

Poetry Series

Abdulaziz Ahmad Abdulaziz
Fagge
- poems -

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**Abdulaziz Ahmad Abdulaziz Fagge(14th
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Curse To The Bloodthirsty!

Curse to the bloodthirsty!
The foes of peace
Who want to see world in wars
To see blood streaming is their evil wish

Curse to the bloodthirsty!
Those who are after their neighbours' blood
Those who have in their hands the blood of
Matured, teenagers, children and aged

Curse to the bloodthirsty!
They are witch in search of blood
They are Hitlers keen on disrupting the world peace
They are as merciless as themselves

Curse to the bloodthirsty!
To hell with their abysmal
Devilish and evilly merciless acts
Their wish scornful indeed

Curse to the bloodthirsty!
Are they above the law?
Are they not human beings?
Does B&B fear them? It's 'cos they love them?

Abdulaziz Ahmad Abdulaziz Fagge

Enugu

A pride garden of nature
Where water copulate with arable land
To give birth to handsome landmass

I cherish your colourful, arousing curves
I'm erotic and
the time I saw your lavish parts
Your fellows in the Sahara
Would inhale death when they catch a glimpse of you

The coal city, are you asleep?
Your look is of numb and innocence

Enugu, a failed national capital city
Where are your kiths and kins
That you mobilised to run from your caring mum

How're you faring, now that the mother turned a cat;
Turning her children its preys.
Are you crass fallen, forsaken or cursed
That your peers outgrow you

At your age, you need caress and lull
From your robust children
But they dumped you in rags to embrace foster ones.

It can't help you turning a transvestite
Faking a glossy face, hiding the grotesque one.
Enugu, how did you allow your altars
To be toppled by hotel and bars?

Grey age is repentance age.
But you're too elusive to understand

I ask for water, you give me beer
I request for food, you issue me pork
You fangs off your heritage in the abyss
And go begging spurious ones.

Godfatherism: Menace To Democracy

Like a tick
On a cow or the
Weed to the crops
Like HIV virus in a
Bloodstream with a weak
Defence mechanism,
Godfatherism in politics
Kills our hard-earned
Democracy

This menace inhibits
Our democracy and anchor
It from progressing. It became
A hitch or hurdle that makes the
Pathway to sustenance democracy
Frictionful, as rough as the road to
Success in one's struggle of life

No matter how good one is
Even if one is a camel renowned
For its patience, or a dove in terms
Of gentleness, even if his justice and
Wisdom surpassed that of King Solomon
If he did not have a 'godfather' he
Might end up hanging around

Godfatherism is rearing its ugly head
Into the fibre of our democracy like the crazy
Canker worm, it spreads its tentacles and roots in
Every stage of politics; local, state and national
Without 'godfather' one might succeed not
In today's politics, what a catastrophe!

Let's join hands together to fight
The evil of godfatherism, for,
If it ceases to extinct it
Will assassinate our
Noble democracy.
Let's spare no

Effort in war
Against this
Evil!

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How Would It Be?

How would it be?
When men of God
Turned to be men of goods

How would it be?
When Godlessness
Subvert Godliness

How would it be?
When those that call to pray
Have become preys

How would it be?
When the pen that ought to be
Moral became immoral

How would it be?
When the freedom fighters
Became exploiters

How would it be?
When the supposed saints
Have turned to be devils

How would it be?
When the children
Became parents of their nurses

How would it be?
When one can only be civilised
By being rude and nude

How would it be?
When the tongues
Stopped interpreting the minds

How would it be?
When truth-writing ink
Has dried up

12: 57pm
27/2/2007

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I Don'T Know Why

I don't know why
Despite my barbarism
She applauds me as a saint

I don't know why
Even-though I am rude
She regards my politeness

I don't know why
In spite being stingy
She acknowledges my generosity

I don't know why
As ignorant as am I
She refers me as a learned

I don't know why
Albeit I am arrogant
She considers me as down-to-earth

I don't know why
Though I am a liar
She believes I am trustworthy

I don't know why
Despite my poverty
She deems me rich

I don't know why
Although I am ugly
She christens me handsome

I don't know why
Whenever I curse her
She considers it as praise

I don't know why
Whenever I scowl at her
Smile she will call it

I don't know why
Whenever I slap her
Caressing she will say

I don't know why
The more I keep her at arm's length
The more she draws closer to me

I don't know why
The worst I betray her
The faithful she trust me

I don't know why
Whatever wrong I do
She hails it as orderly

I don't know why
I'm thinking why
I'm dreaming why
I wonder why
All these

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My Dream: My Vision

I dreamt a big dream
Of countless people with drums
Gently drumming, mimicking the
Rhythmic sound of my rhythmic poem

A cloudless sky in its blues
With swallows swinging and singing
In pleasure and admiration of my poem

Bright morning sun smiling at me
While trees bows in respect of me
And leaves dancing for the sake of me
All praising in the best of tone for me

In an inexpressible mysterious forest, rocks I saw
Scrambling and screaming for they want to meet me
A leopard run after me and shower kisses on my cheeks
A titanic lion lean on my shoulder so proudly and gladly

When I entered a cosmopolitan all the multi-storey
Buildings doff their hats for me, their doors bangs
Gently following the rhythm of my poem and the
Windows clapping hailing my unprecedented poetic talent

All and sundry came out en masse and so elated
Males, females, elderly and children from everywhere
Some were running as some crawls to me
Yikes! It was fanfare for nothing but me

"We admire you because your poems inspire us
We adore you because your poems serve as
Solvent to our quasi-insoluble qualms
We love you because your poems comforts us
You often give clue against or aching qualms
Are you sent from above? Are you an angel?
Live here with us for you are messiah
You're our saviour, you're our livener
You're our hero, you're our masterminded lot!

"You imbibe hope in us and subtract its lessness
From our minds, you sow patience in our inner beings
You gladden our minds through your nice verses
You remind us of the hereafter, thus making us shedding
Crocodile's tears in remembrance of our last home

"You teach us on vast issues,
With you in our midst nothing will worry us
You entertain us, you educate us,
You make us informed, you also preach us
We abhor not you!
Don't go away be with us..."

Appeals they made, questions
They asked caring they show
In great jubilation and enthusiasm
As they crowded me held me
Lean on me and kissing me
So affectionately.

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Nsukka

The town of old ripened by the university
The intellectual nerve of the secessionists
Where lies your heritage?
In your spreading sacred tree
Or in the precious fruits it dots out
Or is it in the rusty reddened houses
That lay between your exotic thighs
If others have bronze for the Christmas show
You have gold chain to wear till theirs faded
When a place was sought for the Whiteman's shrine
You were at hand to offer your bosom for it
Though you offered only the land but
It pocketed your old name and rape
The old famousness in you

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Rainy Season

Hay!

It is yet another rainy season
The season of pride and enjoyment
Hurray! Everyone is happy because
Of the dear rainy season

Look!

As sky
Brightens
As brighter as pure
Light and as Nice
Looking as
The lady
Zee

Look!

As clouds
Becloud skies
Oh they're accumulating
Lightening and
Thunder storming
Of course
Rain is
Coming
Really

Look!

The wind is
Gently blowing
And the leaves dances
Welcoming dear rain
Ah! Winds are hurriedly
Blowing with
The speed of
Light

God!

Rain starts
Dropping in droplets

People are running higgledy-
Piggledy helter-skelter
Everybody looking
For a hideout
To hide

Oh!
Thank God
Everywhere turned
Greenish and vegetative
Farmers are as happy as
The bride and groom
Because they reap
Bountifully
What a
Rain!

No
More
Starvation
This season
Thanks God
For the
Rain

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That Thing In Me

That compliments me
That befriends me
That whispers in me
That encourages me
That discourages me
That commands me
That stops me

Sometimes
It waives my solitry
By being my dialogue mate

Sometimes
It preaches me
Changing me to a holy saint

Sometimes
It whispers in me
Making me like a rude barbarian

Sometimes
It imbibes hope in me
Transforming me to lion

Sometimes
It strikes fear in me
Making me scared like in war time

Sometimes
I maunder, wonder and
Ponder over these questions:

Is that thing part of me?
Is that thing another me?
Without it, will I be better or hotter?

3/1/2007

7: 50pm

The Inevitable

Hi pedestrian and you cyclist
You motorist and you on board

Oh you poor and you Mr. Rich
Hey healthy and you sick person.

Hi you prince and you politician
Hi leader and you the follower

Please come and listen to me for a while
I wanted to pass unto you a vital message

That is not to say you will become rich
Neither to say your wealth will fluctuate

That is not to say you will heir a throne
Neither say you will win an election

That is not to say you will live longer
Nor to say you will lead tomorrow

I just want to remind you of the inevitable
'What do you mean by inevitable? ' One might
Ask zealously

Inevitable is unavoidable it is
Unpreventable and irrevocable

Inevitable is inescapable it is unpredictable
Irrepressible and irreparable

It chase away significant scholars
And leave ignorant living indiscriminately

It takes away rich personalities
And leave poor living suffering

Its cold hands take away a day old baby
And leave centenarian somebody

It kills paramount leaders and dictators
And leave followers mourning or rejoicing

It chase away men of God in the society and
Allow evils and waywards living comfortably

It take away healthy somebody
And live sick one groaningly

It chases groom terribly
And leave bride so lonely

It takes away breadwinners
Devoid of sympathy of their children

It leaves a victim of fatal accident maimed and oozing
And take someone on his sleeping bed

Oh inevitable you quite prove that you are
Unpredictable and unavoidable

You bring friendship to an end
And cease enmity simultaneously

You divorce couple automatically
And new married without ever been copulated

How merciless are you in taking a just delivered
Baby and sometimes unborn in the womb

Likewise, you takes the mother not
Considering the consequences on the baby

You are incorruptible to be bribe and
No amount of prayer will prevent one from you How hum
an beings wish you are visible
For they will kill you with temerity

May be in revenge to what you have done to them
And to allow an undisturbed living of human kind

Oh inevitable I earnestly wish you are recognizable

So that I can eschew you cleverly

I pray that my encounter with you
Will be merciful and peaceful

However to achieve that I must change
My attitude to be good and honest somebody

To correct my previous misdeeds
And to be observing my religious obligations

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Tiresome Visit

On a rough road
full of potholes,
in a corrugated
smoke exhaling
bus I was.

Clouds of dust it raised
as it creep on the untarred
rough path they call 'road'.
A supposed 30mins. trip
consumed twice.

As the bus move with
a chameleonic speed,
it shakes with quakes
That could abort a foetus.

The bus was like a
bouncing tennis ball.
Its body moved sideways
as if ready to befriend the earth.

As I Alighted
from the bus a sigh slipped
from my lips for having a 'relief, '
I then trekked beneath the
scorching bare sun.

Like a magnet and a
steel the sand dunes
threaten to steal
my feet.

Dusty, tired
hopeless me
higgledy-piggledy
like a survivor
of a bomb blast.

On my arrival
She splashed a smile
On me, with her toothless
mouth agape. Like a freed
prisoner my worries soon
escaped

30/11/2006 8: 57pm

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