



CLIMATE CHANGE

Poetry

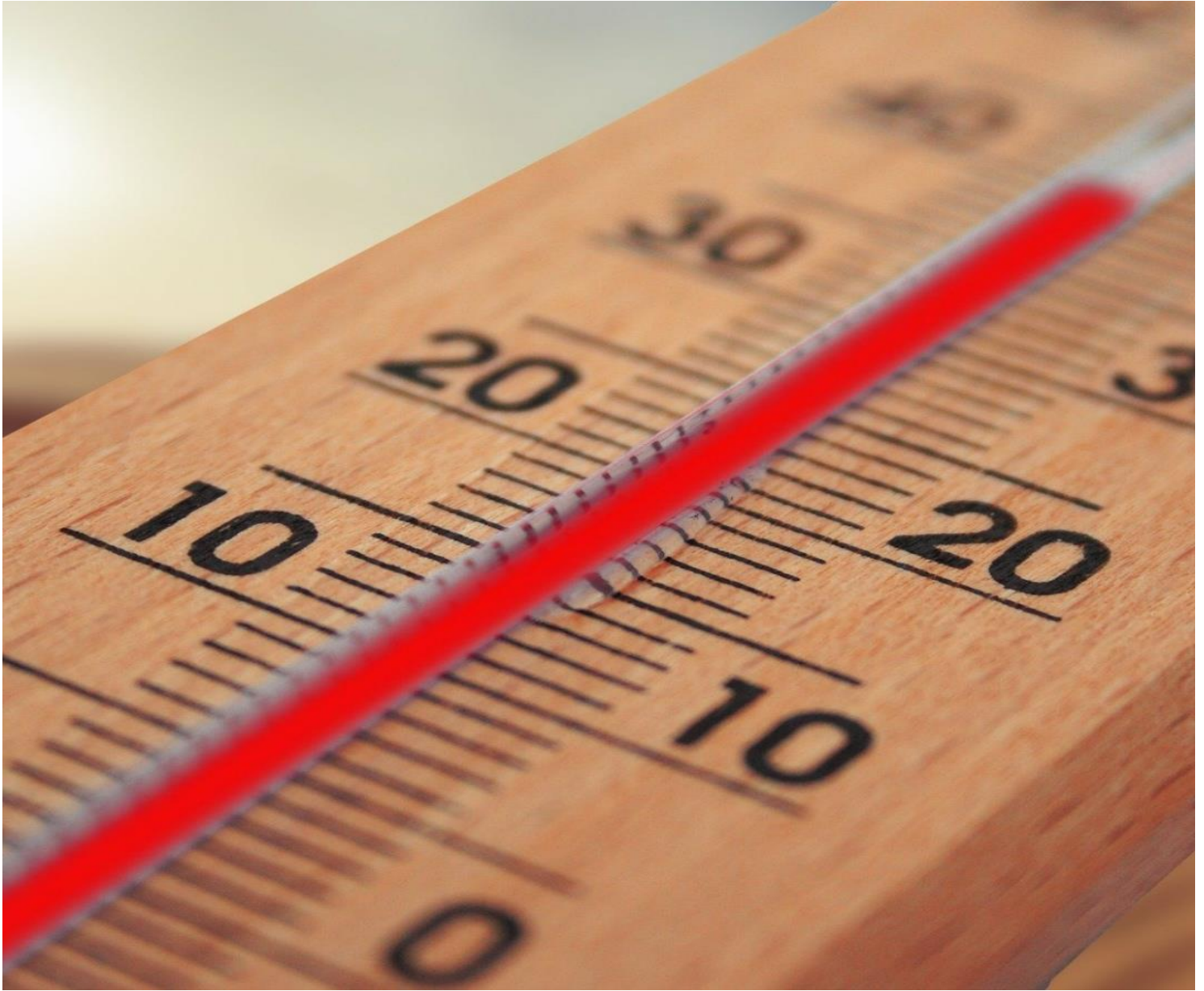
A COMPILATION OF
POETRY ASSIGNMENTS
FROM THE POETRY IN
TIMES OF CHANGE
COURSE

6th September to 1st October 2021

PASSION FOR POETRY INSTITUTE

TIME OF CHANGE ANTHOLOGY

**Climate Change and Political Poetry September
2021 to October 2021**



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Compiled by the Passion for Poetry Tutorial Team

PREFACE

What Is Climate Change and How Does It Affect Our World?

Climate is the average weather in a given area over a longer period of time. A description of a climate includes on, e.g., the average temperature in different seasons, rainfall, and sunshine. Also, a description of the (chance of) extremes is often included. Climate change is any systematic change in the long-term statistics of climate variables such as temperature, precipitation, pressure, or wind sustained over several decades or longer. Climate change can be due to natural external forcing (changes in solar emission or changes in the earth's orbit, natural internal processes of the climate system) or it can be human induced.

The classical period used for describing a climate is 30 years, as defined by the World Meteorological Organization (WMO).

'Climate change is **the long-term alteration of temperature and typical weather patterns in a place**. ... The cause of current climate change is largely human activity, like burning fossil fuels, like natural gas, oil, and coal. Burning these materials releases what are called greenhouse gases into Earth's atmosphere.' National Geographic.

Climate change is often spoken about as an environmental threat and not a human one. **Oxfam** believes that this needs to change. Climate change is already having a huge impact on millions of people all over the world, making it an urgent issue to resolve.

Think of it this way: If we were to throw a party and invite a cross section of the world – let's say 100 people, then 10 people in your party, including you, are responsible for around 50% of all carbon emissions on Earth, and amongst the rest of those invited 10 people go to bed hungry every night, and 9 of your would-be guests currently have no access to clean, safe water. This is heart-breaking. On top of this, 11 people from your guest list live in extreme poverty. Your invite list now looks like more of a global challenge. Someone in the richest one percent of the world's population uses 175 times more carbon on average than someone from the bottom 10 percent.

Every day too many men and women across the globe struggle to feed their children a nutritious meal. In a world where we produce enough food to feed everyone, up to 811 million people still go to bed on an empty stomach each night. Acute food insecurity affected 135 million people in 55 countries in 2019. Even more – one in three – suffer from some form of malnutrition.

Eradicating hunger and malnutrition is one of the great challenges of our time. Not only do the consequences of not enough – or the wrong – food causing suffering and poor health, it also slows progress in many other areas of development like education and employment.

Dealing with climate change is a question of survival." Distinct from nature poetry, environmental and climate change poetry **explores the complicated connections between people and nature**, often written by poets who are concerned about our impact on the natural world. a question of

survival.” Distinct from nature poetry, environmental poetry **explores the complicated connections between people and nature**, often written by poets who are concerned about our impact on the natural world.

This **ANTHOLOGY** is centred on thinking about what’s happening across the world to create new, daring and powerfully moving poetry to help support action on climate change. Let’s turn up the volume and Move with the poets!

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Special thanks to everyone of them for putting in more strength and making this possible.

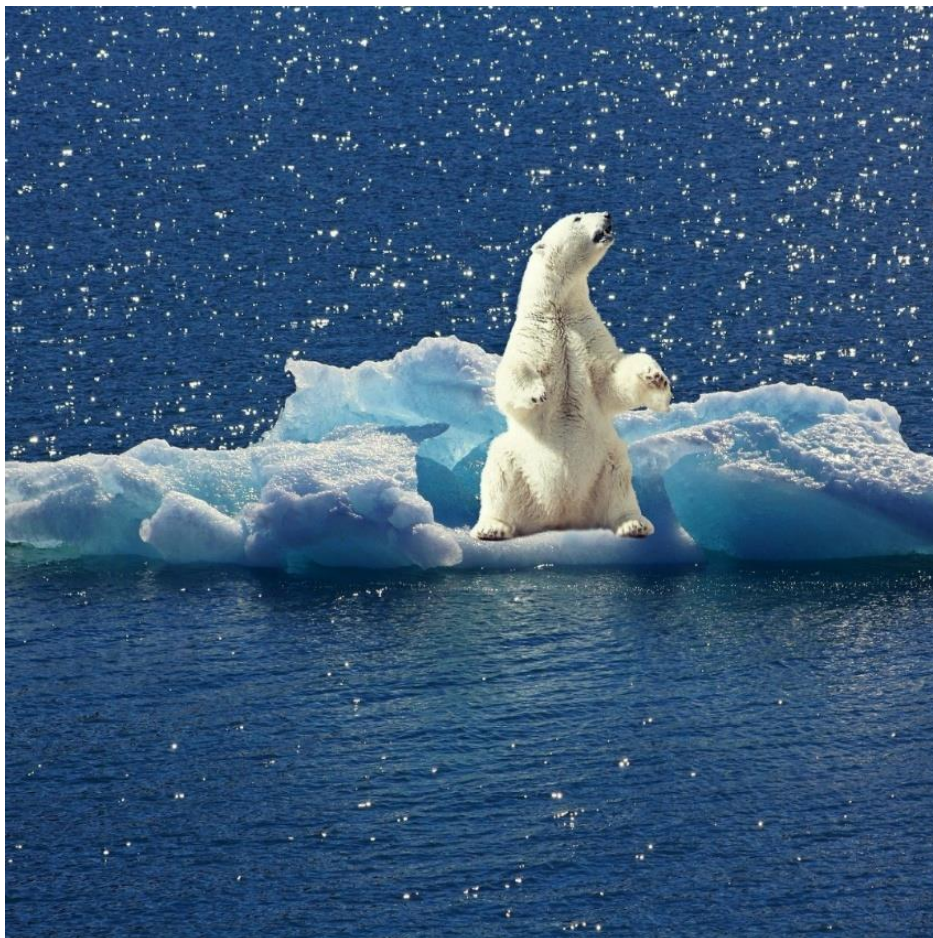
Special thanks to **SAMANTHA BEARDON** for dedicating her precious time to share with the students huge parts of her knowledge, giving them the lessons and taking them along the dark climate change tunnel till they all carried their own torches and can walk alone.

Special Thanks to **JOSH PAMPAM** for coordinating the Journey and also to other Passion for Poetry Executives.

Special thanks to **Oluwakayode Taiwo** (**PASSION FOR POETRY INSTITUTE FOUNDER**) for giving people the opportunity to learn more about poetry and his dedication to poetry and other art genres

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October 1st 2021.



OCEAN

I am the ocean a mingling of waters
From all parts of this spinning globe
I am the ocean I control the climate
I am the ocean I house and shield
Most aquatic life within my kingdom
I am the ocean I help balance the climate
See my water vapour in the sky

I am the ocean clean and pristine
All the life that shares my space depends
On me for shelter and nourishment
For millennia my kingdom has been in balance
I am the ocean mighty immutable

Until you infested the earth
With your lives, your pollution
Until you inflicted me with your industrial gasses
Mankind you have polluted me
With the waste disposal
Toxins and poisons you have created

I am the ocean
How will I meet the voracious appetite?
Of the living organisms that rely on me.
What will become of the Coral reefs under the sea?

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They perish due to my rising temperature

To my blood filled with poisons

What will you tell the next generation about me?

That I am infertile? Sterile?

I am the ocean do you make me valueless?

Or will I destroy you because of your profligacy?

@Ayesha Umar



THE CRADLE OF LIFE

Life flows

The croak of the frog

Calling for a mate

Joined by a cacophony

of fellow wanna be lovers,

Discordant love melodies

filling the mid summer air.

The Hawker Dragonfly larvae

judges its moment to climb

from the Epilimnion onto

a sturdy stalk ready to

metamorphosise into a jewel

to carry on the circle of life,

water boatmen skim the

surface the surf boarders of the lake.

The free born zephyr,

distorts the sounds,

syncopating them with the noise

of rustling leaves, whilst the water

ripples create warping and illusion

like a fairground mirror,

the swan moon smudged by smoke

sits on the surface like a broken plate,

surrounded by the bobbing

whiteness of masks and gloves

cavorting in the shallows.

I stand at the waters edge

revelling in the cool kiss of the breeze

staring at the dead carcasses of

plastic detritus amongst the living

throng, man's carelessness personified,

the aroma of the breeze brings

the acrid stench from funeral pyres

the taste bitter of gall on my tongue.

The Epilimnion of the human world

awash with microscopic viruses

as we deluge the Epilimnion of the

lakes and seas with a plague of plastic.

Samantha Beardon

THE LOSS_OF OUR BASE

Only if the ignorant men had known before,
For you, Mother Earth, they could have built some armour,
To protect you from the incessant rainfall,
That uncontrollably took away all your solid anchor.

Since the day you lost your potency and grace,
Disadvantages have befallen the human race,
Even the green plants are deficient and underfed.
This way, herbivores hopelessly feed on flesh.

Men's houses are about to sink,
As your hold is immensely weak.
They sleep each day without a wink,
And wake to the day with sunken eyes.

Poor yields, farmers reap,
Earthworms developed fins and gills.
The humans teach their youngest how to swim,
But do not see the end of the sea.

Since the day you went out to their feet,
Survival has become a gift to the fit.
The rest of the earth around them seeks relief,
But the sky keeps shedding tears in grief.

- © Noona Eve

AIR © Lorey

I, am a part of you

Your breath, proof of my existence

In and out, I'm bound with you

I move with the sunbeams kissing your heels

& in the motion of your cheeks,

falling over your chin, shooting a smile

I fill all the spaces of the earth

In the envelope of the atmosphere

In and out, I'm bound with you

I change like a season

Pleasant, fresh, sweet in spring

Crisp cold leaving traces of Harmattan dust

To humid moist, smelling of the earth

I, selflessly bequeathed a life to you

My shield a roof on your head, still

My pride is trampled by your tyres,

smoke from the anus of your cars,

From the guts of your factories

I lost my purity, unwilling

I became less pure more dirty

My sacrifices, are not deserved

In and out, I'm bound with you.

ADO SNAILS

I ask the elders

“Can I hunt for Ado snails?”

Their chuckles –dry-laughs too ecstatic

“Enjoy your delicious meal of your kill

When your magic turns ‘majiki”

I have heard their tales since knee high

Of the thirsty Earth soaking up the rain

The moon high and the lake ashine

Besides the elephant rock.

Ado is an elephant rock

Home of the Ado snails

That the sun sweat daily

Heating the snails’ dwellings

Ado,a train of incredulity

An unsung Mount Olympus

Courteously raising ethereal snails.

And our fathers with a gourd

On their waists like quivers

They harvest -harvest what Ado shields

Through her poised resplendent green

She houses the slow confident shells

And give them a feeling of safety.

Yet our fathers love them

For gluttonous feasts

Now

Hopeless like a dead dream

The Ado rock is lonely

No longer home and shelter

To the Ado snail

We have plucked them to extinction.

So when I ask our fathers

“Can I hunt for Ado snails?”

Only when

My magic turns ‘majiki’!

©Awodele Emmanuel

WHERE DID MAMMA GO?

Did she walk with the nightwalker
searching for mythical theories
or did she fade away like the sunsets yellow?
Where did she go, where did she really go?

When the newscaster talked about the flood
showing blue, green and white houses sinking,
the cries of a family of three,
school kids paddling on wooden canoes
my heart flipped,
I ask where did she really go?

Did she get enveloped in the rising sea?
Is she lying somewhere gasping for air
choked up in pollution by fiery furnace air?
I ask where did she really go?

I remember
the tickles when combing my black hair
goosebumps and giggles when having a bath
how I chose a singlet over a coat in winter

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the sneezes, cough and night time fables

a picture of her in my head

drawn on my tables.

Where did Mama really go?

Winter is coming,

tomorrow might come with snows.

My teacher taught me about climate change

Is that why mama disappeared?

What made her go?

Oluwakayode Taiwo.

I AM NOT A **VOLCANO**

"I am not a volcano; I am a woman!"

She shouts as she attacks us.

The tools, made to ease her work.

Tuber-masher, Leaf-killer;

Juice-sucker, Palm-crasher,

We respond as she calls daily.

We fix great tasks, yet it's never enough,

Tiresome work, yet it never comes to a stop .

She bangs and throws us,

Each time she yearns for some sauce.

We drop in twos and fours,

From the dish holder, of course.

Silence shakes, as we shatter on the floor,

We scream as it badly hurts,

Yet, we take blames for her splattered blood.

Hot and very hot we feel even in the winter,

From some magma we soak up, over many hours.

We are used endlessly without pity,

Yet, remorse is never felt in her heartless core.

Passion for Poetry Anthology

“I am not a volcano, I am a woman,
The efforts and losses made, maintain ingenuity.”

She often claims.

We're just mere tools, with no feelings,
Whose bitter pains she overlooks.

We're tired but capable.
Till the moment something goes wrong with the food,
We wish to be handled gently,
Escaping the heat from her merciless volcanic activity.

© Noona Eve

THE FADING CLOUDS

What do you see when you gaze

 Into the Arctic Circle?

Besides the white seafloor

 And the shivering wind,

You see floating clouds with four feet.

Mother said we are the clouds

And we need the ice to stay alive

We need the ice to feed

 But the sky is like a duvet

That traps in heat

 And warms our ice.

If our ice continues to melt

 Our thick coat of fur

 That blocks out the cold

Will boil us from within,

Or we will starve to death

 My tears flow for this alone.

Then, what you see when you gaze

 Into the Arctic Circle

 Will be few chunks of ice

With no floating clouds

 Nor their hissing sound.

©Alo Ayodeji

FAULTS OF LUXURY © Noona Eve

You and I are the best in the world,
We're the best at bringing life to a halt.
We're aware of the consequences of our actions;
We want to be better, we fight for good health
Yet, we cause for ourselves unpleasant breathing problems.

All our struggle to make life easy,
Is gradually turning to daylight ashes;
Invading innocent lives across the planet,
Spreading and taking over the pure air.

We're mighty at creating a massive impulse
The gush of black solid emissions,
From the base of our luxury, they evolve.

Ease and wealth they haunt our actions
And the pure air in our entire dorm.
Extinction increases rapidly;
Polar bears starve, various animals; birds and plants disappear,
The value of nature drops drastically is outside our view

We are the cause of all evil befalling the planet;
Upsetting calm needs with renouncing wants,
You and I are the best in the world, invariably!
But not for the climate.

OUR FIERY HOME

Our home is situated near the equator
We live with a climate based on wet
And dry seasons, with temperatures
That average 31 degrees
But they are eager to soar always hot but
Heat is building, building...why?

The scientists say we live underneath
 The equator
Whose acquaintance with the sun is high
Which is the cause of our plight
Heat all day plus the night
For we see the golden light
Burning darker our darling flesh

The change in weather is making
Life Unbearable doubly unbearable.

Yet the climate always boiling but sultry
Is getting drier as humans pump
The gases from fossil fuels into the sky,
 Making a blanket radiating excess heat
Back into our home our country our world.
Heat is building, building...why?
You know the reason!

GO AWAY

This season a year ago

Our feet were wet like the aquatic being

We'd awake to find our vicinity, wet, muddy

The plants being had giggled

In joy of victory over the sun.

But is this how things go away?

As if they never existed before?

As if the go-away night bird sang unto our world

The river loses its pride

We couldn't get it back without a fight

Our wells turned to a mere pit

The heavens couldn't give us a drink

Our plants corroded before our eyes

Our livestock were flat with empty bellies

We beheld as the go away, we couldn't help

For even our lungs were dry, our lips drier

They said it's the onslaught of drought

Does drought have any abode?

If drought was a man

It would have been an arsonist

It would have been a murderer.

©ugwueze J-F Nnanna _ Witty Ink

GLACIER GRIEF

Oh, Earth! Feel the heat of these, burnings,
Of the wasteful gas flaring, of the island borders by the ocean,
Oh Earth! Feel the swift melting by the hands of wasted carbon,

Of the eyes blinded by greed, of needs ever renewed,
Of the mean industrialization, of the spoils of global warming,
Oh Earth! Heat is building I am melting,

Oh Earth, your plants wither, see me cause the stubborn rise of the sea,
Oh Earth! Recognise the centuries I cooled the air,
Of me, With me, like a chiller.

Oh Earth! The heat! Too much, burning –
The upstart human skewed the balance
No pleasance about these, oh me, oh Earth.

©Josh Pampam

A COLD WORLD

I have tarried for centuries
Below the thermic mountains,
I stand beside them to cool the century
For the balanced world, I want.

I have sipped their strength
With my shell whilst I cover you
With my chill. For a cool world

I have been a snail
Populating the hills with frost.
Now
Burning of fuels, greenhouse gases
Sharpens my feet makes me disappear
I now walk like a pressed person
Approaching the restroom toward
The ocean away from
The cold climate I want.

©Josh Pampam

VULNERABLE SEA

Every day you trample on me with your feet,

You place planks across my body,

And your boats cruise on my skin.

Every day you visit me with your loved ones,

For having fun and celebration

Yet you fill me with plastic and detritus.

Every day you sand-fill part of my skin

For your buildings, and roads to stay

Every day I live in pain and anguish.

The scars you wreak on my skin daily

Makes me slim and poor

It affects those who depend on me for sustenance.

Like a bucket by the bottom of a roof,

I collect the heat from the sun,

And keep the Earth warm for you to live

I send moisture to the atmosphere for rain.

Yet, you'd chosen to repay me

By destroying nature's balance

The weather is changing beware I change too

That day I'll get my revenge on you

© Josh Pampam

This MEANS WAR

It wasn't always this way
We were as the perfect mix
 Of coffee and milk
So soothing to the taste
Without any trying to dominate

Until humans grew green with greed.
 Your purchase of a new rage of phones,
Cars, clothes, travel tickets...
 Just to keep up with the trends

This has made CO² a thick fuzzy blanket
 That cages heat
Now it invades my space
And ignores my trickling tears
I, the muscled white ice shelf,
 Who once stood tall, is
Being treated to a sauna.

I will not only rumble my waters
 But will also invite my sisters
Till we rise like the great wall of China
And crash down on your homes and farms.
This is just the first phase of our harm.

©Alo Ayodeji

THE EMERGENCY CALL

Emergency call 911

Knowing;

Ignorance is your bedrock,

The very oxygen you feed on

Greed digs well in you

Deep enough to swallow the sea

You never hear the cry of the GLACIER

Of its helpless state

Its claw removed

Teeth for defence broken off

Broken by you.

Deforestation if shades

This is your profession

It's burnt offering makes your heart glad.

Selfishness and extravagance

Is you,

The world has fire underneath

It's cosy blanket has been punctured,

The fire keeps licking the world

More of the sun burns your skin yet....

This needs to get to your hearing,

Calling for repentance,

Let the GLACIER have a little relief,

For our hell not start from here,

To not kiss the grave early...

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Earlier than our forefathers

Wake up.

Before you drown.

©Tiwa.



HOLD YOUR BREATH - In Port Harcourt

Today I awoke coughing my breath catching in my throat

Outside the window the air is a grey yellow

Not translucent and clear as normal

I can taste soot and charcoal

Its funny air I could never see you,

I could never touch you,

But you were there clean, tasteless and invisible

A gift giving graciously

By God, My Father.

Yet! Now you have changed to a disgusting smog

Greed has fuelled my siblings to poison you,

Ripping you away from me.

With each breath I search for you,

But I'm greeted by your evil twin,

The harbinger of death. He has flared into town

And he seems to be everywhere.

I can't escape him.

Where are you?

Where are you?

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Stolen by illegal burning of crude oil, noxious air,
Every surface covered in black including the lungs
Of innocent bystanders
The sands of time are surging against us.

Where is the government?

Why are we dying in a smog caused by ignorance

And greed?

But I won't give up.

Fingers Crossed, Ever Hopeful,

I'll be holding my breath,

Waiting for clean air to come back to me

©Chizi HANACHOR



Political Poetry

THE LAW STILL SLEEPS

Not enough to sodomise their homes

And set their dry-skin vaselined

Not enough to give them a ghost chase

Like a masquerade do to a nightmarish

Stalwarts connived to track down the brain box of their enemy

For they are power drunk

Caught!

And the potbellies guttural voices echoed:

'send them to the journey of no return'

To an enclosure where day is night

And vision is blind

And time wait not for the order

The twin brothers were raided

To the dark home

In twos they leap as mosquitoes feast

On their green blood

Watering their hitherto unfettered zeal

To die -if need be -for their flag bearer.

But ask me now where they are

Gone-not really gone but destroyed

As if that stinking room isn't enough to tame

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The dream of the party patriots.

Can I stop bleeding whenever grandfather retells the story?

Popping into my hollow head like a mourning song

Composed for the burial of a promising athlete

Wailing, cracking, gnashing teeth set -edged

Adebisi & Adedigba see hell- roared grandpa

Hell in their friends room- in what name

Beaten and tamed like a car smuggler and

Battered like a thief given a jungle justice

Not enough to whip the zealous twin brothers

And made them stagger and fall

Falling as boughs of coconut leave

Too heavy to get up to it flourishing tilt

Not enough to lash them with corrugated iron

With their peeled back and paled skin

They struggle to shudder at their own nakedness

But their friends pour more coal on their bare hand- pure ruthlessness

Kimathi's trial never got his eye plucked

Mandela tells freedom – returning stronger as ever

Soyinka blood-writes in a remains room

Obasanjo came back monster-headed and the world hails – 'Ebora Owu'

But ask me now the fate of the twins

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As their flag carrying weapon is clipped with a butcher's machete
And their hands danced furiously on the waste land

Where they live to fate for their faith

See= the law never wakes up till now

Sleeping to die like Duncan's

As the twins become the songs of the market place

And whenever they jolted out of their home

Their friends whispered, politics rented their hands

The perpetrators vanished into Atuu forest

And the law is still sleeping.

©Awodele Emmanuel

THIS SAME PERSON

The same person who was but a friend

The same person who had vowed to chauffeur us to paradise

The same person hitherto had shaded tears for a dog that had gone

The same person whose skull we crowned

The same person now turned a man-eater

Oh, what a perilous metamorphosis!

He drowned us in hunger

He made impoverishment our identity

And barricaded us in the cage of fear

For we dare not speak against him

There was no audacity to protest against his onslaught

For the last time we protested it was gory

Our hearts bleed in telling the story

For our pals and loved ones, he sent on the no return voyage.

The only freedom we look for is the end of his reign

For no man can reign forever!

Ugwueze J-F Nnanna

©witty ink

TRIBALISM

They choose someone as wrong as
Two left shoes over a person as right as rain
Because he was not a Hausa man
They left her crushing in pain from the
Accident because she is not from Igbo land

They accused him of stealing
Despite being innocent like a new baby
But he had no one to defend him because
His is not a Yoruba breed
After the amalgamation of all the protectorate
The colonial masters thought they
Have created a one Nigeria
Whereas they were wrong

Only few are living with the love of humanity
Only few are honest
Only few are living with the love of God
Corruption has become a three square
Meal Among tribes

Injustice is a norm with no conscience
Tribalism is an innate quality to humans

© Ayeesha Umar

VEILED SHEROES

She is a female, making her more susceptible to critics.

Because her heart is so tender, she's often used and ditched.

At home she has no self worth,

The broad-chest is preferred and tended to first;

She's often treated as a second option.

The vantages in her are never appreciated,

Because even her relatives are blindfolded.

And when she goes into society,

Her identity gets brutalized;

In violence and cruelty, she's decorated,

Presenting her with the least self-esteem.

Whereas, she's worth the world;

She's a superhero, who could move a rock.

By subtracting her physique, and adding her potency;

A brave and intelligent wit is revealed.

The society must be lacking confidence!

It must be afraid of her ability.

Instead give her some attention, let her breathe;

Show her some affection, let her read!

She's a Superhero who could move a rock!

She's not a stool that should sit in the kitchen,

Neither is she a tool for money making.

This practice of gender inequality,
In the nest of every family it breeds,
And gradually rules over and brainwashes society.
She's a superhero who could move a rock!
Pessimistic assumptions should be stopped,
Societal potential should be woken up.
Innovation with the **Sheroos** should be upped!

She deserves knowledge and attention,
Support her abilities just as the **broad-chests**.
She's a superhero who could move a rock!
An era free of disabilities can be generated,
Life could be better;
Untangling the entangled truth,
Unveiling the hidden gem.
She's a superhero, who could move a rock.

© Noona Eve

TRUMPET YOUR VOICES

Make a ring to our hero's past
and gather our rulers of yesterday;
line them all up in a row
it's high time they knew that
we aren't leaders of tomorrow.

We were not born to lead a day
that never comes.

"Be patient,"

They always say,

Have we now become snails?

Whose journeys to rule are like
floating in space?

'Tomorrow is in few hours,'

They always say

but a few hours only brings a today.

We whine like a child

don't they hear our cries?

We want a wear of royal red

don't they see our rags?

In each of us is a treasure chest

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waiting to be explored,
our voices being heard
is the only thing we need
for our world to see.

We aren't for tomorrow
but for today.

Alo Ayodeji

ADAPTATION

It seems we are pebbles
On some forgotten shore
If you have a song to sing
Wait till the revolution
Hoists its trembling flag

Since dereliction
Has pounced on us
Like a ready panther
To devour all ambitions

And the vanguards return home
With dents on their heads –
Injuries severe enough
To shell them into exiles
The bleeding hearts
Wither in grave climates

That cloud their desires
Policies ambulance us
Into starvation
For our harvests
Are carted away
To feed the foreign market
If you have a song to sing

Passion for Poetry Anthology

Wait till the revolution

Hoists its trembling flag

While we chameleon

The expected tide

In an unyielding

Adaptation.

© Mayokun Folorunsho.

OUR LORDS AND MONSTERS

I picture him

there, swinging in the trees with monkey-like eyes and

tiger's tail

Yes, he was going to save us

From the fears plaguing our children's dreams

From our deprivation.

Look there,

eating our ripped bananas, our honey, plucking with his long tail

There, at the

peak of the mountain commanding foxes and wolves.

They prey on us steal from the hen house

Our

children won't leave

the hut, the land is a predator, our life is preyed upon —

our snarls are a song

of war.

the forest is a place for the brave

& on our beds are our people wounded

Passion for Poetry Anthology

from the battles against the jungle monsters
swallowing our green crops.

we pray a special

prayer today: a bird, singing an old lyric of memory, of remembrance.

Precious M. Oludare

SELF PORTRAIT & AMBIANCE IN NEED OF A REFLECTIVE CHANGE

I turn around to my writing desk and go back
to the poem again I crave for the words
to champion lone earth. & while I am inside
rolling in the fur of dreams & illusions, a patriotic
me that has never led a campaign against fossil
fuels, deforestation & the premature death of shrubs
& trees whose necks couldn't see the beauty, the light,
of what morning means. Then I dream myself
on the rolled out front pages of a new nature
magazine in the hands of a lad in a shade.

In the abyss of a sombre soliloquy
a lonely shooting star pitched its tent above
my glassy windows. at least they looked
that way to me & I could only imagine a
new earth, a place where people like good
gardeners are treating the earth like their
hearts are attached to it. & I was surprised
after a grey hallucination how that man,
stark in profile & seated in his car, began to
resemble my friend who had stopped
driving a car for exhaust fumes, cutting down
trees without afforestation. For him, as my
shadow, will make me good. Gather this in
& build new earth without daily defaults,
fantasies, alas are no drinkers of a hazy dream. ©Gspere.

TO THE DEAD PROTESTERS AT LEKKI TOLL
GATE.

You are like the soil that prepares itself to be weeded by an angry farmer,

A grass unfurled, protecting both weeds and blossoming flowers,

Your courage like wings envelopes the fears of many,

Not every man that wears ironed khaki with a gun

Is a soldier in my country; many sins are
breeds of daily gory scenes.

The eyes report only what it shutters. Check your innocence in a graph of grief?

I watched NAT GEO WILD & saw how the lions laid siege on little animals.

This poem is a protest permit me to say,

This is how our leaders became butchers without blood & stains.

I want to remember you as battered in flags & rags

Your protest polos are as weightless as my little sister hair strands,

No wonder she asked mama, "will you help wash my hair with your prayers & tears?"

Your body, a weed buried beneath barricades of bullets.

The splatters make it known when something falls

Passion for Poetry Anthology

Death breaks every day
On this heated oven of a country

I can't say which is worse,
Hell? Or another year under dictatorship.

Your heart geography has to seek
the intimacy of death

From a map of war where your bodies
became the safe targets & the unsafe compatriots.

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