

*N***ARISE** *Nigeria*

Maiden Edition

An Anthology of Poems



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ARISE NIGERIA

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Nigeria and will serve as a pivotal to a better country wanted by everyone if carefully studied and followed. These Literary Agents have inked their bloods on every page and they are the real MVPs.

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WHY THIS ANTHOLOGY?

Nigeria, my dear country, is at the stage where the crows of the cock have been suppressed and the fish in danger of swimming in its own domain. A center stage of having surplus of meat yet, feasting on strong bones with sweat emanating from different pores of the body. Like a part of the anthology, the pots of promises placed on fire by the democratic rulers are nothing but empty ones with no content. For the sake of jilted souls and diverse anomalies in this entity, the cries have gotten to its peak hence, the book.

Be that as it may, this work should be seen in the positive light because curated therein, are solutions to some ills in the country. Shalom.

FOREWORD

The major aspect of writing is to consider the best choice of words and how to discover what is being recommended in such writing. Perhaps, what I have seen in this anthology is that these poets take predominance to write succinctly. And to control words they take to precautionary use.

Well, the words aren't written as spiel to each other. They are not just words that abhor figurative aesthete of writing but they are seemingly the best to describe the condition and to analyze a poetic license for a society and its normalcy. So indeed, what I see is that — we should look beyond the uproar of writing and check factor that is admittedly for writing credo.

To not forget that, these writings are a part of our groans— in this worst part of our political imbroglio and even, it causes an unnecessary impulse between the citizens and the government itself. However, be that as it is may, this poetry anthology is a description to the part of our “Nigerianess” which is somewhat quasi. And this has made us to be quaint in the way we describe our identity with different argots.

Also, it is compelling to fact that these poets used their discretions to figure out the wounds of this still-born country since her first mercenary occurred in the 1970. Those periods should perhaps, and comprehensively, be sought to call the years of darkness when the populace suffered the imperious governance of those days. To me, I believe these poets have given us a redefined spell-bound to Nigeria's ailment and it has constructively taken the nation out of gloom or through a staunch anarchy.

Even the writing here, is part of the scintillating writing to speak of, or to be taken with a concise look, before reading through the anthology. It is even because the poets somehow wrote aggressively in order to take their meaning seriously. **So, to take the nation's responsibility beyond the argument is often tremulous. Nobody should read these poems without taking a surreptitious bow to these poets and their works.**

And to travel with the best atmosphere of writing is to reconstruct the choice and way that is presumably different to write and to speak of. And, everybody should know that writing about an issue of this: Clarion— is to be careful of libel and Slander because such writings should not be sort free in a society that causes decadence to an ordinary effect. That is why these poets write poignantly to their minds and ideas.

Lastly, this is an anthology that wakes the enthralling section of our idea so as to start the new country we want without taking mincemeat on those issues that have troubled us. To a peopled slaves, that we have stylish become. I rest my own opinion for you, to take a read in this anthology and check the rigorous voices of these poets. Ire!

This is a conscientious anthology for readers who have an insight in this political buffoonery since her independence. Ire!

**Macmillan Anikulapo.
Lagos, Nigeria.**

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BENZ

by Adekunle Adewunmi

Tell me, why the race to fame?
Why the rush for craze, to Hades?
You pace around, running through the curvy maze
Looking for the cheese you didn't make.

Remember Temple Run game?
No matter how you run that package,
You'd still end up being trapped in mirage
Exactly when you're enjoying the rampage
Remember Abacha - mighty men fall without detect.

Today,
The coaster has rolled to the ladies
There's now a refrigerator in their inside
Where rubbers of sweat, mixed with blood are hidden
A quick source to Mammon, the mother of doom!

Wild wealth ends up as whirlwind.
Let's reason, youth of my motherland.
This is not the way; let's change the narratives
And labour the smart way -
For the beginning to life anew.

I RISE

by Zainab Adebayo

I beseech this court
Of law to embrace silence as
We sojourn into this case before
The kings we crowned with our votes
Silent us with the flame of their fame

And that of their family who managed
To scale through school with sorry results
In the forefront of our affairs.
While the sons of the poor
With smiling grades survey the society
In borrowed clothes,
With no hope of today,
Let alone of tomorrow.

And all the school inject in our skulls
Is to become slaves of the system
The white man dumped in our land,
The system that wipes our ignorance
And multiplies our million sorrows.

And daily, we see pictures in paper
That our land is laced with resources
In the reservoir of the rich.

With the power converge on me,
I hereby sentence the killers
Of our dreams to life imprisonment.
I rise!

OCCUPY THE MIND

by Sylvester Omosun

When I marched to occupy
I see democracy undermined
At every junction and turn
I see the dictators supported
By these too hungry to keep
I see the lives impoverished
By these too weak to steal
And the oily wealth exported
Feeding the government as we occupy.

I try and march against the ills
But my footsteps lead to my stomach
The miscreants would have helped
Turned me into a target.

But for you I shall not fail
My pen is mightier –
My poetry will reach
My words will occupy
And you will see triumph.

BENEATH THE RUBBLE

by Cyril James

Awake, you this dying eagle.
Awake you to your long lost pride;
To tide from foreign waters.

Look back in time
When your virgin charms, is a
Bait, the distant climes.

Look forward into the future
And march into peace and glory
From unspeakable feign
Inhale as this strange air.

Arise, you this dying eaglets or egrets
And sing in this ship of gloom
A song of things apart
Prove no to your sinister eye.

You now wash clean the distant
Climes with your folks' blood
On the RUBBLE of eating yam
And red oil—

Then now with this drained worms
With dead eggs to our dearth
Because, power, we hastened
To rise 'above the rubble'
As we crumble here 'BENEATH the Rubble'
Of Our hope as a new mirage

ARISE NIGERIA

by Eko Osaro Christian

Arise Nigeria

For the fights you tender before the blind master,
Are now like gunfire burning us later,
Wearing and tearing the steal-ness of our darkest night,
With her beggi bagging Boko boo in the North of the highest.

Arise Nigeria

For the voices of innocence are out of tune,
And corpses falling on each other like the jihad war's putsch,
What will have we done that is undone by cries?
Dying or dooming under this black unsmiling skies.

Arise Nigeria

For the change we choose cover charity,
And the melodies of our midnight prayers are now like
morning's agony,
The rain of our next August will refuse to fall again,
And the labors of our heroes past will die in the next dawn's
day.

Arise Nigeria

For the Zion of your children now sings in pains,
And their unrepentant bags of tricks still shouldered by their
names,
The streets and markets hailing them to proclaim,
And mandate for leading with a conscienceless hate.

Arise Nigeria

For the sake of those who are psychologically downcast,
Those who are trapped by war and bomb blast,
Those who are maltreated homeless and hopeless;
Please give us your voice via votes to soothe her happiness.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Fiyin Audu

Arise Nigeria, Arise from your slumber!
Drag through a pit, corruption is the colour.
Rags on her body, the leaders with the money.

Breakfast is served, but the odour is sour.
Greed becomes the need, and the needy scrambles to feed.
Separating the wheat for themselves
Like greedy elves stalking up the good to satisfy their every
mood.
Arise Nigeria, Arise from your slumber.

The numbers applying, they all end up sighing.
The picture of a better Nigeria, we will all keep trying.
Yes we pray but with all we say can we be saved?
Arise Nigeria, Arise from your slumber!!

The old getting younger, the youths getting older
For the future we claim, and the past still ruling us
With the saying, the future is tomorrow
And tomorrow is here and we are still in the past.
Arise Nigeria, Arise from your slumber!

Dust yourself of the mud, the mud you enjoy.
Life is expensive, but it's now a toy.
Beat the price, poverty is not your standard.
Kill the greed, remember we all have needs.
Change the seed, and we will soar higher.
Arise Nigeria, Arise from your slumber!

DEATH

by Ajibade Dare

Anytime I hear it has struck again,
I am thrown into a pool of sad emotions
for my heart to swim out from

All the strife and struggle,
intensity and dedication is wasted
as another bright star is shot down
from illuminating the world.

Should I stop trying?
Should I just let life sweep me in any direction in its tide?
for each passing moment, that draws me to pounce

And I tread the world with uncertainty and fear,
for I know not when it will arrive.
Yet I must make an impact in the world
before it lays upon me its cold hands

Yet, It has taken yet another,
and in the most terrifying way ever,
wrapping its unfeeling cold hands around victim
in a tight embrace that cannot escape from.

Hurry! My heart cries out to me
Even make haste and impact the world,
before it shuts your eyes forever.

LAST DUTY

by Macmillan Anikulapo

Dear subaltern civilians and the braggart armies
The illuminating seminal is in the cedar forest
Breaking love to gloat with Kamikaze.

With the hallowing guns
And children die as gauntlet of prey

So darkness prism an edge in our eyes
Yet rivulet triviality stomps with blood

And even the aged dies— and, the land
Becomes a stuttering home

For an incestuous funereal
Of whom we have come like night songs

To errand the scurrilous stories
Since we fought for a new nation:

Where is the Nigeria?

And let us not be preen, for you and I
Not to die like stodgy flag of 1960.

TARGETS AND GUNS

by Onyeche Vincent Onyekachukwu

I heard on the radio
Different tribes dig holes
For another to ghost hoax
Politically incited toast pose
Honesty is never too late
My Nigeria will be great
When we all are rulers
Born or grown as leaders
Elected by facts not hype
Nor marked by stereotype
Or officially stained as bribe
Geographical region and tribe
My Nigeria will be great
One day, when we create
A mindset that we are one
Not dissimilar targets and guns

JILTED

by Adekunle Adewunmi

Someone should please tell me to wake up...
I need to get fed and well drunk to stupor,
Of what has become the state of my being

In my heart, is a hole found
Doctors their possible best, have tried.
Pastor, Imam and native doctor got no solution —
To this groan being felt in my spine

As pollination, my people gave you the anther.
Now, to give us what we deserve,
And you gave no answer.

The trust you painted on our hearts with emulsion
has been washed away with public tears arising from our
municipal.
The healing is taking long,
When shall we get liberated from this inhumane prevalence?

You came like the Saviour, promising us mansions in your
father's house.
Yet, four years of your reign rained no rain of salvation or
progression.

You only got us drowned the more in the miry clay.
Yusuf could ride a million-dollar bike
While my neighbor hustle to wack garri in a 0-0-1 daily style.
We desire what we deserve — mend our hearts and
let the Retirees acquire all their waiting allowances.

WE HAVE BECOME ALRIGHT

by Glory Ize Isaiah

When will we become alright?
Demo might have gone crazy
Increasing yelps
A stale cry for our dead fathers' help

Water has become stagnant
Rivers have begun to flow backwards
Even the endless lies have become bankrupt
Paddles have rowed us backwards

No passage had proved safe
Even our cards have lost their name
Though painted plastic by music of wads
Are up held in siege

Elongated queue in multiples freeing freedom
Who has cast these shadows?
Scales are falling off rightly these times
We have become alright and,
We are choosing a path
Where we will rise with the clouds for the moving clouds

THE CHILD CRIES IN BODIES OF OTHERS

by Sokuma Theophilus

They say the boy killed himself
They fear to say it, but they whisper it
And suicide has no place in my language
When you can name a thing of shadows

But anyone who named suicide should have a dark forest for a
mind
Even if he thinks he was Adam

You don't give name to a taboo unless you're taboo yourself
Since those white people have no morals!
I heard he was dressed in black at necropolis
Whereby we don't want the tears of his blood to stain the
white sheets
For our innocence

And he saunters to hell
As his hands stain the golden floors of heaven
Because he is a selfish boy among the Saints
Who doesn't think about his wretched mother

Suicide is a word too bitter for our throats to spill out
My ancestors never name suicide
They never acknowledged the child
Now he cries out in the bodies of others

While we keep count with our eyes dipped
Into the dusk of this nation
That has turned our skeins to prey
For dry peasant to sprout for grief

THE BATON OF LIES

by Abraham Tor

The streets were a mess in need of cleaning
Tired of an umbrella of lies, and we sue for broom
And sweep, it swept our littered streets clean
Of their confetti of loots and our livelihood too

We searched around for a grain of sand
To engage our tongues and quell our stomach
Of its drum of hunger and accursed dreams
But our streets looked so clean for the luxury of a grain

Vendor's stands beamed with parliamentary brawls
From those who mark present in the register of the road
Their faces tired from the whip of thwarted hopes
Brimming with creamy sweat from hungers bowl

Closed by a motorcade of tyrant convoy zoomed pass
Dark as raven, glittering in the midday sun
Enclosed from the penury that rented the streets
They smiled at the stupefied mass brawling at the stand

And we searched for the fragments of truth
And claimed we haven't seen their baggage of lies
The truth is neither the holey umbrella nor the fangless broom
The truth is our choice for the underlying

TELLS US ANOTHER STORY!

by Ernest Agbonlahor

"The opposition parties are criminals"
Tell us another story
Our process is constitutional
Tell us another story.

Jobs for Five million graduates
Tell us another story
Make sure you have employable graduates
Tell us another story.

Nigeria economy has great potentials
Tell us another story
Loot by your own godfathers
Tell us another story

Darkness will be a thing of the past
Tell us another story
We will restore power very fast
Tell us another story.

Pure water in your taps
Tell us another story
Free education in your schools
Tell us another story!

ARISE NIGERIA

by Ernest Agbolanhor

Soaked in the valley of depression
Altogether in the shadow of no direction
We await the first to take action
Has our Shepherds failed our nation?

We wallow in distraction,
We await comfort in our dissatisfaction,
Yet we know we are a great Nation.
Our greatness caresses corruption.

Let the sleeping Elephant awake!
From the lustful laps of corruption
Awake from the bosom of greed.
Arise to the greatness of our nation.

Arise Nigeria!
Free thyself from the dust of inaction!
Awake o sleeping Elephant!

A DEATH OF SEVEN VIRGINS

by Akwuruoha Chibueze

What does it mean to be the giant of?
What does it mean for that giant to fall and rise?
To first die is to arise again. Yes, that's the ideology
I think we should hang onto like precious memories.
And this death shouldn't be of natural cause. So take a knife.
Stab into your heart and of that, which you beloved.
It wouldn't be an act of suicide or homicide either but a
gesture of
goodwill through the struggle to win an internal battle
emanating
from a cancerous external.
The one whose love devours exist amongst us;
like of Amusu and Cronus
Who takes clean apparel and drag it into murky mud waters,
they collaterally created a fish out of water to eat, just because
they love fish. A folded tissue paper doesn't possess the
spirit of resilience, and I know we haven't embodied silence.
Since the only right we cut are heads of these rattles that
shape us

STRINGING CHORDS

by Adugba Uchenna Kate

My crest casts upon my motherland,
I feel my belly churn repulsively,
Stench of animosity harbors
Within the guts of my brothers

Scrawny necks lined of greed and gluttony.
Every man gobbling for that which shall fill his paunch
Disunity in diversity becomes wails;
Ascending as bodies are fallen

And unity in diversity binding us like a chord
Assemble and embrace the emblem of brotherhood,
Oh my Nigeria! Take the bull by the horn,
Wipe away the fog beclouding our land,
Lift the fetor of slain conscience and love putrefied.

Arise and lead. Flap your wings and soar.
Soar like an eagle on flight to its climax.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Yetunde Lawal

Arise Nigeria

Arise the people with milk and honey

At least that you don't have to buy with money

Come East, South, North, West let's go on a journey

My Father once told me,

Of the times when with so little milk and honey

Everyone had enough money

Enough to keep bees as pet and for honey

Enough for wives to call their husbands honey

It is true that life is not always about the money

But I know you will agree it is still all about money.

Corruption, the cankerworm that serves the politician honey

Robbs the people of their jars of honey

The land runs dry and the people run of honey,

But the cankerworm still milks the dry land for money.

ARISE GREAT NIGERIA

by Joemario Umana

Please O nation, hear me out
Let my voice echo like trumpets blare
Let it echo from the North and South
And the message carried be wild like a lion's glare

Like a toad in its counted leaps
The decision for our nation announces its presence
Remember, what you sow you reap
O people, be armed with prepared license

He promised transformations into gold
Display manifestoes of later or no consideration
Mind how you choose, don't be told
Lest truth and faithfulness left in detention

No need for forgery and violence
No need for hatred and apathy
Let us work together in brotherly silence
Vote, stand in strength for our parties

Arise great Nigeria
Arise o great nation
Join hands in prayers
For a better election for a better nation.

SLAY KINGS?

by Adekunle Adewunmi

You pray?
We pray, I pray
To pray and prey

But wait!
Why pray the prey
To prey
When peace can reign?

Again, I came
To raise the lame
To make the grain
And stop the game.

For in this game, no gain
In this way, blood rains.
We plead you end the race to slay
And mute the cry of the slain.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Moses Omotunde

Arise Nigeria, like an eagle
Arise and fly above the mountains of troubles
Arise and march toward the war of a politicised economy
Arise like a judge with your floating garment against any
form of corruption
Arise and run the race of true freedom

Arise Nigeria the giant of Africa
Arise and dispatch your soldiers from foreign borders
Bringing back our lost treasures to our own borders

Arise and listen to the cry of wailing mothers
And the unforgotten bloods of our brothers
Arise and pull off the veil of unfulfilled promises and orders
Arise and settle the ancient dispute of tribalism without one
another.

Arise and run like a deer to the pool of Bethany for healing
Arise and wake up from your lucid Dream
Arise and make yourself a living stream
Bringing joy to our emaciated bones
You have been a robber, and the guard
Then we are truly safe

With all your fame and wealth
You are a dump site to the rest of the world
Arise like a wounded lion and let the world feel your bravery
Not the bravery of monetize leadership, terrorism, and
tribalism
Arise Nigeria and put on the garment of our past compatriots.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Moses Omotunde

In the gleaming light of the sun
We see the bulging bellies of our men and women of value
With millions of the masses cash as prisoners of self interest
In the middle of the night, we could see the convoy of lies
passing by,
And when will this stop, Arise Nigeria?

Why have you been running backward, with thousands of
hands willing to embrace you?
Why can't you change like chameleon to the right colour?
What has been the cause of the death of our bravery?
Why are they unused talent crying about the street corners?
Arise Nigeria, and answer our silent questions from the heart.

How can we make a drastic change?
Is there power in the ballot box or does our vote still count?
And can we still pass through these floods of disappointment
Even with our so called unity in diversities
As our so called culture, has been living in tattered attires.

Arise Nigeria and shine like the morning sun
Arise Nigeria and let your name to sprout like a hurricane
It is time for our name to be heard on Mr. Everest
Arise and repent from all your evil ways, like the people of
Nineveh
It is time we fly our flag so high.

RING THE BELL

by Dotun Akintelure

Ring the bell of assurance
For my people once again
I still hear them cry
With wailing a music in my head

Let my people know
That since I have been held
By the vices of the hands of men
I have never stopped trying
Adding and gaining strength
To propel the flight in me

Keep the hope with my people
It is the fuel of power
That will propel me
From this corner of retrogression

For one day soon
I shall rise
Never to fall again.

BEHIND HER AFFLICTION

by Charity Mirabel

Behind her affliction of corruption
Is a nation blessed with great natural resources
Enough to take care of her needs
Let's harness this resource and stop chasing the wind

Behind the hunger eating her up
Is enough cash and food crops
To produce what she needs
Instead of depending on the product of other countries

Behind her poor productive ability
Are competent youths who are intelligent, strong and
capable?
But they deny the opportunity to deliver their services

With the injustice that is everywhere
And bodies of pain become a hurdle
To but selling of fake truth to some note
As people pay their sweat for not to be bought over

And I see a great nation
The giant of her land Africa
The pride of her land Africa
Rise from your afflictions and ascend your throne

LETTER TO MY COUNTRY

by Charity Mirabel

Arise O! Nigeria, let's give up tribalism
Which makes us less sensitive?
And myopic to the plight of others

Let's practice humanity, which gives room for all
To produce humanists not religious bigots
Who because of differed doctrines
Slay others with no atom of humanity
Who knows we might just be serving one God.

Arise O! Nigeria, let's give up connection
Where people occupy positions they know nothing about
To receive salaries for work left undone
While the economy suffers and finally goes into recession
To be suffered by the competent who has been afflicted with
poverty

Let's embrace competence, where all are given a fair play
To discourage migration and brain-drain
So we can invest back into our economy
To experience economic boom not doom

Let's give up corruption and greediness
Let's embrace equitable distribution of resources.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Obinna Chima

Arise Nigeria!
It is the morning of your life!
Why are you still in bed at this time?
She can hear the cock crow
but feels the cold of morning flow.
She knows it's time to shine
but sleep is sweetest at this time.

Shine Nigeria!
For your light has come!
Yes! The darkness will be gone!
Go on! Turn the light on!
Isn't it nice to know that although?
No electric power in your home?

Aren't you going to raise Nigeria?
When will you leave this area?
This third-world area!
Oh! Past heroes of Nigeria!
No! Your labour will not be in vain!
The Niger won't remain the same

ARISE NIGERIA

by Johnson Victor

O! Giant of the great blacks,
How hath the mighty fallen because of their slumber?
How hath the great Queen of Sahara lost her crown?
And her children are bartered by familiar strangers.

Arise Nigeria,
Wake up from your slumber,
your field is full of ripe fruit
Intellectuals waiting to be cultivated.

Underneath your green carpet
Lays beautiful gold of meteor,
Girls as brave as Deborah.

Upon your stained white garment
dwells pure and holy shepherd
the breeds of our Heroes.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
And after many days it will returns to you,
The death of your heroes past
Must Never be in vain.

THE SUN WILL SHINE

by Odulaja Oluwaseyi

The sun will shine tomorrow
The rain will somehow end
With sorrow, to what father
Has sent to the lost love you miss

Look closer, the field is now green
This is not only a promise
But just the way it has always been

From bad times to tough times
And they never stay with heartaches
To profess what I believe

In times of deep sadness,
And the pain is real
For the gladness of our history
That hurt us and heals us

Even as the dark cloud hangs above
With the deluge across the storm
That stops the dove; and
We will know a home soon

ARISE NIGERIA

by Afolabi Oluwaseun

Arise slumbering country—
Her smile are somehow stunting,
Whenever she needs a proper pampering,
To those politicking to her hoisted flag

If life here can be better,
But unfortunately, life here has been battered
For food and other amenities
But food here has been bitter.

Arise dying nation,
Your children are daily dying,
And smiles are languid
When all these are through vigorous lying

Arise oh my feisty country,
From this long slumbering,
And to cease suffering with your perky smile

Arise my great country,
Once I heard you were a giant
For those years you had a leader;
But now your identity is being ruled
by democratic liars

INJURED

by Adekunle Adewunmi

Nigeria, a once healthy nation
Filled with vigor, pride of nations
Now injured, battered and shattered
An act that has turned citizens to beggars

Like Job, the sore lies everywhere
Filthiness has become the synonym of many sectors.
In my nation,
Politics is a free ticket to embezzlement
Corruption infested, young minds distorted.

Nigeria, an injured nation
in the laboratory for operation
songs of hope, now heard aloud
her citizens now enlightened –
to hoist their flags of informed franchise –
a rebel untoholistic revolution.

DEMOCRACY CAMPAIGN

by **Macmillan Anikulapo**

Democracy, not even an encyclopedia
In our grand Republic

Not even a page
In the British Parliament

But our politicians imbibe
Fiefdom from the Washington's home

And thus—

Politicians should not sing with tambourine in an Abby
And we should not act like a rococo to democracy

With placards: This is our country—
We want true Democracy!

Since the aftermath of a diurnal pogrom
We have forgotten our homes

Of myriad happiness and evanescence
Before the assailants stole our freedom
And now our placards inscribe: True Democracy!

FRANCHISE

by Sophia Enwelu

A poet I am not, A Nigerian I will forever be
till the warmth of timber embraces my foreign body, I am a
Nigerian.
I have written; I have torn.
Where are words when I need them to be 'words'?
I hear her and even my tool becomes unworthy.
She has failed me, her people have mocked me, and
Oh Uncle Azikiwe I know you have turned 360 in your
cubicle,
but pray tell what do I do?
Four years is thankfully not four decades,
Aso Rock would have shattered and its ruin will not fill the
ocean.
Unwavering, I wait for the change.
What has eyes not seen,
neither heard nor heartfelt; political jamboree is bae.
See Unending democratic charade, ah my heart,
please take me away far beyond my utopic island!
My best friend Jeun— Jeun has stayed far,
I can afford no more to come close.
They say Buhari is the cause, I wonder what sorcery is
Buhari,
I fear for the answer. My quest for knowledge might land me
in trouble
after all 'na only book I sabi '.
The sun set and soon the morrow shall see me in the midst of
those 'I to sabi'
You want rice, you want #500 ...taa! comman remove your
hand.
Vote the deserving, vote for cheap jeun-jeun.

THE AWAKENING

by Joshua Chukwunedu

Who talk say this one get sense so?
Him think say nah to wear agbada be the matter?
When im be wan enter, im talk say im go change everywhere
Im go make house wey no dey reach ground
Ole!!

Aunty Sekwe talk say im no wan vote anybody
Wetin dem don give am since when dem don dey reign?
Jaite no dey even reason am, dem don rape the country nah so
im talk

Country man talk say im no wan go school
Sisi dey even fear, people dey talk say im no get sense
Wetin go happen if Professor talk say make dem sleep?
Nah craze be that!!

I don dey reason am, true true this country get wahala
Bros wey wan run leave, nah there it better pass?
No be to go carry contraband be the coco
E no get anything wey better pass hands up and make it dey
clean
Las las, nah we be the devil, nah we be the Angel
Nah we go choose wetin we wan be
Las las, we go dey alright. We be Nigeria.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Fasanya Adesoji

Nigeria, oh my dear country!

The shackles of the corrupt hold you as bounty

Peaceful war; warring peace lay on you as garment

With a tethered restraint,

Giant of Africa, a laid waste

Who has bewitched you with your plenty?

Politicking your grace as you march on sixty

Your emblem has become corruption and dishonesty

In self deceit, you parade yourself with integrity

Giant of Africa, approaching calamity

The poor are becoming poorer

The rich are losing their conscience

“Karma” for the selfish leaders sooner

A stern theory as in science

Giant of Africa, arise to your own aid.

Arise Nigeria

Would you submit to the defeat?

Or do you want to end in division?

If not, arise and take your lot

Be not dead but alive

Giant of Africa, a giant among giants

THE FOURTH FREEDOM

by Adeouye Muydeen

How anon shall we heat
in the swimming air of our spring
on here where the laws grow eyes
blind are they on the weak
the laws do see our strong
resting on an iambic foot

Even if the prophets of doom
have but gloom to prophesy
preaching from the pimply altar
the evangelists if wild lilies
with sickly heart and art
corralled members hardly grow for clerical inflections

The first freedom was to rule
the second freedom was to bully
the third freedom does fool
the fourth freedom is to decide

either on all to blind the law
or on the second syllable of the iamb

MY COUNTRY

by Godfrey Perpetua

I know a country with so much history
I know a country with a great story
I know a country that thrives despite the perils
I know a sleeping giant that will awake
To the call of its brisk and ebullient citizens

Her lands are blessed with green and natural treasures
Her indissoluble diverse people and culture
Guided by her effectual principles
She says; in unity, live,
In faith, thrive,
Peace, your watch word
Progress, your reward
I know a country; Nigeria

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

by James Damilare

Eventually you'll find out you're what you condemn...
Everyone eventually ends up doing what they swore they
would never...
Tragedy is the betrayal of one's self by it...
Silence is gradual
Silence is louder
Silence is conspiracy...

And madness is a transition...

NOW WE NEED CHANGE

by Afolabi Oluwaseun

Hope on fake words,
Can't see they have fake world?
Give lies to us like a dose,
Bringing back to us all our wrongs

Now we need change,
From all deeds that ruins us,
From these states that grow not,
We need to get back our rights.

So soon another song we play
From the tambourine of expectation,
Full of wrongs and ill lyrics,
Yet some will dance to it like fool.

Who cares not about life?
Throwing pride to the tidal wave
Selling better part of our future
To those who are destiny vultures.

They kill our daily life,
Deprive us our daily bread,
Yet some see nothing bad,
For hailing the king that has turned to monster.

WHO SHOULD WE BLAME?

by James Chimezirim Gods will

Should we blame ourselves
To have succumb and danced to the tone of drums those in
power beats to our desires
Then we forgot our purpose
And heed to anything they call law

Should we blame those in authority
for their great capacity?

To have limited our good ability
for a better productivity
since our intentions they lead into captivity
Or should we blame God?

To have brought us into this part of the world
because we don't benefit what happens in the western world

Wait!
He is out of question
Because...
Who should we blame?
A question in minds of Nigerian citizens!

ARISE NIGERIA

by Adekunle Adewunmi

Now is the time
Chime the bells at the entrance
to usher in the elders of Nigeria
let them chant prayers for her cause.

You've crawled like a baby enough
Shining in the glory of yesteryears
The stage is now set to take over
So, Arise Nigeria.

Hunger has persisted till now
Thanks to empty pots placed on fire –
Promises read as speech but absent in the medulla
Since righteousness exalts a nation,
Let it make you rise!

You've swam through many waters
Even you – a mighty water many couldn't scale through
Do wield the strength used to retain your languages
Jump on your feet and bid sorrows bye.

Enough of ritual killings,
Songs of sorrow has filled the air.
Enough of infant mortality
Arise, equip and do the do!

ARISE NIGERIA

by Victoria Igwe

Arise Nigeria,
Your babes who once suckled at your breasts,
have returned to bite off your nipples.
They have grown nails longer than Jezebel's to scour off your
skin.
They have stolen the wealth of your blood,
and their leaders have monopolized it.
They have disgraced you, and made you like the madwoman
in the market square, the one whose children had robbed
and abandoned for death, left to wallow in her abject
confusion and
immense desolation.

Arise Nigeria,
Slap sense into your babes.
Withdraw your milk and feed them vinegar.
Let them taste the difference between a mother's love and her
unrelenting wrath.

ARISE, MY COUNTRY

by Taofeek Onafowokan

We sing the chorus to the waves in the beach
To hear the story of a poor child
Fear is a breeze that shelter his skin
He cries for a home of peace
But the sun will never dry the pain away
Before he sleeps like a demon.

We sing these verses to the air
For the wind to convey our coded messages
To the trees that survive the treatment of the wayward wind.

We look at our door for a home
Where mother will take us to see the moon
But our umbilical cords never leave our psyche
We live like that. In that burrow of dried lips
Dried tears- Dried souls- Dried skulls
But we never die for the clot in the wounds
Would melt the pains away

Arise my country,
From the waves that wash your blessings
Away from the beach we own
From the skins that burn in our throats
We bear name of our fatherland,
The black map is turning to ashes

Arise Nigeria,
From the birth of our burnt memories

WEALTHILY POOR

by Ajarah Adeyemo.

We no longer sip from the cup of thong
but daily we struggle with the bone that has cut up on our
throats,
Riches on our feet never reach our hands,
When corruption becomes our core option,
sipping in to the heart of our souls to bury our destiny,
When we close our eyes on things that affect others because
it's yet to get to us,
Our backwardness does not come because we aren't flexible
enough
to switch in to light, bringing dreams to reality,
Only that our struggle keep strangling us alone with no friend
to share truly our woe,
Should we allow our banter batter us to naught or rise up to
seek our path and our dreams rising star?
Arise Nigeria!

ARISE NIGERIA

by Temitope Olagunju

Arise O compatriots
So our anthem daily groans
Across schools and public gatherings
Calling on patriotic patriots
to arise and serve the nation.

Arise! Arise! Arise!
My kinsmen arise
Arise from nepotism
Arise from sentiments and selfishness
Arise from greed and callousness
That has eaten the land like the cancer cell.

Arise!
To love all sincerely
For it is the principal rule
Arise to true service of love
And make our nation haven.

REFORMATION

by Elisha Udom

Can this kingdom be great again?
Or have we reached our end?
These things, I ponder day by day
Hoping for a miracle some day

Imagine baba elephant
Calling us small animals unimportant
Killing all who have him queried
Yet our economy is dead and buried

The question is what could be done??
Now that all hope is gone
I think of a mass campaign for political resolution
As the first step to a peaceful sanitation

It shouldn't be a case of political parties
But good individual qualities
Our votes should not be sold
That single vote is more precious than gold

Let our votes be our voice
And let's make the right choice
More still, individual reformations could do
Reformations of the me in me, the you in you

NIGERIA

by Udimbokkwam Mfem

Nigeria My Country,
Take each word and run it through you
Imagine the events in you that were frightening that were
painful
That were horrifying

And what emotions were felt behind the events?
The nights you couldn't forget
The people you forsaken
The lives you ruined, the days you regret
The love that was lost

The identity that wasn't regained
Are you proud? Or Disappointed?

There is a life ahead of you.
Whether you're 5 or 58
There is still life ahead of you.
Arise Nigeria.

AT 58

by Udimbokkwam Mfem

You grow grey hair in your fifty-eight (58)
And lay sick with much to solve.

If the lesions are giving you pain
And even If circumstances are showing your death,
No matter if conditions prevailing gives you tension
And even if there is no time left for you to regret,
In spite of that, Arise Nigeria

What happens if darkness is giving brightness a terrible
threat?
In spite of that, Arise Nigeria

It is blissful, if you come out as victorious in the end,
Then you need not to strike your head with a stone,
Because -To arise-
Is a victory on its own.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Dotun Akintelure

Arise Nigeria
The waking cock has never stopped crowing
Arise Nigeria
From this human induced slumber
A lethal dose of redundancy
The eagle flies no more
The agile horse has grown weary
Our white garment has turned brown from toiling.

You should have grown bigger and bigger by now
Your legs firm as you walk
While your hands do wonders
And your fame a tale on the lips of many,
Strolling round the globe
Making ears tingle and the heart pondering.

Arise from this slumber
Your children are waiting
To feed from your breast
They have been oppressed while you sleep
Rise with your strength
Keep us in your strong arms again!

WAS THERE A COUNTRY?

by Cyril James

Selfishness drives an act,
The integration of
differing
Peoples -- in culture,
belief,
Ideology, background --
into
One suffocating enclave
awash
With mammoth characters
causing groan

This fusion of iron and
clay of
People to form an illusive
Nation only by birth to
Clans in clans; for major
hate,
Hostility, war and death

It creates pandemonium
True a formed result of
confusion,
Misogyny and chivalry
with killings
To a new conundrum of
new season
Here and everywhere.

Then came secession

To end fratricide of
Tribal sentiments caused
by
That marriage of mixed
blood

For fire to quench fire
which had
Resulted to number of
deaths
In the meadow of the
chirred Sun

The pogrom, they said, is
here
In our trees for
incompatible stems

And now there is another
country—
A new one, of course, of
cold wars
Where money glitters the
azure

Before I think,
That a country had come
And gone with many
feathers
Of thirsted bloods

DO GOOD

by Adekunle Adewunmi

Hausa, Igbo and Yoruba,
The history that brought you together, do remember.
Brothers are you, please reconcile
Let a different tune sound in your studio.

I'm not a preacher but,
Right and wrong aren't alien to me
Diversity can be diverted into unity –
To help birth a viable nationality.

Do good, posterity is omnipresent
For today's pregnancy, we know not its product
Oluwaseye may become the life wire of Okechukwu
Who knows? Hussein's offspring may suffer
Due to his ugly courtesy towards Kehinde.

It won't make you any weaker,
Do good – Nigeria will become better.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Odulaja Oluwaseyi

It is 58 years now for our dear country Nigeria,
6 indigenous Presidents seating through our nationhood,
Yet we had grown scrawny like a dog infested by bacteria
And a virgin girl who had, in her teens, lost her dignity and
womanhood

Her womb has been damaged and could bear no life
And the ones that rest on her breast had nothing to suck
So they died still in hunger, abject poverty, regrets and strife
Why had we let our own rule? A farmer on a sailing dock!

We say; no matter how much any governance would try,
"We are born barren"— are the only words of her own citizens
But the travelers come and explore this "bad soil" that we cry
It's none fertile! It's dead. Hopeless! We have got no good
reason

But our great grandparents had celebrated the future they saw,
They lived in love, worked together and with the heart of big
hope
They picked up soils and tilled it that together we would
someday soar
To a new life for this future we all cope

Don't let the labour of our heroes past now become fruitless
Since your womb is there and roots still in that soil; that birth
life not lies!
And even the blistering sun is up now, to cut down tree in gale
again
Let the young leaves yawn a time more, its dawn, please
Nigeria Arise!

A NEW DREAM

Arise Nigeria

by Peter Salami

Oh the ancient doors open for us to enter
People with high ego and unnecessary attitude
Deserves the standing ovation of the tallest finger

The director's eyes are cruel
For us to set people free
If they come again with furnace

When we should love, not to fall in love because
Everything that fall gets broken.

We are not born a winner,
We are not born a loser
We are born a chooser.
Let's try and fail, but don't fail to try.

Sometimes we don't appreciate
What we have until it's gone and,
Once in a while, we are lucky enough to get a
Second chance to show it

The giant of Africa is great!
That is until you wake up.

We are never too old to inspire
Or to dream a new dream

ARISE NIGERIA

Arise Nigeria

by Israel Light

Oh God of creation,
The people of your beloved nation
Wail in frustration

Direct our noble cause
It seems the blessings have gone missing
like the budget and we are left with a curse

Guide our leaders right
Imagine after 58 years, we still don't have steady electricity
and we are robbed at night by our children

But in broad daylight by not just our politicians
but the banking, communications and every other sectors
have fallen into this same wicked act

Now we are grieved in our soul
please help our youths the truth to know
That with love and honesty we can grow
Because our leaders have set a bad example
and I'm scared we may fall into abyss.

Please Lord, from this new convivial
let our beloved nation live with just and truth

And that great lofty heights we will attain
so as to build a nation where peace and justice reigns..

Arise Nigeria

YES, WE CAN

by Fiyin Audu

Dragged through a lot,
corruption I am stained with,
auctioned among poverty.

Wealth has been silenced.
Greed the name of our leaders,
they forget we all have needs.
The seed they plant; the pain we reap.

Yes, we are growing but our head is down beneath.
Separating the wheat but the weeds keeps multiplying.

Here I am, I won't stop applying.

The picture of a better Nigeria, who will solve the puzzle
Yes, we pray but with all we say can we be saved?
Yes, we can, we won't stop trying, lest we keep dying.

ACTION WORDS

Arise Nigeria

by Fasanya Adesoji

The threads of tweet

The stories of Instagram

The posts of Facebook

Although positives and negatives

Yet, the heart is to see a better Nigeria.

The writing of poets

The lyrics of music

The cry of activists

It's the voice of well-meaning Nigerians

Echoing their displeasure against the government

If only words were replaced with actions

Peaceful protests instead of online voting

Exercise of franchise and not mere observation

Then, would we break the yoke of the wicked

And show the power of true democracy.

ARISE O COMPASSION

by Sokuma Theophilus

Songs are prayers sprinkled into the wind
Our voices find peace by hiding itself in tunes and rhythm
A little child prays the national anthem
With a mistake falling from his tongue
Pain has been kissed into his voice
The first line of the national anthem sings as thus;
Arise o compatriot
But a little boy sings it as
Arise o compassion
Do you know slips of the tongues are wishes?
crying to be set free?
The caged bird slips into cries of freedom
A little boy sings of the reality lodging
in his blood & in his breath
That's the prayer his tongue can cry
He sings compassion into his bones
and into his crumbling home
Arise o compatriots & be compassionate
& the caged boy might just sleep into a dance

ARISE NIGERIA

by Olisa Chukwumah

The world is in your wake
There's work to be done
And it's not about the national cake

Arise Nigeria
The rest of the continent waits
And do not hesitate

Arise Nigeria
And don't bury your head in the sand
So embrace your history, your heritage, your land
And point at your problems

Arise Nigeria
You're in plain sight
Renounce the loud generators
And let there be light.

ON VENDOR'S STAND

by Abraham Tor

Pass the anniversary of your prime
Pass the endowed noontide of time
Since the flag unfurled in your sky
And diminished Elizabeth's stave in grand style

You have evolved like a blazing star
In the dark mantle of a moonless sky
But they came in the convoy of greed
Cut and quartered you beyond their need

You stand out like a mighty scarecrow
Hardened by conceit, ruined by mindless foes
Who kneads you from clays of aching loot?
Into the ball of shame un-found in history's book

We watch them kill your mighty dreams
But gather in mid day's sun to scream
Meanings into headlines on vendor's stands
While you keep losing your gritty ground

But, greed is not entwined with the crown
Not yet a Queen, the infant Formosan stings with no crown
Ranting tongues must have need of the hand
To take our motherland from the crucibles of a wasteland

RESURRECTION

by Akwuruoha Chibuezeham

Whether the woman is tree or the tree is the woman, I do not know.

All I can tell is, either (it/she) possesses some kind of experiential knowledge.

The tree is grey in the hair.

She only knows induced harmattan as constant; herself, a parasitic loss,

an evident in the inscribed structures of concrete cracked lines which screeches..

In her hypnotized stare to tell narratives of anguish and trauma sat its climax.

Gigantic Scarecrows with merciless expression allegedly guarding her heavily,

Palm leaflets facades as sacred surrounding her,

Maybe she could speak with disjointed lips to us.

As we, sons; and the daughters in patterned thread hair,

dancing in their flowing pale garment, In joyful pursuit of moths.

So is right only to say the government misleads but you know how these

younglings adore the game; the game of – a little one hides behind a tree. Happens upon a sprouting green and when her seekers came forth, like viewing the episode of

an eclipse on a filled basin water, they stood perplexed at the wonder. Out of such beauty and a resolution, they came nocturnally to nurture, supplicating until it revitalises

SPIRAL OF SILENCE

by Adekunle Adewunmi

You maim us when we speak the truth,
Kill us at the expression of our grieves
And even throw our children into prison for practicing their profession
Ah! We are in trouble.

Bloody revolution we want not,
Paper and social media our shed of arrow
Do not speak! We are afraid of your gallows
Ah! We are in trouble.

Petty thieves – your handiwork
Blazed on life sentence
Corrupt chiefs and connected ritual killers,
Enjoying under unseen surveillance after months of trials –
Ah! We are in trouble.

Freedom of expression for the poor

Is an expressway to God's domain
But why this inhumane treatments?
Yet, if we keep mum, our children will suffer the remains!

My pen is my sword
So, like Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Junior,
I'll wield and heal this nation!

IN OUR MINDS

by Zainab Adebayo

Shall we get a rope
to tie the folks
that put our hope on hold?

You force us to fail
the souls of our own.
You tempt us to sell
the parts of our part
To nourish our parts,
And we wink none to
Their weakling weeps.

The few we trust
Throw our trust in the air
And we become broken
Like a broken block.

We have no leader in our land.

Arise Nigeria

We have more looters in our minds.

For the leaders we should suck their breast
Like that of our mother
Murder us alive.
And the sweet breasts we should share
Boil our throats.

THE PAIN BELONGS TO ALL

by Adugba Uchenna Kate

Arise Nigeria for there's no place
Better than home
The east can no mean thrive,
When the northern mourns
And even the south bows its head in sorrow,
As the west counts groans

Every chaos sprouts at one end
Breaks the defense of the other
Arise and rebuild her crumbling walls
Lift her above the mediocre
Minds leading her astray
Build her an army of intellects,
Make her a pride once again.
Arise Nigeria

ENVISIONED COUNTRY

by Joemario Umana

I see a country of no violence
I see a country where hatred will be silenced
I see a country where love would rule
And a brother's dignity not treated as a mule

I see a country where promises come into fulfillment
I see a country where leaders to the masses offer commitment
I see a country free from religion racism
A country filtered from nepotism

I see a country of free and fair election
I see a country of manifestoes worked on to perfection
I see a country where true leadership
Captures the heart of the masses in fellowship

I see a country where the voices of the masses be heard
Pay respect to more than the herds

Arise Nigeria

A country with government chosen of the people
Stand by the people and work for the people

I see a country where injustice will be on exile
And true justice return from exile
I see a country regaining back her beauty
Lost in mischievous and malicious atrocities

I CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE

by Adeouye Muydeen

Thinking about you oh poor parlour
has bandaged many heads
plastered many hearts
given a host to crutch
by keeping countless arms in a silent sling

a woman of pristine pulchritude
where you have been a radiant poetry?

Rich soil of poor land
with thickets foul feet
ticketing us through doom and gloom

I can hear your voice
fading fast into a wild whispers
like a recluse marriage to a twister
enough you have unflustered

in your vast mares

but hold and behold
soon shall she soar
high beyond the clippers' cliff

BLACK IS BEAUTY

by Johnson Victor

This is our Oasis
The first spring of the Africans,
Our Blackness, our Fraternity.

This is how we memorized,
our fascinating beauty
that reflects the Ray of the sun.
In Limerick, Lullaby or Folktales,
Lunch with the sun, Dinner with moon
For the Moonlight Tales.

The beauty in blackness mesmerize my childish cheeks,
Is God also a Black Man?
The eyes of our land,
That cuddles us with two black palm
O! What a solemn snuggle.

Arise Nigeria

Black is strength, Our Love,
Alecto that runs in our vein
Sent our plunder asunder .
The beauty of our Rivers
Fervid like Erne Furbelows like a star
our effulgent Blackness.

ARISE NIGERIA

by Sanya Aanuoluwa

NIGERIA, the largest African country
The land of my birth
A land blessed with mineral resources
Oil and gas to be exact
NIGERIA, you are too blessed to be cursed
Boko Haram's killings and chaos cannot dim your light
Even our corrupt leaders are not enough to ruin your good
works
Bad roads and no power supply
Even thousands of jobless graduates roaming around the
streets
Is not enough to soil your good name
NIGERIA, you are blessed
Blessed beyond recognition
ARISE NIGERIA

Arise and shine

WHO IS A NIGERIA?

by Salmah Usman

I adore the Queen
Of all queens ever existed
On this planet
I bow my head down
To your precious
Womb of peace
And the world comes
From her mama
Who is a Nigeria?
With talents,
Silent but efficient
More active than motives
Helping to live
One who can run
Through the thorns of life

Without being cut
By its spikes
Into a family
By a parent

TAINTED BEAUTY

by Joshua Chukwunedu

The rule of law is equality before the law
Is that really practical and evident in here?
A damsel blessed with all of nature's endowments
Breaking loose from all predicaments
When spears could not, Alas!! Darts seems to be pulling her
to dust

Scepters and crowns yearning earnestly
To scoop from the plate of this damsel
Yet the limbs of her beloved self-choose
Dishes which are alien to the table already set
Intercontinental dishes; tasteless dishes

Demagogues making bogus promises to her
She was so intrigued and to know what

Arise Nigeria

Would become of her if these initiatives were actualized
They failed her and there she lay with her knee
Stuck to the mud and concrete paved around

With technology, they assume they have it all- a weapon
And their acts justified with 'they stole our artifacts'
A man who despises cheap hands out is seen a fool
Whereas mediocrity so lauded, it's deafening
Arise o! Compatriots. Arise Nigeria. Arise pearl

ARISE NIGERIA

by Ajarah Adeyemo

Arise Nigeria,
If the love of all tribes, all through is stick (Altruistic) to our
hearts,
We will dive in to cities (Diversity),
putting together our pieces that will form our might,
With profound, we will open our doors to listen
to the melody of peace that filter outside our homes
with nothing like the boom and tedium to scare our lives,
If our strength is put to mind the gaps that left Nigeria agape,
our hands put together lifting equity such that the prince
becomes the people and the people become princes,
Our will will stand fighting against recession,
receding all forces deteriorating our country,
Let's fund our mental (Fundamentals) on unity, equity,
Arise O Nigeria!

MILESTONE

On this road
there are no milestones
we do not know how far
we have come
we do not know how far
we have to go
we may not even know
when we get there
because we have had many
stops

on the road
there is filth
the wind blows
undecidedly
picking up trash into the
air

by Dave Chukwuji

and dropping them flat on
the ground
...like our dreams

Down the road
a lone child prowls
his wasted hands clutching
a bowl
his mouth muttering the
litany of his trade
a testament of our sins
his eyes stare vacantly
like bullet holes in the
walls of Odi

On the other side of the
road

the drums beat
as the masqueraders come
on stage
their acts are not new
their dance steps we have
seen before
and their songs of
benevolence
as empty as our bloated
stomach

On the road
we move on
seeking direction
looking for the milestone
among the grass
now encroaching on our
roads.

DREAM

by Adekunle Adewunmi

And of a dream
A dream I wish will not remain a dream
To travel back to the dreamland.

This dream arouse my hope
Each time I caress its efficacy,
I'm filled with ecstasy
Yet, my sight gets flooded
At the remembrance of wicked Doctors –
Dream aborters.

May my dream come true
May the wicked lose
Are incantations I loudly mutter
In the confines of my thatched hut.

A dream to see fresh dolphins control the affairs

of the rivers of our democracy
Where old shacks and crocodiles
are mandated to vacate the terrain
For young ones to showcase.

A dream to shake the tables of the highs and mighties
Who dwell in the secret place of 'godfatherism'
To drive recklessly, till decay –
The political stability of our dear Nigeria.

É-lé-dù-má-ré! May my dream come true
May the old folks leave
May the youth break-through.

Àsé!

WHO AM I REALLY?

by Success Olatuja

If I am a box, who has my lock
If I was a door, who has my handle
A world walking before me, I want to explore,
But my wobbly feet do tread fast on this slippery floor.

The world to me a gun,
The weak citizens are shot and bleed in a precious blood,
Where, oh where lay our norms and customs
When we lose our brains to the insane ones;

The world is a melting pot, so deep yet
Uncover, we're insecure with derailed ambitions
And though hot we burn on the fire of life
And sadly, we kill ourselves with the waters of false and
sweet lies

If I am a door, where are my keys?

If I am a mirror, what do you see?
If I'm a tree, why are my roots so dry?
If I am a man, why hate my brothers from whom
the same breasts we sucked as a nation

THE GIRL NIGERIA

by Israel Light

As a child
Ada was told she would grow up to be the pride of her
motherland
and mighty on her life was God's hand.

She embraced those words
and prepared to have a beautiful life and rule her world.

Although, she was told that her grandmother was captured
into slavery
and in England her mother was born in 1959,

But returned back to her country in 1960;
therefore her mother had a child in 1979 who was brutally
murdered
and God mercifully blessed her mother with her in 1999

and she grew so fast to becoming a beautiful woman
while girls of her age were still being girls
and boys clearly refusing to be men

When she chose to fight the gourmets
of politics when there is no flame of happiness.

II

The beauty of her mum
had flowed into this vessel of a girl
and wherever she turned to squint.

Like the wedding cake, everyone wanted to slice
since the party rice had dissatisfied for a better meal at home

Even her potential was clearly seen
soon as many suitors began to walk up to her
painful venereal when men become victim of retribution
because these men infected her delectable mother
before she settled a bestial ego

And, she is already 19,
next year she will be ready to get married
to another rotund men
who are purloins to her innocence

She had to settle for some of the older men for survival

III

though they had good intentions
as the doddering men see her skin
to luster as sex toy
whenever she settles for something anew

with her glamorous scarf to breed her 36 children;

Ada is Nigeria.

And though I want her to settle without cronyism
for everybody will smile with her worth years ahead.

ARISE

Arise

Let's come together to build
the broken walls,
Arise, your sinking ship for
safety calls
And let's rebuild our
heroes' humble halls.

Nigeria's call obey,
Like a baby she yearns and
yells for succor
The spears and swords of
war grieves her sour,
Let arise to save her heart
that is faint and poor.

To serve our fatherland,
And not to sell our brain to
the western pest,

by Salmah Usman

Nor make our green garden,
a terrain for test
Let arise to give our
fatherland the very best.

With love, strength, and
faith
Not with our grains soaked
in gall and greed
We have a patriotic plea and
a noble need,
To build a nation with love:
a colorful creed.

The labor of our heroes
past...
Yearn and yell for our hand
to uphold

Arise Nigeria

The sure substance in our
state's stronghold,
So we can remain a fat and
flourishing fold.

Shall never be in vain...
Let furnish our field to stop
brain drain;
Let's shield our seas from
spills and stain,
Let us get our gains without
playing with pain.

To serve with heart and
mind

A land where there is hope
and health;
A land where lords and
labors walk in wealth,
A land where giants and
ants share same strength

One nation bound in
freedom, peace and unity
Walking in wealth and
wisdom,
Seen by sons and strangers
as a kind kingdom,
Where everyone is sure of
soaring to stardom.

ARISE NIGERIA

by **Blessing Ikwuje**

Nigeria, the giant of Africa
Flowing with milk and honey,
Filled with priceless natural resources
Blessed with ever pleasant weather,
Ever flowing with crude oil
To the amazement of many.
Forever shining with sunshine
Making many envious of thee.

God blessed country
His most treasured nation
Home of peace and tourism
Among many nations thou have stood out
Thou have been selected for good.

Although thy inhabitants have not blessed thee

Arise Nigeria

Who can curse God's beloved?
Thou art the envy of many!
Though many have called thee filthy names,
We believe thou can arise
Many have spoken ill of thee
Ill of thy leaders, bad of everything that concerns thee

We believe thou can rise again,
Get risen from the mud
We know thou an become
Africa's most respected country irrespective of thy leaders.

NIGERIA

by Blessing Ikwuje

Nigeria, our beloved country
Walking together is the key.
With love, thou can conquer all
With co-operation, you can be indomitable
Tolerance would make thee victorious
Through integrity, thou can move forward
With unity, thou would grow from strength to strength
With prayer, thy future and tomorrow safeguarded.

It is sure that the season has come for thy increase
Then, would all thy mockers all thy mockers open their
mouths
And thy adversaries join thee to rejoice
Thy enemies would be dumbfounded
Because among nations thou art been highly favoured
Surely! Thou would command respect

Arise Nigeria

Surely! A new beginning has come for thee

There is assurance that thou art a great nation
Destined for prosperity
Created to win
Surely! Thou would rise again.
Arise Nigeria!
Nigeria Arise.

SACRED BELL

by Adekunle Adewunmi

I'm shooting this arrow into the heart of the African Elites
and the contradictions in their lives.

Where's Agogo Ewo?
That is a terror to the Parliament —
let them swear by, and dare this small gong
And continue to ring bells around Oyingbo to Yaba left
with tattered cloth for seven decades.

Bring it to me,
Let me take it to the slumbering elders of NASS
In exchange for the lifeless Maze being disrespected to and
fro.

I'm sure without seeing Saworoide –
The enchanted, ancient talking drum

But just hearing that I've found it
You'd vomit the bribes from phone call tariffs and Digital TV
increments.

Shall we entrench our laws via this medium?
Let them wear the crown of democracy without winning
And Saworoide will spin their necks till they're chopped off.

Let fear return to this nation
Patriotism the order for progression
And love entrenched in leadership
To remember that as blacks are good, so are we to be revered.

NIGERIA GO BETTER

by Adekunle Adewunmi

Nigeria go better Election will become free and fair
no shishi for bribe
Bloodshed will get banished from our country.

Nigeria go better-
educational sector will be healed from malnutrition.

Nigeria go better-
my Uncle will get employed
after 10 years of graduation.

I say Naija go better
One Dollar go dey equivalent to One Naira for this nation.

Naija go better
Women of easy virtues go become Civil Servants and,
Market women go dey live largely like Colorado.

Arise Nigeria

When Naija better finish,
G-boys go get legal income soo tay armed robbers go quit
because hunger go don payin.

Gbera Naija and dance shaku shaku enter new glory!!

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