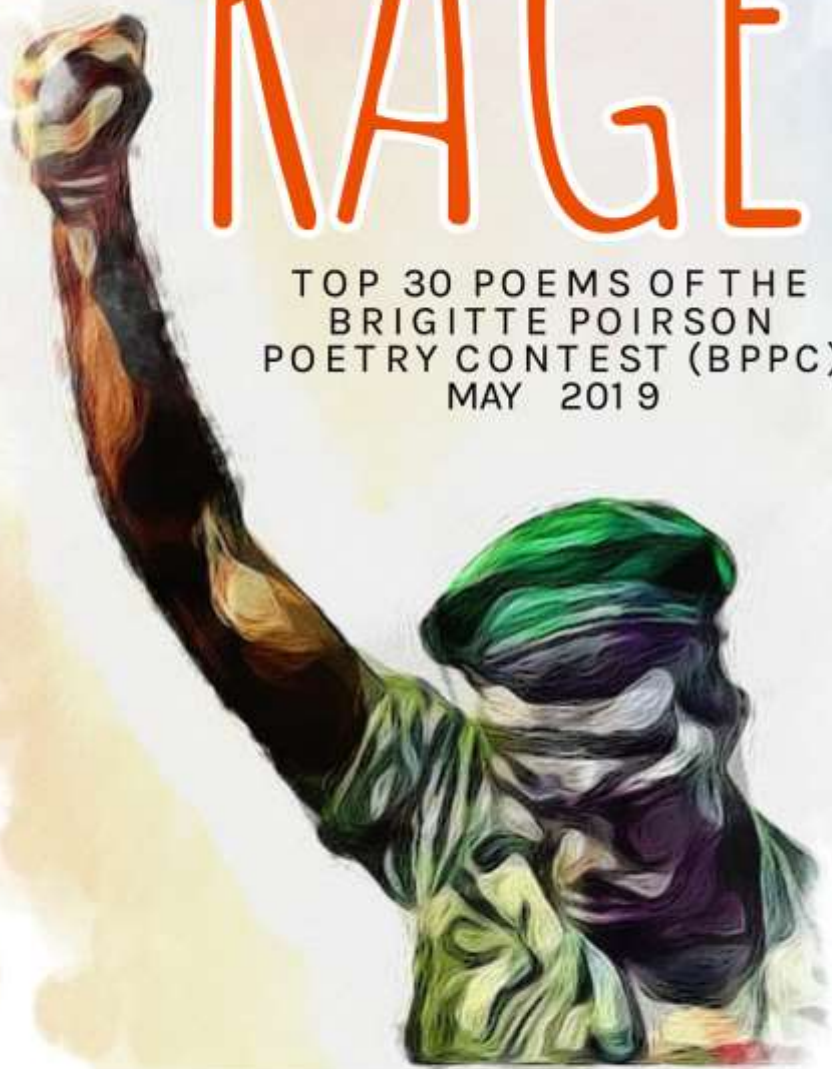


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RAGE!

TOP 30 POEMS OF THE
BRIGITTE POIRSON
POETRY CONTEST (BPPC)
MAY 2019



Edited by

Brigitte Poirson
Kukogho Iruesi Samson

Other books in the series:

Wind of Change (2015)

Loops of Hope (2016)

The Train Stops at Sunset (2017)

Citadel of Words (2018)

The Feat (February 2019), Rhymes for Children (March 2019), The 8th Wonder (April 2019)

Rage!

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Rage is fine as long as it
doesn't deteriorate into
bitterness.

– Cornel West

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INTRODUCTION

*"In the name of buried hope,
In the name of tears in the dark....
...In the name of all our comrades
Martyred and massacred
For not having accepted the shadows,
We must drain our anger."*

Thus spoke P. Eluard in 1943 to expose the human ignominies caused by WWII.

Anger is an act of resistance.

In the wake of so many intellectuals and artists the world over, the May contributors to the BPPC have summoned the irate writer in them. Fretting and fuming in the name of injustice or in reaction to ordeals, such was the challenge in May. In cold wrath, raw wrath, hot wrath pointed at mismanagement, torture, depression, deception or daily issues in many fields, in searing, crazy or humorous terms, in crafty and classical forms or free verse, they have given vent to what infuriates them. Indeed, to poetically strain against the reins - and the reigns - is an act of psychological sanity, a means of deflating what plagues us, and ultimately a means of action. Mission accomplished.

BRIGITTE POIRSON

MAY 2019 TOP 10 FINALISTS

KILL

Ifeanyichukwu Peter Eze

THE WRONG SIDE OF PEACE

Ogedengbe Tolulope impact

FIERY THUNDER

James Taiwo Abel Adesitimi

LET US PRAY

Emmanuel Faith

THE MADNESS VEILED WITH HYPOCRISY

Aisha Oredola

ACCURSED AUGURY FOR DEPRESSION

Olajuwon Joseph Olumide

FLYING FIRE

Akor Agada Nathaniel

THE PRAYER OF AN ANGRY PAGAN

Blessing Omeiza Ojo

I AM CRAZINESS

Oladimeji Adam Adedayo

THE PAIN IN SPAIN

Abdulbasit Yusuff

KILL

IFEANYICHUKWU PETER EZE (MAY 2019 WINNER)



Ifeanyichukwu Peter Eze's works have appeared on: Pangolin Review, Scarlet Leaf Review, Expound, Brittle Paper, The Single Story Foundation Journal, Selfies and Signatures Anthology, The Vanguard Book of Love Stories, Late Night Blues Anthology, BPPC Anthology, and a few other places. His piece, 'Life Deferred' was in the top four of the January 2017 edition of Igby Prize for nonfiction. He holds a BA in Philosophy from the University of Nigeria, Nsukka, and Diplomas in: Education, Teaching Methodology, and TESOL.

So, you have no other narrative than this tribal and religious bickering?

The politician knows what excites you, how to tickle you.
That the only goods left in your storeroom is hunger.
That your ego is ready to grab any morsel he throws at you.

“You know, your brother... Yes, the one who worships God differently.
Yes, that sister who speaks a different tongue.
He. She. Is the enemy. You must purge them from this space you share.”

You summon all the beast in you.
The beast that has been tamed by the politician.
The beast the politician does not like to face.

You main. You kill. Your brother. Your sister.

Their death, their whine, whet your ego
And sing victory songs to the politician.

Then he sits on you and rides on power.
Because you are a pawn in his business of winning.
You are the dice he throws up every four years.
He knows you are stupid, your memory is fickle.
He will remember you in the next four years.
He will come up with the same story. He knows you'll still be stupid.

But your brother will be here. Your sister too.
You'll attend the same school
Where the politician refuses to pay your teachers.
You will buy from the same market with your powerless Naira.
You'll be bedridden in the same hospital
Where the doctors are on strike.
You'll die on the roads of frowning potholes that scare away your
dreams,
And buried in the graveyard of the politician's endless stillborn promises.

You'll die.

You'll die every day, until the politician resurrects you, and tells you
“Kill.”

THE WRONG SIDE OF PEACE

OGEDENGBE TOLULOPE IMPACT

Blame me not that you see me rage,
That you smell anger in my breath.
Blame me not for this wild rampage,
Spreading across the regions of our earth.

Blame me not that you see my wrath,
That my anger stings like a bee.
Blame me not that it boils so hot
Like the water of a seething sea.

I am on the wrong side of peace,
Waging war against wicked beings
Who blew off our grand-stand of bliss
With acrid acts of obscene scenes.

They broke open the source of our wealth
And emptied their greed into our pot of oil.
They forced our children to drink down death
While they desecrated the sacredness of our soil.

And so we've raised a storm of protest
To express the volume of our grief,
And we will unleash our fury to its best
Till there is a relief from their mischief.

Blame me not that you see me rage,
That you smell anger in my breath.
Blame me not for this wild rampage,
Spreading across the regions of our earth.

FIERY THUNDER

JAMES TAIWO ABEL ADESITIMI

Fiery thunder, fire you there:
Strike into oblivion your dark deed!
You devoured an infant's hymen with your old bear?
Fiery thunder, fire you there!

Guy, ladies' pants are now to you so dear:
Jeez, to give them in shrine to benz your speed?
Fiery thunder, fire you there:
Strike into oblivion your dark deed!

Fiery thunder, fire you there:
Strike into oblivion your dark deed!
A poor man's sweat you swindled to drink beer?
Fiery thunder, fire you there!

You stole with pen a generation's fortune there
And hid all in your corrupt barn for your spoilt child?
Fiery thunder, fire you there:
Strike into oblivion your dark deed!

Fiery thunder, fire you there:
Strike into oblivion your dark deed!
Your axe still ceases not to eat necks over there?
Fiery thunder, fire you there!

And you, whose midnight errands to everywhere
Are sole signatures on people's untimely end,
Fiery thunder, fire you there:
Strike into oblivion your dark deed!

LET US PRAY

EMMANUEL FAITH

Dear sky,
We are grateful for sparkling sunshine
And rainfall that comes with bliss.
We know our good deeds have drowned in decline,
Yet your wind still blows us bliss.

We thank you for our nation, Nigeria,
For those who make our country proud,
For Tiwa , Dike, Okonjo Iweala
And others who sing our good songs aloud.

We ask that you send lightning and thunder
To those who snatched our votes with lies.
May their household, sons and daughters,
Be immersed in ruins and daily cries.

May SARS be soused in sinking sadness
And be put in putrid pain.
May the police who steal our gladness
In brute force with stray bullets be slain.

May Shekau and his shenanigans
Who take delight in emptying their sack
Into budding teenage organs
Be struck and slayed in wrangling wrath.

May the souls of our dear brothers and sisters
Who kissed death in scary ways words cannot tell
Continue to hunt our leaders
And chase them one by one to hell

With grief and rage and a wearied heart,
In Justice's name, I pray. Amen.

THE MADNESS VEILED WITH HYPOCRISY

AISHA OREDOLA

Insanity and the soul of my sister wedded.
She fought the devil with her lips,
Miming prayer verses mother stamped on our tongues.
This dusk, she kissed madness:
They made love in the kitchen doorway of her body.
The trickling blood submitted to her razor.
Her thighs were under its zigzagging force.
The still room recoiled at her silence during the self's surgery.
I could smell smoke as she pounced on the garage of her body.
I could smell fire as the pestles of her arms pounded her bones.
Screams echoed from her wide open mouth.
They threatened us to hide the illnesses they cause us
Under our garments of prayer.
So, she fell on her knees,
Miming prayer verses mother stamped on our tongues.
How did her innocence taste under his violent thrusts?
Comets with curses must visit that thief. (Do curses pass for prayers?)
Unless he was not born of a woman and has never tasted breast milk...
He was Nok art/Terracotta/Igboukwu art: extraordinary,
But he reasoned with low desires.
She was a chandelier, and I, a lightbulb – peeping.
I looked at her – I am her. All women are!
We resonate with this pain .Ours or not.
We have tasted death before, but life dares us to breathe.
We hide insanity, fold it in an envelope, mail it to the heavens.
Yet the skies cry, beseeching us to use our empathy
And quit using hypocrisy to caress evil!
We have learnt how not to speak, how to be lucid,
Even if sometimes silence kills our bloodstreams , shutting us out.

ACCURSED AUGURY FOR DEPRESSION

OLAJUWON JOSEPH OLUMIDE

My eyes spark fire like the sun-god
Casting sight of doom on this demon
Chameleon nestling in sly garb of forest.
My mouth will pour ferocious words!

I know your works. Their dark motifs
Are patterned hither and thither. Look up,
Even the cloud is a victim of your craft.
Were it frail-hearted, heaven 'd be naked!

You, demon of depression, be accursed!
Let the fork of Lucifer track you, beast!
Be trapped in hellish snare of wild fowler!
Be drunk in ominous nectar of venom!

May the blade of agony contort your flesh!
Aye! Let smouldering smoke travel through
Your nostrils as missile of death finds the dark
And homeless way you ply, ghoulish pilgrim!

Let sinister wind powered by storms and waves
Hurl you like devilish stone afar and drown you
In the belly of the sullen sea that sank the Titanic!
Let your carcass be borne aloof and found in Pluto!

An augury from the mouth of a god issues
Notes of your funeral. Let Bermuda triangle
Be your abode! Begone forever from humanity!
Let the fledgling stars bloat in the evening sky.

FLYING FIRE

AKOR AGADA NATHANIEL

The other side of me buried beneath the sea
Of my calm countenance radiating like an overfed tree
Is this dragon from hell living inside of me.
Anytime he is unleashed, his blindness is too obvious to see.

Worms ate Herod from within because he was so proud.
My worm is this raging dragon whose war cries thunders aloud
In the balcony of my brain upsetting the calm cloud
To reign rains of rubbles and ruins on the maddening crowd!

How can one compare the roaring of a lion
With the thunderous war cries of a dragon?
It is like comparing a hunter's gun
With the cooking chamber of the ever-hungry sun!

Hell made a home in the canvass of my heart,
Brushing my boiling blood with the devil's dart,
Adding fire to the atomic powder from the dragon's fart,
As rubies became rubbles buried in daddy's outdated cart!

The flying fire sent the frightened falcon to its brood.
Countless tremors upon tremors resonated round the hood
Because of a gift from a dragon in his foulest mood
Spewing fire that made minced meat of mother's burning firewood!

THE PRAYER OF AN ANGRY PAGAN

BLESSING OMEIZA OJO

I have never been afraid to say I reject Jesus
As my lord and personal saviour.
If this is how he chooses those they say
He will burn, then I am the number one citizen of hell.

I wake up in the body of a turbulent sea.
I watch the face mother gave me earlier.
It is different. I have been born again.
Today, little children must find another road
To their playground. Be calm.
Do not call me names in a hurry. Be like me.
Save your tongue for my neighbour.

Twice, I have told her I have my own gods.
So she points to her shrine,
A place where she says the Holy Spirit lives.
It breathes life. It breathes fire.
Perhaps, that is why she beckons fire
To visit the enemies of her God.
I am the head in her list to be burnt.
Perhaps she does not know I have fire too.

Now, she is calling her God in foreign tongues,
So loud that even life irritates me.
I raise my hand in rage to call on my gods:
Sàngó, the god of thunder and lightning,
Ògún, the deity that presides over fire and war,
Aganjú, god of volcanoes and wilderness,
and I tell them "Take her. Take her!
Let peace be mine today and for eternity!"

I AM CRAZINESS

OLADIMEJI ADAM ADEDAYO

I am the clarion crows of a cockily, crazy cock
That fiercely piece together each busted bedrock
Of these submitted souls sheltered by slothful sheep,
Whenever the steep sun creeps out of its pall of deep sleep!

My phonographic tongue had madly moulted its couth,
To seek the sick fury buried in every musty, muted mouth!
From the sealed sea of asylum, I do see each liar in his lair:
Wherein, hiding from our mania, they all have the flair!

My blood boils like the blue bed's furiously frothing tide!
For in the hades of a fettered freedom these sheep abide,
While wriggling like salted earthworms to a pinching rhythm,
Their hope - a goner, which they deem not to redeem!

My flesh carries macabre memories of sweet scars
Tattooed by the stray tackles of uniformed beggars,
In arctic attempts to ape the kill of an inedible viper
With my skin, because I call their toom costume my keeper!

My head explodes, picturing the invisible knights of the night
Who love reducing our wholeness to bloody pieces of blight!
I'm the dog whose wild woofs deaf ears must heed, for I'm so crazy!
I pace with the maim of my lame hoofs, yet M.B claims I'm lazy!

I am craziness! I heard some earlier lunatics wore me worse:
I heard some (mis)leaders had stilled each one's pulse!
Like the madman in whose pocket death used to reside!
Like the blade-tongued stammerer of the west side!
Like Wiwa, who dauntlessly dangled and got discarded!
But listen! I'm that adjective with which they were all regarded!

Believe me or not, I am craziness! Yes, I am!

THE PAIN IN SPAIN

ABDULBASIT YUSUFF

(Barcelona FC threw away a three-goal lead to a weakened Liverpool side on Tuesday, 8 May 2019)

Dear Barcelona football club,

Some weeks ago, I hoisted your names on my tongue
and sang, in the flavor of oranges, sweet victory songs.
Then you burned my tongue with acid sour and citric.

From now on, I'll become your harshest critic.
I left my dinner untouched and paid my very last dime
to watch the most blood-curdling display of all-time.
The media said you played like indolent schoolboys -
jittery and clumsy too - I mean, where was the usual poise? -
miscuing all the shots as though your boots were askew
and moving as slow as cars in a fuel scarcity queue.

You had swallowed the enemies like oceans do tributary.
Then you let mere waves ripple through your sanctuary!
You are like a boy who swims in a raging river
only to get drowned in his very own saliva!

This is to let you know that
since you, like litmus in basic medium, went from red to blue,
I will take the cue and go from soft coo to boo,
that what's left of you in my heart is not colorful eulogies,
but the ashen remains of your burnt effigies,
that perhaps, only the hot cracks of a peppered horsewhip
can awaken you from this evil, complacent sleep!
In fact, until the new season, we must go separate ways.

Yours truly, an aggrieved fan who just set his jersey ablaze!

LIP SERVICE

EMMANUEL UDOMA

You were taught to take up your cross and follow Christ,
to turn the other cheek for another imprint of palms;
instead, you put your fingers in another's eye
even when your skin has not been scratched.

On Sunday, you wear white garment and sing in angelic voices
heartrending, soul-searching praise and worship.
Monday comes: you undress like whores before wenches.
Wearing the devil's smile, you watch humanity shelved:

~ executives executing our commonwealth
~ paupers pauperized, plucking from their tree of plenty
~ press censored, stuttering where tongues ought to wag.
~ freedom and truth exchanged for costly silence and free doom.

Tell me how you love God when you spite at his likeness?
How do you sleep at night when you walk past
penniless paupers praying to you for a coin?
How do you preach love when your heart is filled with hate?

At the market, a man screams for help as he loses his body,
in flames, to tongues rolled into an O. You are a passer-by
watching his groans smoke into heaven. It's justice, you say.
O just judge! Retrace your steps and be sure of no undoing.

You complain about bad leadership at the top, yet
your constituents prefer Hitler's reign to yours!
How do you throw stones into water expecting no ripples?
Remember, the truth is like oil on the surface of water.

ANGER TANK

AJAYI MARY AYOBAMI

Dear wife beaters,
Wouldn't you rather hide your disgusting face from public glare?
Maybe throw yourself down the bridge!
Who cares?
The shape of your hands betrays the darts of humanity,
Peeling off the skin of your woman like the sworn brother of a tiger,
Throwing a dagger at her emotions like the heir of Satan!
The sight of your eyes freaks me out like a breakfast of faeces.
I would rather close my eyes all day than invest my gaze in you.
I would rather seal my mouth with glue
Than waste my glorious saliva on your thoughtlessness.
My generation will never be violent like you.
My anger tank refills itself every day.
Go ahead, and drown yourself in the tank of change
Before my anger tank comes at you!

Dear back-stabbing leaders,
Wouldn't you rather die of food indigestion?
Maybe sink your head into the sea of regret!
It is none of my business!
Hanging your brain on the tree of conscience is what I recommend!
Squeeze your neck with the rope of shame.
Slice your hands with the knife of disgust.
Pinch your nostrils with the fingers of caution
And twist your face in pain.
Go ahead, and live in your worst nightmares!
Nobody has the time to sympathise with your fears.
Go ahead, and strike a business deal with your irresponsibility!
Go and mend all the promises you have broken!
My anger tank refills itself every day.
Go ahead, and drown yourself in the tank of change
Before my anger tank leaks to your yard!

I'D RATHER DIE THAN LIVE.

ABEGUNDE ISRAEL O.

The tree, blighted by weird winds,
Has fallen grapes with sorry faces.
See. These are clusters of rotten harvests.
No. I, sorry, we, are the harvests.
Drab, blue, sorry - a surreal scene of gloomy laces.

Come the Hyenas, Gorillas and Bats,
Perching, plucking, sucking. what a world!
Greedy bites, with balls rolling east and west off the eye sockets.
Flies, buzzing, rots, Helpless....

The winepress has turned sour
And tongues can no longer bear
Its horrible tastes, for it has gone dour.
Not anymore. Not ever! I forswear.

The heavens have rained too much patience
And if, on the contrary, we be held guilty,
We choose to die to save our lives.
Nail me to the cross.
I'd rather die than live to lose my life.

Not anymore. Not ever!

OH SOCIETY MAN

DANIEL OLATUNBOSUN

You lament the ills in society,
you speak for supplies to the poor,
but your deeds negate your piety.
To earn, you shut to the poor your door.

You are sure to clamour for justice
only at times when you stand right.
You earnestly reject her service
when you infringe on another's right.

You shelve the barefaced realities:
the poverty and glaring vacuums...
You aim at none but your necessities.
Amidst lacks, you fill your storerooms.

You neglect indigent kids
to award your wards an empire.
You seem blind to other needs,
but that which your lust desires.

Why are you so given to greed
when you won't live forever?
Why only care for your seeds
when your faults will make them suffer?

Why wouldn't you dare poverty
in a world where greed is wealth?
Why not strive for sanity?
Against these maladies, choose health,
Oh, Society man!

THE NOTE MI"

PAUL ABIOLA OKU-OLA

The note mi
brought out the song in me:
Chants of freedom
For those birthed in the kingdom,
Yet clad with slavery
In the land of their ancestry.

The note mi
Brought out the song in me.
Verses of warning
For the elite, the ruling
You promised life, and riches too,
but in your hands; we met our waterloo.

The note mi
brought out the song in me.
Soon, we shall lay hand on the bow
And confront murderers of our tomorrow.
Vengeance, not of blood
But of words,
At the altar of record,
The past, present and future sitting as judges.

Fields of oppression shall wallow,
Land of injustice made fallow,
End shall engulf exceptional rulership,
Woe betide disdained leadership.

The note mi
Brought out the song in me.
A song for many
Poised, like me.

**Mi – 3rd musical note*

**PANT - Public and National Treasure*

DEFEAT

ADENIYI IFELOLUWA SUSAN

Courage storms out at the sight of defeat,
Leaving us a hollow pit of terror.
Bows, spears and arrows all had to retreat.
Empty strength is now faced with sheer horror.
We face punishments for our past errors,
Backs bended to bear our bidder's burden,
Surrendering to beckoning horror.
Eyes rain ceaselessly as peace was stolen.
The great saviour who will save each maiden,
Did he disappear when our courage ceased?
Anguish that became their lot so sudden,
When will our chained lads fight for their release?
Look! The saviour comes with a million hands!
Will he turn our enemies into sand?

WE WILL TAKE THIS NO MORE

OYEKUNLE IFEOLUWA PETER

(for this faulty educational system)

To hell with crazy laws, fake policies and rules!
I ask, what have we gained by trading our beds for books?
You made us worship grades and turned reading a rite.
For five good years of our lives, you plagued us with sleepless nights.

You fed us from old texts and trapped us in the past.
How can you be so cruel to play dice with our lives?
Here, in my beloved country, we dwell on old theories.
How will our mining graduates then know what quarry is?

I mean, why should lecturers proclaim "A" is for God?
Why should our laboratories become museums of dust?
Why would a father figure pester students for sex?
Tell me, why should we suffer and still not get the best?

Why would you promise us jobs that live only on lips
and keep chanting on the radio, "education is key" ?
To hell with crazy laws, fake policies and lies!
How can you be so cruel to play dice with our lives?

POETS DON'T LIE

OYEDOKUN IBUKUN PENAWD

The ticktock-ticktock on Monday
Reminds me I have ENG421 that day.
I can't count the times I do not bathe
For I must be in class before eight.

But when Prof. hears me on Tuesday
Performing poetry for my course mates,
"Schooling is a scam" does he hear me say.
So Prof. commends me by withdrawing my A.

I am at the Bible study on Wednesday,
The fastest reader in church on Thursday.
I can quote the holy book night and day
You will even think I'm also adding my page.

But when Evangelist passes on Friday,
Seeing me perform poetry on Islamic faith,
Giving punchlines from each passage,
Evangelist nods and questions my faith.

Our church Elder sees me on Saturday
Performing poetry at the club's stage.
My erotic lines could make him masturbate.
He remains silent to watch me next day.

So I am the lead vocalist on Sunday.
My voice does open heaven's gate.
My poetry could make a sinner born again,
But I see this Elder giving me a bad face.

Please, before you give us such a face,
Please, before you call us different names,
Forget not to remember we suit setting's taste!

HER ONLY CRIME...

CHARLOTTE AKELLO

(When Hillary Clinton fell sick in the run-up to the US 2016 elections)

To everyone, she was a perfection.
Her voice demanded attention.
Hips swayed side by side in slow motion
ready to cause a commotion
to those who did not take any caution.
She always braved the strain,
Sometimes high heels in the rain.
Surely, nothing was going down the drain.
She never missed her early morning train.
With dark eyelids, she still smiled,
dimples deeper than that of a child,
Braving the weather, either dark or mild.
Then she returned to her table where work piled.
She missed her bed rest
even after the doctor confirmed with a test.
Her vision lay on the presidential contest
and keeping her people from any form of conquest.
Her opponent used it as a fishnet,
Grabbing supporters, as many as he could get.
Yet many like her have come before.
Her crime was to brave the battle fore
when she was still a woman!
They said to be a woman is less of human
and criticized her for fighting a man.
They did not see the sacrifice she made.
They saw her as some misplaced maid,
saying she was weak and faint.
Now it is what they use as their face paint!
Her image, they want to taint!

THE BOY UNDER THE BRIDGE

ADIE LAWRENCE AGBOH

Education, they say, is the bedrock of the nation
And children the leaders of tomorrow;
But tell this to that boy lying under the bridge!
Do you know him? His name is Future Nigeria.

When his father and mother lived,
He was a child with dreams as high as the blue
Daily chasing butterflies in glee
Wondering silently at the moon,
Inspired by the vastness of the sea,
Watching closely the twinkling stars.
How they sparkle in the dark!

After his father and mother's exit,
came the voyage of time that stings as a bee.
He became lonely, burrowing into his soul,
a numb wanderer dunked in grief,
in the midst of thorns, without soles,
Bleeding so sore, sinking so deep,
Drowning in memories, smelling like pee.

Mountain!
If the volcano erupts tomorrow,
Remember his pain!
If he daily roams, spilling blood for gain,
Remind our leaders of the seeds they've sown!
For their seeds of abandonment are too great!
They breed monsters out of sheep
And deprive children of the right to dream!
So, they must dance to the rhythm in glee!

THERE IS FIRE IN MY EYES

OSHO TUNDE MATTHEW

Enough is enough!
You, zealots of sorts,
You stab me in the north,
Gun me down in the south!

Enough of the random blood and gore,
Of the odium in the name of my God!
Enough of the hate on my tongue
And the color of my tan!

Enough is Enough!
You, venal heads at the helms,
You create a myriad jobs on your tongue,
Only to find the city drowning in misery song!

Enough is Enough!
You, beautiful lie,
As fickle as the face of sky,
You replace my feelings with chess!
How dare you open my chest
And kiss my heart with an Axe!

Enough is Enough!
You, rapist of tender light!
Such reckless rifle between your thighs!
You, Bedroom Bash Alis,
How dare you fist upon a woman's face!

EXASPERATION!

OGUNSINA OREOLUWA EUNICE

Exasperation. Is that not the name for what I feel?
The hot, white rage that burns my eyes when I see!
The kind that hurts my throat when I speak.
The same one that makes me itch.
They said it is exasperation.
Intense irritation, rage, annoyance.

No, it is not exasperation.
It is not exasperation I feel when they keep on coming.
They won't leave me.
They sing in my ears and buzz like bees,
Mocking me and telling me how lazy I have been.
I have not been lazy, I work all day! Leave me to rest.
They say they make music, but I only hear their angry musings.
Like horrid torrents of rain and storm
Threatening to fall the big tree outside my window.

So is it exasperation I feel when I make up my mind and show them me,
When I cause a raid in their camp,
When they come tumbling down like walls of Jericho?
They have played with my mind far too long.
They have stolen my nights and eaten into my skin.
They have caused an itch I can never stop scratching.
They deserve more than I give them.

Exhilaration.
Is this what I feel now?
I have conquered the enemies.
No longer do I hear unwanted music in my ears.
Now, my nights are mine.
So, as I lay down, I dream of you... until I hear the music again!
Maddening mosquitoes!
Finally, I know it is exasperation I feel.

THE TEARS OF A BROKEN LAND

AHMAD ISAH SABO

All that flickers my weak eyes
To burn and melt by tears of outrage
Are the tears of this broken land:

I feel a vigorous tide of furious pang
Protruding in the hollow of my throat
If I see an almajiri child starving, wrecked,
Like a worn-out slave or tattered kite.

My heart drowns in the oceanic abyss
Of bitterness when blood spills on the
Canvas depicting the portrait of doves.

I swim in boiling tears that grill me
When the dreams of young stars
Diminish because of devilish drugs.

I look angrily at the angry moon, drowning
Into gloom of anguish and shame
For the shattered pride of young maidens
By the sadistic, sharp spears of rape.

My anger unveils itself like the sun revealing
Herself from the gloom of clouds
When our executive thieves
Disguise as our executive chiefs.

The sullen echoes of folks driven
To hell by the chariot of injustice
Pull my heart out of my chest.

TELL ASUU! TELL GOVERNMENT!

SAMUEL JUNIOR IRUSONTA

Tell Asuu, Tell Government
To stop the blame game,
To do the needful for our sake,
We plead you in God's name.

Tell Asuu, Tell Government
That Time is no longer patient,
To please, save our future
From this bleak picture.

Tell Asuu, Tell Government
Our hopes are no longer at home,
We are no longer at ease
Until they hold their peace.

Tell Asuu, Tell Government
To save the leaders of tomorrow,
But how can we see tomorrow
By sitting at home?

ELITES

CHIDIEBUBE UCHENNA

Why should a bird be called a Parrot,
When some men fit such a description,
Who chirp endlessly of their manifestos,
But, when given our political support,
Keep us at the mercy of fate?

Why should Snakes be defined venomous,
When some men deserve the title,
Daily injecting into our bloodstreams
the venom of poverty whilst stashing away our livelihood
In hell's banks situated afar?

Why should the sheep beware of the wolf,
When the shepherd is the wolf species
Who pays tribute neither to the people nor to the sheep,
But to the parties and godfathers pledge allegiance,
Devouring the sheep for meat and self-gain?

These are the ambassadors of poverty,
Pioneers of Corruption and Elites of destruction
Daily wasting lives to gain power,
Just to have it in mud and gutter
At the end of an era.

COUNTRY HOME

NNANYELUGO MICHELLE CHIAMAKA

If Nigeria was a stage,
She would whirl into view,
Scantily clad
In her skimpy dress, threadbare and frayed.

Like Parkinson's syndrome,
Her wobbly knees would hide beneath a veil,
Yet plunge deeper into lonely, dreadful and narrow paths.

Her eyes would crease, echoing those of selfishness and greed,
Conjugating with uncertainty like two peas in a pod.

If she was a meal,
She would be like chunks of meat and fish
Struggling in a palatable pot of egusi soup
Stale like a boring tale,
Bland after all.

If she was a journey,
She would grasp the steering wheel,
But the rickety car would spin out of control
Because it has no destination.

BIG BOYS DON'T CRY

ODEMAKIN TAIWO HASSAN

My egg hatched like the many others,
Void of worries and diverse bothers.
Indeed, this train of mine had borders,
I was the golden sun, a pride like no other.

Days crawled, weeks walked,
Months ran, even years talked.
That promising seed was slowly becoming a tree,
A beauty to behold, that joy for all to see.

Deep in my shallow waters,
It clearly dawned on me I had matters.
Born with no bond to balls,
Freedom was slowly building walls.

Not a drop should gush out of that tap,
Hush!! Not a word, just keep it in, she'll always say.
Big boys don't cry,
Even if it rains, make yours all dry.

Swift, slow and steady,
The rock in me became ready.
Hard, I began to crumble,
Bits by bits, piece by piece.

Now, my head is stuck between this hole,
Rather be a man than a scared mole.
Better taking the short route than another way.
Big boys don't cry, do they?

KIDS WHO MUST NOT GROW

YUSUFF, UTHMAN ADEKOLA

We are the kids of yesterday,
Kids who must not grow beyond roofed constituencies
Of questions and thoughts,

Kids of yesterday who must not dart across
Or break through the boundaries of adult(ry),
Since legless laws of trespass are on a rise and swell,
Bulging and bloating with reckless morality
In the prowling pouch of pompous ages.

We have passed through
Tests and challenges in the growling scripts of life.
Exams and adversaries roar right on the pages of living,
But our voices are still milky to the chocolate ears
Of our temporal guards.

They say we are beardless billy goats, infantile nannies
Still to be kept to breasts but hardly abreast,
Because this room is only for the palms of the evening
And the sun must hide its youthful face.

We are the kids of yesterday,
With our crowns broken and inks crippled,
Gongs dented and moulded into a vase of limp flowers,
Surfing the depths of sufferings,
And adorned with fabricated snorkels of smiles!

OF GIFTS AND BURDENS

ADEYEMI-BISILEKO ADEGBOYEGA

The gods came visiting terra
and gave men gifts.
Gifts oft soon become burdens.
For an eagle's quill, they sent me
to see , to feel
and make known in words.

What have you got, young man?
The gift of words, sire,
to feel and become the pain,
to succour Mother Earth's hurt,
to say I understand her pains
And mean it all.
For indeed, I do.

And the men would war for honor.
And many things shrouded
returned scathed or not at all,
haunted by screams of
an enemy that should ne'er have been.

And there I am.
Emissary of the ascended,
keeper of the memories,
feeler of all emotions,
bearer of burdens,
preserving an age and half an age.
Here I am, alive and dead, telling a tale
of gifts in guise and mischief of gods on muses.

TELL THE WORLD

RAHMA OLUWAREMILEKUN JIMOH

I know how you say NO to abuse,
the one that breaks a child,
into halves,
halves that can't be whole again.

You don't clean the spill after the deed,
but spill the deed before it kills.
That is how you spit at them,
those whose animalistic instincts have no limit.

You brace like a lion that you are;
you roar, sharpen your teeth,
and clench your palms
into a stone of their own:
that is how lions attack predators.

You guard your body jealously.
Tie not your mouth from crying out
when they,
paedophiles,
cease to fear.
Rant to the ears of the world
how they want to unclad
you of your pride.

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading RAGE.

The [Brigitte Poirson Poetry contest \(BPPC\)](#) is a monthly writing contest aimed at rewarding the under-appreciated talent of young nigerian poets. It was instituted in February 2015 in honor of [Brigitte Poirson](#), a French poet, editor, and lecturer, who has over the years worked assiduously to promote and support of African poetry. You too can be a part of the BPPC initiative by [entering your poems for any of the monthly editions](#).

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