

**Revolution (A Poem)**

There is a monster on the hills!  
Gory and disastrous,  
its descent is gradually becoming the end of us.

We do not know what to call it,  
for it sucks dry the blood of peace like a vampire  
and munches on bones of humanity like a werewolf.

Oh ye, beware of the cunning fox of the East.  
Its fluffy tail is quite a sight to see,  
but its gnawing jaw is just what we feel-  
on the rashy skins of our hard-earned taxes.  
It wags its tail every four years,  
Wearing on its claws and jaws, masks and gloves of deceit.

Oh, ye pot-bellied liar,  
We wanted education, but you taught us bitter lessons.  
We wanted hospitals, but you gave us coffins.  
We wanted salvation, but you gave us suffering;  
Ripped us off our offerings  
and sailed away on our salty river of sweat.

It's a pity how the blindfold is being stripped off Lady Justice's eyes,  
She's now a puppet in the hands of bloated liars;  
made to wield her sword against feeble fleshs of frustrated citizens.  
She now makes sure to end whoever clamours for end sars or end bad goverance first.  
But if the stone had missed Goliath's head,  
we all know it would have been a different ball game.

But, are there any sanctimonious left?  
I mean the rays of hope amidst darkness.  
People whose hearts drum beats of humanity  
and not those who shatter hopes on rocks of hypocrisy.

Shallow hopes stored in the feeble shells  
of snails that move steadily towards the brims of bureaucracy.  
But with the hopes shattered and snail killed,  
What shall be the fate of the common man?  
Shall he press his thumb on useless sheets again?  
Or will he just sit and watch his future crawl out of his hands?

But one day,  
We hope the river of nemesis eventually overflows,  
erode the land and make it devoid of blood.  
For what chances does the battalion of Pharaoh

stand against the red sea?

My grandfather would say, "when you chase a goat to the wall,  
it will surely turn its head back at you".  
Haven't they chased us to the wall yet?  
We run from oppressors to the judiciary,  
but even the judiciary is now nothing but a still wall.

The court is the lay man's succour,  
but even our judiciary is devoid of justice.  
They claim to be seeking a needle in a haystack,  
but keep the magnet in the confinement of their old wigs.  
How then could we even hope for better?  
Since we've got no choice but to report the looter to the liar.

Supported by people who just sit on the fence,  
Our so-called leaders strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.  
They rob our Peters to pay Paul,  
Lead us to war and take to the door,  
But feed us still with the meagre spoils of war.

If this is a letter,  
It is surely written in red;  
For the floods of revolution are near  
And we won't hesitate to fight our fears.

So we say,  
Enough! Enough!! Enough!!!  
Of people who take advantage of our fish in troubled waters.

Enough! Enough!! Enough!!!  
Of potbellied liars who feast on the broth of infidelity.  
We say no more political deceit and tyranny.

Arise and revolt, my people.  
The wheels of the future lie in our hands,  
We can't afford to crash it!

In unison and uniformity,  
We can end this political tyranny.  
We can't watch the efforts of past heroes  
Die in vain.

Arise my people,  
Let's scream beyond these walls of oppression  
So that we can be heard.

Let's let the world know that  
in my country, elections are the replica of a battlefield.  
For someone to win, gory sacrifices have to be made.  
Rains of bullets must fall, the blood of the innocent must flow.

INEC is nothing but a dildo in the crooked hands of the so-called godfathers,  
And anyone who dares oppose INEC shall have himself seized by the neck.

In my country,  
Poverty is what makes an adult fight for crumbs,  
Hunger is what makes a grown-up sell his thumbs.

Vote for him, he is our trusted candidate  
Oga! thumbprint for here "my boss go settle you".  
That phrase alone already got his worms leaping for joy,  
His brain, savoured away from his conscience  
And his thoughts, already keeping malice with his mind.

In my country,  
Four years is placed on a placid throne of patience.  
For masses look forward to it like the Israelites did to Canaan,  
But they never seem to get there.

Just like the promising dreams of youths cut short with silver won't get there.  
Just like the blood of innocent protesters  
killed at Lekki toll gate remain green in our memory.

How could we forget?  
The day you showed us that the flag is nothing more than an emblem,  
Innocent protesters held them,  
but still, you shot them.

How could we forget?  
The day you ripped us off our rights  
just because we clamoured for what is right.

How could we forget?  
The brutality we faced from the SARS you refused to end,  
The cruelty we face from black-uniformed men  
who claimed to be our friends.

We would never forget,  
For the memories remain green in our memory  
And for the sake of the fallen heroes,  
we won't stop till we fight this fight and win its glory.

How could we also forget the monster you reared  
And fed?  
Then release to feed on future hopes and dreams.

For in my country, Covid 19 is more of a lucrative business than a pandemic.  
It came to Nigeria to feed the full,  
But wreck the hungry.

Strategists are tipped to bring up quarantine strategies.  
Numbers inflate day by day, false reports fill the news.  
But how come it hasn't reached here?

Palliatives for the masses, you stole like thieves,  
But when the masses go for it you call them thieves.  
Sometimes I wonder how you manage to embezzle so much  
In your already bloated pot bellies.

Alas, we've become a country of shattered dreams  
But never again shall we entertain these con men!  
So arise my people,  
For the future depends on us.

**NGOZI JACINTA OZOH**

English Language and Literature,  
Nnamdi Azikiwe University Awka, Anambra State, Nigeria.  
[nj.ozoh@unizik.edu.ng](mailto:nj.ozoh@unizik.edu.ng)