

After all, he remembers, his legs had been left behind and he too was a patient not in a ward.

No matter his challenges and difficulties

He forces a smile

He is a happy man

That his wards may be happy

Even when behind his smiles and happiness, there is a trail of tears and hard life.

He must love even when he is not loved

His wards can grow to shun and hate him

Even still not knowing him
Even when their parents disregarded him everytime,
He is still always there!
The least earner, though, he careless.
In sickness and in health he is serving his wards
All these he knew before venturing in
A man of sorrow and acquitted with grief
Despise by his own handmade, yet he is cool
Looking nice, always nice
No matter what!
Careless for everything but most for something, his ward!
The teacher,
A victim of everytime
A victim of anything;
A common teacher, the uncommon man!
-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Rabboni.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Buhari

[Verse 1]

Well Buhari he runs a country
he runs in Abuja and the Kastina
he makes a few of his people happy, oh
he don't care about the rest at all

he's got a system they call corruption
It keeps a brother in a subjection
But maybe pressure will make Buhari see
How everybody could a live as one

[Chorus]

Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari
Gimme hope, Buhari
Before the morning come
Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari
Hope before the morning come

[Verse 2]

I hear he makes all the golden money
To buy new weapons, any shape of guns
While every mother in Nigeria fears
The killing of another son

Sneakin' across all the neighbors' borders
Now and again having little fun
he doesn't care if the fun and games he play
Is dangerous to everyone

[Chorus]

Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari
Gimme hope, Buhari
Before the morning come
Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari

Hope before the morning come

[Verse 3]

he's got supporters in high up places
Who turn their heads to the country's sun
Buhari gives them the fancy money
Oh, to tempt anyone who'd come

he even knows how to swing opinion
In every magazine and the journals
For every bad move that this Buhari make
They got a 'good' explanation

[Chorus]

Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari
Gimme hope, Buhari
Before the morning come
Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari
Hope before the morning come

[Verse 4]

Even the preacher who works for Jesus
The Archbishop who's a peaceful man
Together say that the End SARS protesters
Will overcome the very strong

I wanna know if you're blind Buhari
If you wanna hear the sound of drum
Can't you see that the tide is turning
Oh don't make me wait till the morning come

[Chorus]

Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari
Gimme hope, Buhari
Before the morning come
Gimme hope, Buhari
Hope, Buhari
Hope before the morning come.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Son of Man (S.O.M)

Acknowledgement: to Eddy Grant.

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Now he shall depart
These worlds, only for three days;
Day 3, day 6 and day 5;
And then he shall resurrect
The worlds of fun and happiness
The worlds of friends without friendship
Yet so interesting!
The worlds of freedom and privileges
The worlds of many things
To be gone for three days
Not to the grave but to the world
The world of few people
Just within reach
Limited freedom and privileges
Scarcely interesting
A world with just few many things
To be all be himself
In death to a grave deeper than six feet
Away from all
But to rise on the third day
After many days!
But if life is sweeter, resurrection
Will be history!
Stone age in view.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Fra Diavolo

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Everything Is Always Wrong

For bills we pay, yet never served but constantly put in darkness;
And when a pole falls or wires bridge,
We are forced to contribute for it repair
For if we don't or don't have to,
We remain in darkness inside darkness.
Yet, we pay our taxes
And we get no benefit
For we end up again paying bodyguards
For no government would assure us
Even a boys scout security
So we are all robbed at gun points
Or kidnapped for a ransom
Out of our saving sweats
Or our Eves raped, even to death.
No fruit at Eden except the one at the centre
No bread or wine at breakfast or dinner
Only stones for lunch.
Our roads are worse than roads to hell
Because those we elected to do it
Eased the devil of the trouble of being the devil
By simply just being the devil to us.
Our four walls have become a shadow upon herself, lost in her old glory to be
remembered only in a nostalgic feeling.
Everyone who goes through, pass out remaining just the same.
There is water everywhere,
still there is no water to drink
Let alone to bathe.
We have a land of plenty but for our fathers'
This land is but a desert
Only that, the greens are seen
But way beyond reaches
Except only by the riches.
Practically, no sane man can make it
Because there is no good man
Everyone is making it
Just because there is no question.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The Devil's Advocate

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

It Is Us Against Us

You too, my brother?
Not by blood, but
By social stratification
I have what you have
You lack what i lack
They have what we lack
And don't have what we have
You and me, share everything in common
I have no water in my neighbourhood
You have no electricity in your neighbourhood
I have no school to educate myself
Because in your neighbourhood,
They've ruin the systems with strike
And lockdown... and corruption and lies
Because their children are either schooling
Abroad, or in private expensive schools
Which we cannot afford.
I have no job
And you are not employ either
We tried be in business
But taxes and governmental
harassment threw us out;
No food for we both,
And we can't do anything to improve
Because those, unlike us, are in charge.

What i have not, you haven't either;
Yet, i am the one you rob
You are the one i kidnap
I am the one you cheat
You are the one I rape
Just why? I wouldn't know
It ought to be we against them
But now, it is we against we
Why they laugh at us.
They are our enemies
Pathetic, we think them our friends
And we, our enemies!
It is not 'God, save us from them'

But, God, save us from us.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Deadman Alive

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Serial Killer

Most dreaded
Most feared
She is universal
For she can kill in all countries
And in all the continents at the sametime
Blessed with the gift of multi-location
Who knows, she could be killing
In heaven and hell too
At once, she attacked the People's Republic
Everyone went shivering
Readjusting and struggling
Yet she kills rootlessly
Not minding some sons of men
Are growing fat pockets in her name
And harassing and abusing people
Just to prove that she is real and deadly
All is to mask themselves
And always had hands under running waters
Stay 'lone, only an elbow shake
No gathering, no worship
Yet, she strikes!
No one can die by any means again
If i sleep and go from them
It is another death case recorded
If i die in an accident,
It is also another death case for the killer
Even if ulcer kills, he won't take the glory
Lassar has no right to kill
No one has the right to kill
Not even death himself not even old age
It must be serial killer
Who came from Wu'han.
Surely there is something amiss
All the suits, robes and agbadas
Cannot just agree
They cannot be so good to fighting
the same cause!
One day,
What is hidden will be revealed.

For now, students and faithfuls go home
But come out tomorrow
To campaign and vote.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, The LUCIFER

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Yet, Die

Yet, Die

All the vaccines
Are graded from
First to third
First, most superior
For our rulers
Second the least superior
For health officials
And third the inferior
For us, the masses
That they may live
And we to die!

It is so of polio
And then, of malaria
And then, of Yellow fever
And of many others
And now of Coronaviruse.

None matter, but them

Yet, a little rain fall
Cold could kill their children
But our children bounce healthier
A little stress, they die
Yet we live with hospital bed
Their women give birth
With their stomach opened
Ours can sleep and give birth
Ours can be cooking and give birth
No stress, no pain, no death.

They make the rules
We keep the rules
Yet they break the rules.
They have it all
Yet they die
They sick more than us

What wouldn't kill us
Kill them
Yet, they continue
Yet they cheat on us
Yet we live
While the die.

-Rabbi, Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Take Cover

We are here
In this green land
Watered by Niger and Benue
With growing ripe fruits of greens
Upon the shield of dark earth
From our deads to our shits
Of morning and night
Here, breathing the air of phobias
On our bellies, we lay
Our heads to the ground like foxes
Because all we know is fear
We know not even our intentions
We fear ourselves and
Our other selves
Because we won't die
Only get killed
It is in the air
Everyone hates everyone
Not even all the gods can help
Only but the God can
Yet we are left alone, on kneeling
Everyone is lying on the ground
On the floor, even on the mould
Take cover or you killed
Yet you are kill
The goal was to live and die
Not to live and be killed
On our earth and blacks
Under our roofs and behind our walls
Where we kneel in communion
In our four walls
On the chair behind the table
In our gardens of greens and seeds
Just everywhere
We are in fear
The sound coming next
Could be against us and
We are gone in swimming blood
In hushed tones we speak

Daring not to speak our mother's tongue
Nor to profess our faith
Nor expressed knowledge of anything
Fear, we cannot go farther than our rooms
Else our heads roll
We are taking cover
Else we become like Leah yet to return
Or like all those who will not breath again
And suites and Agbadas in Aso
And all the avenues are not aware
Why will they be aware?
When they sent them all
So that we will be occupied
by our conditions and
Wouldn't question their loot?
Everyday we see the sun
We take cover the more
But how much longer shall
our heads remains down
And bellies romancing the earth
As if we are lizard?
They are not aware!

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Deadman Alive

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Christianity Today

The gospel of the Lord,
Praise to you Lord Jesus Christ
Only the homily ought to proceed
But no, it must be sermon
Look at the church opposite
Is it Winners Chapel?
Are we poorer than they are
that we cannot interlock our compound
When they have interlocked theirs?

Praise the Lord!
Alleluia!
You see now, we are behind others
Christ Embassy down the street
Just acquired five new foreign speakers
And here we are, we the Redeem,
We are launching that project today
By next week, we will acquire ten
Some say Amen!

Holy Ghost... fire!
Look at the Anglican communion
Nearby, the Venerable just acquire a Prado
Look at me your pastor, I'm struggling with
A jalopy
Are we that poor?
Is our God a poor God?

Through Christ our Lord
This building is no longer befitting
It is too small
Look at Dunamis
Look at Omega fire
Look at Mountain of fire
We are going to build the largest
Rome will hear it
Vatican will see it.
Glory to Jesus... honour to Mary and Joseph!

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Devil's Advocate

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Like It Or Not

Here, when we ask,
Where are you from
It is to set boundary
Our own little discrimination
Just a way to segregate ourselves
And know whether to treat the other
Harshly or fairly.

Where are you from?
I am an Igbo!
Hmmm!
Igbo, they are not good ooh
They are cheats
They are ritualists
They are too money conscious
They can kill you because of money
Igbo nu'mandu
They eat human beings.

Have you lived with Igbo before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Hausa!
Hmmm!
Aboki,
It means not 'my friend'
It means, terrorist, illiterate, fool
It means killer!
Hausa are bad people
They fight and kill people
They have no regard for human lives
Run from them.

Have you lived with Hausa before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Yoruba!

Hmmm!
Yoruba, fearful people
Traitors, betrayals
They will sell you out
They are bad people
They are not good
They care only for themselves
They cook badly.
Yoruba, are our problem.

Have you lived with Yoruba before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Uroboh
HmMMM!
Uroboh, their women are their men
Their men are lazy people
Only how to drink they know
They are trouble makers
They are bad people.

Have you lived with Uroboh before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Benin!
Hmmm?
Benin... Anini people
They are too proud
They depend so much on their parents
They gossip a lot
And their women can't cook
They hate people a lot.

Have you lived with Benin before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Efik.
HmMMM!
Calaba?

They eat frogs
They are porn stars in bed
Their women have sexy body
All they are good at is sex.

Have you lived with Efik before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Fulani!
Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
Fulani?
Killers... oppressors!
They want to possess everything
They want to kill everyone
And take over everything
They want to rule everywhere.

Have you lived with Fulani before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Ijaw!
Hmmm!
Ijaw.... they are fighters
They can fight for no reason
They are trouble personified.

Have you lived with Ijaw before?
Just what you have heard.

Where are you from?
I am Esan!
Hummm!
Esan....?
Esan are not good people
They are bad
Witches and wizards
They destroy people with voodoo
When you see a snake
And you see an Esan man
Do not kill the snake

Rather kill Esan man first.

Have you lived with Esan before?
Just what you have heard.

We and ourselves
In these small land of ours
Many lies about ourselves
Our parents have inculcate
Into us
And they are all hurting us
And tearing us apart
Day in day out
Which one were you made to believe?

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Devil's Advocate

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Uwaila

Uwaila,
Just another statistic
So, if i were Uwa
So they would forget me
And if Uwa was you,
You will be forgotten too
Her file is just there now
If Uwaila was the Governor's daughter
Wouldn't her culprits be rooted out
In matter of days?
Now, because it was Uwa
Justice went on leave
She didn't matter
A future mother killed
It doesn't matter
A future Okonjo Iweala killed
It doesn't matter
Just because Uwaila was not from GRA
Just because she was not residing in Aso Rock
Even aluta in Uniben never coughed for Uwa
Let alone Osadebe to respond
And now, it is Ini
Raped and murdered
Is your governor Ini, as weak as Uwa's
Will justice there go on sabbatical?
Uwaila had want to read in a quiet place
To be able to graduate as you too Ini
As you had left with your file with the hope
Of getting a job
In future to be as Iweala or Akunyili
But like Uwaila, it was the end
Heaven is suppose to collapse upon earth
But because you are involved
Will it not still be as Uwaila's?

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu, Sane-madman

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Eye Of Providence

In any form
In any shape
In any size
In any height
She is beautiful
She is perfect
And in her, Her wonders
are revealed and known
she is She that are here below
And She is she that
are there above
God is a woman
Look into her eyes
There, is the eye of Providence.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

The Oba Does Not Die

When the Oba stops to breathe
You will see a procession
Filing from the inner chamber
The Oliha leading, with his eyes looking afar
The Iyase following singing a song
That demands no drums
And requires no dance
A music that pierces the heart and soul
To be heard and all will know
The Oba is now in the ways of his ancestors.

Esogban folds his arms
Facing the earth, in tears
without tears from his eyes
And Esomon's heart heavy
He faces the sky
where the Oba has gone
And the priest, follows,
his mind with the gods;
What next?

The Oba does not die
The voice of Iyase, sings to the earth
And then they know the Oba
has stops to breathe
Because the Iyase sings
And it was not a song of dance
For it was without drums
And the jester was no more funny.

The women are in the harem
Wailing without making sounds
Crying, not bold to let down tears.

In the palace
Even livestock refuse to come to field
And in summer
Rain falls all through
The sky rumbles

As thunder struck
And lighting flashes
Because the Oba is on a journey
A journey of no return.

The kingdom is still
No woman gives birth
No child is born
And no one dares to die
No one dares to marry
Everyone is not in mourning
Nor in merriment
Because the Oba is on a journey.

Unlike the king of Spain
Who can die
Or the Queen of England who will die
Unlike every other,
The Oba does not die
He lives forever and ever more
Without breathing
Because he journeyed to join the ancestors.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Oh Sensible Child Be Patient

You want to go to University
But it's not working out yet
You want to get a job
All your efforts are seemingly in vain
Be patient, just a little.

You want to build a house
You want to buy a land
You want to buy a car
You want good food
And good clothes
None is coming
All efforts
In vain
Be patient, just a little.

Oh lady wants a husband
It seems she is a masquerade
It seems she is a play thing
No man is considering her
Lady, no haste
Just be patient
The water to be drunk
Doesn't flow by.

Young man
So handsome and good hearted
Who wants a wife
And having all the women
Looking away because
You can not take their account number
Be patient, just a little bit.

You want a job?
Be patient.
And you want to save
But expenses is too much
Another year is rolling on
Yet you have saved nothing

It is killing,
But be patient.

Be patient,
You pursuing your dream life
You to be the star of your field
You want to achieve your goal
The year is running by
Yet it seem you are where you are
Please be patient.

You want to die
Be patient
Don't take death
In rope or substance
Wait, a little patient
Let death come to take you.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Our Mother's Wife

And we said to her
Give us milk
She said you must suck
my breasts
We got out mouths ready
And she said, you must pay
We got our naira ready
And she said it must be more naira
We did not cry
Though we were hungry
And we were robbed, raped and killed
Our Mother's wife only was shocked
To her we pay our dues
Pay as you earn
She milked us more
Yet, she only commiserate on media
While we die.
And so, our hunters gathered round
With their sticks as riffle or AK47
To them we contribute again
While our mother's wife sleeps
With aso as bed and avenues as pillow
And we are sick
We die or suffer more
Without her tender hands caring
We are jobless,
We die or commit suicide to die
For she careless
She flaunt it all
Making us horny and aroused
Only to go to bed with a kiss
My brother travelled
And did not return with breathe
My father cannot go searching
Because he won't come back
Our Mother's wife set this fire
In the bush and without flames
Only but thick smoke filled the earth
None of us can see,

We await the end
In four years for a divorce
But we will get a wife
And this circle may never end.

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

We Can't Go Home

We are stuck
Home sick
feelings, so nostalgic
But we can't go home
Because the road is lock
It is raining and we will sink
And spent a life time
not reaching home
Or we will sure go to heaven
from the journey
Because innocent men
are tending to their herds
On the high ways
And will surely jump on us
For a ransome or our heads
Hands are tired
Because our assailants
are innocents even before proven guilty
Hooo! Who will dare to charge
When even heaven is theirs?
They have claimed hades.
The mild meek innocence
So ferocious that we now fear
To sleep in our homes
Our khaki boys
Are handicap
They run to us, bloody civilians
And we are all dying together
To be buried without a grave
Because one of us has compromised
Our pain is not that we can't live
But that, we can't go home
For we fear those innocent men
Those ones so harmless
to harm God;
Have they not harmed Devil?

-Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu

Okoemu Okoemu Okoemu